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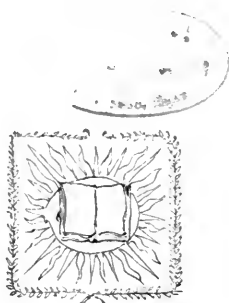


# THE CENTURY

## ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

# MAGAZINE

VOL. XC  
NEW SERIES: VOL. LXVIII  
MAY TO OCTOBER, 1915



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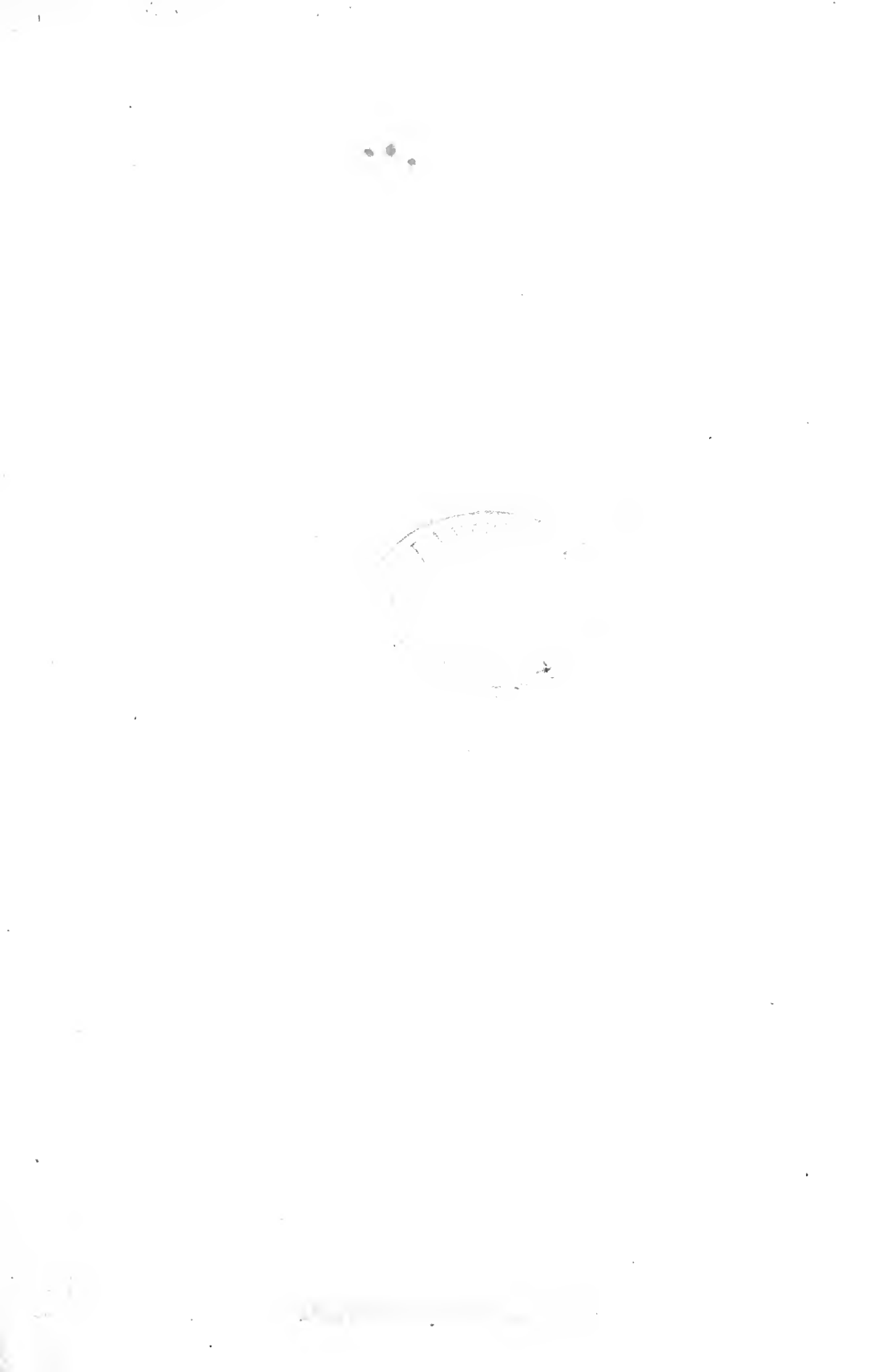
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"DEAR FABLES, QUAIN'T DIABLERIES,  
THE GLAMOUR OF THE ELDER WORLD!"

(Illustrating "The Pralling Arbutus")

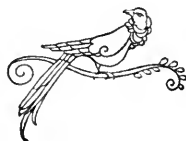
FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

# THE CENTURY

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No. 1



## The Trailing Arbutus

By E. SUTTON

"A BOON!" Hesperia cried, her hands  
Stretched to the Powers apportioning  
The heritage of all the lands.

"A fragrance for my crown of spring!  
Far fairer is the jeweling  
My sisters wreath in scorn of snows  
Where hyacinth and violet bring  
The royal promise of the rose.

"Slighter the blossoms are that seek  
My colder sky at your behest.  
Grant me one perfume rare, to speak  
The dead years and the time unguessed!"  
"Seek for your boon on April's breast,  
Nor be faint-hearted," said the Powers.  
"The dweller in the twilight West  
Shall wear the morning star of flowers."

Star-flower, indeed, her lowly bed  
Deep in the last year's leafage dun;  
Five finger-tips of dawn outspread  
To herald the returning sun!  
Such tints of pearl and rose in one  
Of yore across Ægean seas  
From isle to waking isle did run  
O'er the empurpled Cyclades.

White clusters, shyly flushed with pride  
And wonder of their April, start.  
In their strong foliage they abide  
Like pity in a fearless heart,  
Breathing to all the airs that part  
The half-fledged woodland swaying free  
Sweetness to shame enchanter's art  
In Broceliande or Arcady;

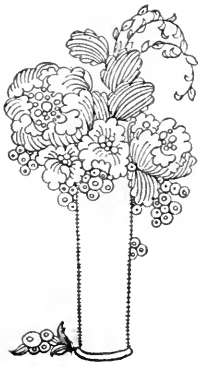
Sweetness that seems unplaced and wrong  
In forests rude, that like to these  
Root in no Druid past of song,  
Nor Eleusinian mysteries,  
Wherein no nymph a satyr flees,  
No fay or goblin wing is furled—  
Dear fables, quaint diableries,  
The glamour of the elder world;

Sweetness that therefore speaks of naught  
But of the lore each heart doth learn,  
A breath of spring, a quickening thought,  
Fires that from ashes wake and burn.  
So Aprils unto Aprils yearn  
Till, drooping down from less to less,  
Life doth to dreams and fables turn,  
And fables to forgetfulness.





“‘What is the real thing?’”



# The Real Thing

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Author of "On Moon Hill," etc.

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

THIS is the story of a moral adventure. The man who had it was named Dana Coolidge Peabody, and he lived in the Peabody house on a certain common in Brookline, a sequestered triangle, shaded by elms and unimpeachable poplars, looked out upon by the eyes of very old brick dwellings, white-pillared, ivy-chased, time-honored, and full of memories. The money was mostly in copper, but that was attended to down in State Street.

Dana Peabody was nobody's fool. Far from a certain wide-spread notion, he was not a "fritterer." He had been at pains to organize his life in some detail; otherwise he would never have been able to get done the things he wished to do. Every Saturday evening he attended the symphony concert; he played rather well on the piano, privately, and had done half a dozen small compositions. He had tickets sent him for all the worth-while exhibitions in Newbury Street, and he painted a little himself. Every holiday he sent out a thin volume of poems he had done: perhaps twice a month he took tea with one or another of the Cambridge poets. No one who knew Dana Peabody could think of him as the fag-end of an old stock, for, while he realized to the full extent, and did a certain spiritual homage to, the Peabody line, still the idea

of "going on the name" was repugnant to him. The day when he received his diploma over in Cambridge he had made this covenant with himself: "I must express something."

Perhaps he had not yet expressed much more than a shadow—a shadow emerging from the Peabody door at four o'clock every afternoon to walk; a clean-cut, black-and-gray shadow moving precisely along the yellow fronts of the apartment buildings which encroached more insistently with every passing season between him and Beacon Hill; a shadow in walking-coat and silk hat, grasping a Malacca stick one third of its length below the head. He might be seen so a little later in the Fens, and at half after five back again at the Peabody door, unless it was a Tuesday or a Friday, on which days he returned earlier to have tea with Elinor Coolidge, just across the little common.

He ought to marry Elinor. In a way, he was bound to marry Elinor. He and Elinor were all that were left in the common. In one way or another the families had dropped off: people had come in to take their places. He thought of it a great deal; it weighed upon him, sometimes even when he was at his work—at his music or his painting or his poetry. And he knew that she thought of it a great deal. It would have been strange

had she not. Once, when coming out of her house after a tea-taking, he glanced over his shoulder and found her watching him from a window with an expression of dejection and weariness; perhaps it was nothing but her grayness.

"Really, I ought to," he said to himself as he went up the Peabody steps.

He gave a tea. He possessed a certain inborn horror of a "scene," and he had a feeling that Elinor might do something uncomfortable were he to speak to her in the privacy of her own home across the common. She might not. When he came to think it over, he really knew remarkably little about Elinor Coolidge. Nevertheless, he gave the tea.

He had only a few people, perhaps a dozen. There was a man for the piano,—from the symphony,—and after the man had done something, Dana played one of his own things, a brief pastoral which he had just finished. At the end he got up, flushing slightly when his friends implored him to go on, went out into the next room, and found Elinor Coolidge.

"Don't you want to come into the study and see the new picture?" he said. "The one I've been doing."

That seemed altogether the happiest way to go about it. She would naturally say the picture was good. It would be easy, after that, to say, "I wish *you* really thought so, Elinor," and she would ask why.

He stood by the canvas, touching the frame with his long, delicately brown fingers.

"I'm afraid you won't like it," he murmured.

"Oh, but I do, Dana."

"I wish—" He turned to face her, his throat uncommonly dry.

"But, Dana," she hurried on, "I—I don't quite get it. I'm terribly stupid, I know—but what is it all about?"

He could not help biting his lower lip. It was not so much her quite unexpected attitude of criticism, but she had disturbed the time-table of his avowal. He fingered his chin, and lifted himself on his toes.

"Oh, it's an impression, a mood. I'm afraid I'm a bit of a radical in this sort of thing. Do you mind, Elinor? You see, I am trying to say something in my work. I must express something, Elinor."

"What?"

Looking up, more than half scandalized, he found her regarding him with the same expression of dejection and weariness he had noticed before. He opened his lips two or three times before he spoke.

"Why—why—the real thing, my dear girl."

"And what *is* the real thing?"

He took off his large, black-rimmed glasses and began polishing them with a handkerchief. Poor man, he did not know what to say. He was amazed at Elinor, and more than a little exasperated.

"You look tired," he said.

A faint amusement twisted her lips.

"I am tired, Dana. It does n't matter.

What I'm thinking is that this thing you call the '*real* thing' is n't often very patient about getting itself expressed, is it? Not very subtle? Because it's too—too *scorching*. It's apt to use pretty homely methods, for instance—*will* you look!"

Following her nod he turned toward the half-open door of the music-room.

"I don't quite understand—" He hesitated, puckering his high, well-shaped forehead. "If you mean Reggie Howe filling his case from my cigarettes, why that is—"

"Is the '*real* thing,' Dana."

He lifted his eyebrows in a polite mystification.

"The real thing," she went on in a low, tight voice, "not because he is stealing cigarettes,—yes, stealing. Why not?—but precisely because he *has* to. Not many people know—his bankers and myself, perhaps."

She gave him no time, but hurried on, facing him squarely, almost defiantly, with more color than he had imagined her capable of.

"I am thinking of marrying him, Dana. He has asked me."

The man sat down very abruptly. His



wrists crawled out of their cuffs to dangle over the arms of the chair, startlingly long and limp and pallid; a faint perspiration came out on his brow, making it shine more than usual.

"I say!" he mumbled. He jumped up with an almost hysterical ferocity. "Why, my dear girl, Reggie Howe is a *crook*. I tell you everybody in Boston knows he's a crook."

"He's more than that, Dana; he's a *broken* crook."

There was something almost wistful in his blankness. Again he had to open his lips two or three times before he said anything.

"You—you're engaged to him, Elinor?"

"Not exactly. I'm only thinking—wondering."

"But why—why do you even *think*? Why? *Why?*"

She waved her hands, as if in weary mimicry of his own gesture.

"That's it, Dana. *Why?* Perhaps it's only because I'm hungry and thirsty for any kind of active noun."

HE sat for a long time after the tea-guests had gone, staring out of a window that gave upon the common. It had been drizzling all afternoon, and now, in the darkening gusts of evening, Elinor's house across the way appeared very far off, illusive, and wobbly.

For some reason he had never thought of that house as having a door on the other side, giving upon a world of events and men. Gray Elinor! It struck him as somehow vaguely immoral, almost unchaste. He had once seen her at a ball in a gown of flame-color, but with a certain intellectual laziness he had put it away as in the nature of a concession, which naturally she would have to make from time to time.

He felt uncommonly long, light at one extremity and heavy at the other, like a captive balloon with an iron anchor—a virgin balloon, which had never before hazarded the sky, rocked by strange, dark gusts. He had been irritated more than

once in his life; never before had he been angry. Absurd, hot lusts of revenge swept him; and being so new-born in an emotional sense, he was attacked by unconventional desires to stick out his tongue and make faces at the house on the opposite side of the common. A maid came into the room noiselessly to clear away the tea-things, and, without turning, he quizzed her in an ironical monotone, heavy with his spleen against Elinor Coolidge.

"And what is *your* clever theory as to the 'real thing,' Annie?"

The maid started, and had trouble with a saucer. Perhaps she was thinking that a hitherto impeccable employer was at length beginning to show his true colors. Whatever her thought, sorrowful or other, she murmured an inclusive, "Yes, sir," and got herself out by a creaking door.

A tongue of lamplight crawled across the floor with the shadow of a man-servant in it. Dana turned a curiously unlively face.

"Dinner? Oh, yes, yes, in a minute. Now shut that door, will you?"

Getting to his feet by and by, he groped his way into the study, snapped on the lights, and stood before the picture which had failed him, his hands clasped behind his back and his feet a little way apart, like a schoolmaster.

"It is n't good," he said aloud, after a moment. He made an impulsive motion to turn the thing to the wall, but stayed himself in time and drew back, shocked, his cheeks coloring.

"Look here," he protested, "I'll not be taken in so by a pat phrase. Elinor is fond of the picturesque—rather too fond." He repeated the last phrase with a growing sense of its strength. "I sha'n't hesitate to tell her the next time I see her. Or, I say—"

Turning away abruptly, he went out into the entryway, put on a hat and coat, and took up the Malacca stick, forgetting in his preoccupation that rain fell. "It sounds as though it *ought* to mean something, Elinor," he developed his attack in

a forensic undertone. "Only, you see, it *does n't*."

"What in the world am I doing this for?" he asked himself when he had walked a dozen rods along the gravel path.

He stopped and stared distractedly across the common, standing motionless for a long time, slim and gray, like the poplars fading upward into the soggy twilight. The water, escaping the brim of his shiny hat, began to drip down in front of his nose. A man and a woman trundling a barrel-organ found him so, let down the small third leg of the contraption, and, with the almost miraculous hopefulness of their species, began to grind out the "Blue Danube Waltz," the man working mistily over the crank, the woman holding an inverted tambourine in one hand while with the other she mopped the moisture from her brown forehead.

"It ought not to be allowed," Dana protested impatiently. "The police are getting lax again." Then, as if realizing suddenly the absurdity of his position, he moved off hastily toward his own house, his face blazing. A moment later he returned, however, true to the blood, the menacing Malacca in front, like a rod of authority to wave these wanderers back into their limbo region of kitchenettes.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded of the old man, who had given over cranking now and stared with lusterless eyes at the bole of a near-by poplar. The fellow continued to brood at the poplar-bole, ignoring the question. Dana advanced, pointing his stick directly at the offender's face, and raised his voice to an unaccustomed pitch.

"I say, don't you know you're not allowed here, my man?"

The old man smiled in a dull, ambiguous way, possibly insulting. It must be borne in mind that Dana had just passed through the most shocking experience of his life, and his nerves were bad.

"Look *here!*" he bellowed, frankly taking leave of his temper. But before he could go further, a hand touched his arm,

and he heard the young woman explaining in a rich, musical voice, husky just now with the wet:

"He no spik, my fadder. He no hear notting. He deaf and—how you call it no can spik?"

"Dumb?"

He felt immediately that he had been tricked into speech with her. Neither was anything in the world further from his mind than a lifting of his hat: he was surprised to find it in his hand, and put it back hastily, his cheeks burning. To add to his mortification, his instinctive gesture had not escaped the girl, who smiled up at him with more than a hint of coquetry, showing her teeth, which were large and firm and white.

"Well," he muttered, shaking his damp shoulders and scowling at the head of his stick, "I—er—I asked you what you were doing here?"

She waved her hands about in a gesture at once uncouth and splendid.

"Mucha money here. Reecha. Grande house. My fadder he no wanta come. He one beeg fool, my fadder. Know notting. Alla time wanta stay where it is mucha childs, leetle money. He lova—he *lov-va*,—" she rocked her folded hands in her neck with a burlesque of sentimentality,—"he *lova* see childs dance when he turna crank. Dat's all—turna crank—childs dance. He know notting, my fadder."

Dana looked at the grinder, standing so dull and dumpy, staring at nothing, and a kind of rancorous glee moved his soul.

"This," he said to himself, "is too good to have happened. An object lesson in the 'real thing,' according to Elinor. The impulse to plastic rhythm seeks expression—'turna crank—childs dance.' What more simple and homely?" He stepped back on the walk and permitted himself an indulgence which he had never before practised in a public place: he laughed aloud.

"She must see this. Oh, Elinor *must* see this! I say there, come along, will you?"



“ He sat for a long time after the tea-guests had gone, staring out of a window that gave upon the common ”

Tossing a half-dollar, which the girl, long-practised, caught with a deft flip of the tambourine, he turned and strode off across the little common, still unnaturally elated with his joke on Elinor. He mounted the Coolidge steps at an unheard-of pace, agitated the massive knocker, and, a maid appearing after an interval, demanded the mistress of the house.

The maid did not answer with her customary promptness. A servant of long standing, she had gotten the figure of Dana Peabody inextricably connected in her simple mind with a Tuesday or a Friday afternoon, and his appearance at this time, with a street-organ wailing a haggard "Tipperary" to the night behind him, was out of the ordinary, to say the best of it.

"Miss Coolidge is—is dining out," she murmured, closing the door a shade and keeping track of him with alert eyes. He muttered something in the nature of a "Hang take it!" and stood for a moment undecided and exasperated.

"When do you expect her back?" he asked.

"Not till late, I am afraid, sir. There is the symphony concert."

"Oh, I had forgotten. This is Saturday, is n't it?"

He had never been so keenly disappointed in his life, perhaps because he had never before suffered that poignant insanity, a fixed idea. Turning on the steps, his eyes went down to the shadowy group at the edge of the sidewalk, making its tumult patiently until such time as he bade it stop.

"It 's too bad," he complained; "it 's too *damn*' bad."

He took out his watch and squinted at it, as insignificant an act, perhaps, as ever formed the turning-point of a man's life.

"I had no idea it was so late," he cogitated. And then, some rudiment of an ancient stubbornness moving in him, he buttoned the collar of his coat, took a firmer grip on his stick, and descended the steps.

"Come with me, will you?" he said.

And this time the indefatigable tambourine discovered paper-money in the air.

The old man, surrounded by a world at all times largely inexplicable, bent patiently to his traces and regarded the miracle of the earth passing rearward beneath his feet. Nor was the girl, who had looked in a mirror more than once, at a loss for a simple explanation; and when they had come to the lamp at the corner, smiled at the gentleman on the sidewalk with such a red-lipped, bright-eyes understanding that he got in an extra step, and performed that essentially masculine act of running a finger around the inner edge of his collar.

"I *say*!" he gasped, rather off his balance. "This is—this *is*!"

He went along a little faster, with a vague feeling of consternation.

They managed to get out of the residential streets and into the Narrow Fens, taking the bridge over the railway, like one of those mountain-batteries one hears of, doing desperate feats. And after that there was a long, winding lane, soggy underfoot, dripping overhead from the maples and yellow birches. A bridle-path came out of the nicely kept wilderness, and went over them on a stone bridge, and here under the shadowy arch his charges halted, their sharp, practised eyes having picked up a policeman in a blotch of light ahead.

"Oh, come now," he protested, crouching down a little in the shadow, "wha—what of it?"

The girl's warm, wet hand touched his in a guarded search.

"We alla right here? Getta pinch' maybe—what?"

"I—I can't say."

Simple creature, she had never before walked in the Narrow Fens. More-than-simple Dana Peabody, he had never before walked in the Narrow Fens—with a barrel-organ.

"But I know another way round," he whispered after a moment.

So they came successfully into the Broad Fens by a detour, and Dana, pausing to breathe and peer back at the

avoided bluecoat, took off his hat and mopped out with his handkerchief that hitherto-virgin sweat-band. The girl brushed back the shawl from her dark hair, and regarded him with a simple-eyed admiration.

"You alla right," she said. "You should worree; you one slicka guy."

He got his hat on awkwardly, leaving it tilted an accidental degree, so that it gave him the expression of an old rake who knows his business.

"You may—ah—go on," he said. And as he watched her moving off, tossing irrepressible shoulders, graceful, passionately healthy, he muttered to himself: "A pretty mess, Dana! A *pretty* mess!"

They crawled across the Broad Fens, broader than ever to-night in the drizzling air; so broad indeed that all those shadowy surrounding institutions seemed to have lost substance and mattered scarcely at all. Ingenious pools passed them by, reflecting park lamps untidily, and now and then, against one of these, the shape of a very, very thin dog was visible, running swiftly, with his tail tucked between his legs—a sort of phantom dog, doomed to flee eternally before the ghost of a boot.

Immensity gave them up through massive gates into a city street full of cabs and motors and belated delivery-wagons. The old man moved stolidly with the current, secure in his infirmity, and the girl, appearing to know by instinct when danger threatened, guided him with occasional light nudgings, her eyes, from long habit, questioning the house-tops.

"Mister," she called to Dana, "you better go sida-walk, yes? You getta hurt, maybe."

He was struck by the soundness of her advice, and turning directly into the path of a rapidly moving laundry wagon, discovered himself sitting on the curb, bruised and shaken. He wondered in a giddy way why the driver was so angry with *him*, conceiving that it ought, logically, to be the other way around, and he discovered an unprecedented glow of gratitude when the girl, giving over her

war with the waning teamster, came running to help him up with her strong arms, to rescue his hat, damaged, but still seaworthy, from the bosom of the gutter, and restore it to his head, exclaiming over him all the time with a kind of ferocious tenderness.

"I don't care," he mumbled idiotically, wiping a cut cheek with the back of his wrist. "You 're—you 're a good sort."

Moving forward once more, they turned a corner, and found themselves in the hurly-burly of cabs and motors about the symphony, and Dana nodded at a momentary opening beside the curb. The look the girl cast at him was dubious; nevertheless, she prodded her father into the gap, and the old man, observing that the earth had come once more to a standstill, lifted his hand mechanically to the crank and ground.

Of course there was immediate trouble. Cabmen swore, offered to knock the old man down, and bawled loudly for the starter; but the starter was off just then on the avenue side and could not hear. Richly gowned women and their escorts, crossing the sidewalk under the broad glass awning, turned faces, anguished or supercilious, and made haste up the steps. And the organ sang, "Love Me, and the World is Mine," with cymbals and drum; sang with a horrible ecstasy, faster and ever faster, for that two-legged clod behind it, discovering the Pavlowa poised, all red and white, on a poster, conceived dimly that one was dancing beyond that blank, brick wall, and was glad. And through all this distressful comedy Dana Peabody stood and stared at the swinging doors, the brow beneath the brim of his battered hat furrowed with a courteous perplexity. For the life of him he could not remember clearly why he had come here. Somewhere between Brookline and Massachusetts Avenue he had lost the point of the joke.

A hand on his shoulder startled him. Wheeling, he found himself face to face with Reggie Howe and Seward, immaculate Seward, of Seward & Jenkins, the Peabody bankers for generations.

"Oh," he stammered—"oh, yes, it's you. How are you?"

They smiled and nodded in unison, exchanging quick glances.

"Now here's the taxi right over here," Seward explained confidentially. "Just a step, old man."

"Taxi? I don't—I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

The older man looked him over with a kind of tolerant impatience. There was more than one ne'er-do-weel among the younger clientele of Seward & Jenkins, though he had never suspected Dana Peabody before.

"You wanted to go home, old chap," he suggested severely. "Don't you remember? *You wanted to go home.*"

Dana lifted his eyebrows politely.

"I beg your pardon. I recall just now that I wanted to see Elinor Coolidge. You have n't noticed her going in, either of you? We happened to be discussing something this afternoon, and I wanted her to see these—ah—friends of mine." He turned with a new-come devil of perversity stirring in him, and pressed a palm against a booming membrane. "It's not—not so bad—is it?—when we eliminate the drum part."

"Look here, old fellow," Reggie Howe spoke jovially in his ear, "let's jump into this taxi and go find Elinor, all together. What do you say?" And then, in a venomous aside to the mistress of the barrel-organ: "And *you* may clear out of here—before I have you picked up and *thrown* out. Yes, I mean *you*!"

"Oh, I say! I say!" Dana watched the flaming resentment die out of the girl's eyes, giving place slowly to a kind of hackneyed hopelessness, as though she had remembered herself. "Don't be a blackguard, Reggie. I—I won't have it."

With a sudden clarity of suspicion, he turned to look about him.

"Oh, come now," he protested, "they ought not to laugh at these people like that. They don't understand. They don't under—" The Malacca stick clattered carelessly on the stones. Wheeling, Dana put his shoulder to the barrel-organ, cry-

ing to the girl: "Quick! Get out of here! Hurry now!" He had an awful feeling that if Elinor Coolidge, getting out of her car just over there, were to catch sight of this gaudy machine, with its dumb old man and its girl in the ragged yellow shawl, she would laugh or at the least smile, and that would not do. That, of a sudden, would not do at all.

The vehicle, hustled into unusual motion, burst through a bedlam of cab-wheels into the open street, bumped across a double pair of car-tracks and, lumbering heavily like a hen with strange chicks, found the mouth of an alley. Not till they had rumbled half a block along this gloomy passage did the girl hold back a little, lifting questioning eyes.

"Where we go to now, Mister?"

"Anywhere! Anywhere but here!"

He halted, breathing deeply with his exertions, stupefied by events, bewildered by back yards. The girl, who had never for an instant doubted some definite, if unknowable, design in this bizarre undertaking, stared at him, appalled. He stared back at her, helpless.

"You no *know*?" she marveled.

And now the old grinder, sensing by some obscure intelligence that authority had failed, put his weight into the traces and started off, his eyes no longer perusing the pavement, but fixed ahead with an odd gleam of purpose in them. Having no purpose of their own, the others followed.

In the course of the next half-hour, Dana Peabody became acquainted with many things he had never known before. He had dealings with ash-cans, which struck at him out of the night; cats in cat-land vanished screeching from underfoot; and the spontaneous talk of kitchens, heard occasionally in his own house, far off and rumorously through swinging-doors, circulated freely above his head. The old man increased his pace by degrees, sloughing off his heavy habit, taking on almost a kind of youth. Never for an instant at a loss, he led them through the familiar thoroughfares of the lowly with a remarkable directness. Now and then their



“ And after that there was a long, winding lane, soggy underfoot ”

path led across bright streets or over recognizable bridges, and more than one blue-coated officer, struck by the apparition of a singularly battered gentleman trailing a street-organ into an alley, puckered his brow and remembered the circumstance later.

Once the girl, whose alert eyes never ceased roving, hissed furtively, laid a finger over her lips, and disappeared through an unlatched gate. She returned a moment later with a hot apple-pie, filched from a window-sill, and breaking a piece of it out of the plate with her fingers, held it up to him with so frank a gesture of pleasure that he quite forgot to refuse it. He even ate it, untidily, having discovered just here the new emotion of hunger.

Beneath the next alley-lamp he turned a curiously rosy face.

“I—I wonder,” he hesitated, “if you would tell me your name.”

“*Ai!* You wanta know!” For all the banter, there was color in her own face—

a rich, victorious color. She dropped her eyes, pursed her heavy, red lips as though deliberating, and rolled an idle pebble under her toe.

“Yes,” he said, with an unwonted energy, “I do.”

“*Ai! Ai!* I no tella you,” she laughed, wise in the great fundamentals. Retreating a step, she watched him in mock alarm, bright-eyed, provokingly breathless. “No, I scared for you. It is mucha mans verree sweet on me—badda mans—*selvagi touti!* Gotta knives. Oh, no, no!”

“Really!” The challenge in it had passed quite over his head. “I’m sorry you feel that way about it. I’m sure I meant no harm.” He walked on, covering his disappointment under a slight hauteur. He had not gone a dozen steps when a warm, relenting hand was in his.

“You gotta mad, yes?” she questioned impetuously, looking up into his oddly working face.

“No. No, indeed. You’re a strange sort of person. You make me feel as

though I were—as though I had never lived.” His face was burning; he quickened his pace. “Your father is getting ahead of us, is n’t he?”

It was well after ten o’clock that evening when a dark-blue limousine car edged out of the lower Hanover traffic and, turning into one of the branch streets, stopped beside the curb. The driver of the car leaned back to speak through an open window, touching a reverent cap.

“I think he is here, Miss.”

“Just wait, then.”

It was as strange to Elinor Coolidge’s eyes as a street in Timbuctoo, with its innumerable bright globes and its inscrutable shop legends, its walls populous with heads, its ragged babies, pausing in their games among the grown-up legs to stare at the glossy car, big-eyed with curiosity.

A little way off, on the other side of the street, an old man was grinding a street-organ in a circle of dancing children. He was a curious, careless old man. He ran from one tune to the next without a shadow of pause, making erratic gestures with his free hand, grinning, scowling, sticking out his tongue, all the time keeping fierce watch of the ragamuffins, approving or rebuking with graphic fingers, as though his very life hung upon their awkward little twistings.

But even this distracted old fellow was not so strange as Dana Peabody, leaning against the end of the machine, a peeled and half-eaten banana beating time in one hand, the other arm thrown carelessly across the shoulders of a handsome, heavy girl. He, too, kept watch of the dancers, but sourly, shaking his head vigorously now and then, and again hushing the drum with a tentative palm.

Elinor leaned forward from the cushions at sight of him.

“How very—*extraordinary!*” she murmured. Opening the door on the street side, she stepped out.

“I shall be gone a moment,” she said to the driver. His face showed for an instant a decorous stupefaction.

“*Alone?*”

She nodded, and gathering the gray-hooded cape a little closer about her, stepped across the shining cobbles. Only those nearest to her stared and nudged one another as she passed and came into the fringe of people about the dancers.

It seemed that Dana had come to the end even of his impatience.

“I tell you it is abominable,” he protested to the girl—“bad—very bad! He loses everything—*everything!* If he ’d only let me—ah—”

The girl, understanding from his eyes what he wanted, reached out and dragged the old man from his precious handle, scowling down his mute amazement with the passionate ruthlessness of youth.

“You do,” she commanded Dana. “You do good.”

“Well, it ’s like this,” he explained, taking up the interrupted thread of “Tipperary” with one hand, while with the other he beat gently at the air, like Dr. Muck of the orchestra. “*Very* much slower here, to give you some effect when you do come to that *multo presto*. As for the drum—the man who wrote that drum part had no feeling; that ’s all I can say.”

“But why,” he asked after a moment, “have the children stopped dancing?”

His mortification was so sincere that at least one out of his little audience could not help clapping her hands and crying a modest *bravo*. He looked up, his face a rich crimson.

“I thought I ’d pick you up on my way home, Dana,” she called.

Without a word he followed her across the street and got himself into the car, his cheeks still the color of flame. The purring machine had come out into the stream of Hanover Street before he spoke.

“I say there, I forgot to say good-by to those folks.” The light coming in the window discovered his face set and rebellious.

“I don’t care a hang,” he broke out, his eyes defiantly ahead of him. “You may laugh, Elinor, but that old deaf-and-dumb chap has gotten hold of a very real thing, somehow, somewhere. You saw I could



n't make them dance—oh, there 's no use; you *can't* understand."

For upward of a crowded block they sat in silence, the man moody, the woman inscrutable. By and by Dana took off his hat and stared at the soggy wreck.

"I suppose," he mused—"I suppose I have—well—'ruined my life,' as they say. I was at Symphony Hall—but you would have heard of that. I have a suspicion they thought I was intoxicated—no, I have heard a better word, '*soused*.'"

Her continued silence began to work on his nerves. As he had said, he did not care, but he wished she would say something. He fidgeted, and peered at her cornerwise. Then he turned full face, immeasurably startled.

"Elinor," he wondered, "what have you done to yourself?"

She had done no more than let the gray cape fall back from her shoulders, leaving the fine curves of her neck free, touched by a fleck of passionate color on her bodice. Her cheeks acknowledged his question with a sudden radiance; she could not keep her eyes from shining as she lied to him.

"Why—I don't know, Dana."

He burst out with an abandon strange to him, the utter rashness of the outcast, who has nothing to lose.

"You are so *lovely*, Elinor,—no, no, you can't stop my saying it,—you—you—*scorch* one. I—I—have never laid eyes on you before. Why are you—why—oh, I don't know how to say it, Elinor."

She laughed happily, just touching his hand with the tips of her fingers.

"We 're all chameleons, poor dears. That 's why, Dana."

"Chameleons?" He did not follow.

"Yes. It sounds frightfully scandalous, putting it in the apostle's words, but weak things, we must be 'All things to all men' forever and ever, fight it as we may. Can't you see, Dana?"

He saw, and studied it for a time, staring fixedly at the driver's cap. After a while he spoke in a musing way, half whimsical, half bitter.

"I suppose I have made an awful fool of myself to-night."

"Yes, yes."

He could not help wincing: he had not expected her to say that.

"Why are you crying?" he queried after a moment, in a far-away, idiotic voice. "Because I have been a fool?"

"Yes. O Dana, if you only knew how long and long I have waited for you to be a fool—just once."

There was trouble with his throat, all the moisture having departed miraculously. Once more he had the sense of being a balloon, but this time it had lost its anchor.

"Why?" he said.

With a simple interrogative he had demanded of her a complete philosophy of life. She had no time just now for all of that, but fluttering it off her hands, filled in with a kind of breathless whimsicality:

"Because a man has to have a little of the fool in him to be able to care for a woman—to care for—me, Dana."

His arms seemed to be made of wood, with joints. He moved awkwardly to touch her hair and her cheeks. He spoke with a naïve ignorance of having said the same thing upon another occasion.

"You make me feel, Elinor, as though I had never lived."





# Voice and the Actor

By HENRIETTA CROSMAN

**A** WHILE ago I read of an experiment in realism in a Paris theater, in which the actors, sitting in front of an open fire, with their feet on the fender, as they love to do on the other side of the big water, had the backs of their chairs to the footlights, and played the scene right through without once letting their faces be seen by the audience. By their voices alone these players had to make manifest every necessary detail of difference in their characters, and they were said to have succeeded perfectly. I wonder whether we on the American stage could stand such a test of one of the simplest parts of our art. Often I think that among us far too little attention is given to the great importance that voice is to an actor.

Acting, real acting, is something from the head and something from the heart, so wonderfully blended that no one can tell which part is the result of thought and which the outcome of feeling; and no one who has not been given this power of fusing the head and the heart can possibly acquire it. Call it a gift from Heaven, call it a natural talent, call it whatever you like, acting cannot be taught and cannot be learned. No one need apologize for not being an actor; but there is no excuse for not having one's voice, at least, in proper control. Any one may acquire that power with patience and the right kind of practice. When George Bernard Shaw, in his "Pygmalion and Galatea," makes his coster flower-girl, merely by cultivating her voice, mistaken for a duchess, he is of course treating us to more of his customary sardonic wit at the expense of society; but like most Shavianism, it has a far deeper strain of truth in it than appears at the first rehearsal. There is nothing truer than the old adage about open-

ing one's mouth and putting one's foot in it. No one who neglects the importance of voice can ever be a good actor.

To my mind, the proper voice is equally as important for a character as the proper make-up. From some points of view it might be thought even more important, for the eye may miss the meaning of many little details in a make-up, but the ear will catch even the finest shadings of tone. Without the proper voice to fit the character, the best possible make-up will be useless. To take the broadest example, of what use would it be for a girl to come on in a Western outfit and talk in an Eastern voice? Instead of creating the illusion of being a Western girl, she would be laughed at. But voice goes still further than that. In many cases two characters, say, two men or two women of New York to-day, of equal age and class, will be able to show little distinction in their dress, therefore the main method of showing fine distinction of character between them must be in their voices. Very often an actor fails in some part, and no one can tell why. Generally the true reason is that he has not had the right voice.

An actor has, therefore, to regard voice from several points of view. First, he must get a voice; then he must know the natural peculiarity that belongs to certain tones; lastly, he must learn the knack of character tone. In order to obtain a voice, I should most strongly urge young actors—and of course by that word in general statements I always include actresses—to learn to sing. I should go as far as to say that it is the first thing they should learn, and the more of it they learn the better.

I am not one of those who think our theater has degenerated. There can be no

question but that acting has made enormous strides in a generation. What degeneration exists is really in the audience, and that is not due to their having been dragged down by the theater, but is due to the advance among the people having produced vast bodies of new theater-goers whose tastes are naturally somewhat in the stage long left behind by old playgoers. When they catch up, and they will one of these days, the art of the theater in America will make great strides. I hope to live not only to see it, but to have part in it, too. Yet when one thinks of the old school of actors, one has to admit that, however wrong their art was, there were many among them who had voices which could not easily be matched to-day.

Of all the things to eschew, elocution schools stand first. Actors should know nothing of the rules of elocution as taught in any school of which I have ever heard. I can always tell at the first glance whether an actor is a student of elocution. No good elocutionist was ever a good actor; that is, no good reciter—and elocution schools produce only reciters—is ever a good actor. Reciting and acting are two entirely different arts. The reciter is never natural, never can be. A while ago one of the most distinguished professors of elocution in America,—he had the chair of elocution at one of our biggest universities—came to be an actor. It was thought that he would be something wonderful because of his knowledge and gift of elocution. He went back to teaching. He could do that better than most, but his acting was bad. All the rules of elocution an actor ever needs can be obtained in singing-lessons.

Now, proper enunciation of words is a different matter. An actor should not have to be taught that; but if he does need it, it is a pretty bad need, and he should never rest until he has lost all slovenly habits. Some of my friends think I am too severe on this point. I am not. One cannot be too severe. It is clean-cut work, perfect in its smallest details, that makes for perfect illusion on the stage, and I am always for such work. No actor should

be content with anything less. One might just as well represent a man of culture and refinement as uncleanly in his person and dress as make him slovenly in his talk. It is an outrage, and often destroys acting that otherwise would be fine. Of course common sense must be used. Pedantry is abominable. One takes correct usage for granted. But without proper enunciation, the ends of words and even of sentences will not get over the footlights, and the mind of the audience will be left confused.

It is very important for an actor to understand some of the peculiar phenomena that belong to voice sounds. He must know that to obtain the right effect in the audience the words alone are not sufficient; they must be spoken with the right tone-color. Otherwise the words will ring untrue, and the result be disastrous. As a matter of fact, the emotions are stirred more by the tone, the mere sounds, than by the actual words. Music is doing this all the time. Everybody has heard of how Sarah Bernhardt has moved audiences to tears, and yet has simply repeated the names of the letters of the alphabet. There is nothing at all impossible in that.

All sounds produced as the result of emotions arouse similar emotions in the hearers. It is the sound and not the sense of what is spoken that does this. The sounds stimulate the very same muscles and nerves in the hearer as those used by the voice which makes them, and by reflex action they create in their hearer the same feeling as causes the sounds. This curious fact has only to be realized, and at once we understand the vast importance of getting the correct tone even to the finest shade. For the wrong tone stirs the wrong muscles, and, at the best, mixed emotions, partial feelings, are the result. Under the influence of powerful emotions the vocal organs are greatly affected. The buccal cavity is given a different shape by every emotion, and so each emotion has its own particular and distinct voice. This is felt very realistically by everybody who has experienced great fear. We all know, too, the peculiar tone of sickness and of grief. It is impossible

for the sick to speak in their natural voices. They cannot do it while in pain, no matter how valiantly they may try. When the pain is momentarily over, the mind, involuntarily seeking for sympathy, often forces them to simulate the same tone for the purpose of obtaining sympathy. Watch children and even domestic animals, and you will see that they know these tricks of voice tone by a wonderful kind of uncanny instinct.

Pitch and loudness have also to be thought of, for they, too, are governed by rules which appear to have been fixed by nature, and must be followed by the actor. These natural laws of voice cannot be altered, and so must be obeyed, or failure follows. All supplications spoken in real life are pitched in tones above the middle register, and so are all interrogations. This is probably due to the necessity of specially attracting the attention of the hearer, because a reply is wanted, and the use of high tones is the result of ages and ages of experience. Everybody uses these tones now without ever stopping to ask why or to reason out that lower tones would be less effective. On the other hand, declarations and assertions made in real life are always given in sounds below the middle register. Warnings and commands are ordinarily pitched below the middle register when spoken without marked emphasis having to be expressed. If they are pitched higher, it is because they are to be given with greater loudness for a more imperative effect. Mere narrative goes in the middle register, and is neither high nor low in pitch. These laws are the outcome of man's long experience in expressing his thoughts by sounds, and have become instincts. The actor has to know them, and train himself, because in simulated situations he may not be able to rely on the natural instinct carrying him through.

Loudness is used instinctively to express strength and power. Duration of tone instinctively takes the place of loudness where loudness would not fit in with the feelings that are finding expression. For instance, we speak of "love's whispers."

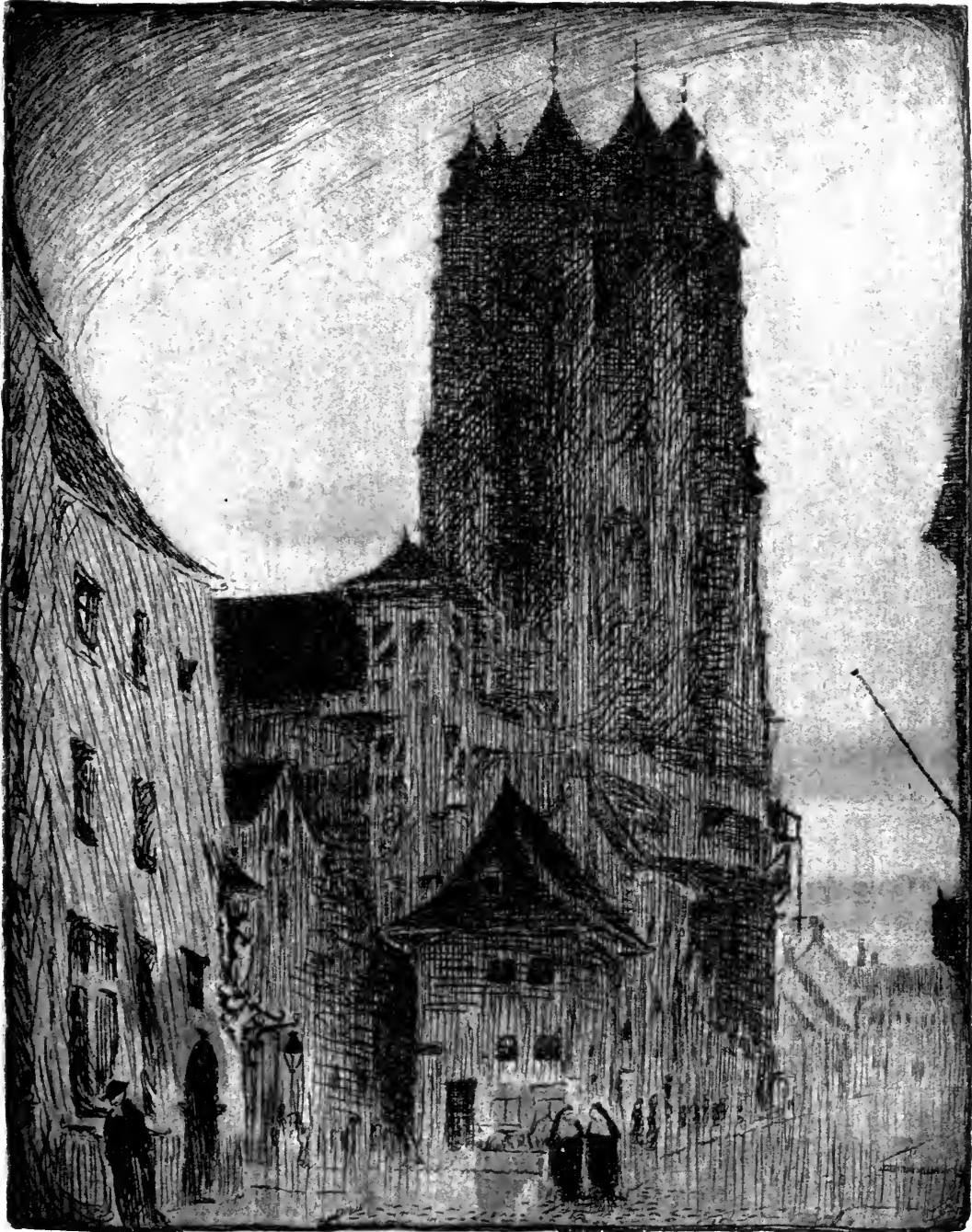
A lover naturally puts a cooing tone into his voice, and to express the strength and depth of his feelings he lingers over his syllables in what we have come to call a "loving tone." A beggar begs with a high-pitched whine, a "begging tone." He could not beg with a loud shout. But, to suggest the extent of his misery, he instinctively uses duration of tone. Dogs obey these laws with great fidelity, having picked them up from man by keen observation. Notice the long, low, but high-pitched, whine of a dog locked out in the cold and appealing for the door to be opened. Contrast his loud, staccato barks of joy with his low, deep growl of anger. Watch the effect on yourself of a dog's bark, and you will find that his joyous bark makes you feel glad, and his whine will move you irresistibly to pity. How much more effective should an actor's voice be! But when the emotions are only simulated, and the conditions are unreal, as on the stage, it is not always easy to put oneself into the proper state of feeling to produce the right sound involuntarily as we do in real life, and therefore an actor must know the laws in order to get the desired effect by art.

When I have to simulate some emotion to create it in the audience, I always think of some color. A separate color belongs to every emotion. For stirring passion, I keep red, deep-burning red, in my mind. Feeling and power seem always to go with red. For gentleness, I think of lavender, and for sparkling wit, the brilliant yellow of burnished gold. In drab, sordid conditions, don't think of red or yellow, or at once you lose the tone; think only of gray. For downright restlessness take sky-blue, and if you would be soothed, seek the blue of the deep sea. I really don't know whether these colors are, as some people think, associated in any way with our mental and nerve waves, but at the least using them consistently certainly acts very handily as a support for the mind in the effort an actor has to make to stir up his own emotions in order to get into sympathetic touch with the emotions of his audience.

# Etchings of Antwerp

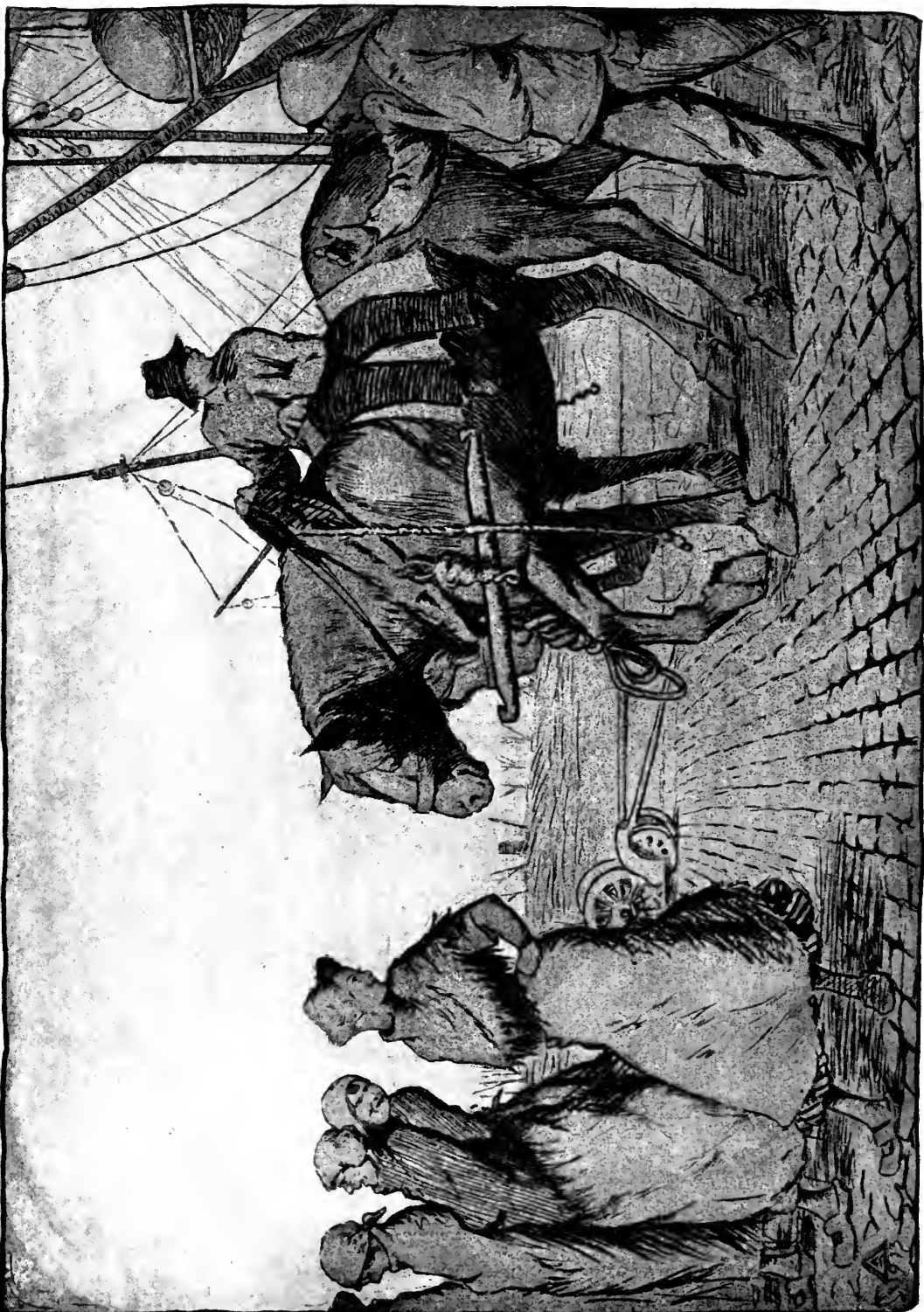
By William A. Sherwood

*(See Current Comment)*

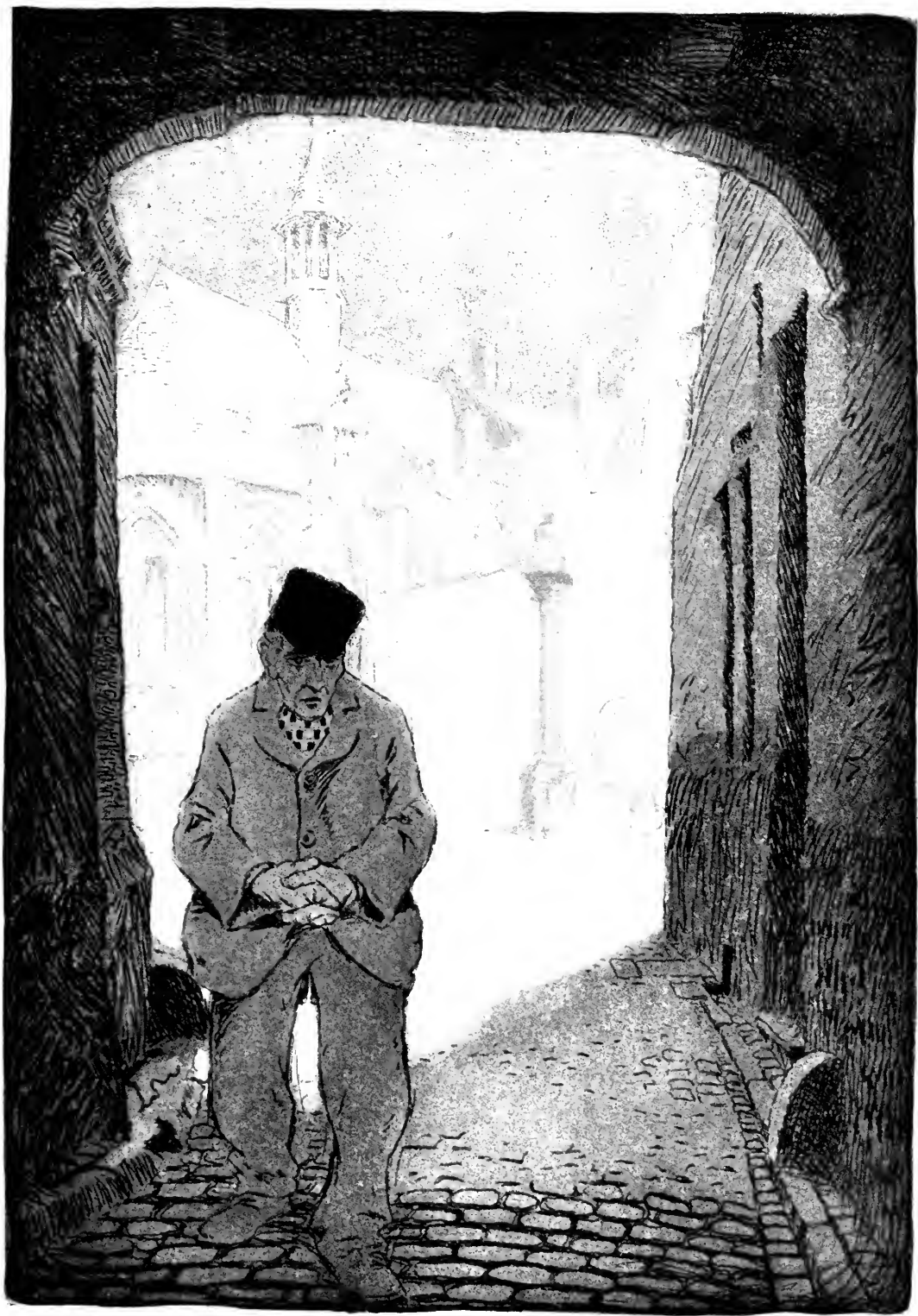


Sherwood

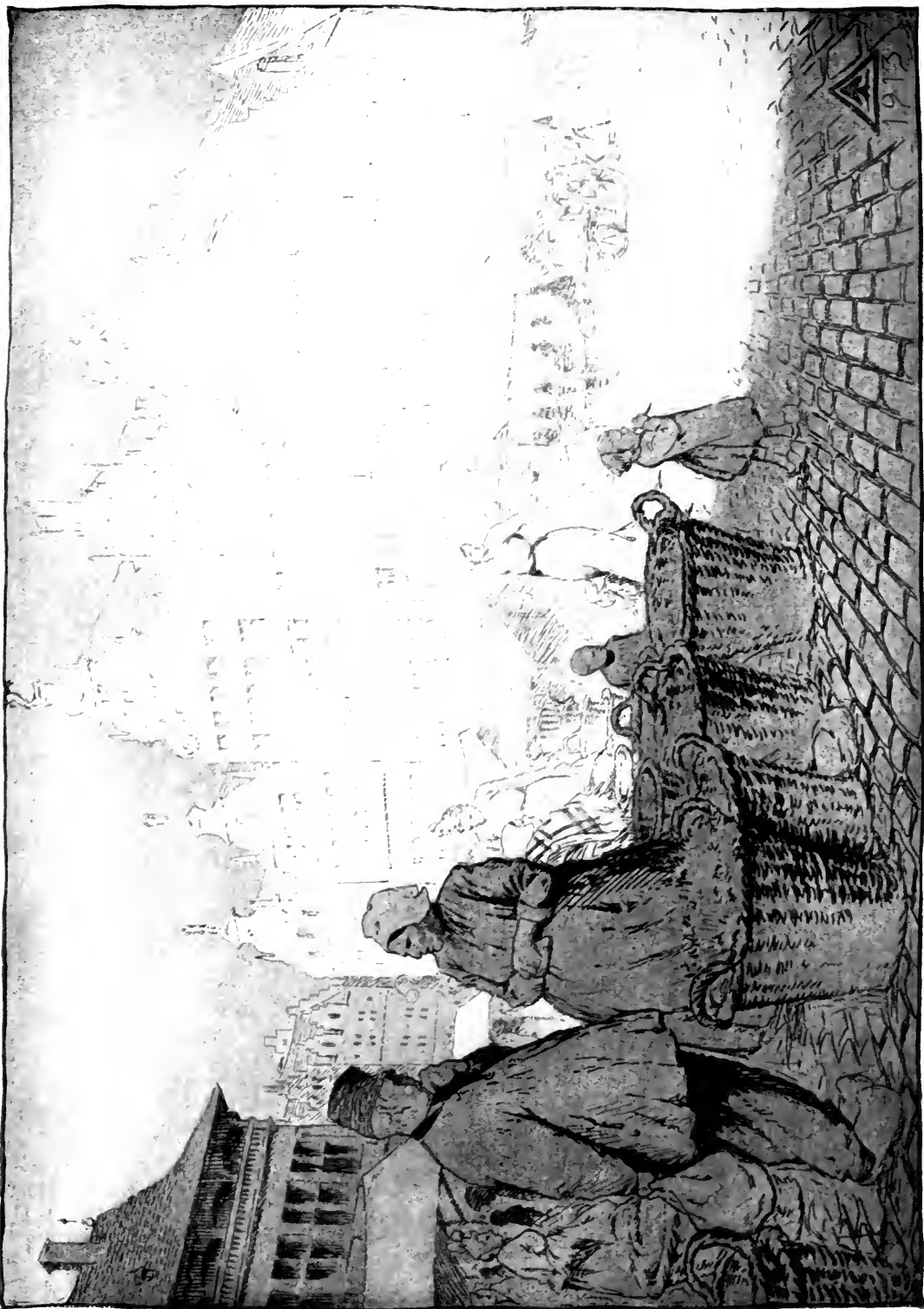
In Shadow







The Blind Alley







# The Ounce of Prevention

Switzerland versus Belgium, with a Lesson for the United States

By R. M. JOHNSTON

Author of "Arms and the Race," etc.

SWITZERLAND, the center of Europe, has for years possessed the perfect model of a national army. The policy of the nation was easy to frame in relation to its surroundings. North, south, east, and west lay neighbors so powerful as to preclude any territorial ambition. On the other hand, these neighbors presented a threat along every mile of frontier. So the Swiss decided on a policy of national defense. And defense, to be bearable with a small people and relatively poor country, had to be inexpensive; while, on the other hand, to stand any chance of success, it had to place large masses in the field.

To carry out this policy, Switzerland gives preliminary military instruction in her schools, and calls on to train for sixty days every man mentally, physically, and morally fit. In the artillery and other special services the service is for ninety days. Thereafter he trains eleven days a year until he reaches the age of thirty-two, when he is turned over to the reserve, which holds him till he is forty-eight.

The framework for this militia army—armament, equipment, officers' corps, technical services, munitions of war—is maintained in a highly organized state, so that mobilization of the Swiss army can be effected within a few days of the call to arms. On first assembling, it is not to be supposed that the Swiss infantry would equal the quality of the German

or French. But a very few weeks' experience in the field, added to their early training with the rifle, would probably turn these hardy and liberty-loving mountaineers, with their splendid fighting qualities and tradition, into an army formidable enough under modern standards to put up a strong resistance in defensive positions.

The authorities give varying numbers for the Swiss army. Their first line is placed at from 150,000 to 250,000 men. The reserve may be reckoned at almost as many more. An army like that, concentrated on a front extending from Bienne to Zurich, would prove more than an embarrassment to any French or German army that should venture to cross lots through Basel and the northwestern corner of Switzerland. It is the virtual guaranty of the independence of a brave people who have too much sense to put their faith in international guaranties of neutrality, and enough spirit to be willing to face the military issue instead of feebly evading it. With Belgium, we come to the opposite case.

Belgium had twice the population of Switzerland, almost one eighth of the population of Germany, and a commerce that ranked higher than that of great powers like Italy, Austria-Hungary, or Russia. She had other advantages in the compactness of her population, her developed railroad system, her supplies of coal and iron, her open sea frontier. She pos-

sessed, in addition, a narrow front of some military value facing Germany, the line of the Meuse between Liège and Givet. In other words, her situation as compared with Switzerland was immensely more favorable for organizing a national defense. Even as compared with Germany, with her population compactly placed on a narrow front, and with great economic resources, it was not quite hopeless to attempt to resist her neighbor. The Swiss, we may believe, would certainly have made the attempt. But that was not the practical problem.

The practical problem was merely how to defend Belgian neutrality in case of war between other powers. It was true that the neutrality of Belgium, like that of Switzerland, was under the guaranty of treaties. But the observance of such treaties was not in the traditions of European diplomacy. A great power dealing with a little one was far more likely to consult expediency than international ethics, as even the United States had recently shown in the case of Panama. Beyond all that was the definite knowledge, tabulated on the cards of every general staff of Europe, that the railroads recently developed by Germany toward the Belgian frontier were intended for the conveyance of troops, the designation and placing of which could almost wholly be worked out. German publicists and writers on military affairs did not hesitate to inform the world that to carry out against France the envelopment on a wide strategic front of the Moltke-der Goltz school, a swinging movement through Belgium was necessary. It was also clear that the narrow frontier in Lorraine was wholly inadequate for deploying such masses as Germany possessed. The economic desirability of seizing the coal and iron resources of Belgium and northern France was probably not yet realized to be a fundamental necessity for Germany's strategic policy. But even if this last point was not generally grasped, it still remains true to say that no nation ever received more definite warning that her hour was at hand than Belgium.

How did she meet it? Her attitude was most characteristic, and had many points of resemblance with that of this country toward the military problem. She was engrossed in one of the most remarkable outbursts of industrial energy that the world has seen. Labor problems and social reforms had become urgent. She concentrated her attention on herself. Beyond her border there was nothing to interest her, for her ambitions did not lie that way. She was impatient, one is almost tempted to say naturally impatient, at any thought of spending money and foresight on anything so irreconcilable with her ideals as an army. And the upshot was a haphazard, neglectful, ineffective treatment of the problem. Then she woke up one fine morning to find her country wrecked and in ashes.

The Belgian army, costing rather more than half again as much as the Swiss,—roughly, thirteen millions of dollars to eight,—was much less efficient. It stood on paper at about 48,000 men, though this number was not actually reached, and the efficiency of its infantry was ranked low. A few show regiments of the royal guard and the scientific attainments of the technical corps were good; the rest was almost negligible. There was a reserve of about the same numbers, and a *garde civique* of no military value. Had Belgium been equipped with a system half as effective as the Swiss, she could have matched man for man with Germany on the Liège-Givet line, and quicker, up to half a million men or more. As it was, her small forces proved useless, notwithstanding the exaggerated views widely disseminated as to what took place at Liège and afterward.

With every country of Europe we have to deal with a similar range of facts—national policy and the armed force. And in no two countries do we find the same policy or the same expression of it in terms of arms. Some nations are wise, others foolish; some are strong, others weak; some aggressive; some pacific; some wasteful, others provident. But summing up, and looking to the future,

it may be said that unless European civilization is doomed to suffer some considerable setback, Switzerland has evolved the logical form of the national army, and placed as she is, she has been compelled to carry that form out to its largest numerical terms. Germany made of the national army first a weapon for achieving national unity, a comprehensible ambition, and later a weapon for the assertion of certain aims, largely the result of great economic expansion, that involved the coercion of her neighbors. But this, let us hope, is only a passing phase, and even the German national army may prove a stepping-stone to more pacific times and methods.<sup>1</sup>

In the United States peculiar conditions vary the shape of the general argument. These conditions will be considered shortly. But before reaching them it may be pointed out that a reluctance to face the military problem similar to that which was shown by Belgium is manifest in the United States. Fortunately, the words *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* have not yet appeared on our walls, and the actual problem to be considered is far slighter than the one which has just ended in the catastrophe of Belgium. Yet the United States has no more rational policy than Belgium had, and has never seriously asked the question, What are the possibilities that face us, and what are the reasonable precautions to take in view of such possibilities?

## II

MILITARY history is much obscured by the survivor, the historian, and the journalist. They are virtually banded in an unholy alliance to tell us everything except what we really ought to know. And even in what they do tell us, accuracy is more completely sacrificed than in almost any other branch of mental activity. This proceeds inevitably from the very nature of war.

The soldier knows too little, and the general often enough too much, about the facts. The battle is mostly smoke, confusion, and excitement, in which little is seen and all is distorted. The weary survivor, unless the event is of a very unusual or striking description, begins to get his impressions at night, sitting about the camp-fire, from comrades about as well informed as himself. But some men are natural talkers, some have imagination, and these blaze out a path, uncertainly compounded of fact and fiction, along which the rest follow. In due course the camp-fire legends become crystallized, and by the time the old soldier is fighting the old battles over for his grandchildren, the residuum of fact is usually elusive indeed.

The general sees better and knows more, yet he may be even more unreliable as a witness; for he has responsibilities and may be implicated. Military operations are in their nature full of unforeseen incidents, marked by a continuous series of errors based on misinformation or miscalculation or the failure of subordinates. The general leaves these for the most part out of his account, puts a good face on what is usually a pretty bad matter, and makes things come out as near as possible to some stock pattern of what really ought to have happened, but did not.

The newspaper-man and the historian occasionally help a little, but not much. Even if not eye-witnesses, they are better situated for giving a fair account than the combatants themselves. But they have graven images of their own. They are looking for a drama, for deeds of heroism, for satisfactions of national prejudices, and all things that will enable them to mobilize their eloquence. What they will not do is to dig down into those hidden springs from which proceed the success or the failure of armies: their organization; their armament; their tactics; their supply system; the training of their regimental officers, of their staff, of their higher command; their system of command; and the national policy of which these things are just so many expressions. Such matters do not make head-lines or

<sup>1</sup> As the present war continues, so do its economic factors stand out more plainly. The situation may be worse than is here indicated, and we may stand at the beginning of vast struggles for economic control.

motion-pictures; they require knowledge, application, and study, and consequently they are labeled militarism, and scrapped.

So what with the great difficulty of dealing with the evidence, and with the wrong proclivities of those who set it before the public, it is not difficult for a whole nation to grow up in a state of complete misconception as to its own military history. The people of the United States are precisely in that situation. To remedy it, we require the complete re-writing of our military history; a formidable task. Here there is nothing to be done save to pick out a few salient facts and to indicate their bearings.

Our worst tradition was early established—that of ill-considered, wasteful, and ineffective half-measures. It is reckoned that during the War of Independence there were 395,000 enrolments for service, many of them, of course, of the same men presenting themselves again. Yet Washington was never able to place 20,000 men in line, and was generally so hopelessly inferior that he could not venture on decisive operations. His most brilliant achievements were accomplished at the head of 2500 men. Under this system it cost \$170,000,000 to carry the war through, to say nothing of the pensions paid to over 95,000 persons, some of which, widows of survivors, were still living and drawing their pay a century later.

The source of the mischief lay in the fact that the control of the whole matter was with the Continental Congress, and that this body was jealous of a standing army, had no knowledge of military questions, and was inclined for cheese-paring. This was perhaps inevitable, but it was costly in lives, time, and money. Congress chose to believe, for no reasons that will bear examination, that the struggle would be short, and decided to enlist men for twelve months, which, quite apart from anything else, was not nearly long enough to give them a discipline and solidity approaching that of the king's soldiers. Washington continually protested, but in vain. He was always told that if these enlisted regulars were insufficient,

there was always the militia to fall back upon!

It is hardly too much to say that Lexington and Bunker Hill, or, rather, the false presentation of those events, were among the worst misfortunes that ever overtook this country. The legend of the minute-man, of the patriot rising in his wrath, reaching for his old gun from over the ancestral mantel, driving the mercenaries of King George before him, has done and still does an incalculable amount of mischief. Of course the farmer was patriotic, could on occasion shoot a red-coat or even give his life for the cause; but to suppose that the farmer, collectively as militia, could face British infantry in the field in any circumstances save those of surprise or irregular fighting is absurd. Even the French infantry could hardly do that, as Dettingen and Fontenoy and the Plains of Abraham had demonstrated. The militia might help with numbers in such a blockade as that of Boston or hold a breastwork against a frontal attack; beyond that it was a nuisance. Washington himself declared that the militia was worse than useless and had been the origin of all our misfortunes. And he was surely a competent witness.

After the War of Independence false economy continued to rule, with the same jealousy of a regular army and the same aberration as to the value of militia. At the time when Bonaparte became First Consul an era of expansion to the West opened, while Europe and the Atlantic witnessed gigantic struggles in which our trade interests were seriously threatened. We slowly drifted into war with Great Britain, relying meanwhile on the minute-man chimera to meet the emergency when it should burst on us. Our army consisted of 6700 men.

Congress once more attacked the situation by raising twelve-months' troops, who were to be supported by a suitable background of militia. In all, over 527,000 enrolments occurred, a greater number than that of the huge army with which Napoleon was then struggling to reach Moscow. Of these, 50,000 were

regulars. The reader may be spared the pitiful, almost incredible, details of the administrative mismanagement into which Congress plunged these forces. It need only be said that Great Britain held her own along the Canadian border with 4000 regulars, gradually increasing to 16,000, with some militia backing. Some of our performances on the frontier cannot be read without a blush. A small force of English dispersed our militia near Washington and raided the national capital with complete impunity. The cost of our military effort, one of the most disgracefully ineffective recorded in history, came to nearly two hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

The close of the war was marked by two redeeming incidents. One was the disastrous failure of an English force to carry Jackson's breastworks at New Orleans by frontal attack; the other was the discovery of that brilliant soldier, Winfield Scott, who did something toward making our troops in the North efficient.

For a few years after these illuminating events Congress maintained the army on a slightly higher level. In 1821, however, the old tendency asserted itself, and the army was reduced to 6000 men, and in another ten years we were paying the price. Indian troubles broke out in the Northwest and in Florida. We had no troops available, and for lack of a very few battalions of regulars we had to call out over 50,000 militia, to spend thirty millions, and to face seven years of war and disorder in the Southeast.

In 1846 came the Mexican War, marked by the same deplorable features as our previous enterprises, but in part redeemed by the brilliancy of our officers and the high tactical quality of our scanty battalions of regulars. But it was not until the great Civil War that the United States attacked a military problem on anything like a large scale, and it is at that point that it is best to investigate and to draw lessons.

The Civil War was quite unnecessary and preventable. The slavery question had to be solved. England had solved it

as an economic proposition. Opinion in the United States, though inflamed on the surface, was visibly tending toward such a solution. But unfortunately every hothead in the country knew that there was no power in our institutions to enforce law and order. Our army numbered fewer than 17,000 men, widely dispersed, and with as much on its hands as it could possibly attend to. There was no force disposable to control a district that should be inclined to break away from central control.

It was not necessary that the United States should be a militarist country. We did not need a million or two of soldiers, nor half a million, nor even a hundred thousand. If we had had just sixty thousand troops at that time, it is safe to say that no civil war could have taken place. With sixty thousand men, however widely dispersed, we could presumably have collected two or three brigades with which to occupy Richmond, Charleston, and New Orleans when symptoms of rebellion appeared and long before a local militia could be even assembled by the secession leaders. The fact that the Government could police the country would have been so obvious that the Southern leaders would probably never have considered secession, and that if they had, the Southern officers would not have deserted their country for their State. Even had they done so, it would not have changed the situation. The rank and file in 1861 stuck to their colors, and the only difficulty would have been to replace forty per cent. of the officers, or to get along short-handed, a minor problem.

In connection with the Civil War we find the same conspicuous incapacity to handle a military question that our elected bodies have shown consistently, and disastrously in terms of human life and treasure. Though the military advisers of the administration offered perfectly sound advice, the grotesque and outrageous notion was put forward that 75,000 volunteers, enrolled for three months, could do the business. It was a policy so ignorant, so inept, and sent so many untrained citi-

zens to an unnecessary death, that it almost deserves to be called criminal. A few weeks sufficed to demonstrate the futility of that measure, but the whole terrible length of the war was not enough to remedy another fundamental misconception that perhaps cost the country even more in terms of time, blood, and money. Regiments were organized as units, with no system of depots for training recruits and drafting them into the battalion at the front. All the experience of every country for a hundred years past overwhelmingly demonstrates that behind the trained unit at the front there must be the mechanism for keeping its ranks full. Instead of conforming to this standard, we preferred, save for the notable exception of the State of Wisconsin, to let seasoned units gradually get weaker, and to send our raw recruits to the fray, with raw officers in raw regiments.

There were reasons, unfortunately, for all these things—political reasons. And that is one more illustration of the evil of leaving military policy to the exclusive control of Congress. The fact is that no subject is more difficult in its range of historical, psychological, and technical factors than the military art; yet by one of those strange hallucinations to which man is subject, there is none on which the layman feels so competent to pass an opinion. And the less he knows about it, the more drastic his opinion. It is only when he begins to dig into the theoretical and practical difficulties that surround the soldier that his views become more tentative.

Until we have persuaded Congress of this fact, until it has become willing to delegate some authority to boards of experts, as it might in questions of engineering, sanitation, forestry, and so on, there is little hope of wiser views prevailing.

From the time of the Civil War to the present there are more lessons to be learned, but they need not affect the final argument. Our army learned many things in the Spanish war: at first the cost of unpreparedness; then, in Cuba, how not to fight; later, in the Philippines, after a little experience, how to fight on a small

scale. This was to the good as far as it went. New blood was poured into the army. Those who were behind the scenes did a lot of thinking. And presently army reform, under the wise and patriotic guidance of Mr. Root, began to take shape. We started in to catch up with a century or so of military progress. Mr. Root created a general staff, an institution still viewed with suspicion by the conservatives. An army war college came into existence, and a reformed army school at Fort Leavenworth, and all of these were indispensable foundations for the higher control and command of the United States army. But the greatest problem of all was left unsolved, that of the creation of a real United States army—an army fit in its relation to national policy and purposes, adequate for all and any such emergencies as might reasonably be perceived on our political horizon. How such an army should be constituted is a question that must now be approached.

HOSTILITY and inertia loom large on the horizon. Yet many, I know, realize that facts carefully observed have been placed before them, from which only moderate and reasonable deductions have been drawn, and for no purpose save to serve the country. Let us hope that all who understand will support those few gentlemen who in Congress and elsewhere are striving to improve our national defenses.

To say that war is stupid and wicked may be true,—most people nowadays are agreed on this point,—but it does not dispose of the question. It is only in the kindergarten text that it takes two to make a quarrel, as every page of history ancient and modern demonstrates, and we have some very recent cases. If war is stupid and wicked, to encourage others to make war by remaining defenseless is stupid, wicked, and criminal. And to avoid that crime it is not necessary to threaten, it is not necessary to arm to the teeth. We have merely to raise our army to a standard that will place it about on a level with those of the second- or third-rate European powers—say some-

where between those of Holland and Rumania. To imagine that this would be a departure from our old-time policy, that it would alarm Europe, lose us our moral power, and so forth, is cheap claptrap for very ignorant and foolish audiences. It would, of course, have precisely the opposite effect. It would show European statesmen that, unlike Belgium, we can face the issue of peace and war, and that if a grave problem, like that of Mexico, should be thrust upon us, we are capable of solving it, which now appears quite doubtful.

There is at present an outcry that we should investigate the army. Is it worth while, poor thing? It does its best; it generally has done what was possible under hopeless conditions. Its feebleness is known to all, and may be estimated at sight. What topsyturvydom to investigate the innocent sufferer and to leave uninvestigated the source of all the evil, the body with which lies the responsibility for the army's condition—Congress! There is the point at which investigation is necessary, and in fact urgent.



## Street in Packingtown

(Chicago)

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER



**I**N the gray dust before a frail gray shed,  
By a board fence obscenely chalked in red,  
A gray creek willow, left from country days,  
Flickers pallid in the haze.

Beside the gutter of the unpaved street,  
Tin cans and broken glass about his feet,  
And a brown whisky bottle, singled out  
For play from prosier crockery strewn about,  
Twisting a shoestring noose, a Polack's brat  
Joylessly torments a cat.

His dress, some sister's cast-off wear,  
Is rolled to leave his stomach bare.  
His arms and legs with scratches bleed;  
He twists the cat and pays no heed.  
He mauls her neither less nor more  
Because her claws have raked him sore.  
His eyes, faint-blue and moody, stare  
From under a pale shock of hair.  
Neither resentment nor surprise  
Lights the desert of those eyes—  
To hurt and to be hurt; he knows  
All he will know on earth, or need to know.

But there, beneath his willow-tree,  
His tribal, tutelary tree,  
The tortured cat across his knee,  
With hate, perhaps, a threat, maybe,  
Lithuania looks at me.



# Me

## A Book of Remembrance

( Begun in April )

### IX

NEXT morning 'Mandy went back with me to my room. There was no one in it. For a moment the thought came to me that perhaps I had suffered from a nightmare. My clothes, everything, I found exactly as I had left them. I went over to the door opening from my room into the laboratory, and then I knew that I had not erred: the door was unlocked. I saw 'Mandy watching me, and I think she guessed the truth, for she said: "You need n't be 'fraid no more, chile. I goin' to sleep with you every night now."

"No, 'Mandy," I said; "I can't stay here now. I've got to get away somehow."

"Dat 's all right, chile," she said. "Jus' you tek you li'l' bag and slip out right now. No one 's stirring in dis house yet. You won't be missed till after you sure am gone."

I was sitting on the side of the bed, feverishly turning the matter over in my mind.

"I wish I could do that," I said, "but I have no place to go, and I have no money."

'Mandy comforted me as best she could, and told me to wait till after breakfast, when I'd feel better; then I could talk to the doctor about it, and perhaps he'd give me some money; and if he would n't, said the colored girl, shrewdly, "you tell him you goin' ask his wife."

I felt I could not do that. I would have to find some other solution. One thing was certain, however, I could no more stay here than I could in Jamaica.

There are times in my life when I have been whipped and scorched, and nothing has healed me save to get away quickly from the place where I have suffered. I felt like that in Jamaica. I felt like that now. There came another time in my life when I uprooted my whole being from a place I loved, and yet where it would have killed me to remain.

The doctor met me in the lower hall as I came down-stairs. His manner was affable and formal, and he said he would take me to his wife. I found myself unable to look him in the face, for I felt his glance would be hateful.

Mrs. Manning was in bed, propped up with pillows. At first glance she seemed an old woman. Her pale, parched face lay like a shadow among her pillows, and her fine, silvery hair was like an exquisite aureole. She had dark, restless, seeking eyes, and her expression was peevish, like that of a complaining child. As I came in, she raised herself to her elbow, and looked curiously at me and then at the doctor, who said:

"This is Miss Ascough, dear. She is to be my new secretary."

She put out a thin little hand, which I took impetuously in my own, and, I know not why, I suddenly wanted to cry again. There was something in her glance that hurt me. I had for her that same overwhelming pity that I had felt for Miss Foster in Jamaica—a pity such as one involuntarily feels toward one who is doomed. She murmured something, and I said, "Thank you," though I did not understand what she had said. Then the



doctor shook up her pillows and settled her back very carefully among them, and he kissed her, and she clung to him. I realized that, incredible as it seemed, here where I had expected it least there was love.

After breakfast, which I had with the doctor, who read the morning paper throughout the meal, waited on by 'Mandy, he took me down to his offices, two large adjoining rooms on the ground floor, in one wing of the house. One room was used as a reception-room, the other as the doctor's own. Showing me through the offices, he had indicated the desk at which I was to sit in the reception-room before I summoned the courage to tell him I had decided to go. When I faltered this out, he turned clear around, and although an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, I knew that he was acting. I felt sure that he had been waiting for me to say something about the previous night.

"You certainly cannot realize what you are saying, Miss Ascough. Why should you leave a position before trying it?"

I looked steadily in his face now, and I was no longer afraid of him. I was only an ignorant girl of seventeen, and he was a man of the world past forty. I was friendless, had no money, and was in a strange country. He was a man of power, and, I suppose, even wealth. This was the city where he was respected and known. Nevertheless, I said to him:

"If I work for a man, I expect to be paid for my actual labor. That's a contract between us. After that, I have my personal rights, and no man can step over these without my consent."

They were pretty big words for a young girl, and I am proud of them even now. I can see myself as I faced that man defiantly, though I knew I had barely enough money in my purse upstairs to buy a few meals.

"I do not understand you," said the doctor, pulling at his beard. "I shall be obliged if you will make yourself clearer."

"I will, then," I said. "Last night you came into my room."

For a long time he did not say a word, but appeared to be considering the matter.

"I beg your pardon for that," he said at last, "but I think my explanation will satisfy you. I did not know that that room was the one my wife had assigned to you. I had been accustomed to occupy it myself when engaged at night upon laboratory work. I was as mortified as you when I discovered my unfortunate mistake last night, and I very much regret the distress it gave you."

No explanation could have been clearer than that, but looking at the man, I felt a deep-rooted conviction that he lied.

"Come now," he said cheerfully, "suppose we dismiss this painful subject. Let us both forget it." He held out his hand, with one of his "fatherly" smiles. I reluctantly let him take mine, and I did not know what to do or say. He took out his watch and looked at it.

"I have a number of calls to make before my noon hour," he said, "but I think I can spare an hour to explain your duties to you."

They were simple enough, and in other circumstances I should have liked such a position. I was to receive the patients, send out bills, and answer the correspondence, which was light. I had one other duty, and that he asked me to do now. There was something wrong with his eyes, and it was a strain upon them for him to read. So, part of my work was to read to him an hour in the morning and one or two in the evening.

There was a long couch in the inner office, and after he had selected a book and brought it to me, he lay down on the couch, with a green shade over his eyes, and bade me proceed. The book was Rousseau's "Confessions."

In ordinary circumstances the book would have held my interest at once, but now I read it without the slightest sense of understanding, and the powerful sentences came forth from my lips, but passed through heedless ears. I had read only two chapters when he said that that would do for to-day. He asked me to bring from the top of his desk a glass in

which was some fluid and an eye-dropper. He requested me to put two drops in each of his eyes.

As he was lying on his back on the couch, I had to lean over him to do this. I was so nervous that the glass shook in my hand. Judge of my horror when, in squeezing the little rubber bulb, the glass part fell off and dropped down upon his face.

I burst out crying, and before I knew it, he was sitting up on the couch and comforting me, with his arms about my waist. I freed myself and stood up. He said:

"There, there, you are a bit hysterical this morning. You 'll feel better later."

He began moving about the office, collecting some things, and putting them into a little black bag. Toby knocked, and called that the buggy was ready. As the doctor was drawing on his gloves he said:

"Now, Miss Ascough, suppose you make an effort to—er accustom yourself to things as they are here. I 'm really not such a bad sort as you imagine, and I will try to make you very comfortable and happy if you will let me."

I did not answer him. I sat there twisting my handkerchief in my hands, and feeling dully that I was truly the most miserable girl in the world. As the doctor was going out, he said:

"Do cheer up! Things are not nearly as bad as they seem."

Maybe they were not, but, nevertheless, the stubborn obsession persisted in my mind that I must somehow get away from that place. How I was going to do that without money or friends, I did not know. And if I did leave this place, where could I go?

I thought of writing home, and then, even in my distress, I thought of papa, absent-minded, impractical dreamer. Could I make him understand the situation I was in without telling him my actual experience? I felt a reluctance to tell my father or mother that. It 's a fact that a young girl will often talk with strangers about things that she will hesi-

tate to confide to her own parents. My parents were of the sort difficult to approach in such a matter. You see, I was one of many, and my father and mother were in a way even more helpless than their children. It was almost pathetic the way in which they looked to us, as we grew up, to take care of ourselves and them. Besides, it would take two days for a letter to reach my home, and another two days for the reply to reach me, and where could my poor father raise the money for my fare? No, I would not add to their distresses.

I went up to my room, after the doctor was gone, and I aimlessly counted my money. I had less than three dollars. I was putting it back into my bag, with the papers, trinkets, cards, and the other queer things that congregate in a girl's pocket-book, when Mr. Hamilton's card turned up on my lap.

I began to think of him. I sat there on the side of my bed in a sort of dreaming trance, recalling to my mind that charmed little journey in the company of this man. Every word he had said to me, the musing expression of his face, and his curious, grudging smile—I thought of all this. It was queer how in the midst of my trouble I could occupy my mind like this with thoughts of a stranger. I remembered that Dr. Manning had said he was a notorious man. I did not believe that. I thought of that kindly look of interest in his tired face when he had asked me if I wanted to go to school, and then electrically recurred to me his last words on the train when he had given to me his card,—that if I ever needed help, would I come to him?

I needed help now. I needed it more than any girl ever needed it before. Of that I felt truly convinced. This doctor was a villain. There was something bad and covetous about his very glance. I had felt that in Jamaica. It was impossible for me to remain alone with him in his house; for I should be virtually alone, since his wife was a paralytic.

Hurriedly I packed my things, shoving everything back into my suitcase, and then

I put on my hat. In the doctor's office I found the telephone-book. I looked up the name of Hamilton. Yes, it was there. It seemed to me a miraculous thing that he really was there in that telephone-book and that he actually was in this city.

I called the number, and somebody, answering, asked whom I wished to speak to, and I said Mr. Roger Avery Hamilton.

"Who is it wants him?" I was asked.

"Just a friend," I replied.

"You will have to give your name. Mr. Hamilton is in a conference, and if it is not important, he cannot speak to you just now."

"It is important," I said. "He would want to speak to me, I know."

There was a long pause, and central asked me if I was through, and I said frantically:

"No, no; don't ring off."

Then a moment later I heard his voice, and even over the telephone it thrilled me so that I could have wept with relief and joy.

"Yes?"

"Mr. Hamilton, this is Miss Ascough."

"Miss Ascough?"

"Yes; I met you on the train coming from Boston."

"Oh, yes, the little girl with the dog," he said.

His voice, more than his words, warmed me with the thought that he had not forgotten me, and was even pleased to hear from me again.

"You said if I ever needed help—"

I broke off there, and he said slowly:

"I—see. Where are you?"

I told him.

"Can you leave there right away?"

I said I could, but that I did not know my way about the city.

He asked me to meet him in half an hour at the St. R—— Hotel, and directed me explicitly what car to take to get there, telling me to write it down. I was to have 'Mandy put me on this car, and I must be sure to tell the conductor to let me off at this hotel. The car stopped in front of it.

I wrote a note to Dr. Manning before going. I said I was sorry to leave in this way, but despite what he had said, I could not trust him. I added that I was so unhappy I had decided the best thing for me to do was to go at once. I left the note with 'Mandy, whom I kissed good-by, something I had never dreamed I could do, kiss a black girl! All the way on the car I was desperately afraid the conductor would not let me off at the right place, and I asked him so often that finally, in exasperation, he refused to answer me. When we at last reached there, he wrathfully shouted the name of the hotel into the car, though he did not need to cry, "Step lively!"



# X

MR. HAMILTON was waiting for me outside the hotel. He gave my bag to a boy, who produced it later, and then took me to a corner of the drawing-room. Almost at once he said:

"I expected to hear from you, but not so soon."

"You were expecting?" I said. "Why?"

"Well," he said rather reluctantly, "I had a hunch you would not stay there long. Just what happened?"

I told him.

He kept tapping with his fingers on the table beside him and looking at me curiously. When I was through, he said:

"Well, we 're a pretty bad lot, are n't we?"

I said earnestly:

"You 're not!" which remark made him laugh in a rather mirthless sort of way, and he said:

"You don't know me, my child." Then, as if to change the subject: "But now, what do you want to do? Where do you want to go?"

"I 'd like to go to some big city in America," I said. "I think, if I got a chance, I 'd succeed as a poet or author."

"Oh, that 's your idea, is it?" he asked half good-humoredly, half rather cynically. I nodded.

"Well, what big city have you decided upon?"

"I don't know. You see, I know very little about the States."

"How about New York or Chicago?"

"Which is the nearest to you?" I asked timidly.

He laughed outright at that.

"Oh, so you expect to see *me*, do you?"

"I *want* to," I said. "You *will* come to see me, won't you?"

"We 'll see about it," he said slowly.

"Then it 's Chicago? I have interests there." I nodded.

"And now," he went on, "how much money do you need?"

That question hurt me more than I suppose he would believe. Certainly I would have to have money to go to Chicago, but I hated to think of taking any from him. I felt like a beggar. Young, poor, ignorant as I was, even then I had an acute feeling of reluctance to permit any sordid considerations to come between this man and me. I was so long in answering him that he said lightly:

"Well how many thousands or millions of shekels do you suppose it will take to support a little poetess in Chicago?"

I said:

"You don't have to support poetesses if they are the right sort. All I want is enough money to carry me to Chicago. I 'll get work of some kind then."

"Well, let 's see," he said. "I 'll get you your ticket, and then you 'd better have, say, a hundred dollars to start with."

"No! no!" I cried out. "I could n't use a whole hundred dollars."

"What?"

"I never had that much money in my life," I said. "I should n't know what to do with it."

He laughed shortly.

"You 'll know all right," he said, "soon after you get to Chicago." Then he added almost bitterly, "You 'll be writing to me for more within a week."

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton, I won't do that! I 'll never take any more from you—honestly I won't."

"Nonsense!" he returned lightly. "And now come along. You have time for a bite of luncheon before your train leaves."

He ordered very carefully a meal for us, and took some time to decide whether I should have something to drink or not. He kept tapping the pencil on the waiter's pad and looking at me speculatively, and at last he said:

"No, I guess not this time."

So I got nothing to drink.

It was a fine luncheon, and for the first time I had soft-shell crabs; also for the first time I tasted, and liked, olives. Mr. Hamilton seemed to take a grim sort of pleasure in watching me eat. I don't know why, I 'm sure, unless it was because I frankly did not know what most of the dishes were, and I was helplessly ignorant as to which was the right fork or knife to use for this or that dish. I think I ate my salad with my oyster-fork, and I am sure I used my meat-knife for my butter. All these intricate things have always bothered me, and they do still.

I suppose my eyes were still considerably swollen from the crying I had done, and, besides, I had slept very little after that awakening. Mr. Hamilton made me tell him all over again, and in minute detail, just what happened, and when I told him how I cried the rest of the night in 'Mandy's arms, he said:

"Yes, I can see you did," which made me say quickly, I was so anxious to look my best before him:

"I look a fright, I know."

Whereupon he slowly looked at me and said, with a suggestion of a smile:

"You look pretty good to me," and that compensated for everything.

He gave me the hundred dollars while we were in the dining-room, and advised me, with a slight smile, to hide it in "the usual place."

I asked innocently where that was.

"No one told you *that* yet?" he asked teasingly, and when I shook my head, he laughed and said:

"What a baby you are! Why, put it in your stocking, child."

I turned fiery red, not so much from modesty, but from mortification at my ignorance and his being forced to tell me. What is more, I *had* kept money there before, and I remember the girl on the boat going to Jamaica had, too; but I did not suppose men knew girls did such things.

On the way to the station, as he sat beside me in the carriage, I tried to thank him, and told him how much I appreciated what he was doing for me. I said that I supposed he had done good things like this for lots of other unfortunate girls like me (oh, I hoped that he had not!), and that I never could forget it.

He said lightly:

"Oh, yes you will. They all do, you know."

From this I inferred that there were "other girls," and that depressed me so that I was tongue-tied for the rest of the journey.

We found, despite the hotel's telephoning, that it was impossible for me to get a lower berth. I am sure I did n't care whether I had a lower or upper. So, as he said he wanted me to have a comfortable journey, he had taken the little drawing-room for me. I did n't know what that meant till I got on the train. Then I saw I was virtually to have a little car all to myself. The grandeur of this rather oppressed me; I do not know why. Nevertheless, it was an added proof of his kindness, and I stammered my thanks. He had come on the train with me, and was sitting in the seat opposite me, just as if he, too, were going. The nearer it approached the time for the train to leave, the sadder I felt. Perhaps, I thought, I should never see him again. Perhaps he looked upon me simply as a poor little beggar whom he had befriended.

It may be that some of my reflections were mirrored on my face, for he suddenly asked me what I was thinking about, and I told him.

"Nonsense!" he said. He had a way of dismissing things with "Nonsense!"

He got up and walked up and down the little aisle a moment, pulling at his lower lip in a way he had, and watching me all the time. I was huddled up on the seat, not exactly crying, but almost. Presently he said:

"Just as if it mattered whether you ever saw me again or not. After you've been in Chicago awhile, you'll only think of me, perhaps, as a convenient old chap—a sort of bank to whom you can always apply for—" he paused before saying the word, and then brought it out hard—"money."

"Please don't think that of me!" I cried.

"I don't think it of you in particular, but of every one," he said. "Women are all alike. For that matter, men, too. Money is their god—money, *dirty* money! That's what men, and women, exist for. They marry for money. They live for it. Good God! they die for it! You can have a man's wife or anything else, but touch his money, his dirty money—" He threw out his hands expressively. He had been talking disjointedly, and as if the subject was one that fascinated him, and yet that he hated. "You see," he said, "I know what I am talking about, because that's about all any one has ever wanted of me—my money."

I made a little sound of protest. I was not crying, badly as I felt, but my face was burning, and I felt inexpressibly about that money of his that I, too, had taken. He went on in the jerking, bitter way he had been speaking:

"Just now you think that such things do not count. That's because you are so young. You'll change quickly enough; I predict that. I can read your fate in your young face. You love pretty things, and were made to have them. Why not? Some one is going to give them to you, just as Dr. Manning—and, for that matter, I myself—would have given them to you here in Richmond. I don't doubt in Chicago there will be many men who will jump at the chance."

He made a queer, shrugging gesture with his shoulders, and then swung

around, looked at me hard, and as if almost he measured me. Then his face slightly softened, and he said:

"Don't look so cut up. I'm only judging you by the rest of your sex."

I said:

"I'm going to prove to you that I'm different. You will see."

He sat down opposite me again, and took one of my hands in his.

"How will you prove it, child?" he said.

"I'll never take another cent from you," I said, "and I'll give you back every dollar of this hundred you have lent me now."

"Nonsense!" he said, and flushed, as if he regretted what he had been saying.

"Anyway," I went on, "you're mistaken about me. I don't care so much about those things—pretty clothes and things like that. I like lots of other things better. *You*, for instance. I—I—like *you* better than all the money in the world."

"Nonsense!" he said again.

He still had my hand in his, and he had turned it over, and was looking at it. Presently he said:

"It's a sweet, pretty little hand, but it badly needs to be manicured."

"What's that?" I asked, and he laughed and set my hands back in my lap.

"Now I must be off. Send me your address as soon as you have one. Think of me a little, if you can."

Think of him! I knew that I was destined to think of nothing else. I told him so in a whisper, so that he had to bend down to hear me, but he merely laughed—that short unbelieving, reluctant laugh, and said again twice:

"Good-by, good-by."

I followed him as far as the door, and when he turned his back toward me, and I thought he could not see me, I kissed his sleeve; but he did see me,—in the long mirror on the door, I suppose,—and he jerked his arm roughly back and said brusquely:

"You must n't do things like that!"

Then he went out, and the door shut hard between us.

I said to myself:

"I will die of starvation, I will sleep homeless in the streets, I will walk a thousand miles, if need be, in search of work, rather than take money from him again. Some one has hurt him through his money, and he believes we are all alike; but I will prove to him that I indeed am different."

A sense of appalling loneliness swept me. If only a single person might have been there with me in my little car! If I had but the smallest companion! All of a sudden I remembered my little dog. My immediate impulse was to get directly off the train, and I rushed over to the door, and out upon the platform. He was down below, looking up at the window of my compartment; but he saw me as I came out on the platform and started to descend. At the same moment the train gave that first sort of shake which precedes the starting, and I was thrown back against the door. He called to me:

"Take care! Go back inside!"

The train was now moving, and I was holding to the iron bar.

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton," I cried, "I've forgotten Verley! I've forgotten my little dog!"

He kept walking by the train, and now, as its speed increased, he was forced to run. He put his hand to his mouth and called to me:

"I'll *bring* him to you, little girl. Don't you worry!"

Worry!

I went back to my seat, and all that afternoon I did not move. The shining country slipped by me, but I saw it not. I was like one plunged in a deep, golden dream. There was a pain in my heart, but it was an ecstatic one, and even as I cried softly, soundlessly, something within me sang a song that seemed immortal.



# XI

I SAW Chicago first through a late May rain—a mad, blowing, windy rain. The skies were overcast and gray. There was a pall like smoke over everything, and

through the downpour, looking not fresh and clean from the descending streams, but dingy and sullen, as if unwillingly cleansed, the gigantic buildings shot up forbiddingly into the sky.

Such masses of humanity! I was one of a sweeping torrent of many, many atoms. People hurried this way and that way and every way. I rubbed my eyes, for the colossal city and this rushing, crushing mob, that pushed and elbowed, bewildered and amazed me.

I did not know what to do when I stepped off the train and into the great station. For a time I wandered aimlessly about the room, jostled and pushed by a tremendous crowd of people, who seemed to be pouring in from arriving trains. It must have been about eight in the morning.

All the seats in the waiting-room were taken, and after a while I sat down on my suitcase, and tried to plan out just what I should do.

I had a hundred dollars, a fabulous sum, it seemed to me. With it I presumed I could live wherever I chose, and in comparative luxury. But that hundred dollars was not mine, and I had a passionate determination to spend no more of it than I should actually need. I wanted to return it intact to the man who had given it to me.

As I had lain in my berth on the train I had vowed that he should not hear from me till I wrote to return his money. "Dirty money," he had called it, but to me anything that was his was beautiful. I planned the sort of letter I should write when I inclosed this money. By that time I should have secured a remarkable position. My stories and my poems would be bought by discerning editors, and I—ah me! the extravagant dreams of the youthful writer! What is there he is not going to accomplish in the world? What heights he will scale! But, then, what comfort, what sublime compensation for all the miserable realities of life, there is in being capable of such dreams! That alone is a divine gift of the gods, it seems to me.

But now I was no longer dreaming impossible dreams in my berth. I was sitting in that crowded Chicago railway station, and I was fronted with the problem of what to do and where to go.

It would of course be necessary for me to get a room the first thing; but I did not know just where I should look for that. I thought of going out into the street and looking for "furnished-room" signs, and then I thought of asking a policeman. I was debating the matter rather stupidly, I'm afraid, for the crowds distracted me, when a woman came up and spoke to me.

She had a plain, kind face and wore glasses. A large red badge, with gilt letters on it, was pinned on her breast.

"Are you waiting for some one?" she asked.

"No," I answered.

"A stranger?" was her next question.

"Yes."

"Just come to Chicago?"

"Yes. I just arrived."

"Ah, you have friends or relatives here?"

I told her I did not know any one in Chicago. What was I doing here, then, she asked me, and I replied that I expected to work. She asked at what, and I replied:

"As a journalist."

That brought a rather surprised smile. Then she wanted to know if I had arranged for a room somewhere, and I told her that that was just what I was sitting there thinking about—wondering where I ought to go.

"Well, I've just got you in time, then," she said, with a pleasant smile. "You come along with me. I'm an officer of the Young Women's Christian Association." She showed me her badge. "We'll take care of you there."

I went with her gladly, you may be sure. She led me out to the street and up to a large carriage, which had Y. W. C. A. in big letters on it. I was very fortunate.

Unlike New York's Y. W. C. A., which is in an ugly down-town street, Chicago's is on Michigan Avenue, one of

its finest streets, and is a splendid building.

I was taken to the secretary of the association, a well-dressed young woman with a bleak, hard face. She looked me over sternly, and the first thing she said was:

"Where are your references?"

I took Mr. Campbell's letter of recommendation from my pocket-book, and handed it to her:

It was as follows:

To Whom it may Concern:

The bearer of this, Miss Nora Ascough, has been on the staff of "The Lantern" for some time now, but unfortunately the tropical climate of Jamaica is not suited to her constitution. In the circumstances she has to leave a position for which her skill and competency eminently qualify her.

As a stenographer, amanuensis, and reporter I can give her the highest praise. She has for the entire session of the local legislature reported the proceedings with credit to herself and "The Lantern," notwithstanding she was a stranger to her surroundings, the people, and local politics. These are qualities that can find no better recommendation. I confidently recommend her to any one requiring a skilled amanuensis and reporter.

I was justifiably proud of that reference, which Mr. Campbell had unexpectedly thrust upon me the day I left Jamaica. I broke down when I read it, for I felt I did not deserve it. The secretary of the Y. W. C. A., however, said in her unpleasant nasal voice as she turned it over almost contemptuously in her hand:

"Oh, this won't do at all. It is n't even an American reference, and we require a reference as to your *character* from some minister or doctor."

Now, on the way to the association the lady who had brought me had told me that this place was self-supporting, that the girls must remember they were not objects of charity; but, on the contrary, they paid for everything they got, the idea of the association being to *make* no money from the girls, but simply to pay

expenses. In that way the girls were enabled to board there at about half the price of a boarding-house. In these circumstances I could not but inwardly resent the tone of this woman, and it seemed to me that these restrictions were unjust and preposterous. Of course I was not in a position to protest, so I turned to my friend who had brought me from the station.

"What shall I do?" I asked her.

"Can't you get a reference from your minister, dear?" she asked sympathetically. Why, yes, I thought I could. I'd write to Canon Evans, our old minister in Quebec. My friend leaned over the desk and whispered to the secretary, who appeared to be very busy, and irritated at being disturbed.

All public institutions, I here assert, should have as their employees only people who are courteous, pleasant, and kind. One of the greatest hardships of poverty is to be obliged to face the autocratic martinets who seem to guard the doorways of all such organizations. There is something detestable and offensive in the frozen, impatient, and often insulting manner of the women and men who occupy little positions of authority like this, and before whom poor working-girls—and, I suppose, men—must always go.

She looked up from her writing and snapped:

"You know our rules as well as I do, Miss Dutton."

"Well, but she says she can get a minister's reference in a few days," said my friend.

"Let her come here *then*," said the secretary as she blotted the page on which she was writing. How I hated her, the cat!

"But I want to get her settled right away," protested my friend.

How I loved her, the angel!

"Speak to Mrs. Dooley about it, then," snapped the secretary.

As it happened, Mrs. Dooley was close at hand. She was the matron or superintendent, and was a big splendid-looking woman, who moved ponderously, like a



steam-roller. She gave one look at me only and said loudly and belligerently:

"Sure. Let her in!"

The secretary shrugged then, and took my name and address in Quebec. Then she made out a bill, saying:

"It's five dollars in advance."

I was greatly embarrassed to be obliged to admit that my money was in my stocking. Mrs. Dooley laughed at that, my friend looked pained, and the secretary pierced me with an icy glare. She said:

"Nice girls don't keep their money in places like that."

It was on the tip of my tongue to retort that I was not "nice," but I bit my tongue instead. My friend gave me the opportunity to remove my "roll," and I really think it made some impression on these officers of the Y. W. C. A., for the secretary said:

"If you can afford it, you can have a room to yourself for six a week."

I said:

"No, I can't. This money is not mine."

The elevator "boy" was a girl—a black girl.

We went up and up and up. My heart was in my mouth, for I had never been in an elevator before. Never had I been in a tall building before. We did not have them in Quebec when I was there. We got off at the twelfth floor. Oh me! how that height thrilled me, and, I think, frightened me a little! On the way to the room, my friend—though I had learned her name, I always like to refer to her as "my friend." Ah, I wonder whether she is still looking for and picking up poor little homeless girls at railway stations—said:

"You know, dear, we have to be careful about references and such things. Otherwise all sorts of undesirable girls would get in here."

"Well," I said, "I don't see why a girl who has a reference from a minister is any more desirable than one who has not."

"No, perhaps not," she said; "but then, you see, we have to use some sort of way of judging. We do this to protect our

good girls. This is frankly a place for good girls, and we cannot admit girls who are not. By and by you'll appreciate that yourself. We'll be protecting you, don't you see?"

I did n't, but she was so sweet that I said I did.



## XII

OH, such a splendid room! At least it seemed so to me, who had seen few fine rooms. It was so clean, even dainty. The walls and ceiling were pink calcimine, and some one had twisted pink tissue-paper over the electric lights. I did n't discover that till evening, and then I was delighted. No beautiful, costly lamps, with fascinating and ravishing shades, have ever moved me as my first taste of a shaded colored light in the Y. W. C. A. did.

Our home in Quebec had been bare of all these charming accessories, and although my father was an artist, poor fellow, I remember he used to paint in the kitchen, with us children all about him, because that was the only warm room in the house. In our poor home the rooms were primitive and bare. Papa used to say that bare rooms were more tolerable than rooms littered with "trash," and since we could not afford good things, it was better to have nothing in the place but things that had an actual utility. I think he was wrong. There are certain pretty little things that may be "trash," but they add to the attractiveness of a home.

Though papa was an artist, there were no pictures at all on our walls, as my older sisters used to take his paintings as fast as he made them, and go, like canvassers, from house to house and sell them for a few dollars. Yet my father, as a young man, had taken a gold medal at an exhibition at the Salon. Grand-papa, however, had insisted that no son

of his should follow the "beggarly profession of an artist," and papa was despatched to the far East, there to extend the trade of my grandfather, one of England's greatest merchant princes. When misfortune overtook my father later, and his own people turned against him, when the children began to arrive with startling rapidity, then my father turned to art as the means of securing for us a livelihood.

One of my sisters was known in Quebec as the "little lace girl." She sold from door to door the lace that she herself made. Marion followed in her steps with papa's paintings. Other sisters had left home, and some were married. I was the one who had to mind the children,—the little ones; they were still coming,—and I hated and abhorred the work. I remember once being punished in school because I wrote this in my school exercise:

This is my conception of hell: a place full of howling, roaring, fighting, shouting children and babies. It is supreme torture to a sensitive soul to live in such a Bedlam. Give me the bellowings of a madhouse in preference. At least there I should not have to dress and soothe and whip and chide and wipe the noses of the crazy ones.

Ah, I wish I could have some charming memories of a lovely home! That's a great deal to have. It is sad to think of those we love as in poor surroundings.

I suppose there are people in the world who would smile at the thought of a girl's ecstatic enthusiasm over a piece of pink paper on an electric light in a room in the Chicago Y. W. C. A. Perhaps I myself am now almost snob enough to laugh and mock at my own former ingenuousness. That room, nevertheless, seemed genuinely charming to me. There were two snow-white beds, an oak bureau, oak chairs, oak table, a bright rug on the floor, and simple white curtains at the window. At home I slept in a room with four of my little brothers and sisters. I hate to think of that room. As fast as I picked up the scattering clothes, others seemed to accumulate. *Why* do children soil clothes so quickly!

There was even a homy look about my room in the Y. W. C. A., for there were several good prints on the wall, photographs on the mantel and the bureau, a bright toilet set on the bureau, and a work-basket on the table. From these personal things I speculated upon the nature of my room-mate to be, and I decided she was "nice." One thing was certain, she was exceedingly neat, for all her articles were arranged with almost old-maid primness. I determined to be less careless with my own possessions.

After unpacking my things, and hiding my money,—right back in my stocking, despite what the secretary had said!—I went down-stairs again, as I had been told a large reading-room, parlor, reception-rooms, etc., were on the ground floor.

The night before I had planned a definite campaign for work. I intended to go the rounds of the newspaper offices. I would present to the editors first my card, which Mr. Campbell had had specially printed for me, with the name of our paper in the corner, show Mr. Campbell's reference, and then leave a number of my own stories and poems. After that, I felt sure, one or all of the editors of Chicago would be won over. You perceive I had an excellent opinion of my ability at this time. I wish I had it now. It was more a conviction then—a conviction that I was destined to do something worth while as a writer.

In the reading-room, where there were a score of other girls, I found not only paper, pencils, pens, but all the newspapers and journals. Nearly all the girls were looking at the papers, scanning the advertising columns. I got an almanac,—we had one in Jamaica that was a never-failing reference-book to me,—and from it I obtained a list of all the Chicago papers, with the names of the proprietors and editors. I intended to see those editors and proprietors. It took me some time to make up this list, and by the time I was through it was the luncheon hour.

I followed a moving throng of girls into a great clean dining-room, with scores of long tables, covered with white

cloths. There were all sorts of girls there, pretty girls, ugly girls, young girls, old girls, shabby girls, and richly dressed girls. In they came, all chatting and laughing and seeming so remarkably care-free and happy that I decided the Y. W. C. A. must be a great place, and there I would stay forever, or at any rate until I had won Mr. Hamilton.

You perceive now that I intended to court this man and, what is more, to win him, just as I intended to conquer Fate, and achieve fame in this city. How can I write thus lightly, when I felt so deeply then! Ah, well, the years have passed away, and we can look back with a gleam of humor on even our most sacred desires.

It was a decent, wholesome meal, that Y. W. C. A. luncheon. All the girls at my table seemed to know one another, and they joked and "swapped" stories about their "fellows" and "bosses," and told of certain adventures and compliments, etc. I attracted very little notice, though a girl next to me—she squinted—asked me my name. I suppose they were used to strangers among them. New girls came and went every day.

All the same, I did feel lonely. All these girls had positions and friends and beaux. I ardently hoped that I, too, would be working soon. A great many of them, however, were not working-girls at all, but students of one thing or another in Chicago who had taken advantage of the cheapness of the place for boarding purposes. By right they should not have been there, as the association was supposed to board only self-supporting girls. However, they got in upon one excuse or another, and I think the other girls were rather glad than otherwise to have them there. They were of course well dressed and well mannered, and they lifted the place a bit above the average working-girl's home. Curiously enough, there were few shop or factory girls there. Most of the girls were stenographers and bookkeepers.

When I went up to my room after luncheon, I found a girl washing her face in the basin. She looked up, with her

face puffed out and the water dripping from it, and she sang out in all her dampness:

"Hello!"

She proved, of course, to be my room-mate. Her name was Estelle Mooney. She was not good-looking, but was very stylish and had a good figure. Then, her hair appeared such a wonderful fabric that really one could scarcely notice anything else about her. It was a mass of rolls and coils and puffs, and it was the most extraordinary shade of glittering gold that I have ever seen. I could not imagine how she ever did it up like that—till I saw her take it off! Well, that hair, false though it was, entirely dominated her face. It was stupendous, remarkable. However, it was the fashion at that time to wear one's hair piled gigantically upon one's head, and every one had switches and rolls and rats galore—every one except me. I had a lot of hair of my own. It came far down below my waist, and was pure black in color. It waved just enough to look well when done up. Canadian girls all have good heads of hair. I never saw an American girl with more than a handful. Still, they made it look so fine that it really did not matter—till they took it down or off.

My room-mate chewed gum constantly, and the back of our bureau was peppered with little dabs that she, by the way, told me to "please let alone." As if I'd have touched her old gum! I laughed at the idea then; I can still laugh at the remembrance.

Estelle was a character, and she talked so uniquely that for once in my life I listened, tongue-tied and secretly enchanted. Never had I heard such speech. With Estelle to room with, why had I not been born a female George Ade! But, then, I soon discovered that nearly all American girls (the working-girls at least) used slang fluently in their speech, and it did not take me long to acquire a choice vocabulary of my own.

Estelle had to return to her office by one, so she could snatch only a moment's conversation with me, and she talked with

hair-pins in her mouth, and while sticking pins, bone knobs, and large rhinestone pins and combs into that brilliant mass of hair that dominated her. On top of this she finally set a great work of art, in the shape of an enormous hat. Its color scheme was striking, and set rakishly upon Estelle's head, it certainly did look "fetching" and stylish.

Now, this girl, with all her slang and gaudy attire, was earning fifteen dollars a week as a stenographer and type-writer. She not only supported herself in "ease and comfort," as she herself put it, but she contributed three dollars a week to her family—she hailed from Iowa, despite her name—and she saved two dollars a week. Also she was engaged. She showed me her ring. I envied her not so much for the ring as for the man. I should have loved to be engaged. She said if it was n't for the fact that her "fellow" called every evening, she 'd take me out with her that night; and perhaps if Albert did n't object too much, she would, anyhow. Albert must have objected, for she did not take me.

Albert worked in the same office as Estelle. He got twelve dollars a week; but Estelle planned that if they married, Albert, who was the next in line, would take her place. He was bound to rise steadily in the firm, according to Estelle. As they did not intend to marry for two or three years, she expected to have considerable saved by then, especially as Albert was also saving. I liked Estelle from the first, and she liked me. I always got on well with her, though she used to look at me suspiciously whenever she took a piece of gum from the back of the bureau, as if she wondered whether I had been at work upon it in her absence.

I don't know how I found my way about the city that afternoon, but I declare that there was not a single newspaper office in Chicago at which I did not call. I went in with high hopes, and I sent in my card to proprietor and editor, and coldly stared out of countenance the precocious office boys, patronizing, pert, pitying, impudent, or indifferent, who

in every instance barred my way to the holy of holies within. In not one instance did I see a proprietor of a paper. No deeply impressed editor came rushing forth to bid me enter. In most of the offices I was turned away with the cruel and laconic message of the office boy of "Nothing doing."

In two cases "cub" reporters—I suppose they were that, for they looked very little older than the office boys—came out to see me, but although they paid flattering attention to the faltering recitation of my experiences as a reporter in Jamaica, West Indies, they, too, informed me there was "nothing doing," though they took my address. As far as that goes, so did the office boys. One of the reporters asked me if I 'd like to go out to dinner with him some night. I said no; I was not looking for dinners, but for a position.

I was very tired when I reached "home." I went up to my room to think the matter over alone, for the reading-room and the halls were crowded with girls. Estelle, however, had returned from work. She had taken off all her puffs and rats, and looked so funny with nothing but her own hair that I wanted to laugh, but turned away, as I would not have hurt her feelings for worlds.

"Hello!" she sang out as I came in. "Dead tired, ain't you?"

How *can* a firm employ a stenographer who says "ain't"?

She offered me a piece of gum—unchewed. I took it and disconsolately went to work.

"Got soaked in the eye, did n't you?" she inquired sympathetically.

I nodded. I knew what she meant by that.

"Well, you 'll get next to something soon," said Estelle. "What 's your line?"

I started to say "journalism." In Canada we never say "newspaper work." Journalism seems a politer and more dignified term. To Estelle I said, "I write," thinking that that would be clear; but it was not. She thought I meant I wrote letters by hand, and she said at once:

"Say, if I were you, I 'd learn type-

writing. You can clip off ten words on the machine to one you can write by hand, and it's dead easy to get a job as a type-writer. Gee! I don't see how you expect to get anything by writing! That's out of date now, girl. Say, where do you come from, anyhow?"

Unconsciously, Estelle had given me an idea. Why should I not learn type-writing? I was an expert shorthand-writer, and if I could teach myself that, I could also teach myself type-writing. If a girl like Estelle could get fifteen dollars a week for work like that, what could not I, with my superior education—

Heavens and earth! compared with Estelle I called myself "educated," I whose mind was a dismal abyss of appalling ignorance!

A type-writer, then, I determined to be. It was a come-down; but I felt sure I would not need to do it for long. Estelle generously offered to have a type-writer sent to our room (three dollars a month for a good machine), and she said she would show me how to use it. In a few weeks, she said, I would be ready for a position.

A few weeks! I intended to go to work at once. I had a hundred dollars to pay back. Already I had used five of it. If I stayed here a few weeks without working, it would rapidly disappear. Then, even when I did get a position, suppose they gave me only a beginner's salary, how could I do more than pay my board from that? The possibility of getting that hundred dollars together again would then be remote, remote. And if I could not get it, how, then, was I to see him again?

I would stick to my first resolve. I would not write to him until I could send him back that money—that dirty money. I felt that it stood between us like a ghost.

I wonder if many girls suffer from this passionate sensitiveness about money. Or was I exceptional? *He* has said so, and yet I wonder.

I was determined to get work at once. I would learn and practise type-writing at night, but I would not wait till I had

learned it, but look for work just the same through the day. Secretly I thought to myself that if Estelle took three weeks in which to learn the type-writer, as she said she did, I could learn it in two days. That may sound conceited, but you do not know Estelle. I take that back. I misjudged Estelle. Ignorant and slangy she may have been, but she was sharp-witted, quick about everything, and so cheerful and good-humored that I do not wonder she was able to keep her position for four or five years. In fact, for the kind of house she was in—a clothing firm—she was even an asset, for she "jollied" the customers and at times even took the place of a model. She said she was "perfect thirty-six, a Veenis de Mylo."

Conceit carries youth far, and if I had not had that confidence in myself, I should not have been able to do what I did.

All next day I tramped the streets of Chicago, answering advertisements for "experienced" (mark that!) stenographers and type-writers. I was determined never to be a "beginner." I would make a bluff at taking a position, and just as I had made good with Mr. Campbell, so I felt I should make good in any position I might take. I could not afford to waste my time in small positions, and I argued that I would probably lose them as easily as the better positions. So I might as well start at the top.



### XIII

I HATE to think of those nightmare days that followed. It seemed to me that a hundred thousand girls answered every advertisement. I stood in line with hundreds of them outside offices and shops and factories and all sorts of places. I stood or sat (when I could get a seat) in crowded outer offices with scores of other girls, all hungrily hoping for the "job" which only one of us could have.

Then I began to go from office to office, selecting a building, and going

through it from the top to the bottom floor. Sometimes I got beyond the appraising office boys and clerks of outer offices, and sometimes I was turned away at the door.

I have known what it is to be pitied, chaffed, insulted, "jollied"; I have had coarse or delicate compliments paid me; I have been cursed at and ordered to "clear out—" oh, all the crucifying experiences that only a girl who looks hard for work knows!

I 've had a fat broker tell me that a girl like me did n't need to work; I 've had a pious-looking hypocrite chuck me under the chin, out of sight of his clerks in the outer offices. I 've had a man make me a cold business proposition of ten dollars a week for my services as stenographer and type-writer, and ten dollars a week for my services as something else. I 've had men brutally touch me, and when I have resented it, I have seen them spit across the room in my direction, and some have cursed me.

And I have had men slip into my hand the price of a meal, and then apologize when they saw they had merely hurt me.

When the day was done, I 've wearily climbed aboard crowded cars and taken my stand, packed between a score of men and women, or clung to straps or doors, and I have envied those other people on the car, because I felt that most of them were returning from work, while I was looking for it.

And then I 've gone back to my room in the Y. W. C. A., hurrying to get there before the chattering, questioning Estelle, and counted over my ever-diminishing hundred dollars, and lain down upon my bed, feverishly to think ever and only of *him!* Oh, how far, far away now he always seemed from me!

Sometimes, if I came in early enough, and if I were not too desperately tired, I would write things. Odds and ends—what did I not write? Wisps of thoughts, passionate little poems that could not bear analysis; and then one day I wrote a little story of my mother's land. I had never been there, and yet I wrote easily of that

quaint, far country, and of that wandering troupe of jugglers and tight-rope dancers of which my own mother had been one.

A week passed away, and still I had found no work. What was worse, I had no way of learning type-writing, even with the machine before me; for Estelle, despite her promises, went out every night with Albert. She had merely shown me one morning how to put the paper on and move the carriage back and forth. I used to sit before that type-writer and peck at the type, but my words ran into one another, and sometimes the letters were jumbled together.

I now knew a few of the girls in the house to speak to slightly, but I hesitated to ask any of them to show me something that perhaps I ought to pay to learn; for I did not want to spend the money for that. So I waited for Estelle to keep her promise.

Sometimes I would approach a group of girls, with the intention of asking one of them to come with me up to my room, and then when she was there, ask her about the type-writer; but the girls at the Y. W. C. A. were always occupied in some way or another in the evening, and a great many of them, like myself, were looking for work.

They used to cluster together in the lower halls and reading-room and talk over their experiences. Snorts of indignation, peals of laughter, strenuous words of advice—all these came in a stream from the girls. You 'd hear one girl tell an experience, and another would say, "I tell you what *I 'd* have done: I 'd have slapped him in the face!" Or again, a girl would say, "I just gave him one look that putrified him." From all of which I gathered that my own experiences while looking for work were common ones. Alas! most of us had passed the stage where we "smacked" or "slapped" a man in the face or "putrified" him with a stare when he insulted us. What was the use? I had got so I used to take a nasty proposition from a man with a shrug and a smile, and walk out gamely.

I dare say there are people who cannot believe men are so base. Well, we girls who work see them at their worst, remember, and sometimes we see them at their best. There are men so fine and great in the business world that they compensate for all the contemptible wolves who prey upon creatures weaker and poorer than they are.

I did not have time in those days to notice much that happened in the house, and yet small riots and strikes were on all sides of us. Girls were protesting about this or that. I remember one of the chief grievances was having to attend certain amateur theatrical performances given by patronesses of the association. We poor girls were obliged to sit through these abortive efforts at amusing us. Most of us, as Estelle said, could have "put it all over" these alleged actors. Then, not all of the girls cared to attend the religious services and prayer meetings. It was a real hardship to be obliged to sit through these when one would have much preferred to have remained in one's room. The ten-o'clock rule was the hardest of all. At that hour all lights went out. We were supposed to be in bed unless we had permission to remain out later. Vehement protests against this rule were daily hurled at the powers that were, but in vain. The girls asserted that as there were no private parlors in which to see their company, they were obliged to go out, and it was cruel to make it obligatory to be in so early.

So, you see, pleasant as in many ways the association was, it had its drawbacks. Even I, who was charmed with the place, and grateful for the immediate shelter it gave me, revolted after I had been working some time.

One day a statue of General Logan was to be unveiled opposite our place, and a great parade was to mark the occasion. Naturally the windows of our house that faced the avenue were desirable and admirable places from which not only to see the parade, but to watch the unveiling exercises. Promptly the patrons and patronesses descended upon us, and our

windows were demanded. We girls were told we would have to give up our rooms for that afternoon and go to the roof.

I'll tell you what one girl did. When the fine party that was to occupy her room knocked upon her door, she called, "Come in!" and when they entered, they found the young person in bed. She declined to get up.

Threats, coaxings, the titterings and explosive laughter of the association's "honored guests" (they were of both sexes) fell upon deaf ears. She declined to get up, and dared any one of them to force her up. She said she had paid for that room, and she, and no one else, was going to occupy it that day. That girl was I. I suppose I would have been put out of the place for that piece of unheard-of defiance but for the fact that one of the patronesses undertook to champion me. She said I was perfectly right, and as she was a most important patroness, I was not disturbed, though I received a severe lecture from Miss Secretary.

Taken on the whole, however, it was a good place. We had a fine gymnasium and even a room for dancing. There were always lectures of one kind or another, and if a girl desired, she could acquire a fair education.

At the end of my second week, and while I was still looking for a place, I made my first real girl friend and chum. I had noticed her in the dining-room, and she, so she said, had specially selected me for consideration. She called upon me one evening in my room. Of course she was pretty, else I am afraid I should not have been attracted to her. Pretty things hypnotize me. She was several years older than I, and was what men call a "stunning-looking" girl. She was tall, with a beautiful figure, which she always showed to advantage in handsome tailor-made suits. Her complexion was fair, and she had laughing blue eyes. She was the wittiest and prettiest and most distinguished-looking girl in the house. I forgot to describe her hair. It was lovely, shining, rippling hair, the color of "Kansas corn," as one of her admirers once phrased it.

Estelle was out that evening, and while I was forlornly picking at my type-writer, some one tapped at my door, and then Lolly—her name was Laura, but I always called her Lolly—put her head in.

She said:

"Anybody but yourself at home?" and when I said no, she came in, and locked the door behind her. She was in a pink dressing-gown so pretty that I could not take my eyes from it. I had never had a dressing-gown.

Lolly stretched herself out on my bed, brought forth a package of cigarettes, a thing absolutely forbidden in the place, offered me one, and lit and began to smoke one herself. To be polite, I took her cigarette and tried to smoke it; but she burst into merry laughter at my effort, because I blew out instead of drawing in. However, I did my best.

Of course, like girls, we chatted away about ourselves, and after I had told her all about myself, Lolly in turn told me her history.

It seems she was the daughter of a prominent Texas politician whose marriage to a stepmother of whom Lolly heartily disapproved had induced her to leave home. She was trying to make a "sort of a livelihood," she called it, as a reporter for the newspapers.

When she said this carelessly, I was so surprised and delighted that I jumped on the bed beside her, and in a breath I told her that that was the work I had done, and now wanted to do. She said that there "was n't much to it," and that if she were I, she 'd try to get something more practical and dependable. She said she had a job one day and none the next. At the present time she was on the "Inter Ocean," and she had been assigned to "cover" the Y. W. C. A. (she called it "The Young Women's Cussed Association") and dig up some stories about the "inmates" and certain abuses of the officials. She said she 'd have a fine "story" when she got through.

How I envied her for her work! Hoping she might help me secure a similar position, I read to her my latest story. She

said it was "not bad," but still advised me to get a stenographer's place in preference. She said there were five thousand and ninety-nine positions for stenographers to one for women reporters, and that if I got a good place, I would find time to write a bit, anyway. In that way I 'd get ahead even better than if I had some precarious post on a newspaper, as the space rates were excessively low. She said that she herself did not make enough to keep body and soul together, but that she had a small income from home. She said her present place was not worth that, and she blew out a puff of smoke from her pretty lips. Any day she expected that her "head would roll off," as she had been "falling down" badly on stories lately.

In her way Lolly was as slangy as Estelle, but there was a subtle difference between their slangs. Lolly was a lady. I do not care for the word, but gentlewoman somehow sounds affected here. Estelle was not. Yet Lolly was a cigarette fiend, and, according to her own wild tales, had had a most extraordinary career.

Lolly had the most charming smile. It was as sunny as a child's, and showed a row of the prettiest of teeth. She was impulsive, and yet at times exceedingly moody.

I told her I thought she was quite the prettiest girl in the place, whereupon she gave me a squeeze and said:

"What about yourself?"

Then she wanted to know what I did with myself all the time. I said:

"Why, I look for work all day."

"But at night?"

Oh, I just stayed in my room and tried to write or to practise on the type-writer.

"Pooh!" said Lolly, "you 'll die of loneliness that way. Why don't you get a sweetheart?"

I suppose my face betrayed me, for she said:

"Got one already, have you?"

"No, indeed," I protested.

"Then why don't you get one?"

"You talk," I said, "as if sweethearts were to be picked up any day on the street."



"So they are, as far as that goes," said Lolly. "You just go down the avenue some night and see for yourself."

That really shocked me.

"If you mean make up to a strange man, I would n't do a thing like that, would you?"

"Oh, yes," said Lolly, "if I felt like it. As it is now, however, I have too many friends. I've got to cut some of them out. But when I first came here, I was so d—— lonely"—she used swear-words just like a man—"that I went out one night determined to speak to the first man who got on the car I took."

"Well?"

Lolly threw back her head and laughed, blowing her smoke upward as she did so.

"He was a winner from the word go, my dear. Most of the girls get acquainted with men that way. Try it yourself."

No, I said I would n't do that. It was too "common."

"Pooh!" said Lolly, "Lord knows I was brought up by book rule. I was the belle of D——, but now I'm just a working-girl. I've come down to brass tacks. What a fool I'd be to follow all the conventional laws that used to bind me. Then, too, I'm a Bohemian. Ever hear of that word?" she interrupted herself to ask.

I nodded.

Mama used to call papa that when she was angry with him.

"Well," said Lolly, "I'm the bona-fide Bohemian article. My family think I'm the limit. What do you think?"

"I think you are trying to shock me," I said.

"Well, have I?"

"No, not a bit."

"Then you're the only girl in the house I have n't," she said with relish. "You know, I'm in pretty bad here, a sore spot in the body politic. Out I'd go this blessed minute if it was n't for the fact that they're all afraid of me—afraid I'll show 'em up scorchingly."

"Would you do that?" I asked.

"Watch me!" said Lolly, laughing.

The lights went out, and then she

swore. She had to scramble about on the bed to find her cigarettes. When she was going out, she said:

"Oh, by the way, if you like, I'll give you a card to a fellow out in the stock-yards. You go out there to-morrow and see him. He may have something for you."

Have I, I wonder, in this first rough picture of Lolly done her an injustice? If so, I hasten to change the effect. Lolly was a true adventurer; I dare not say adventuress, for that has a nasty sound. I wonder why, when adventurer sounds all right. Though at heart she was pure gold, though her natural instincts were refined and sweet, she took a certain reckless pleasure in, as it were, dancing along through life with a mocking mask held ever before her. For instance, she took an almost diabolic delight in painting herself in black colors. She would draw off one startling story after another about herself as with half-closed eyes, through the smoke, she watched my face to judge of the effect of her recital. Sometimes she would laugh heartily at the end of her confidences, and then again she would solemnly assert that every word was true.

The morning after her first visit she woke me up early and, although Estelle grumbled, came airily into our room and got into bed with me.

A queer sort of antagonism existed between Lolly and Estelle, which I never quite understood at the time, though perhaps I do now. Lolly, with her reckless, handsome stylishness and dash represented the finished product of what poor Estelle tried to be. To make a crude sort of comparison, since Estelle herself worked in a clothing house and used clothing-house figures of speech, it was as if Lolly were a fine imported model and Estelle the pathetic, home-made attempt at a copy. She had copied the outlines, but not the subtle little finishing touches. Lolly, moreover, was acutely, amusedly aware of this, and she took a wicked and heartless delight in teasing and gibing at Estelle with words fully as slangy as Estelle's own, but which fairly stung with their keenness and caustic wit.

I could understand why Estelle hated Lolly, but I never could understand Lolly's contempt for Estelle. She always dismissed her as "Trash, Nora, trash!"

So now Estelle turned over in bed and snorted loud and long as Lolly got into mine.

Lolly said:

"George! how the *hoi-polloi* do snore!"

Estelle lifted her head from the pillow, to show she was not sleeping, and, as she would have put it, "putrified" Lolly with one long, sneering, contemptuous look.

Lolly had come in, in fact, on an errand of mercy toward me, to whom she had taken a sudden fancy very much reciprocated by me. She said she wanted me to go out to the stock-yards as early as possible, as she understood this man she knew there wanted a stenographer right away. His name, she said, was Fred O'Brien, and she gave me a card which read, "Miss Laura Hope, the Inter Ocean." On the back she had written:

"Introducing Miss Nora Ascough."

I was delighted. It was like having another reference. I asked her about this Mr. O'Brien. She said, with a smile and significantly, that she had met him on a recent expedition to the yards in an inquiring mood of the "Inter Ocean" in regard to the pigs' hair department, of which he was then manager.

"Pigs' hair!"

I had never heard of such a thing, and Lolly burst into one of her wildest peals of laughter, which made Estelle sit up savagely in bed.

"You 'll be the death of me yet," said Lolly.

That was all the explanation she gave me, but all the way to the stock-yards, and as I was going through it, I kept wondering what on earth pigs' hair could be. I must say I did not look forward with any degree of delight to working in the pigs' hair department.



#### XIV

HAVE you ever ridden through the Chicago stock-yards on a sunny day in the

month of June? If you have, you are not likely to forget the experience.

As I rode with about twenty or thirty other girls in the bus, all apparently perfectly contented and normally happy, I thought of some of my father's vivid stories of old Shanghai, the city of smells.

I shall not describe the odors of the Chicago stock-yards. Suffice it to say that they are many, varied, and strong, hard to bear at first, but in time, like everything else, one becomes acclimated to them, as it were. I have heard patriotic yards people, born and reared in that rarefied atmosphere, declare that they "liked it." And yet the institution is one of the several wonders of the world. It is a miraculous, an astounding, a mighty organization.

Again, as on that first day in Chicago, at the railway station, I was one of many atoms pouring into buildings so colossal that they seemed cities in themselves. I followed several of the stenographers—only the stenographers rode in the busses; the factory girls of the yards walked through, as did the men—up a few flights of stairs, and came to a vast office where, I believe, something like three thousand clerks are employed on one floor. Men, women, girls, and boys were passing along, like puppet machines, each to his own desk and chair.

The departments were partitioned off with oak railings. There was a manager and a little staff of clerks for every department, and, oh! the amazing number of departments! During all the months I worked there I never knew the names of more than half the departments, and when I come to think of what was on the other floors, in other buildings, the great factories, where thousands were employed, I feel bewildered and stupendously impressed.

To think of the stock-yards as only a mighty butcher shop is a great mistake. It is better to think of them as a sort of beneficent feeder and provider of humanity, not merely because of the food they pour out into the world, but for the thousands to whom they give work.

I heard much of the abuses there, of the hateful actions of many of the employers; but one loses sight of these things in contemplating the great general benefit of this astounding place. Of course I, in the offices, saw perhaps only the better and cleaner side of the yards, and therefore I cannot tell what went on elsewhere.

I asked a boy for Mr. O'Brien, and he said:

"Soap department."

I went along the main railing, inquiring for the soap department, and a sharp-eyed youth (in the pickled snouts department) with a pencil on his ear, undertook to take me to O'Brien.

As I passed along with him, I found myself the attacked of many eyes. A new girl is always an object of interest and speculation in the yards. I tried to look unconcerned and unaware, an impossibility, especially as some of the clerks coughed as I went by, some grinned at me, one winked, and one softly whistled. I felt ashamed and silly, and a fierce sort of pity for myself that I should have to go through this.

"Lady for you, Fred," at last sang out my escort as we approached an inclosure, and then smiling, he opened a little gate, and half pushed, half led, me in.

I found myself at the elbow of a long, lanky young man who was doubled over in such a position that his spine looked humped up in the middle. He had a large box before him, in which were a lot of pieces of soap, and he kept picking up pieces and examining them, sometimes smelling them. There was one other person in the inclosure, or department, and he was a very red-haired, freckle-faced boy of about twelve.

For some time the long, lanky young man did not even look up, but continued to examine the soap. I was beginning to think he was ignorant of my presence at his elbow when he said, without taking his nose out of the box, and shifting his unlighted cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, in a snarling sort of voice, like the inquiring bark of a surly dog:

"Wa-al, what d' yer want?"

"A position as stenographer," I answered promptly.

He straightened up in his seat at that, and took a look at me. His cheek-bones were high and lumpy; he had a rather pasty-colored skin, sharp-glancing eyes, and a humorous mouth. It was a homely face, yet, curiously enough, not unattractive, and there was something straightforward about it. He wore his hat on the back of his head, and he did not remove it in honor of me. After scrutinizing me in one quick glance, in which I felt he had taken in all my weaknesses and defects, he said in a less-snarling tone:

"Sit down."

I sat.

Lolly's card I timidly proffered. He took it, stared at it with an astonished expression, and then snorted so loudly it made me think of Estelle, and I felt a quaking fear that Lolly's card was a poor recommendation. He spat after that snort, looked at me again, and said:

"Well, I like her nerve!"

Of course, as I was not aware of just what he meant by that (I subsequently learned that Lolly had gone to work for O'Brien supposedly as a stenographer, and then had written up and exposed certain conditions in the yards), I stared at him questioningly, and he repeated with even more eloquent emphasis:

"Well, I like her *nerve*! It beats the *Dutch*!"

Then he chuckled, and again scrutinized me.

"That all the reference you got?" he asked.

I produced Mr. Campbell's, and as I watched him read it with a rather puzzled expression, I hastily produced Canon Evans's reference as to my character, which my father had sent me for the Y. W. C. A. O'Brien handed the letters back to me without comment, but he kept Lolly's card, putting it carefully away in his card-case, and chuckling as he did so.

"What do you know?" at last he said to me. "Good stenographer, are you?"

"Yes, very good," I eagerly assured him.

"Humph! How much salary do you expect to get?"

"I got ten a week in the West Indies," I said. I never even thought that that "free board" at the hotel amounted to something, too. Ten dollars was my salary, and so I said ten.

He hugged his chin reflectively, studying me, and after a moment he said:

"I was n't expecting to take any one on for a day or two, but so long as you're here, and come so highly recommended,"—and he grinned,—"you may stay. Salary fifteen per."

"Oh, thank you!" I said so fervently that he got angrily red, and turned away.

The red-haired office boy, who had been acutely listening to the conversation, now came up to me and pertly asked me if I was engaged. Which insolent question I at first declined to answer. When I realized that he did not mean engaged to be married, but engaged for the position, then I said, with scarlet face, that I was.

"Red Top," as they called him, then showed me my desk, next to Mr. O'Brien's, filled my ink-wells, brought me pens, pencils, and note-books. I was inwardly congratulating myself that there was no sign of a type-writer when the boy pulled up the lid of my desk, and, lo! there was a fine, glistening machine.

I suppose some girls really take a sort of pride in their machine, just as a trainer does in his horse. I confess that I felt no fond yearnings toward mine, and while I was debating how in the world I was ever going to copy the letters, Mr. O'Brien pulled out a slat on my desk, leaned over, and began to dictate. All the time he was dictating he was chewing tobacco, stopping once in a while to spit in a cuspidor at his feet, and watching my face out of the corner of his eye. This was a sample of the letters I took, and you can judge of my feelings as I wrote:

Messrs. So and So.

Gentlemen:

I send you F.O.B. five hundred broken babies, three hundred cracked babies, one thousand perfect ones, etc.

Broken babies, cracked babies, perfect ones! What sort of place was this, anyway? The pigs' hair department was mystifying and horrifying enough, and I *had* heard that sausages were made from dogs and horses; but a trade in *babies*—cracked and broken!

I suppose my face must have betrayed my wonder and perhaps horror, for O'Brien suddenly choked, though I don't know whether he was laughing or coughing, but he made a great noise. Then he said, clearing his throat:

"Got all that?"

I nodded.

"That's all," he said, and turned back to his soap-box. There was nothing for me to do now but to type-write those letters. I stared at that machine blindly, and to put off the evil moment, I tried to engage my "boss" in conversation while pretending to dust the machine.

"Mr. O'Brien, have—have you many babies here?" I asked.

"Thousands," he returned.

"It must be like a hospital," said I.

He grunted. I've often thought that O'Brien delighted to put stenographers through that "baby" joke, but I don't suppose any other girl was ever quite so gullible as I.

"I'd like to see some of them," I said.

"You're looking at them now," said he.

I looked about me, but I saw no babies. O'Brien was digging down in the box. Suddenly he tossed up a handful of odd-shaped pieces on his desk. Then I understood. They were all in the shape of babies—Wool-Soap babies! O'Brien, with his tobacco in his cheek, thought it a good joke on me.

I stuck the paper into the type-writer, and then I began slowly to write, pecking out each letter with my index-finger. I felt rather than saw O'Brien slowly turning round in his seat, and though I dared not look up, I felt both his and Red Top's amazed eyes on my slowly moving fingers. Suddenly O'Brien stood up.

"Well, upon my word," said he, "you sure are a twin of that friend of yours! I like your nerve!"

I sat still in my seat, just staring at the type, and a fearful lump came up in my throat and almost choked me. I could not see a thing for the tears that came welling up despite myself, but I held them back fiercely.

Suddenly O'Brien snapped out in his most angry and snarling tone:

"Say, who are you staring at, anyway?"

I thought he meant me, and I started to protest that I was merely looking at the type, when I heard the feet of Red Top shuffle, and he said, oh, so meekly and respectfully:

"Yes, sir; I ain't staring at *her*, sir."

I was relieved, anyway, of a part of the pressure, for the office boy was now busy at some files. I found enough courage at last to look at O'Brien. He was studying me as if I were some strange curiosity that both amused and amazed him.

"You 're a nice one, are n't you," said he, "to take a job at fifteen per as an experienced and expert stenographer and—"

I said quickly:

"I am an expert stenographer. It 's just the type-writing I can't do, and, oh! if you 'll only give me a chance, I 'll learn it in a few days, honestly I will. I 'm cleverer than most girls, really I am. I taught myself shorthand, and I can type-writing, too. I 'll practise every night, and if you 'll just try me for a few days, I 'll work so hard—and you won't be sorry; I 'm sure you won't."

I got this all off quickly and warmly.

To this day I do not know what impulse moved Fred O'Brien to decide that he wanted me as his stenographer. His was an important department, and he could have had as good a stenographer as fifteen dollars a week will get, and that 's a fair salary for work of that kind. Here was I, palpably a green girl, who could not type a line! No man's voice ever sounded nicer than that gruff young Irishman's when he said that I could stay, that for the first week I could do the letters by hand; but I was to practise every opportunity I got, and I could help him a lot if I would write the letters without

making it necessary for him to dictate them.

In justification of my boast to O'Brien that I would "make good," let me say that I stayed in his department all the time I was at the yards, and this is the reference he gave me when he himself left to take charge of the New York office:

To Whom it may Concern:

This is to certify that Miss Nora As-cough, who has been in my employ for the past few months as stenographer and typewriter, is an A No. 1 Crack-a-Jack.

Smith & Co. Per, Fred O'Brien, Mgr.

Some one once said of me that I owed my success as a writer mainly to the fact that I used my sex as a means to help me climb. That is partly true not only in the case of my writing, but of my work as a stenographer. I have been pushed and helped by men who liked me, but in both cases I *made good* after I was started.

I think it would have broken my heart not to have "made good" to Fred O'Brien after he had trusted me in this way. This man, the first I worked for in America, was probably the best friend I ever had or will have. I do not mean so much while I worked for him, but later in my life.

I have spoken of the mild sensation I made as I walked down that main aisle. All through the day, in whatever direction I looked, I encountered interested eyes bent upon me. Some were those of girls like myself, some office boys, a number of department managers, and nearly all the clerks in my vicinity. Some craned their necks to get a glimpse of me, some came officiously to talk to O'Brien. Thus it was an embarrassing day for me, especially at luncheon-hour, when I did not know quite what to do. Then a girl from another department came over and asked me to go to luncheon with her. She said that her "boss," whose name was Hermann, and who was a chum of O'Brien, had bade her look out for me.

She pointed Hermann out to me as we passed along, and he seized his hat, and came after us; but as he was passing our

department, O'Brien seized him, and, looking back, I saw them both laughing, and I felt sure O'Brien was telling him about me.

Hermann was about twenty-five. He had a stiff thatch of yellow hair which he brushed up straight, and which stood up just like bristles on his head. He had wide-awake eyes, and looked like a human interrogation-point, dressed very dudishly, and flirted right and left with all the girls. Though born in America, and wiry and active, nevertheless there was the stamp of "Made in Germany" everywhere upon him. Later in the afternoon he stuck so insistently about our department that O'Brien finally introduced us, and then said with a grin:

"Now clear out. You got what you wanted."

Two or three departments to the left of me I had noticed a very blond, plumpish, rather good-looking young man, who watched me unceasingly throughout the day, but, whenever I looked at him, would blush, just like a girl, and look down and fuss with papers on his desk. Well, about the middle of the afternoon, and while O'Brien was away from the department, a boy came over and laid a note on my desk. It was folded ingeniously, twisted into a sort of bow-knot, and it was addressed, "Stenographer, Soap Dept."

I thought it was some instruction from O'Brien, especially as the boy said:

"Any answer?"

I unfolded the note, and this is what I read:

I'm stuck on you. Will you keep company with me?

I had to laugh, though I knew my furiously red swain was watching me anxiously.

"Any answer?" again asked the boy. I wrote on a piece of paper the one word, "Maybe."

People who have called me clever, superior, etc.,—oh, all women writers get accused of such things!—have not really reckoned with a certain weak and silly side to my character. If as I proceed with

this chronicle I shock you with the ease and facility with which I encouraged and accepted and became constantly engaged to men, please set it down to the fact that I always felt an inability to *hurt* by refusing any one who liked me enough to propose to me. I got into lots of trouble for this,—call it moral lack in me,—but I could not help it at the time. Why, it's just the same way that I once felt in a private Catholic hospital, and little Sister Mary Eulalia tried to convert me. Out of politeness and because I loved *her*, I was within an ace of acknowledging her faith, or any other faith she might choose.

If you could have seen the broad smile of satisfaction that wreathed the face of my first stock-yards "mash," you, in my place, would not have regretted that little crumb of hope that I had tossed him. Yet I had no more intention of "keeping company" with him than I had of flying.

It pleases me much to record that on this my first day in the yards I received three "mash" notes, which one of the girls later told me "was going it some for fair."

My second note was a pressed flower, accompanied by these touching lines:

The rose is red; the violet's blue,  
Honey's sweet, and so are you!  
And so is he, who sends you this,  
And when we meet we'll have a kiss.

I don't know who sent me this, but I suspected an office boy in a neighboring department.

My third note came just about an hour before leaving. It was from Hermann, and in a sealed envelop. It was as follows:

How about "Buffalo Bill" to-night?

O'Brien leaned over me as I opened the note, deliberately took it from me, and read it. As he did so, Hermann stealthily pelted him with tightly chewed wads of paper, though, from his hunched-over position at his desk, no one would have suspected who was throwing those pellets. I saw him, however, and he winked at me as if I were in a conspiracy with him, and as much as to say:

"We 'll fix him."

O'Brien, his cigar moving from one side of his mouth to the other, answered the note for me.

"Nothing doing," was his laconic response to Hermann's invitation, and he despatched it by Red Top. He let me out with the five-thirty girls instead of the six, and he said:

"Now step lively, and if you let Hermann catch up with you, I 'll fire you in the morning."

I went flying down the aisle with my heart as light as a feather. Next to being in love, there is nothing finer in the world, for a working-girl, than to have a good "job" and to know that some one is "stuck" on you.

(To be continued)



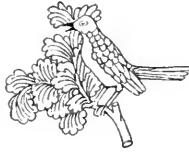
## Wish-horses

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

**D**ON'T you see the horses trampling down the street,  
Great white chargers, with their heavy gilded feet,  
With caparisons embroidered in an azure flapping ample—  
Don't you hear them, don't you hear them? *Trumple-trumple, trumple-trumple!*  
From fetlock to forelock they loom shaggy and gigantic.  
Their manes and tails are flowing like the silver-frothed Atlantic;  
Their eyes are kind and brown like the wood pools out of town;  
And their knights bear forest branches for the spears of their renown.

All around you in the ranks of department stores and banks,  
Hotels and office buildings, restaurants and flats and towers,  
A million brains of weary folk are throbbing through the hours  
With wishes tremendous,—from some of which defend us;  
Employers, for a few of them, would very likely end us,—  
But most are longings old for the country to enfold  
And drown them in its purple and its greenery and gold  
Or its fleece of dazzling white, with a star-blaze through the night.  
They are longing for the clean air of the land of lost delight.  
Therefore come the horses, white dream-steeds to cheer and free them:  
Don't you hear them trampling past you? Don't you see them, don't you see them?

I hear a sunrise shouting and a noise of clashing cymbals,  
I hear a great wind roaring o'er the rattling of the timbals;  
There 's a horn of vast adventure that is winding overhead,  
With its chords that are like colors now the sunset flushes red.  
And now the black crowds pour from each office building's door.  
They are only rushing homeward, but more glad than e'er before;  
For they see the horses' banners, star-embroidered, blue, and ample,  
Wave before them out of heaven, as the steeds mount *trumple-trumple*  
Through blue evening up to cloudland, *trumple-trumple, trumple-trumple!*



# The Old Woman's Money

By JAMES STEPHENS

Author of "The Crock of Gold," etc.

AT some time every writer grows curious as to literary happenings in lands beyond his own, and he sets away on the grand tour. His first harborage is probably France, for the rumor of that country has been in his ears since he freed them of a nurse's chatter. Next will come Russia, a land of which school-boy psychologists will never cease to prattle, and then Germany will demand his attention and bore him. And so, having hinged the knee at many foreign shrines, he will return homeward, marveling that in all the world there is nothing to be read.

In this perplexity he will remember that there is only one foreign land left in the world, and recalling the fine promise of Emerson, Whitman, Lowell, and several others, he may adventure in the direction of the United States of America. There he will be confronted with the angriest of his disappointments. Other literatures may disgust him or leave him cold, but the writings of America will make him angry: he will get there the cinematograph without its comfortable silence, and he will hear baby language shouted through a megaphone. He will discover that the fine promise has not been performed, and he will wonder what horrid circumstances have conspired to change that of fifty years ago into this of to-day. Perhaps, after revolving the matter he will counsel American writers to get rid of the old woman as speedily as they can, and to put the boy back to discipline for a few years more. If his remarks are harsh, it may be that he divines a proud future for America despite the fact that the old woman and the boy have allied

themselves against the genius of their country.

The sole means by which a stranger can satisfy his curiosity about foreign lands is through literature. Writers are the unofficial historians of their own country, and from their pages a national psychology emerges, sharp and clear if the writers are competent, obscure and blotchy if they have not learned their craft. Are Americans quite as hypocritical, sentimental, greedy, and foolish as their writers proclaim? It is a subject on which the American people themselves must pronounce judgment, but in the psychology which has been projected for foreign study these ugly vices overshadow whatever of virtue is limned beside.

This is distinctly the fault of the writers. That there are many virtues in American life no person can doubt who has read even a little of her history. That there is a real idealism growing strongly in company with, and despite an equally real materialism, is also true, and that these salient points do not adequately emerge from her literature is true also. American writers have not learned how to write; their thoughts are superficial, they have no critical intelligence, and they have the sad courage of all these disabilities. Just as the capitalist seeks a short cut to wealth, the novelist seeks a short cut to art. There may be an easy road to both for those specially endowed people who are millionaires or artists by the grace of God, but for other people both art and business must be learned from their foundations upward. The writers of America, following English mediocrity, have



learned the mechanism of the novel fairly well: their trouble is that while they can all tell a story, none of them can write one, and they believe that construction is the whole art of story-telling! It is an important part truly, but it is not the most important. The secret of good writing is to be found in the words used by the writer and the way he uses these words; but before any American writer I know of can escape from mediocrity, he or she must jettison their present vocabularies and provide themselves with new ones. I have read no American author recently whose work was not solid with *cliché*, and even when these are not verbal, they are mental; they are implied if they are not expressed. This last sentence, for the benefit of the uninitiated, is a *cliché*.

There is an uglier vice than this: it seems that much of American fiction is an unconscious appeal to the middle-aged woman. Its literature has become brutally feminine. Instead of being sensuous it is sensual, and often indelicately so. After hunger, there is no subject in which an artist or a philosopher might more fruitfully interest himself than the sexual relations of humanity, but the philosophers have avoided it as completely as they could, and the writers, intent on construction, have expressed sex as a liaison, and compressed it to a formula which is very easy to handle. This formula is called "the literary triangle," and is composed of two women and one man or two men and one woman; but it does not say the last word on sex, it does not even say the first. The sex mystery, all the reactions of which are mental, is not to be settled by this pill, nor is it to be arranged by treating sex as sexuality. That grease is thick on American literature, and it would not be so unpleasant if it were expressed less sentimentally; and sentimentality is a weed growing only in the gardens of the ignorant or the hypocritical.

If one were asked what is the dominant tone in American literature and life, the answer would be "youthfulness"; but this youth has attained to all the vices of age,

and has conserved few of the charms proper to its period. It is a very disingenuous youth indeed. This insistence on "boyishness" is unhealthy; more, it is depraved. These boyish boys and girlish girls of the writer and the artist are the indications of a real cancer in American public life. Perhaps in portraying them the writers and illustrators are describing their environment, and are exposing something which is as true as it is detestable. The cult of youthfulness in America is a national calamity far graver than anything for which Europe has to mourn. Youth has nothing to give life but its energy; it has even less to give literature, for literature is an expression of the spiritual truth which runs parallel with every material experience. It is not the retailing of petty gossip about petty people; and when this youthful energy is divorced from the control of maturity, nobody can benefit from it excepting that middle-aged woman for whom American literature is now being written.

It may also be that the fault does not lie so much in the writers as in the country. America, perhaps, is not in a position to make or to receive literature. It has not yet had the leisure to evolve a social order, to conserve its traditions, and form a life habitual to itself, and against the background of which every facet of the national existence may be judged. Without a social order there can be no literature: for that the house must be in order. For literature is something more than art; it is the expression of philosophy in art, and it is at once the portrayal of an individual and a racial psychology. A writer is not one who portrays life; he is one who digests life, and every book of his is a lecture on the state of his mental health: he should be careful, then, how he babbles.

American writers must discover or create a vocabulary which is not a jumble of worn-out phrases; they must ruthlessly cut out the boyish boy and the girlish girl, and they must deport that middle-aged woman who seems to be their paymaster, or is it paymistress?



# War and Drink

Showing how Despotism Russia has Set Tolerant  
England a Notable Example

By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," "The Trade of the World," etc.

"NO vodka?"  
"Not a drop."  
"Do you miss it?"

"Sometimes. Yes, sometimes one feels one's stomach cry out for it like a young calf. But we are better without it."

This was the answer of a young Russian peasant soldier when sounded as to his opinion of prohibition as now enforced not only in the Russian army, but throughout the empire. And he was in a way the spokesman for millions of his fellow-soldiers and countrymen in that he thus briefly summed up the opinion of the nation.

With the coming of war in Russia, France, and England, steps were taken by the authorities to curb the worse forms of over-indulgence in alcohol, and in some places with a vigor which would have been impossible in times of peace even in absolute monarchies. Each of these governments handled the problem in characteristic manner, and the peoples responded after a fashion most illuminating as to national character.

By imperial decree the czar imposed prohibition upon an army of ten million men and a country-side where strong drink was an ugly feature of every-day life. Vodka is a fiery brandy made from rye or potatoes and contains about forty per cent. pure alcohol. It has been the national drink of the Russian people for generations, and its manufacture and sale are government monopolies. In the last fiscal

year the Russian Government derived an income of \$400,000,000, or one fourth of the national revenue, from the sale of vodka. By a stroke of the imperial pen the nation was deprived of its liquor, and the Government lost a quarter of its revenue at a time when money was sorely needed.

The political courage of such a measure was magnificent. A people whose life, intellect, and morals were being undermined by excessive use of alcohol were suddenly deprived of the poison that, if they had been asked beforehand, many would have said most emphatically that they could not exist without.<sup>1</sup>

Coupled with this absolute prohibition for the time being is the promise that never again will the Government engage in the sale or manufacture of liquor, and the people believe that when the war is over some plan will be devised whereby the liquor traffic will be conducted much as it is in Western countries, only with far stricter and more healthful control. Many hope and believe that it may come back into life in the form of a local-option law, for the idea has already been seriously and favorably discussed by the authorities. In this event, prohibition has come to stay over large areas of Russia. In some important cities, notably Petrograd and wherever martial law prevails, the Government has now gone even further, and

<sup>1</sup>In "The Outlook" for December 16, 1914, Mr. George Kennan gives a large share of the credit for prohibition in Russia to the people itself.

has prohibited the sale of all liquor containing alcohol. Petrograd is to-day a "dry" town.

Nothing in the history of Russia has done more to bring about an era of better understanding between the Government and the people than the present war. The people are with the czar as never before. They have accepted him as the champion of the Slav and as one who wishes them well. There is a wonderful mystical spirit in the mass of the Russian people to which appeal must be made for any great arousing of the nation, and this has been accomplished by the man who is their ruler. He, too, has the same nature, which is responsible for many things he has said and done in the past that have seemed incongruous, and have been misread by Western minds. That he has not interpreted wrongly the spirit that is in his own people is shown in the success of his bold adventure in temperance reform. In this he has caught the higher aspirations of even those who have in the past at times yielded the mastery of their souls, and has given to every peasant woman a fuller guaranty of safety for herself, her children, and her home. It is the greatest temperance reform the world has ever seen, and it has prevailed in a country where needed more than in any other, with the possible exception of England.

In its handling of the drink question among the two million citizens gathered together as soldiers and sailors for the defense of British territory, the British Government has shown apparent political cowardice that is in sharp contrast to the courage of those who rule the destinies of Russia and France. To understand the reasons for the hesitancy and apparent inefficiency of the British authorities in this direction, one should know something of the habits of the people, the cherished British ideal of personal liberty, and the political obligations of those in office and those who aspire thereto. It is not an easy problem, for it touches upon the daily life and habits of the people, and in some of its phases reaches far back into the foundations of the present British political system.

The British are a drinking people; they always have been and probably always will be. In recent years drinking to excess has decreased among the more intelligent, and it is as true of the British army officer of to-day as it is of the American that his club is no longer a place of drunkenness and debauch. Throughout the world the present generation of intelligent effectives appears to have voluntarily become more temperate. This is the result of an awakened public belief, and the discovery by the individual that the excessive use of alcohol reduces the fighting power of the unit in an age in which every man's talents are required in their highest potentiality to enable him to hold his competitive position. It is also due to the increasing power of woman in the life of the nations, for woman is the chief sufferer from alcoholic indulgence on the part of the male.

In some countries, notably in America, this aroused consciousness as to the evil of drink in excess and its handicapping influence has spread throughout the nation regardless of social or financial position. In England, where a movement toward temperance is noticeable in so-called "society" and among the professional classes and in club life, it is as yet negligible among the working-people and others in like station. The drink bill of the United Kingdom in 1913 was \$25,000,000 more than in 1912. The drink of England is beer, which must not be confused with what is sold in America or Germany as beer. English beer is what in America would be called ale, a strong, heady liquor, two or three half-pints of which in some of its grades will render a man thoroughly intoxicated. It is meat as well as drink to thousands of the very poor, and even among the better class of laborers it forms a considerable part of the regular daily dietary. This has been true for generations, and the effect of insufficient food and an excess of alcohol upon the bodies of the English who live in the congested districts is tabulated to-day in every issue of vital statistics, while the effect upon the mind is shown in the mental dumbness of the English poorer classes, a slowness of

intellect and sullen stupidity unparalleled in any other civilized country.

The general "tuppenny tip," always expected and generally given, is for a drink. It is given, and rarely fails of being used, for that purpose. The reasons for these things lie too far back in English history for analysis at the moment. They are the product of class distinctions, industrial slavery, and the indifference of rulers to the education and welfare of the poorer people and to the general soundness of future generations. Things are changing slowly for the better. Coming generations will be the stronger, but at the moment the English are a people upon whom the sins of their fathers lie with heavy hand. This has no reference to the spirit of warfare, for the English are to-day, even as yesterday, more at home in the field of military ethics than they are in that of general social betterment. Long-established class distinctions and old ideas die hard, and new ones take their place slowly. This is one of the reasons for the continued integrity of the English race and its tenacity of life and purpose. The softening and disintegrating influences of internationalism and Socialism have only just begun to make their mark upon this people.

The temperance movement in England lacks to a marked degree one great vital, driving force that exists in other countries. That is the unanimous support of the women, for the English women of the poorer classes, in the cities at least, are generally as heavy drinkers as are the men. One of the "sights" of English cities which invariably makes a most lasting impression upon an American visitor is the drunken woman in the public house and on the streets. The American, living in a country where women do not generally frequent saloons and seldom are seen drunk upon the streets, is greatly shocked at what he observes in any large English city. It is the unenviable distinction of the United Kingdom that it is the only large or small country in the world where such a degrading exhibition can be witnessed any day in the week and especially upon holi-

days. An interesting fact is that this is true of no other part of the British Empire.

One of the inalienable rights of British citizenship, male or female, in the mother country is to get drunk in private or in public, and so long as no damage results to others in person or property, the philosophic policeman goes no further than to keep an eye upon the intoxicated person and to advise him or her to be quiet or perhaps to go home. Vilification or abuse of the "bobby" does not constitute an offense; it is looked upon as a pleasantry, and passers-by generally congregate to enjoy the bout at words. There is some discrimination, according to neighborhood, as to just how far the "drunk" may go. What might be allowed to pass in the neighborhood of Covent Garden would not be permitted in the smarter West End. In either case it is not the fact that the man or woman is drunk that determines the action of the law, but the degree of annoyance inflicted upon the neighborhood; the nerves of Covent Garden are not so sensitive as those of Park Lane.

In times of peace England has "muddled along" with the drink question as with many others. Certain compromises have been made between those who would stop it entirely and those who would give it free rein; but on the whole the liquor-seller and the liquor-consumer have had rather the best of it. Then came the war, and with it the concentration of a million or more recruits in camps and billeted upon the smaller towns. The first million men who came to the colors in England were above the average in intelligence. It was the intelligent and patriotic citizen who realized the need and most quickly responded. Nearly all of these men drank in moderation, a small percentage on occasions drank to excess, and another small percentage drank at any and all times every kind of liquor that could be obtained. When off duty these soldiers swarmed in the streets of cities and towns. They had no thought concerning the matter of the cost of living; well-meaning patriots in civil life stood them drinks as a matter of

sympathetic encouragement, and the public houses in the neighborhood of soldier camps did a thriving business.

Fights, riots, outrages against the peace of neighborhoods became frequent. Tremendous scandals affecting certain troop centers were whispered about, but only whispered, since the newspapers generally kept quiet for reasons of public policy. Men were shot, run over by trains and motor-cars, curfews had to be established to gather girls and women into their homes at an early hour, and grave breaches of military discipline were reported. Lord Kitchener issued a personal appeal to soldiers to refrain from liquor and to citizens not to buy drinks for soldiers. Public houses were ordered not to open until nine A.M. and to close at ten P.M. This led to wails of discontent from the brewers and publicans; on the other hand many letters to the press came from those who saw that this was only a half-way measure. A few, very few, military commanders of districts where martial law prevailed closed the public houses over which they had any jurisdiction. Conditions did not improve materially, however, and the state of affairs on November 26, nearly four months after war began, is best shown in a letter to the press from Mrs. Frances E. J. Parker, a sister of Lord Kitchener:

The letters I have already addressed to the press pleading with the nation on behalf of our soldiers have brought me a large correspondence revealing the widespread mischief that is going on at the present time.

In the House of Commons it was said that between thirty and forty per cent. of our new soldiers are being rendered inefficient through drink and its attendant evils. The Prime Minister admitted from ten to fifteen per cent. If the country were placed under martial law there is no doubt whatever that the military authorities would immediately and drastically change all this. It is surely incumbent upon the people of this country to take the necessary steps to secure, through Parliament, the same end.

A great national demonstration in the Albert Hall would bring home to politicians

of all parties the need for prompt action. Would it not be possible for the House of Commons to agree by consent of all parties to do away with intoxicants during the war? Russia has done it, France has done it; why not Britain?

The above letter is specially interesting in that it comes from a close relative of Lord Kitchener, and it is not doing violence to what this lady says to draw the inference that if Lord Kitchener had the power which would be his if the whole country was put under martial law, he would enforce prohibition upon the whole or at least a large part of the United Kingdom for the time being. His career in the past warrants the assumption that he would make and enforce any regulations he thought best for the army, regardless of interests or politics.

When the party in power admits through the prime minister that from ten to fifteen per cent. of the soldiers are rendered inefficient through drink, there must be some vital reason why the country or at least the military camps and their neighborhoods are not made prohibition areas; and there is a reason, in fact there are several reasons, not one of which is brought forward in parliamentary debate or in the press, for they affect too closely the political and social life of the nation.

In the first place the right to drink is a privilege so ingrained in the British character that many of the people who are now writing letters to the papers and otherwise protesting against drunkenness among the soldiers would be among those who would promptly rebel against a prohibition order which in any way affected themselves. There is no doubt also that if teetotalism were known to be compulsory upon all recruits, the response to the call for volunteers would be dishearteningly small, especially among the poorer people. The intelligent man who enlists because his country is in danger and needs his services will do so despite any and all personal inconveniences to himself. The man who enlists because he is out of work, because he is shamed into it, or from some

other exterior pressure and without full knowledge of what all the row is about,—and this accounts for a very large number of enlistments in any country,—is not going to deprive himself of his beer in addition to undergoing other known hardships; certainly not if he is an Englishman.

Behind all this, sinister in its real meaning, is the influence of the brewers, political and financial. The brewers and the publicans, who are their dependents, prospered at first through a state of war. Then came the order for later opening and earlier closing, and this checked their new-found prosperity. Their complaints were loud and bitter. They were the only people in England who did not with more or less cheerfulness accommodate themselves to the restrictions made necessary by war. Close upon this came an announcement from the police that drunkenness and crime among women had suddenly increased to a marked degree. This was found to be due to the allowance of about three dollars per week made by the Government to the wife of a soldier and the five dollars weekly pension given to a widow. The three dollars a week more than equaled the former net earning power of the man; with no man to take his toll of the wage or to be fed, life became one unending round of no work and frequent visits to the public houses, while, if she was a widow, the money received represented comparative luxury to many a woman. If the soldier's wife is possessed of children, the Government allows her an additional sum at the rate of about sixty cents for each child. Several years ago a law was enacted forbidding the admission of children to places where drinks were sold. This law was the result of an agitation against the very common practice among the poor of taking the young children into the "pubs" and giving them gin or beer to keep them quiet. Since the law went into effect, some doubt has been thrown upon the complete utility of the measure, as experience has shown that in many cases the children are now locked up at home to starve or freeze, or are left shivering outside, while their mothers go

to the public house and enjoy the warmth within. It will take more than indirect measures to protect the children of the English poor from the evils of drink-bested parentage.

As a temporary war measure, women are now admitted to public houses only within certain limited hours. All of these measures have been accepted by the brewers and their selling agents, the publicans, as uncalled-for attacks upon their business.

Then came Lloyd George with his war budget of two and a half billion dollars and his scheme for raising new revenue. The income tax was to be doubled, that is, increased from ninepence in the pound to a shilling and sixpence, or seven and a half per cent. of everybody's earned income over \$800. Tea was to pay an increased duty of six cents per pound. Tobacco shared in the toll-taking, and the tax on beer was raised from about \$1.90 per barrel to about \$4.30. The British people simply grinned; said they knew it was coming, and not a voice was raised in protest. In fact, a Labor member of Parliament rose to express his opinion that now was the time to put a tax on wages, so that the working-people could carry a share of the burden. His action was indorsed by the labor-unions. Did the brewers give thanks to the Government for their share of what was to be done? Not a bit of it. They immediately met in solemn conclave and raised the price of beer in the barrel, not only by the amount of the tax, but *with an extra charge to cover an estimated loss of business through early closing and through the barring of women from public bars during certain hours of the day*, while retailers were authorized to charge an extra halfpenny, or one cent, on every half-pint of beer, to cover the loss incurred through raising the wholesale price and shorter business hours.

In addition to these measures, vigorous protest was made to the Government against the tax. It is highly illuminating to note that not only did the British politicians and the public see nothing humorous or out of the way in this, but in a few days the Government announced that it

had decided to soften the blow to the brewers, and that the proposed tax would be put on gradually, the full amount not being assessed until 1917. The Government also called attention to the fact that the tax would not be quite so heavy as it appeared, for it applied to barrels of beer with a specific gravity of 55, whereas much beer sold was so much lighter that the ultimate tax on a barrel of such liquor would not be above \$4.00. This is not a pleasant story, and it is almost incredible from an American point of view. It must be looked at from the British point of view, for it is the British people who not only endure, but also indorse it.

Political partiality to the brewers is easily explained. To many of the well-known names in the brewing world are now tacked titles of varying value. The services of these men to their country have been no greater and no less than those of thousands of other wealthy and public-spirited Englishmen, but their contributions to party funds have been notoriously large, and their influence with the voters in certain constituencies is naturally formidable. That the weight of this influence would be exerted against any decree of prohibition in the British army is undoubtedly true. However, it would be unfair not to say that the long-established, deep-rooted principle of personal liberty, which means the right to take a drink when occasion demands and the price is in the pocket, is the most serious obstacle in the path of temperance reform in the army. The man who takes a glass occasionally rebels against his personal comfort being interfered with because some one else is liable to drink too much.

When the order closing the public houses of the country an hour or so earlier than usual went into effect, the newspapers printed columns of letters protesting against this restriction. The order was issued to force the publican to turn the soldiers out at an hour which would enable them to get back to camp or barracks and fit themselves for the coming day's work. The majority of the protests were from those who complained that when

they happened to want a drink before they went to bed they could not get it; and all because some soldiers in fit condition were needed by a nation at war for its very existence!

The English nation as a whole is of temperate habit and restrained life. It is only as special classes are considered that the charge of excessive drinking can justly be made. The lower one goes in the social scale, the more alcohol takes a progressively larger place in the dietary, and usurps the position which should be held by nourishing food. The fetish of personal liberty, however, is not placed higher in the esteem of those who drink too much than it is among those who drink but little. In fact, it may be said that the intelligent, self-restrained Englishman of the better class is a greater stickler for what he considers his personal rights than his unintelligent and perhaps besotted fellow-citizen. In other words, for generations he and his forefathers have assumed the right to give the mass of the people the kind of government that he thought was best for them, and incidentally for himself, so that he has judged the liquor question according to his own needs, tastes, and ideas without realizing that he was undermining the foundations of his own liberty. He has treated the poor as unthinking, unintelligent human beings, thus helping to make and keep them so, and at the same time has expected them to exercise intelligent self-control in the vital matter of the use of alcoholic drink. In brief, the ruling class, which is the same now as it has always been, is responsible for the drinking habit of the people and its dire effects. Hence it is responsible for the difficulties which now confront the authorities in handling a body of nearly two million men who are concentrated in camps and removed from all restraining influences of home or business life. Many of these men are young, piteously young to serve as cannon fodder, and the example of the older men is not always good.

A soldier's life is not conducive to the gentler virtues, and the heroes of war oftentimes fail most miserably to live up to

heroic standards in private and peaceful life. Lord Kitchener's sister asks why England cannot do what has been done so promptly and effectively in Russia and France, for the latter country has also stopped the sale of liquors which rob soldiers of their efficiency. The answer is to be found, first, in the social and, secondly, in the political system of the country. It is not to be expected that there will soon be any great change among the people, for men "must die that England live" not only in the military sense, but for a social and political regeneration, which may come some day, or perhaps not at all. The English race always gives the impression that, in its conflict with the centuries, it will go down to defeat defiant rather than conform to new ideas.

It is the good-will of the working-men that put the Liberal party in power, and this must be retained if the party is to remain in office. The fact that a Liberal government took away their beer would settle the fate of that party with a large part of the voters. "'E took away yer beer" would be a slogan which would carry the opposition to victory.

A plan of action which would naturally occur to an American would not be that of Russia or of France. It would probably be to convert the camps and their surroundings into prohibition areas for the time, to punish drunkenness severely, and restrict leave, as the necessities of temperance might demand. American public opinion would support such action now, as it has on past occasions; the soldiers would expect it; it would have little or no effect upon enlistment; and the liquor interests would not be so destitute of a sense of humor as to make public protest, no matter how much private effort they might make to soften the blow to themselves. It

does not take much imagination to realize what would happen to them at the hands of the public should they openly attempt to stand in the way of a temperance movement for the army.

Conditions are fundamentally different in England, however. In England it is a problem of amazing complexity, socially and politically, and only a solution of sorts, and of a most expedient character, can now be attempted. In the meantime the English people will "muddle through" this bog of conflicting interests in the same dogged and marvelous way they have through other situations even more severe in their test of character. The glaring weaknesses of the British national structure are as search-lights playing upon a strength always underestimated by the superficial observer and oftentimes by those who have had full opportunity to weigh it well.

No nation ever ran truer to type, and no nation ever merited more fully the characterization of a bull-dog. They are not pretty to look upon as a whole, but the red-hot iron of adversity is powerless to loosen their hold. They have eliminated the possibility of defeat from their calculations to-day, as they always have, and Tommy Atkins, drunk or sober, his "not to reason why," will again stand effectively between his country and the enemy. It is all the more remarkable that this should be so when it is considered that in all the centuries of English law-making a real system of free education has been denied to the people. They have been encouraged, indirectly at least, both men and women, to look to the dram shop for their only happiness, comfort, and entertainment. No blame attaches to the many who now do likewise, for its alternative is hunger, cold, and lonely misery.







## Poland's Story

By JUDSON C. WELIVER

THE traveler in old Russia finds no more interesting place than the Kremlin at Moscow, that collection of the memorials of East's contacts with West through many centuries. In the Kremlin he will find no more pathetic relics than those which testify to the victory of Russia in the long rivalry that decided whether the great power of eastern and northern Europe should be Russia or Poland.

Russia won, and in sign thereof may be seen, in a wonderful carved casket in the Kremlin museum, the Constitution of the Polish Kingdom, adopted May 3, 1791. The American traveler will bethink himself that there is a striking proximity of this date to that of the adoption of our own Federal charter. If he pursues the subject, he will discover that the Polish Constitution of 1791 was, as nearly as it might well be made, an adaption to Poland's conditions of the Constitution of the United States of America, submitted by the convention at Philadelphia on September 17, 1787.

To-day that Polish Constitution is a relic in a Russian museum, testimony to the last effort of an expiring nationality to deserve perpetuation. It recalls that the fires of the American Revolution of 1775 and the French Revolution of 1789 found reflection in the skies of eastern Europe. But it was too late for Poland. Torn by factional dissensions, victim of the intrigues of more stable neighbors, menaced by the rising Russia at the east, the covetous Austria in the west, the ambitious Germany in the north, and the

rapacious Turks in the south, Poland fell in the moment of the finest inspiration that had marked all its pitiful career as a nation. The first child of democratic genius among Slavic peoples was stricken down as the penalty for too early disclosing his talents to a sordid world.

For the memorials of Poland in its power and glory we may go to ancient Cracow, where the ashes of a long line of kings lie in the great cathedral which is both the Westminster Abbey and the Valhalla of the lost nation; but for the present-day testimonies that the spirit and purpose of a Polish nation yet survive, we must visit the Swiss village of Rapperswil, where for safety's sake the patriots of the disinherited race have set up their national museum.

But Poland's is not all a story of martyrdom. It is also a story of the tragedy of retribution. It may well be doubted whether Poland ever possessed in any single generation the attributes of a true nation. It was ruled by a land-owning aristocracy which tried to keep the king from getting too much power, and at the same time insisted that the people should not get any. The Polish aristocracy succeeded where other medieval aristocracies failed, and its success was Poland's ruin. The king was kept a figurehead, isolated from the mass of people largely by reason of the Polish custom of electing kings. It all looked very democratic; but in fact it merely served to keep aliens or weaklings on the throne much of the time. Thus suppressing the king and oppressing the people, the aristocracy became a military

and political caste, lived in barbaric splendor, despised trade and industry, cultivated the arts of war and social decadence, affected the use of alien languages, and devised institutions of government which ultimately deprived it of capacity for exercising the very governmental functions it had monopolized.

The Polish people are Slavs, and Poland is literally the plain-land, the great central European depression. There was hardly a time when a surveying party could have laid down accurate limits of the country, nor a generation throughout which those limits would have remained stationary. Nature provided no obvious frontiers, but in general old Poland included the valley of the Vistula River—Galicia, which belongs now to Austria-Hungary; the westernmost projection of Russia, commonly called Russian Poland; and East Prussia. All this represented perhaps a third of the present area of France.

Beyond, extending northeast, east, and southeast, lay the Polish hinterland, comprising Courland and Livonia on the Baltic Sea; farther south, the great extent of Lithuania; south of this, Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine, extending to the Black Sea.

We commonly think of Poland as a country without frontage on the salt seas; yet at its widest extent it touched both the Baltic and the Black; and Polish ambition clung fiercely to the thought of a national heritage looking out on these twain windows of the cold and warm seas, with western Europe before it, and the illimitable East at its back.

If Polish national policy had been as vigorous and effective as Polish ambitions were magnificent, the state might have led in subduing the east of Europe, and Poland to-day have been the mighty empire of the steppes, its heart at Cracow instead of Moscow, its head at Warsaw instead of St. Petersburg.

At the time when the cavaliers were settling in Virginia, Poland was the great state of eastern Europe. Touching both the Baltic and the Black seas, it reached

in the west to well within a hundred miles of Berlin, and in the east about as near to Moscow. The extreme north-and-south length of the country was about seven hundred miles; that east and west approximately the same. It embraced little less than 300,000 square miles, or nearly the combined areas of France and Italy. Only Russia had so wide an extent; and Russia then signified about as much to the Western world as Nigeria does to us. Warsaw, the capital, was almost the geographic center of Europe. The geographic Poland of that day, now restored to its place among nations, would have more population than France, and this number would include, besides the Poles, fully half the Jews in the world, together with millions of Mongols, Turks, Finns, Scandinavians, Teutons, Latins—the greatest conglomerate of races and tongues in any nation, if perhaps Austria-Hungary be excepted.

Indeed, Austria-Hungary gives us an idea of what Poland was in its greatness. We think of the dual empire of to-day as a mid-European jumble of fragments of races, languages, and religions, crowded together in an empire that yet is not a nation; held together by pressure from without, not cohesion within. Poland also was a dual kingdom, composed of Poland proper and Lithuania. In Poland, as in Austria-Hungary, the union was one of convenience rather than of felicity. Whether Austria and Hungary can be held together after the life of the present ruler has been for decades a favorite speculation with European politicians. That same speculation as to Poland and Lithuania was in the forefront of eastern-European politics for centuries.

As Warsaw in the time of Poland's greatness was the pivot on which turned the contest between East and West, so is Vienna to-day. The East at last captured Warsaw. Now it is pressing on to Vienna. The glacial Slavic race is the western outpost of east, forever pushing toward the west. That unknown and unknowable East is both age and youth—age, with its power to bide in calm assur-

ance; youth in its impetuous demand that it be served. Who can contemplate Poland's fate of yesterday and not forecast the future of Austria-Hungary? Who, visioning the sweep of these huge forces through the centuries behind, and projecting it just a little way into the to-morrows, can feel assurance that the world is fighting its last great war?

Some ethnologists claim to find the earliest Poles in a Slavic people along the Vistula in the second century of our era. History safely identifies them only six or seven centuries later as an agricultural people, with those institutions of communism in the soil, patriarchal authority in the family, and democracy in the small community that were characteristic of all the Slavs. There is a legend of a good peasant King Piast, putative progenitor of Poland's rulers for many generations.

Under King Mieczyslaw, in the latter half of the tenth century, the country was converted to Christianity, and claimed as tributary to that German Empire which yet survived in some of the greatness Charlemagne had won for it. But Germany relinquished the claim, and Boleslaus, the next king in Poland, was saluted as equal by a German Otto, who in sign of their kingly equality gave Boleslaus the lance of a good old saint. As proof of Poland's rightful status among the kingdoms, they will still show this lance to visitors in the cathedral at Cracow.

Boleslaw conquered most of the western Slavs; he and his successors warred constantly with Russia, and a later King Boleslaus fell into a quarrel with Pope Gregory VII, who placed the kingdom under an interdict, so that several successive kings in Poland were refused recognition as such by Rome. For generations an almost constant warfare was carried on by the Poles against the German emperors, who repeatedly tried to reassert their suzerainty; against the eastern Slavs in what is now Russia; against Bohemia and Hungary. The Mongols, then the terror of all eastern Europe, made various irruptions even as far west as Poland.

During this period, down to the accession of Casimir the Great in the first part of the fourteenth century, the political and social evils which were at last to ruin Poland began to develop clearly. The peasants were extremely miserable, because the nobility were warring among themselves when there was no convenient foreign enemy to oppose. The nobles held the land, but were too busy with their feuds to develop it. No noble might engage in trade or industry. The peasants had been originally divided into two classes, those who were mere chattels attached to the land, and those of better estate who were entitled to live where they pleased, even to hold a little land. But the tendency, as always in such a state, was toward bearing down the free peasant to the level of the enslaved.

During this period the Teutonic Knights come into Poland's story. In the Teutonic Knights, originating in far-away Palestine, we see the beginning of that militarist power that is the Prussia of to-day. During the crusades the Hospital of Saint Mary was established at Jerusalem. When the infidels at last captured the city, the memory of this institution was perpetuated by the creation of the Order of the Teutonic Knights of Saint Mary's. Two other orders were created for the defense of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, the Knights Templars and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Perhaps the Teutonic Knights have played the largest part, for they founded the power of the Prussian state. While the other two orders continued in the fatuous purpose of recovering the Holy Land, the thrifty Teutonic Knights transferred their seat to the lower Vistula, promising to Christianize the pagan Prussians, which, with fire and sword and the barbaric zeal of medieval Christianity, they certainly did. When they ran out of a supply of convenient pagans to proselyte, they turned attention to Poland, which was generally in a state of sufficient turbulence to warrant intervention. The quarrels between the Polish state and the Knights went far to break both. Each in

its time was the most important power in northern and eastern Europe.

The great Casimir came to the Polish throne in 1333, and introduced Poland into the European family of nations. He fought Russians, Tatars, and Lithuanians successfully; gave his approval to the organization of a rudimentary parliament; and, because he had no son, permitted the convocation of the nobles to choose his successor, thus allowing the precedent to be established which made the throne elective, and ultimately brought Poland to ruin. For the nobles imposed conditions on the crown, and these conditions they afterward expanded into the *pacta conventa*, which proved a chief cause of Poland's failure.

We may vision the greatness that might have grown yet greater in the Poland of this time. From the East and the Mediterranean countries came a commerce so rich that Dantzic and Cracow won their way into the Hanseatic League; furs came from Russia; fabrics and spices, perfumes and jewels, from the East. Warsaw was founded seemingly with the destiny of being one of the entrepôts of the world, a half-way house between East and West.

The nephew whose election to the throne Casimir had procured was Louis of Hungary. With his demise, his daughter Jadwiga, a good and beautiful woman, was elected queen. She wedded Jagello, Duke of Lithuania, and thus Lithuanian and Polish crowns were united, and Lithuania was Christianized. The Jagellon family ruled in Poland—always, however, through elections—the greater part of three centuries. The first Jagello reigned nearly half a century. His crowning military exploit was the utter defeat of the Teutonic Knights in a great battle (1410), almost at the identical place where the battle of Tannenberg was fought between Germans and Russians a few months ago.

For centuries Poland was the buffer for western Europe against Tatars, Turks, and Russians; but instead of appreciating Poland's services, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Prussia, and Bohemia

were commonly quarreling with her. Poland of to-day, dismembered and prostrate while East and West fight over her, is merely living again the agonies that have been her part for a thousand years. It is impossible here even to outline this continuation of struggles.

Early in the sixteenth century the *liberum veto* gained recognition in the Polish diet. This and the *pacta conventa* were twin causes of the country's ruin. The *liberum veto* was the power, claimed and finally granted, of a single member to veto all business by refusing to make it unanimous. The *pacta conventa* took almost all power from the king; the elective system compelled long interregnums between rulers while domestic faction and foreign influence were intriguing to dictate the succession; the *liberum veto* rendered the diet impotent to give real parliamentary government. Thus weakened within and beset from without, Poland could only be sacrificed.

Yet there were periods when the country came near rising to its opportunities. Under Sigismund Augustus, latter sixteenth century, the nation saw one of these eras; but when he died, Austria, France, Sweden, and Russia presented candidates for the crown, a rich prize. Henry of Valois, brother of the French king, was elected after a long and ruinous interregnum. He was brought to Poland in great state, hailed as the sign of a glorious union with France, crowned at Cracow, and in less than a year later ran away from the kingdom on learning that his brother had died and he was successor to the throne of France. He left a banquet-hall at midnight, sneaked to the outskirts of his capital, and rode madly the rest of the night to get beyond the country's border. The diet declared the throne vacant, and Stephen Báthori, a Transylvanian prince, was elected king.

Báthori was successful enough in war, but unable to get on with the turbulent, selfish, unseeing nobility, who considered the country their oyster. When he died the country was widely extended and seemingly powerful, but institutionally

rotten. After a period of riots, murders, and turbulence it elected a Swedish prince, another Sigismund. The election was accomplished only after a battle had been fought to drive the insistent Austrian candidate out of the country. Such were the woes Poland periodically experienced in picking for itself a king who commonly knew neither it nor its people, and to whom it gave no power.

During this reign occurred the strange affair of the false Demetrius, a bogus claimant to the Russian throne. The actual heir had been disposed of, probably by murder. The pretender was backed by a junta at Cracow, and apparently also by Rome. At any rate, he had ample funds, and a Polish army went to Moscow, placed him on the throne, and maintained him there for a short time, till he was murdered in an outbreak. Somebody who will clear away the mystery of this imperial adventure will illumine one of the strange pages of history. It is believed that a document in the Vatican archives, if accessible, would prove who he was and what backing he had. If it was a Polish-Catholic plot to bring Russia under the Latin church, it failed; but it brought Poland nearer than it ever was again to domination of Russia.

The seventeenth century saw the country overrun by a Swedish invasion, Cracow and Warsaw being taken. The king, John Casimir, was driven into Silesia, and after the Swedes had made peace and retired, he warned his subjects that unless they ceased their internal strifes the country would surely be taken from them by their neighbors. Indeed, the idea of a partition of Poland was undoubtedly seriously considered at this time, more than a century before it actually took place.

The closing years of the seventeenth century saw the last burst of the old Polish glory. The Turks prepared their great raid on western Europe, and in 1683 appeared before Vienna. The Austrians were pitifully incapable of helping themselves, and Louis XIV of France was willing that Austria should suffer. So Poland, headed by the splendid John

Sobieski, who had been elected king because of earlier victories over the Turks, sent an army to save Vienna. The Turkish horde, supposed to be irresistible, was overthrown just outside Vienna with terrific slaughter, and Sobieski made Poland the savior of Europe, as Charles Martel, on the field of Tours, had made France its savior near a thousand years before.

But proud as they were of the glory he had garnered for them, the Polish grantees would not let even Sobieski rehabilitate their country. He lived a dozen years after the Vienna campaign, often on the verge of abdicating in disgust. A weak king succeeded him, who fell into a quarrel with Charles XII of Sweden. Charles conquered the country, deposed the king, set up a new one, and marched on to conquer Russia, just as Napoleon did a century later.

Like Napoleon, Charles took Moscow; and taking it cost him his army. He went into exile in Turkey, as Napoleon went to Elba; he came back as did Napoleon, and tried again. He rehabilitated his fortunes so far that he was able to launch new projects of empire which looked to the conquest of Norway first, then to the invasion of England. He was killed while besieging Frederikshald, in Norway, almost exactly a century before Napoleon lost Waterloo. It is a strange parallel between two men who sought to rule Europe at intervals of a century; the more suggestive, in view of the present-day effort of another ambitious prince, after another century, to achieve what both failed to do.

When Poland escaped from the Swedish conqueror, the Russians restored a weak king, Stanislaus Leszcynski; next, the Germans came uppermost, and placed the Elector of Saxony on the throne of Poland. He reigned till his death in 1763. Then came the last act in the tragedy—the dictation by Russia and Prussia, jointly, of the election of Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski as king. He was destined to be the last king in Poland, and it is worth while to tell a little of his election. He was a Pole of noble

family, born in 1732, and raised in the elegant and cosmopolitan fashion of the wealthy Poles. He went as a secretary to the English ambassador at St. Petersburg, where he met the Grand Duchess Catharine, already beginning to shine in that process of plot and intrigue that brought her to the throne as Catharine the Great. Among the amours of this marvelous woman none was fraught with more significance in history than that with young Poniatowski.

There seems no doubt that the woman did the courting. In her memoir Catharine frankly tells of her affection for this man and her long liaison with him, which she coolly says might have lasted indefinitely had he not become bored! Not so the lady; though the *affaire* had ended long before, she as empress kept a warm place for him in her regard. Opportunity presenting, she not only supported him, but induced Frederick the Great to join her in placing him on the Polish throne.

Looking back, it is plain enough that Frederick and Catharine intended to take Poland from the day they set this weakling on the throne. Maria Theresa of Austria came in for a part of the spoil, and suffered the only conscientious scruples that seem to have assailed any of the triumvirate of imperial freebooters.

In May, 1764, the Convocation Diet, a sort of nominating convention, met in Warsaw. The city was full of Russian and Prussian troops, with no few Tatars carrying bows and arrows. Poland still pretended independence, but it had only the shadow of a national existence. Stanislaus Augustus was forced upon the country, and later the convention of electors, gathered in the famous field at Warsaw, ratified the choice. There were 80,000 qualified electors, but only a few thousand appeared. The soldiers of Catharine and Frederick were probably more numerous than the Polish electors, and their show of power insured the result. Under this coercion, the Polish convention elected the last king of their country.

Great indignation over this usurpation swept the country. The Confederation

of Bar was formed at the town of that name to throw off the Russian domination. It improvised an army, attempted to force reforms, and was overthrown by Catharine's troops.

Count Casimir Pulaski, a soldier of fortune and of freedom who afterward fought in the American Revolution and to whom Congress has recently erected a statue in Washington, was a son of the man who headed the Confederation of Bar. Count Pulaski organized a strange plot to kidnap the king, right in the heart of Warsaw, at night. A handful of conspirators actually seized the king and got him well out of the city. Ignorance, treachery, and superstition foiled the plan, which seems to have been aimed not at the murder or even dethronement of Stanislaus, but at getting him securely into the power and influence of the patriots.

The plot failed, as did the whole effort of awakening patriotism and understanding among the Poles. In 1772, Russia, Austria, and Prussia began the division of territory, taking perhaps two fifths of the national area, Russia getting everything east of the Dnieper; Austria getting Galicia and some adjacent lands to the southeast, and Prussia receiving a liberal slice in what is now eastern Prussia.

After this rape of their domain, the Poles tried to reform their country and save it. The *liberum veto* was abolished, but the upper classes had no serious notion of giving real freedom to the peasants. Religious and race prejudices were more bitter than in the progressive countries of the Continent. There were some earnest and thoughtful people who watched the American Revolution, and these guided the deliberations of Poland's Long Parliament, the famous diet that met in 1788 and continued four years.

This diet convened just a year after the Constitution for the United States had been framed. It was marked throughout by a sincere effort to save the country by adapting to it the scheme of the much-admired American union. The crown was made hereditary, and a very fair scheme of constitutional monarchy was

adopted. But the nobles, facing loss of their political authority, fled to Russia, protested against the wicked radicalism, and induced Russia to send armies into Poland, exactly as the exiled French nobility a little later enlisted the toryism of monarchical Europe against the Revolution in France.

Suppressing corrupt and wretched Poland was easier than suppressing inspired and frenzied France. Again foreign troops entered the country, and another partition took place in 1792, and a third in 1795, which finished the business by wiping Poland off the map. In 1814 the lines were somewhat reorganized by the Congress of Vienna; but this was merely writing the epitaph.

Of course there were afterclaps. The revolutionary movement centering in France kept the fires of Polish ambition burning. When Napoleon rose to power, the Poles looked for him to restore their country. He established the Duchy of Warsaw, which seemed the promise of a later Kingdom of Poland; and when he marched away to Moscow, a great force of Poles joined him, fatuously imagining that the conqueror had been raised up to restore their ancient country. When the Corsican was at last subdued, Russia took over his Duchy of Warsaw and promised to make it an autonomous kingdom, with the czar as king. But the promise was shadowy, and its realization still less substantial. In 1830 there was a revolt which, being suppressed, ended the fiction of this Polish-Russian kingdom. Another uprising in 1863, marked by assassination, terrorism, and all the horrors of guerilla warfare, brought further devastation to the Russian parts of the country.

After this Russia set about deliberately to suppress the Polish language, break down the national spirit, and Russify the country. Under a policy instigated by Bismarck, Prussia has Prussianized the German parts of Poland with methods about as objectionable, though perhaps less effective.

Austria has come nearer discouraging

Polish national feeling than either Germany or Russia, partly because Galicia, the Austrian part of old Poland, was never fully Polish; partly because the Poles have been given a generous part in governing their own provinces and in the affairs of the dual empire. A Pole has even been premier of the empire.

The present is a time to discourage prophecy about Poland's future. Russia at the beginning of the present war pledged herself to restore Poland. More recently Germany and Austria have given a like promise. After the war the council of Europe will decide whether Poland shall be restored or whether the old partition shall be confirmed. Restored, it would likely be no more capable of united action than formerly, for the various parts have been knitted more or less firmly by ties of education, industrialism, travel routes, and economic relationship into their several places in the present-day scheme of European affairs. The peasant masses are yet poor and uneducated; much of the land has passed away from the old noble families; the Poles, even in their restored country, would number a doubtful majority; and the non-Polish elements would have little enthusiasm about returning to the ancient régime. At best it would be little more than another buffer state, like the little powers of the Balkan States.

To-day Poland is once more the battleground between Germans and Slavs; its fate, more awful than in any war of the past, is yet merely a twentieth-century presentation of its experience in all the other centuries since the irrepressible conflict of Slav and Teuton began. In the light of history's experience and to-day's realizations of Europe's complex problems, its future is anything but promising.

Much pretty sentiment and more foolish sentimentality have been written about the "fate of the lost republic." But no man who regards to-day's conditions in Mexico as a menace to our own country can be far from understanding the pretext that served Catharine and Frederick for taking Poland. Nature did not mark out

its territory in big, bold strokes as the domain of a nation. Napoleon saw in rivers, mountain ranges, and oceans the natural boundaries of states; Poland had none of these. She was right in the middle of the European world, pressed on all sides, without natural defenses. Turks, Tatars, Slavs, Northmen, Austrians, Germans—all were her natural enemies, and to all she was accessible; for all she was at one time or another a buffer.

A people of stronger genius for government might have extended their influence and become a great power; but the Poles were without that genius. They were basically democratic, as all Slavs are, but they were woefully without constructive faculty. Calling their country a republic, the ruling class, composed of the land-owning nobles or the decadent members of the caste who had lost their land, while still possessing the proud tradition of having once held it, was willing to fight among themselves for freedom, but always to unite in preventing the masses from getting it. This caste became numerous, and as its economic power diminished, its jealousy of its political authority increased. A noble might wear a sword, and vote for king in the convocation of electors, though he owned not a foot of land. He might sell his vote for king, or he might run a peasant through with his sword on penalty of a modest fine. He was much given to both practices.

It has been observed that the authorities attribute the institutional weakness of the Polish state to the *pacta conventa* and the *liberum veto*. The *pacta conventa*, or contract between nobles and king, deprived the king of almost all real power, save when, in war, he headed the army. The nobles took no chances of turning up a king who might make common cause with the peasants, as had often happened in western Europe, and clip the wings of the privileged class. In other states the curtailment of the regal power was always accompanied by an increase of the parliamentary authority. In Poland the power taken from the king was given to nobody. Instead, the nobles actually sur-

rendered their own powers by yielding to the *liberum veto* in the diet.

The *pacta conventa* at its full development must strike a twentieth-century reader as rather a charter of liberties than an apple of discord. The king was elective; only the parliament could make war, impose taxes, or commission ambassadors; parliament must be convened at least biennially; the king's cabinet was to be elected by the diet once a year. The sovereign might not even wed except to the candidate named by the diet!

Manifestly, the powers so liberally shorn from the king would seem well reserved in the parliament; but Poland's parliament never rose to a realization of its own dignity. It would be in session only a very short time; commonly, the shorter the better, because it could seldom agree on anything save the privilege of florid oratory. This incompetent diet was reduced at length to absolute impotence by the *liberum veto*.

The *liberum veto* was the privilege of a single member of the diet to nullify any piece of legislation, or a whole session's legislative work, by simply rising in his place and solemnly proclaiming, "I forbid!" When first asserted it was bitterly opposed, but the principle was at length accepted. If it seems utterly inexplicable that a legislature would thus surrender all its power, a medieval Pole might with reason retort that in the American Senate unlimited debate is even now permitted; that, according to high parliamentary authority, the great bulk of legislation is done virtually by unanimous consent; and, most suggestive of all, that a single member, by a point of order, may strike from a supply bill any proposed limitation on the use of the funds.

Despite the *pacta conventa* and the *liberum veto*, Poland might have built up a constitutional system suited to a limited monarchy if it had had responsible cabinet government. But the cabinet, while chosen by the diet, was not responsible. If the privy treasurer had stolen the revenues, an investigation by the diet could be ended instantaneously by the *liberum veto*,



and there were always corrupt personages to exercise it.

But it was not for want of "Rules of Order" printed entirely in the aspirated consonants that Poland fell. The Poles called their country a republic, and their institutions might have justified their claim if only they had understood that a republican government must be truly representative. It must represent all the people; Poland's represented a select upper class only. It was the world's most undemocratic attempt at a republic. The frailties of its institutions were a reflection of the misconception which its ruling classes entertained of the relation of government to the people.

Throughout the period of its importance as a nation Poland elected its king. Like almost all peoples habited to the monarchic idea, the Poles imagined that a king must be of the kingly caste, born to the purple. Whether he was competent to rule, whether a Pole or not, whether he understood or sympathized with the people, was not so important. Because of a dread of building up too great a power in the reigning family, there appeared repeatedly a positive prejudice against allowing the succession to remain in the direct line. So Poland was found constantly shopping about the courts of Europe for an amiable prince willing to wear its crown on terms which involved the sacrifice of his self-respect. The king was the merest figurehead; the nobility ruled. And never was there a class in any state more devoted to liberty—strictly for its own use—than this Polish aristocracy. Never a caste more determined to have no real power above or no real freedom below.

Members of this class might do honest work in agriculture; never in industry, trade, finance. The peasants were too poor and ignorant to dream of themselves as real partners in the nation. Their backs burned and bled under the burden of the turbulent nobility and its sport of everlastingly quarreling with itself. Some of the kings, indeed, in despair of ever getting on with the nobles, bethought

themselves of that stratagem of the old British monarchs, who enlisted the peasants on their side, and united king and people against the barons; but in Poland the nobility always managed to frustrate such efforts. So treasonable a project on the king's part was sure sign that if he were not driven to abandon it, he would at least be succeeded by a king weak and acquiescent enough to undo whatever he had accomplished.

When a king died and a successor was to be chosen, there was a great scramble among the princely families of neighboring states for the advantage of providing a sprig of royalty to wear the crown. Austria, France, Russia, Saxony, Germany, Sweden, Hungary, and Bohemia were constantly intriguing for the Polish scepter. Austria was peculiarly successful in marrying its princesses to Polish kings. This continual plotting for the throne inevitably inspired the idea of partitioning Poland.

In the long interregnums between the demise of a king and the election of a successor, other nations, espousing the cause of this or that aspirant, often sent armed forces to support the factions with which they were intriguing. The country was thus kept in a demoralization that made the constant foreign wars almost a relief because for the time they compelled a certain cohesion and coöperation.

We may stratify the Polish people roughly into four social layers: at the top, the impotent king and his gorgeous, profligate court; next, the small group of rich and really powerful nobles who owned the land, maintained as many armed retainers as they could, and ruled in their several castellans and palatinates; next, the minor nobility, or *szlachta*, who owned little or no land, but were none the less proud of their rank and privileges as nobles; and underneath all this the peasantry free and the bond, but the freeman tending constantly toward the level of the lower class.

These classes constituted the Polish people. They did not include any industrial or merchant classes; these were in-

troduced from the outside, and were mainly Germans and Hebrews. These were never considered a part of the Polish community; they were in it, not of it. The Germans were long ruled in a curious extraterritorial fashion under the *lex Magdeburgicum*. Aliens in race, denied political participation, socially despised, these outlanders became largely the burghers of the towns, the merchants.

Finally, there were the religious divisions among the people: Jews and Gentiles, Tatars and Teutons, Turks and Slavs, Protestants and Catholics and Greek orthodox. Lithuania was largely disposed toward the Greek Church. Roman Catholic and Lutheran reform forces struggled for domination, the Catholic power asserting itself. The kings were latterly sworn to enforce religious toleration, but the oath meant chiefly that the nobles were denying the king power to exercise an intolerance that they themselves displayed with the greatest ardor.

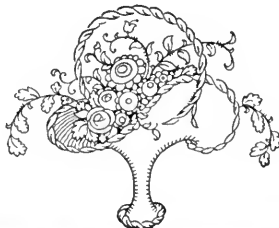
The differences of language were accentuated as a national weakness by the fact that the ruling class of Poles were never very loyal to their native tongue. They cultivated Latin as the language of literature and government long after it had been generally abandoned in more Western countries, and they dropped from it into French and Italian as the tongues of culture and elegance. Thus while other north-of-Europe peoples were perfecting their native languages, the Poles were dissipating that most potent of all national ties, a common and beloved tongue. Here one of the greatest opportunities of Slavonic leadership was lost.

The various strata and parts of the Polish people never became acquainted with

one another. The superior classes did not take any interest in the peasantry, but regarded themselves as the nation, and the peasantry as if they might have been an inferior order of beings. Nobility and peasantry alike looked upon the Germans and the Jews, who were willing to submit to the degradation of trade and industry, as mere outlanders.

When the era of discovery and of widening vision came, Poland was lost from the main-traveled highways of the world. There had been a time when a great commerce between far East and West passed in considerable part through Poland, but the Tatar irruptions closed the northern caravan routes, and the fall of Constantinople clogged the more southerly. This had a large part in cutting off the commercial classes of Poland from intimacy with the progressive communities to the west. The exclusive classes in Poland did, indeed, continue relations with the West, but they were the relations of a sycophantic social class rather than of the virile, enterprising body of the nation. The discovery of America and of the ocean routes to the east left Poland off the revised map of the world, and the country, too late, was thrown back on its own scant resources of capacity for modernistic development.

If Poland in the era of chivalry could have been blessed with more isolation, more chance to develop a phase of that fine, individualizing provincialism that England produced, and if later Poland could have established its touch with the awakening world, there might have been a different and a happier story of the nation. But Poland was cosmopolitan too early and provincial too late.



## Scenes in Poland



Photograph by Harris & Ewing

One of the most interesting views of the Cracow Cathedral,  
Poland's Westminster Abbey, showing how the  
building has grown century by century



Photograph by Harris & Ewing

The Clock Tower, Cracow



Photograph by Harris & Ewing

The Castle, Marienburg

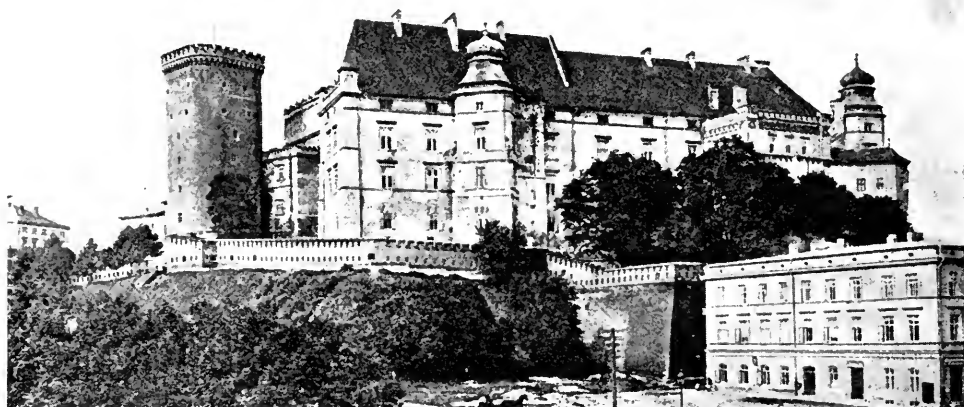


Photograph by Harris & Ewing

The Florian Gate in the old city wall of Cracow, the best preserved  
of the gates to the ancient city



A slope of the Carpathians near Cracow



The Old Royal Castle, Cracow



Building of the Fine Arts Society, Cracow



John Sobieski, soldier-king of Poland, who by defeating the Turks before Vienna saved Europe from them

From the painting by Rembrandt





“‘A monster,’ Jaffray whispered tremulously”

## The Best Bait for Mosquitos

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Author of “The Great Discovery,” etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

**J**AFFRAY BROWN was fishing the Dead Diamond, with results so far a little discouraging. It was a fascinating stream to fish. A flat, wild valley between two dark ranges was its bed, over which the amber water meandered lazily, now looping from slope to slope, now returning on its course in U's and S's upon the floor of the forest. At each sharp turn a little spit of white sand ran out from the alders, and beyond each spit, at the elbow of the curve, was a dark, still pool, in the shadows of which trout lurked, and flashed now and then at a white miller on the surface.

But only the little fellows rose to Jaffray's flies, and they took hold with such a doubtful grip that only three or four times the line had tightened at the strike, and a fish come swinging and plunging

into the net. In between the sand-spits it was alder-swamp and cedar-tangle. Hot, sweaty, his face atickle with the brush of leaves, and smarting with their sting, he was pushing through irritably, jerking his rod, when the line caught, and kicking at the tussocks that wound about his feet, “Let go, you dirty parasite, you!” he hissed at a brier that snarled around his arm; and “Confound you,” he snapped at a larch that prodded his chin. When he burst from the woods and slid panting on a sloping rock above the water, his nerves were all aquiver.

“I've got to calm down,” he thought. “The doctor said ‘no excitement,’ and here I am as stirred up as if it were election day.”

Plucking a few wisps of leaves from the reel, he examined his leader. The second



fly had snapped off in the last encounter with the brush. He put on another ruefully.

"The trouble with me," he soliloquized, "is that I don't get the right wrist motion. Jim took twenty from this stretch yesterday. I guess what they say about my politics applies to my fishing. • I don't know the game." His mind ran back to the fight for city betterment. "I might have known old Calkins would balk when it came to draining *his* marshes. What does he care if his workmen get the malaria! He thinks malaria is a gift of God."

A white moth eddied past his head, settled upon the noiseless current, was swirled into rough water below, and disappeared in a little curl of foam. "Any old bug catches them," he murmured, "except my flies." Stepping carefully behind the alders on the sand-spit, he peered through their branches down upon a pool full of black spruce shadows, and overhung by a steep and mossy bank. A frog sprang from the rushes beneath him, plumped into the pool, and swam manfully across its shadowed surface. A flash from the bottom, a rising shape, a broad and curving shoulder, and with an echoing splash he disappeared.

"A monster," Jaffray whispered tremulously, and cast his flies across the dimpling surface. A flash, a tug! He struck at empty water. Again he cast, and let the hooks sink till the ripples died away. As he drew in the line, a shape followed it slowly, then whisked back into darkness.

"That ends it," said Jaffray, mournfully. "He 's too keen for me. A big, obvious bullfrog he swallows without looking; but when I play fair, and use a fly so as to give him a chance, I don't get even the opportunity of losing him. I wish I had some dynamite." He sat down beneath the alders and mopped his brows. "Now, if I 'd only let the ditching go to the city-hall crowd, they 'd have taken *that* bait. But principles, civic honesty, public good! They looked at them and went back home, like that trout."

Something was moving through the ce-

dars of the farther bank. He heard soft footfalls and the creak of bending boughs. "A deer," he thought, and stepped behind the alder screen. A cedar at the pool end waved violently, and through the thick brush around it a gaitered foot came wriggling blindly, felt firm earth, and was followed by a khaki leg, a hunting-jacket, and a red and sweaty face. As the foot descended, another frog leaped from its impact, cut through the pool, and was swallowed in an even mightier splash. Face, body, and foot withdrew quickly into the herbage.

After an instant a hairy hand came pawing slowly through the leaves, hovered a moment, then descended with a sweep. In its fingers, as it rose, a frog sprawled limply. There was a tense pause; then out from above the cedars a light line swung the frog in a curve which ended over the black depths of the pool. A moment's skittering on the surface, a swirl, a whip of the tautened line, then the bushes burst, and the fisherman with bent rod and whining reel sprang knee-deep into the open water.

"You 've got him!" Jaffray yelled, and ran down on his sand-spit.

"I 've got him," the other said calmly, playing his fish up and down through the wavering shadows. Twice it made for the rapids below, and was snubbed; once it fought its way to the stumps and root arms of the overhanging banks; then it sulked till Jaffray dislodged it with a stone; and at last, rolling and feebly darting, came home to the net. "He 's safe," cried the fisherman.

Jaffray stepped upon a tussock to get a better view.

"Yes, he 's a beauty," he said a little coldly. "But—"

The fisherman smiled as he dropped the fish into his basket. "But you wish you 'd done the catching. Say, were n't you here first? I thought I heard somebody."

Jaffray blushed.

"I got him to rise, but I could n't hook him," he murmured. "I 'm using flies," he added politely.

His politeness was wasted.

"So would I, so would I," said the stranger, "if they 'd bite 'em. But that fellow wanted a frog, and I gave him one. Say, rub your hands around under that tussock and I 'll bet you 'll find a big fellow. Put your hook through his lips and let him sink about a foot. You 're sure to get a fish from that bit up ahead there. They are n't taking flies to-day."

Jaffray hesitated.

"I—I don't use bait for trout," he said with some embarrassment. "I like to get them on flies or not at all."

The hairy man on the other bank leaned his rod against a cedar and sat down on a flat rock.

"Say, that 's interesting," he said. "What 's your idea? I 've heard of fellows that feel that way about fishing, but I never ran into one before. Have a cigar? I guess I can throw it across. What you got against bait?"

Jaffray was painfully aware of the mere handful of trout in his creel. He caught the cigar, lit it, and sought refuge in similes.

"Why, it 's like golf or any other game," he answered, puffing. "A game 's got to have its rules in order to be a game, has n't it? In golf you don't pick your ball out of a hole, do you? You hit it out; that is, if you play fair. And you don't take any muddy little worm or bug—or frog that comes along, and *feed* your trout; you tempt him with something that is n't like his food, that he has to be cajoled into taking. That is," he ended somewhat pedantically, "you make rules for your game, and then you follow them."

The hairy man stretched out on his rock. "But look here, mister, it 's trout you 're after, ain't it? Well, suppose they don't want your flies; you lose your fish, don't you? Don't you, now?"

Jaffray grew heated.

"But I don't *want* my fish if I can't catch him according to the rules of the game." He waved his cigar toward the water. "Why not dynamite your old pool, and be done with it? That 's where *your* logic leads."

The man on the other side chuckled.

"I did once," he said reminiscently. "But I can't run fast enough now for that. Just the same, if fish is what I was after, I would n't let any rules stop *me* from gettin' 'em. They 're not *my* rules." He paused to let his words sink in. "I ain't been in politics for thirty years without learnin' that the way to get what you want is to get it."

"If it comes to that," Jaffray responded angrily, "you might as well say, if you 're a politician, 'Votes are what I 'm after, and I 'll get them any way they can be got.'"

"Are you in politics?" the hairy man asked sharply.

Jaffray flushed.

"N-no, not in practical politics," he answered a little bitterly.

"Well, politics," his neighbor commented, "ain't so very different from fishing." He picked the big fish from the basket and ran his fingers over its smooth skin caressingly. "Ain't he a beauty? But what I don't see is, why not give the fish what they *want*, instead of what you think is good for 'em?" He glanced quizzically across the shadowed water, and rolled his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other.

"It 's overcoming difficulties that makes a game good sport," said Jaffray, thoughtfully. "I have to choose my flies to suit varying conditions. I have to cast just right. I have to strike as the fish rises. It 's better to catch a fish that way—when he 's had his chance—than to lug him in with a piece of meat. It 's better sport."

"My idea of sport is getting fish," said his opponent, doggedly.

Jaffray lost his temper.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "You could buy your fish for half what it costs you to come here. It 's the game that you come for, and playing fair and keeping to rules is what makes the game. If you can't see the moral side, at least you can see there 's more *fun* in my method. It 's more fun to catch trout in a hard way than in an easy way, is n't it? And it 's the fun that you are after. You 're like"—he gesticu-



"The fisherman with bent rod and whining reel sprang knee-deep into the open water"

lated for a comparison—"you 're like a fellow in my home town who has been in on every piece of graft as long as I can remember. Licked me last month, but that 's not why I 'm mentioning him. He 's got plenty of money. He 's in politics just for the fun of the thing. But what he gets is not fun, but more money. Now, if he were a real sport, he 'd fight on the other side."

The hairy man glanced at him keenly.

"Whad d' ye mean—'other side'?" he asked. "I don't see the fun in gettin' licked."

Jaffray forgot about fishing.

"I 'll show you," he said expansively. "A crowd of us started in last year to clean up the marshes in our town. We got statistics to prove that if we could get rid of mosquitos, the city would save enough in increased value of real estate to pay the cost five times over. Well, things were coming our way. All we needed was a few more votes in the board of aldermen so as to be able to condemn a strip of marsh belonging to a tight-wad old manufacturer who would n't drain his lands. If we had won there, we would



"It was hot with the clinging heat of forest undergrowths"

have gone after the railroad, which owns more marsh than all the rest put together, and got them, too—cleaned up the whole town, and increased the health rate ten per cent. Well, in steps Donergan. 'What do I get out of it?' he asks. 'A good town to live in,' the boys tell him. 'I said, what do *I* get out of it?' he answers, and slaps his pockets.

"When I heard about it, I decided to ram the statistics into the aldermen's thick heads, and let Donergan go hang. Well, sir, before I got to the city hall, he had bought every man jack of the doubtful ones—contracts, law business, coal orders, that sort of thing you know. The vote went dead against us, and that 's the end of the mosquito campaign."

"Licked you, did he?" the fisherman commented. "Well, mebbe *that* was what he wanted." He chuckled.

"It certainly was n't money he was after," Jaffray acknowledged. "But anyway you look at it, he made a mistake."

"In fightin' you?"

"No," said Jaffray, "in spoiling the fight. If he had known real sport when he saw it, he would have come in with us."

The fisherman rose and picked up his rod. "Does your friend Donergan fish with bait?" he asked, yawning.

"No friend of mine," cried Jaffray, warmly. "I 've never seen him, though I know him by reputation well enough. But I 'll bet he does, and catches his meat in two minutes when he might have had an hour's fun trying to hook a trout. You 're like him."

"I guess I am," the hairy man remarked reflectively. "I guess I am, though I never thought of it that way before." He swung on his creel, and threw his cigar into the rapids. "But just the same, if the trout won't bite on flies, why even a 'real sport' has to use a frog ain't he? Say, if you 'd only tried bait on them aldermen—the job of suing the railroad for instance!" • Before Jaffray could answer, "Well, so long," he called, and pushed into the forest cover.

Jaffray disentangled his rod from the alders, and moved on in the opposite direction. The stream visibly curved to the right below the next rapids.

"He 's stirred up every pool for a quarter of a mile with his confounded bait. I 'll cut across the bend," he thought. "I wonder who the old chap is. Looks like a corporation president, talks like a policeman. Gad! I wish I 'd gotten that trout!"

Leaving the stream-side, he stepped back into the tangled jungle. Myriads of gnats

rose from the soggy ground and tortured him. It was hot with the clinging heat of forest undergrowths. Raspberry-vines caught his ankles; birch-shoots whipped his face; and when he tried to drive head first through the network of branches, clammy spider-webs wreathed his forehead, and bark fragments worked down the back of his neck. After ten minutes' going, he sank upon a fallen tree, exhausted. But he set his jaw, and plunged again into the tangle. In the gloom ahead the river was gurgling. He made for it. The cedars gave place to balsam and firmer footing. He tiptoed over the needles, and, pulling aside a branch, saw a long, brown pool, foam flecked, lying in the dappled shadow. Half-way down beside a rock over which the amber current slid without rippling were three brown shapes.

A melancholy foreboding warned him

lay there waiting, watching the flow of the current. Only a fin flicker now and then showed life. A white miller fluttered upon the current above them. They did not stir. A sodden pine-cone came bumping along the bottom. In a flash they were upon it; then swung back dis-



"Jaffray, crouching rigid and helpless, stared at the apparition with horrid fascination"

that in the drowsy repose of mid-morning they would not take a fly. Nevertheless, he crawled noiselessly upstream above them, and drifted his line down the current. Three times his flies came upstream through the broken water. Never a rise. He put down his rod and crawled back through the balsams. The wise old trout

gusted. "They want bait," said Jaffray, sadly—"bait, meat!"

As he crawled back through the balsams he heard the sound of faintly rippling water not far away on his left. A stream must enter the river there. He saw in imagination a grassy estuary, and frogs, fat, green frogs, sitting ready to hand in the shallow water. Temptation smote him. How ridiculous to go hungry

for a convention, a mere scruple! And yet a curious reluctance held him back from the stream and its frogs. "I *hate* compromise," he said nervously. "I said I 'd never use bait, and I won't, unless I 'm starving."

He found his rod and cast again. The flies came back as unmolested as the spruce-needles that floated beside them. His hunger increased. "Obstinacy," he murmured, "sheer obstinacy. I lost those aldermen; and here I am again, losing my trout. All those fellows wanted was the right kind of bait. Donergan gave it to them; I did n't. I might have got them if I 'd offered a chance to fight the railroad. I might have gotten Donergan. Why could n't I see that!" The river, the hidden trout, the frogs waiting in their pool, became symbolic of his struggle with politics. "Was I honest or was I obstinate?" With sudden clairvoyance he saw that there *was* a question there. His brow wrinkled in thought. A chicka-

dee scolded him from a spruce-branch unheard.

"The certain thing," he said aloud and bitterly, "is that I lost—lost the fight, lost my chance to help the town. That seems to prove that the no-bait theory won't work, does n't it? Let 's be practical for once," he murmured hastily. "Confound it! I 'm going to get a frog!"

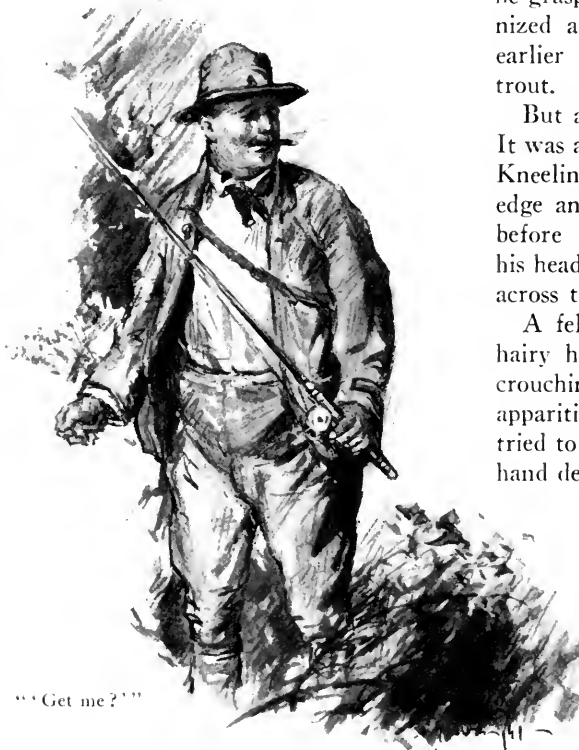
The noise of running water grew louder as he worked his way through the thicket. If a tributary, the stream was a large one. Perhaps there would be no frogs. He laughed at this possible ending of his moral crisis. Or perhaps, if there were frogs, the trout would not touch them. Suddenly he found himself at the edge of a murmurous pool as wide and deep as the one he had left behind him. Below he could see the pellucid curl of rapids. It was not a stream; it was a river. And the water was running the wrong way! The truth flashed upon him. He was at the neck of a horseshoe curve. This was his own river. And indeed, as he grasped his location, he saw and recognized a jagged quartz rock from which earlier that morning he had hooked a trout.

But a movement nearer caught his eye. It was a fine, fat frog stirring in the reeds. Kneeling, he crept softly to the water's edge and raised one grasping hand. But before it fell, something swished above his head, and a sudden wave of the bushes across the stream caught his eye.

A felt hat emerged from the alders, a hairy hand, a humid forehead. Jaffray, crouching rigid and helpless, stared at the apparition with horrid fascination. He tried to rise with dignity, but sank on one hand deeper into the mud.

"I thought I 'd try—some bait." He paused, stammering.

"Why, hello," said the hairy man. He also seemed embarrassed. "After a frog, are you? Well, it 's the way to catch 'em." He coughed and hesitated, then with a vicious twist jerked his line free from an overhanging balsam. A



"Get me?"

Parmacheenee Belle looped with two flies of darker hue dropped upon the dimpling water. "I 'm tryin' flies." He laughed shamefacedly. "I—I ain't catchin' many, but, say, the fun *is* in tryin' to get 'em. Only, golwash it! I ain't got but one!"

His confession seemed to ease him.

"Say," he cried affably, "come across on the rocks up there and have some lunch with me. My name 's Donergan; yes, *Donergan!* I want to talk about the best bait for mosquitos. Get me? Well, come along. Mebbe you and I against the railroad can start somethin' yet."



## Warburg, the Revolutionist

By HAROLD KELLOCK

Author of "Mr. Hobby"

**PAUL M. WARBURG** is probably the mildest-mannered man that ever personally conducted a revolution. It was a bloodless revolution; he did not attempt to rouse the populace to arms. He stepped forth armed simply with an idea. And he conquered. That is the amazing thing. A shy, sensitive man, he imposed his idea on a nation of a hundred million people.

Visitors to Mr. Warburg's office in the Treasury Building at Washington find a short, slight man of forty-five who looks younger. His features are finely graved and aristocratic. His manners indicate the distinction of generations of gentle breeding, and this, combined with his extreme reticence, leads some who meet him for the first time to think him a snob, while others, with axes to grind, assume him to be a pliable person who can be bent to their purposes. But even very obtuse persons, after they have talked with him a few minutes, realize that either of these assumptions is wide of the mark. Beneath his reserve lies a kindly tolerance and humor, and behind his suavity he is as firm in purpose as one of the huge, granite pillars in front of the Treasury Building. At the time Mr. Warburg became a member of the Reserve Board, a prominent New York financier remarked:

"Paul Warburg is so gentle-mannered and amiable that some persons think he may easily be led. But if he knows he is right, he 's as hard to move as the great pyramid. You see, I 've tried."

Mr. Warburg does not look like an agitator and a revolutionist, but he played that rôle for nearly seven years. Having perceived that our national banking laws were barbaric and obsolete, single-handed, he set out to bring about a radical constructive change. To accomplish this he had to educate business men and publicists and legislators to his ideas, to transform entirely the point of view of Congress toward financial legislation. When he began his crusade he was a recent immigrant from Germany; he spoke the language imperfectly, and he could not write idiomatic English. Despite these handicaps and his natural shyness, he set to work to deliver his message. He taught himself to write, and turned out newspaper and magazine articles and pamphlets. He fought down his loathing of speaking in public, and made many speeches. He went out and met and converted all sorts and conditions of men. The passage of the Federal Reserve Act, concededly one of the most important constructive statutes put forth by Congress in the last half-century, made his

revolutionary ideas the law of the land. There is no doubt that without Mr. Warburg there would have been no Federal Reserve Act. Congress probably would have passed some currency-reform measure giving the national banks greater freedom to issue notes. But until Mr. Warburg injected his ideas into the sporadic discussions of what was called currency reform, there was no evidence in Congress or anywhere else of a real plan to reconstruct our chaotic financial system.

When the Federal Reserve Act was passed in December, 1913, many men were mentioned as sharing in the honor of putting forward such a constructive law. The Democratic organs called it the Christmas present of the Democratic party to the American people. The Republican newspapers attributed the best features of the new law to the work of the Aldrich Monetary Commission. As a matter of fact, the commission had obtained its fundamental principles from Mr. Warburg, and the Democratic leaders were as deeply in his debt. But Mr. Warburg's name was not mentioned in the newspapers. Somehow he had contrived to remain unheralded.

It is related that when President Wilson made public his nominations for the Federal Reserve Board in the spring of 1914, a newspaper editor in a large city in the middle West called up the president of the biggest local bank.

"We've just got a flash from Washington that a man named Paul M. Warburg is slated for the Reserve Board," said the editor. "Who is he?"

"He's the best-informed banker in the United States," replied the president.

It was a curious series of accidents and opportunities that made Paul M. Warburg a sort of evangelist of banking reform in the United States. It was more by accident than by design that he became an American citizen. At the time President Wilson signed the Reserve Bill Mr. Warburg had been naturalized about two years.

Washington was President of the

United States when Mr. Warburg's great-grandfather founded the banking house of Warburg & Warburg in Hamburg, Germany. Before that date the Warburgs had figured prominently in the commerce of Hamburg. The banking house has always been strictly a family business. None but a Warburg has been eligible for it, but all Warburgs have been born into it. So when Paul M. Warburg was born, he was prospectively a partner in the firm. He entered it at the age of twenty-five, and retained his membership until the day the Senate confirmed his appointment to the Reserve Board. Of his three brothers, one is now head of the Hamburg firm and one of the financial advisers of the German Government; another is a member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company in New York; a third is a professor of art in Germany.

The House of Warburg housed no second or third generation drones, had room for no purely ornamental members. On the contrary, a Warburg was prepared for his life's work by a peculiarly arduous training, which included the acquirement of a first-hand knowledge of the principal banking systems of the world and of the business of banking in all its branches. Thus when Mr. Warburg was graduated from the gymnasium at the age of eighteen, he immediately went into the commercial business, in order to become familiar with Hamburg's over-sea trade, which is the foundation of her banking structure. After two years of this initiation he entered the family banking house to learn the rudiments of banking. This, however, was merely the groundwork of his training. He was next sent to England, where he stayed two years in a banking and discount firm and two months in the office of a stock-broker. Then he went to France and obtained a practical banking training there. A year at Hamburg followed, and finally a trip of study to India, China, and Japan, and home by way of the United States, where he paid his first brief visit in 1893. After he reached Hamburg he became a member of the firm.



His studies to become a banker had covered a period of seven years. He had been trained for his career with scientific care, just as we train a surgeon or a civil engineer. Had half a dozen of our bankers of the past generation been put through a preliminary course of instruction half as thorough as Mr. Warburg's, the banking system probably would have been reformed long before 1913. But most American bankers, like Topsy, "jest sort of growed."

In 1895 Mr. Warburg married the daughter of the late Solomon Loeb of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, New York. Thereafter he visited the United States every year. The illness of his wife's parents and their desire to have their daughter near them impelled him to move to New York in 1902. He became a member of his father-in-law's banking firm. At the time of his immigration Mr. Warburg had not seriously contemplated becoming a citizen of the United States. In his own country he had enjoyed honor and position. He was a member of the local legislative body. He served on the *Haendelsgericht*, a court of arbitration and general law in connection with mercantile affairs. In his habits of thought, as well as in his social and business interests, he was essentially a German.

His training was not exceptional in Germany. It was a natural incident of the Teutonic system. The German banking structure, like the German army, had been systematized to the highest point of efficiency. The banks were closely woven together in a coöperative machinery strongly centralized on a national basis and adapted to the shifting needs of trade. In this country the young immigrant was shocked to discover that we had no co-operative banking system whatsoever. In Germany temporary investments, through the medium of bills of exchange, were as easily mobilized as the army. In this country we had no bills of exchange, and temporary investments, represented by the promissory note alone, were absolutely immobile.

As soon as he arrived here, Mr. War-

burg was initiated into one of our periodical intervals of financial depression, when call money went up to twenty-five and even a hundred per cent. The disturbing phenomenon amazed and interested him.

"I was not here for three weeks before I was trying to explain to myself the roots of the evil," he said recently. He wrote an article on the subject, which he showed to a few friends, and then locked away in his desk. "I did not want to be one of those who try to inform and educate the country after they have been here for a month or so."

At that time Mr. Warburg had enough problems of his own to solve without attempting those of the nation. He had to master the intricacies of our railroad business, the financing of the big industrial combinations that were coming into being, and a thousand details of the banking business as conducted in a period of boom and high prices and rapid expansion. For four years he was very busy making a name for himself in the American banking world, particularly as an authority on foreign business, and making much money for his firm, and for four years his revolutionary paper lay quietly in his desk. But his ideas on the necessity for a reorganization of our banking system had ripened and gathered force. His message was ready, and awaited only the chance to burst out.

The stimulus came at a little gathering of bankers and economists at the home of Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia University shortly before the beginning of the panic of 1907. Events were rapidly shaping toward the crash, and naturally the talk turned on the ominous financial outlook. When Mr. Warburg spoke, all other opinions suddenly seemed superficial.

"You ought to write. You ought to publish," exclaimed Professor Seligman.

"Impossible. I can't write English yet—not well enough for publication."

"The English can be arranged. It's your duty to get your ideas before the country," urged the professor.

Shortly after this "The New York

Times" asked Mr. Warburg for an article, to be used in its annual review, dealing with financial conditions. So he exhumed his old paper, brought it up to date, had a friend help him with the English, and sent the essay to the paper. It bore the title, "Defects and Needs of Our Banking System." This was the beginning of his crusade.

It is a curious criticism of our legislators and our bankers that though the necessity for reforms in our financial structure had been discussed for upward of fifty years, no one had apparently got to "the roots of the evil" before young Mr. Warburg. Our legislators were timid about tackling banking and currency legislation, because few of them knew anything about such matters, and because, in that *terra incognita* lurked the central bank bogey that had existed since Andrew Jackson's time. Moreover, it was the fashion for Congress to devote most of its energies to the tariff, now marking the schedules a bit higher and now a bit lower, as administrations changed. The larger figures in our banking world had been, at the worst, speculators rather than bankers, and at the best, promoters and business organizers. Virtually none of our bankers had been trained to think out constructive banking problems on a national scale.

Financially we were like a community periodically stricken with plague, in which medical science was represented by quacks and poorly trained doctors. Our plagues were panics. Our quacks usually prescribed large doses of fiat money, and our physicians talked about a more elastic note issue, which usually meant giving commercial banks additional power to issue notes against their assets. Mr. Warburg saw at once that the note-issuing remedy was about as effective as a proposition to cure smallpox with a powder puff. One of the first things he pointed out was that currency reform, which we had been solemnly discussing for many years as the sovereign remedy for our ills, was no remedy at all.

What we needed were two things: first,

a coöperative banking system that would assure centralization of reserve, and, second, a new kind of negotiable commercial paper that would assure the mobilization of our temporary investments. In the half-century of discussion none of our legislators or bankers or college professors had brought out these two vital points; or if one had, he had been choked and forgotten.

Mr. Warburg pointed out that we were the only civilized nation which had not adopted a centralized banking system. We had 22,000 separate and competing banks, of which 6500 could issue notes. Whenever danger threatened, each of these banks began to hoard gold and try to protect itself. It was a case of each for himself and the devil take the hindmost; and of course the devil made the most of this disorganization. Free competition, which in industry has given us the sweatshop, child labor, underpaid workers, and scamped products, in finance made for overspeculation and panics and periods of general insolvency. Our banking organization had advanced about as far as European banking in the time of the Medicis.

As for our commercial paper, that suggested an even greater antiquity. Mr. Warburg, in his travels, had seen bricks of the time of Hammurabi, the Babylonian monarch, evidencing the sale of a crop and similar transactions. For purposes of negotiation, Mr. Warburg was inclined to think these bricks no clumsier or less adequate than the American promissory note. In fact, the Babylonian might sell one of his bricks, but an American bank could not realize on its discounted paper. In Europe the promissory note was a thing of the past. In its place had come the bill of exchange, a doubly endorsed negotiable paper. Legitimate industry could always secure money for such bills. The commercial banks accepting them could always have them rediscounted by the central banks of issue. There was always a ready market for them, as for stocks and bonds, and in times of business expansion their number increased natu-

rally with the needs of trade. In the United States, in periods of business expansion, promissory notes crammed the vaults of our banks, a dead weight. To get additional cash to meet the greater current need, the banks were compelled to withdraw their call loans on the stock exchanges, thus causing shares to be flung on the market, with a consequent instability and shrinkage of values. Under our system, prosperity was a menace to itself.

These were, in general, Mr. Warburg's principal points. Naturally his revolutionary proposals caused a sensation among persons interested in banking and economics. Following on "The Times" article came an invitation to lecture at Columbia University on "American and European Banking Methods and Bank Legislation." Mr. Warburg was unutterably shocked at the idea of speaking in public. He declined. But the emissaries of the university persisted, and his message clamored to be heard. In the end he went to Columbia. By this time the panic had come, and with it a revival of interest in reforming our banking system, though we still called it "currency reform." Our wretchedly insolvent condition pointed a moral for Mr. Warburg, because Europe, under a similar stress of affairs, retained its balance through centralized banking systems founded on commercial needs.

After the Columbia speech the young propagandist was broken to the campaign. We find him speaking at a meeting of the American Economic Society at Atlantic City, where some leading economists opposed his ideas, and the lucidity of his logic overwhelmed objectors; addressing the Academy of Political Science at a national meeting held to discuss currency reform; giving his views at conferences of business men, at dinners, at a luncheon where he impressed with his ideas former President Roosevelt.

Mr. Warburg's crusade had opened to him a great field of public service, and this was the deciding factor that impelled him to become a citizen. "I felt that I had a distinct duty to perform here," he

explained recently. So in 1908 he took out his first papers. Three years later he was naturalized.

Meanwhile the National Monetary Commission had been formed in Congress to prepare a plan of legislation. The commission was composed of eighteen members, chosen equally from the Senate and the House, and its percentage of financial experts was extremely small. Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, its chairman, was a veteran of financial legislation, but at the time the commission was formed he was still trying to solve our problems by tinkering with bills to increase the note issue.

So the commission started out with the old-fashioned currency-reform ideas. Some meetings were held. Some experts were consulted. Then some one suggested that a young New York banker named Warburg had some interesting ideas about currency reform. The unsuspecting commission summoned young Mr. Warburg. The commission consulted him not once, but many times. Concerning his relations with the commission he is extremely reticent, but we know that in 1908, just after he decided to become a citizen, Mr. Warburg had drawn up a bill outlining a basis of reform, and this became essentially the basis of the Aldrich-Vreeland Bill. Somehow, between the time Mr. Warburg first came to the commission and the time a report was made to Congress the commission had been revolutionized. The old-fashioned "currency reform" ideas had gone forever.

Five years from the time Mr. Warburg had begun his single-handed crusade, his ideas were placed before Congress in the form of the Aldrich Bill. But the commission had delayed too long over its work. The Republicans in Congress were torn with internal dissensions, and the Democrats controlled the lower house. Moreover, the waning administration permitted a poorly drawn measure to be submitted. It had so many defects that it fell an easy prey to its critics, and failed of passage.

The Democratic administration, pledged to financial reform, set about the task of building up a workable law on the ruins of the old measure. But the party was also committed, in economic affairs, to the principle of decentralization and competition. Hence the party leaders proposed, instead of a central financial establishment with branches, after the pattern of the Aldrich Bill, a chain of thirty federal reserve banks, each independently serving a district. But as they developed the question, it was seen that this number must be reduced. Hence the banks were ultimately cut to twelve, and the Federal Reserve Board was added to the plan as a welding and coöperative agency. Thus the bill was reported to the Democratic caucus. The sacred principle of competition, which had been mutilated in these changes, was still nominally preserved.

As soon as Mr. Warburg learned of the abandonment of the centralization idea, he pointed out in a series of articles the weakness of the new plan. The greater the number of reserve banks, the more likelihood there was of one or more of them becoming subject to financial distress and impairing the stability of the whole machinery; the greater became the tendency to rivalry and factional squabbles between the banks. The only way to overcome these tendencies was to place in the hands of the Federal Reserve Board powers which might prove dangerous when wielded by a body subject to the vicissitudes of political change.

Despite Mr. Warburg, the Democrats persisted in their general plan, and his efforts toward a compromise by which the number of reserve banks was to be reduced from twelve to four failed. But while pounding the bill into shape the Democratic leaders were glad to consult him on details, and he made several trips to Washington. He emphasized the necessity of making the Reserve Board a long-term, non-political body and for giving it great executive powers. The board, he divined, was the crux of the whole system. It must have the broad initiative of a central bank.

In the end the Democrats made the best of their unwieldy system. In effect the Reserve Board was made supreme, and the political stigma was virtually removed by having it consist of five ten-year incumbents appointed by the President, with only the two additional ex-officio members, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency, subject to quadrennial change. In many respects the bill was an improvement over the Aldrich measure, substituting government control (vested in the Reserve Board) for control by the bankers, and making possible different discount rates in the twelve districts, to meet different conditions, instead of a uniform rate for the entire country. It was not a perfect measure, but at least it systematized our banking affairs, ended the evils of unrestricted competition, and substituted order and coöperation.

With the passage of the bill, Mr. Warburg's work was ended. "I have had the success which comes to few people," he said, "of starting an idea so that the whole country has taken it up, and it has assumed some tangible form." The result was his reward. Of appointment to the Federal Reserve Board he had not the least expectation. He was a recent immigrant, a Hebrew, a Wall Street man. Any of these things, he believed, was sufficient to bar him. When, in the spring, President Wilson asked him if he would sacrifice his personal affairs by accepting a position on the Reserve Board, he was taken completely by surprise.

Mr. Warburg's income from his private business was at this time approximately half a million dollars a year. To become a member of the Reserve Board he would have to sacrifice this for a salary of \$12,000. Those who know Mr. Warburg best declare that this sacrifice was one of the least considerations against his acceptance. The abandonment of old associates, of old business and social organizations, which he had helped to build and make successful, was the difficulty. But on the other hand there was the call of service and the chance to set an example

of patriotism to younger men in his adopted country. Incidentally the opportunity was offered to show that a Wall Street man could become a valuable public servant and to disprove "the prejudice that is rampant in this country," as he phrased it, "that a Wall Street man is a Wall Street man always, and that you have to be afraid of him." "One of the things that tempts me," he said, "is to show that a Wall Street man does deserve the country's confidence."

Many of Mr. Warburg's business friends declared he would be quixotic to accept the nomination. But Mr. Warburg referred to it as a "wonderful opportunity" that he had no right to decline.

Mr. Warburg's appointment had to be confirmed by the Senate. Within forty-eight hours of the time President Wilson named him certain senators opened a sort of guerilla warfare upon his nomination. At intervals thereafter fresh outbreaks occurred. It was intimated that Mr. Warburg was the nominee of the "money trust," that he represented "the interests"; there were hints of a Wall Street conspiracy to control the Treasury and the currency system under the new law; and, by implication at least, Mr. Warburg's personal motives and his business habits and associations were constantly assailed. Only a corporal's guard of senators indulged in these attacks, but they made a great deal of noise. They were merely a few snipers, but they effected the uproar of a battle. Newspapers took up their criticisms.

Mr. Warburg's motives had been purely those of patriotic self-sacrifice. He had been asked by President Wilson to devote to the service of his country his remarkable banking training and experience and all his energy and time. He had accepted. His sacrifice was so obvious that he could not understand this greeting of derision and scorn. If he had been born an American, he would not have taken the senators so seriously. He would have smiled over being roughly handled by the senators, just as New Yorkers

smile over rough treatment from subway guards. The average good-natured American realizes that the ill manners of certain senators and certain subway guards are fixed and immutable, so he accepts this condition as one of the jocosities of life.

But Mr. Warburg did not. He felt acutely the humiliation of his position. It is said that he remarked one day that he would give a quarter of a million dollars if he had not permitted President Wilson to nominate him.

The senators insisted that he go to Washington and submit to a quiz before the Committee on Banking and Currency. Mr. Warburg refused. He said finally that he would withdraw his name. In this crisis President Wilson used his good offices to calm the overzealous senators and to soothe Mr. Warburg's injured feelings. Also members of rival banking firms urged Mr. Warburg to reconsider his threat of withdrawal. At last he consented to appear before the committee on the understanding that he would not be asked to criticize or reveal the private affairs of his business associates.

Accordingly, Mr. Warburg went to Washington, and on August 1 and 3, 1914, was put through a sort of political third degree, conducted by the committee in executive session.

Some of the committeemen would not respect Mr. Warburg's proviso about questions concerning his partners' affairs. In fact, most of the quiz was devoted to attempts to break through this reservation. His inquisitors, however, got as much satisfaction as so many bees attempting to sting the face of the Sphinx. Mr. Warburg was extremely courteous, but absolutely firm.

"You have got to take me as an individual, free from everything, if I become a member of this board," he insisted. "If I am confirmed, I shall be as free of Kuhn, Loeb & Company as I am of any other firm. That must be my attitude in answering questions. And I should like, Mr. Chairman, that the committee understand this attitude of mine, which I think everybody must approve; because I cannot

afford to take the affairs of my partners, who are not here as nominees, as a basis for discussion."

Through all the examination Mr. Warburg never dodged or quibbled or took refuge in evasions. All questions, even the most personal, outside the forbidden ground, he answered promptly and fully. A person who did not know him might read over the minutes of the two sessions and fancy Mr. Warburg had a fairly decent time. But those who are intimate with his highly strung, sensitive nature know that every minute he was on the rack. "You will see from the papers I am doing my duty," ran a note received from him by a friend in New York at this time. "God knows it's a hard one."

As soon as the Senate confirmed Mr. Warburg's nomination, he cabled his resignation to the Hamburg banking house of which he had been a member for twenty years. Under the law he could have retained a nominal membership in the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, which is a private banking concern having no connection with the system of reserve banks, and continued virtually all his business interests. "But," he said, "I think a man who is on the Federal Reserve Board ought to be like Cæsar's wife: he ought to be above suspicion; he ought to be

without any entangling alliances." He not only severed himself completely from all business affairs, but also from the numerous charitable and social organizations in which he was interested. In effect, he stripped himself as naked of material interests as a Franciscan monk.

Then he moved to Washington.

A friend who looked him up last autumn found him a little paler, somewhat thinner. Every day he was at his desk in the Treasury Building by eight o'clock, and he seldom left it before six. His evenings were normally occupied until a late hour with conferences and the receiving of reports. He is a great lover of art and music, but such things had been swept aside. He is essentially a domestic man, but his home life had become a mere formality in the working routine. Nevertheless, except for a lurking dread of reporters and politicians, he seemed remarkably happy. He was serving his idea.

"You intend to go on this board, if you are confirmed, to represent what?" one of the senators asked, during Mr. Warburg's examination before the Senate committee.

"To represent the country and the future of the country," was his earnest reply.

He is doing just that.

## "I Heard the Nightingale in Tempe Sing"

By GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

I HEARD the nightingale in Tempe sing  
 The song divine, unheard through all my years,  
 So piercing-sweet—oh! sweet as young love's fears—  
 And triumph-sad. What other song might wring  
 Joy's very self with anguish thus, or bring  
 Such luxury of melancholy tears?  
 There were no doubts for my enraptured ears:  
 It was the dear good angel of the spring!  
 And then I thought how once my being thrilled,  
 How my numbed soul had wakened to rejoice  
 From wintry years unbroken by a sign.  
 I had not known my heart was so unfilled;  
 I had but dreamed of love. Then came a voice,  
 And I knew love; for, Love, the voice was thine!



## “Cabbages and Kings”

Recollections of great rulers and their courts

By H. R. H. THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN

Illustrated by Oliver Herford

### *Chapter III: The Czar and His People*

IT was mid-winter when I arrived for the first time in St. Petersburg, magical beneath its snow mantle, and I came as a simple tourist to see the country and to study the conditions of Russian life. I established myself in a hotel as a Spanish countess, feeling delighted that nobody knew who I actually was and reveling in the freedom of strict incognito. But I had not been in the hotel five hours before a grand master of ceremonies arrived and betrayed my secret. From that minute everybody knew that the countess was an infanta of Spain, and my liberty was gone. It is my usual experience. I arrive somewhere, believing that not a soul knows where I am, and, almost before I have taken possession of my rooms there is a whirl of the telephone bell, and somebody at the other end saying: “Eulalia, how did you get here? You must come and see us.”

The grand master of ceremonies brought me a message from the emperor and empress, telling me how delighted they were to know that they were going to see me soon, and suggesting that I should come to the Winter Palace the next morning for the Twelfth Day ceremony of the Blessing of the Waters.

“But I have nothing to wear!” I cried.

It was absolutely true. I had never expected to figure at a court ceremony, and it had not occurred to me to bring a *manteau de cour*. Etiquette, however, is less severe in Russia than in Spain or in Prussia, as I soon discovered, and the next morning I put on my smartest frock and drove to the Winter Palace, a gigantic building, painted dull red, with rows of gods and goddesses standing on the cornice of its stupendous façade, looking cold and unhappy in the nipping air.

I had not seen the empress since we were girls, staying with Queen Victoria at Windsor or in the beautiful Isle of Wight. And what a charming girl she was! A simple English girl, despite her German title, in a skirt and blouse, utterly unaffected, warm-hearted, and as fresh as a rosebud touched with dew. I was thinking of the happy, careless days when we were in England together as I drove to the palace, forgetting the change that the passage of the years makes in the friends of one's youth, and when I went into the room where the empress was waiting to watch the Blessing of the Waters from the window, I felt startled to find, instead of

the girl I used to know, a surpassingly beautiful and stately woman. The petals of the rosebud had unfolded. She was the center of a brilliant group of grand duchesses and ladies, all wearing the strange, but beautiful, dress of the Russian court, with long hanging sleeves. On her head was a *kokoshnik*, a crescent-shaped diadem, flaming with diamonds, from which fell a long white veil, and her stateliness and beauty distinguished her from all the other sumptuous figures surrounding her. A stranger who had never seen her before would have been certain that it was she, and not one of the others, who was empress.

"How good to see you again, Eulalia, after all these years!" she said, coming toward me; and she put her arms round me and kissed me.

And in that greeting I realized that the czarina had not changed. She was still the affectionate and unaffected friend I had known years before. We had a hundred questions to ask each other, but almost before we had had time to begin, we had to stop talking to attend to the imposing ceremony which was beginning on the frozen Neva.

From the window I saw that a pavilion, like an exceedingly decorative band-stand, had been erected on the ice just in front of the palace, and I watched a procession of ecclesiastics in stiff Byzantine robes and glittering miters move slowly across the road separating it from the palace, followed by the grand dukes and the emperor. The singing of the choir floated to us through the frosty air, and the empress crossed herself devoutly. She is a sincerely religious woman.

I watched the emperor standing motionless beneath the fretted and gilded canopy of the pavilion, and the thought suddenly flashed into my mind that the Russian emperors alone claim the right to govern the souls as well as the bodies of their subjects. The autocrat is a great ecclesiastical personage as well as a secular ruler, and the Russian Church depends upon him and can do nothing without his consent. I remembered that banishment to Siberia

was the punishment for those who deserted the orthodox church and refused to believe as the czar believes and to pray as the czar prays. The kings of Spain and the emperors of Austria are sons, not rulers, of the church, and I had been taught that the pope was king of kings. It seemed to me that no worse form of despotism could be conceived than the concentration in the hands of an autocratic ruler of the spiritual and temporal power, and as these thoughts crowded into my mind, there seemed to me something sinister and terrible in the ceremony I was watching, and I realized, as I had never done before, the immensity and the awfulness of the power wielded by the motionless figure beneath the gay pavilion. Nobody rejoiced more than I did when the emperor published the manifesto of April, 1905, granting his subjects religious liberty, and I realized that the stupendous claim which had made me shudder when I thought of it, as I watched the sumptuous Twelfth Day ceremony from the windows of the Winter Palace, had been renounced forever. In point of fact, Nicholas II had no desire to maintain it, and he renounced it as soon as an appropriate occasion arose.

After the picturesque ceremony which had stirred these thoughts had ended, and the archbishop had dipped a golden cross into the water running below the ice of the river, the holy water was brought into the palace to the empress, and the emperor joined us. He gave me a characteristically Russian welcome. His manner was engagingly simple and unaffected. The contrast between him and the German emperor was extraordinary. The kaiser, a constitutional monarch whose power is strictly limited, shows by his bearing and his manner, as I have indicated elsewhere, that he holds the divine right of kings to be a cardinal article of faith. When one is with the czar, it requires a certain effort of the imagination to remember that he possesses autocratic power over the lives of 160,000,000 human beings. The Russians are the most hospitable people in the world, and the emperor and empress are not excelled by any of their subjects in





"I had not been in the hotel five hours before a grand master of ceremonies arrived and betrayed my secret"

kindness and generosity to guests. They both insisted that as long as I remained in St. Petersburg I must be with them as much as possible and, in point of fact, although I slept at the hotel, I was constantly at the Winter Palace and had my part in the intimate family life of the imperial family.

When a man likes nothing better than to remain at home with his wife, it is a sure sign that he is very much in love with her. Judged by that test, there is no happier couple in Europe than the emperor and the empress of Russia. They are never more contented than when together, and it was obvious to me that the czar simply adores his wife. It would be strange if he did not, for there is not a gentler or sweeter woman in the world than the beautiful czarina. And both of them are devoted to their children. They used to make me come with them sometimes to the nursery, where the little grand duchesses used to welcome us with shrieks of delight. What games there were! People who think of the czar as a frowning despot would have been astonished to see a vigorous pillow-fight going on between him and his children. And away from the formalities of the court, closeted with her children, the czarina was always radiant

and happy. Under the spell of their prattle and of their caresses she was transformed. The smiling mother seemed a different woman to the beautiful, but grave, lady seen by the public in the ceremonies of the court.

"Do try and get the empress to smile, Eulalia," said one of the grand duchesses to me at some court function.

But that was sooner said than done. There is not a trace of artificiality in the empress's character. She seemed unable to pretend she was enjoying herself when, in point of fact, she was fatigued and bored. Moving as the central figure of a splendid pageant, I think she was always wishing the ceremony to be at an end and to find herself free to be with her children again.

The tastes of the emperor are as simple as the empress's and in curious contrast to those of most of the members of the imperial family. Neither of them likes the late supper-parties which most of their relatives indulge in. Early to bed and early to rise is my motto, and supper-parties hardly finished at two o'clock in the morning bored me unutterably. When I went to the opera with the emperor and empress, we used to take time by the forelock and sup in the second *entr'acte*, in order to be able to go straight to bed when we got

home. The ballets given at the Marinsky Theater were exceedingly beautiful, and the empress followed the movements of the dancers with evident enjoyment from the stage box. Behind the box is a charming room, and there it was that supper used to be served.

"Here is your high tea, Eulalia," the empress would say merrily, and then we sat down to a square meal of cold meat and countless cups of tea, to which I used to do ample justice, as I did not dine before going to the theater.

His love of simplicity does not, however, prevent the emperor from enjoying society. Like most Russians, he is fond of it, and his animation and vivacity at court balls was delightful and, moreover, genuine. I liked to watch him dance the mazurka, that rushing, almost violent, dance that they say only a Slav can dance to perfection. It was obvious that he enjoyed it. When supper was served, we went to a long table on a dais, set at one end of a great hall, and I discovered that the Russian court has a very charming custom which does not obtain elsewhere. The emperor and empress took their places, facing the general company, with their royal guests and other members of the imperial family to right and to left of them; but we had hardly been a minute at table before the emperor rose and went to one of the tables below the dais, where he

sat down and chatted with the people supping at it. After talking for five minutes, he went to another table to greet other guests, and then passed from group to group, sitting down at each table for a few minutes. And with the Russian instinct of hospitality, the emperor played the part of host so well that the conversation became more animated at each table he visited. The presence of some sovereigns, too careful of preserving the distance between themselves and persons who are not of the blood royal, sometimes casts a gloom on their guests.

Perhaps the emperor's obvious enjoyment of a ball was due to the fact that it is but seldom that he can allow himself relaxation. There is not a busier man in the world. I once remarked to him that I find it impossible to get through the work of the day unless I follow a definite rule, and I asked him how he divided up his time.

"I get up early," he answered, "and after a light breakfast I work until eleven. Then I take a walk and come back for luncheon at half-past twelve. After that comes the task of giving audiences to ministers and others and, when work allows it, I take a drive before tea in order to get some fresh air. Immediately after tea I am busy again with my secretaries, and work with them lasts until dinner-time."

"A strenuous day," I said.



Blessing the Neva



"The ballets given at the Marinsky Theater were beautiful"



"But that is not the end of it," he answered, smiling. "I am very often obliged to go back to work straight from the dinner-table, and sometimes it is not finished until far on into the night."

The emperor's devotion to duty is in striking contrast to the almost traditional love of pleasure displayed by the grand dukes. A foreigner might easily be led to suppose that the house of Romanoff is at heart in sympathy with democratic ideas. The lack of formality at court, the marriages between grand dukes and commoners, the presence of unlettered peasants at certain of the ceremonies of the Winter Palace, the share taken by some of the members of the imperial family in amusements accessible to anybody who has money in his pocket, their supper-parties in restaurants, and their enjoyment of the *café concerts* of the capital—all these things might deceive the stranger. To know the grand dukes and grand duchesses is to realize that they neither understand the aspirations of the democracy nor sympathize with them, for, reflecting the glory of autocracy, they are more firmly convinced than any other royal persons in Europe that a gulf divides them from the rest of mankind. And this conviction is so deep that they appear to believe that the most ordinary actions are ennobled by

the mere fact that they are performed by persons in whose veins flows the imperial blood. The life led by most of them would be unbearable to me. A perpetual round of amusements becomes in the end as wearisome as the tread-mill. How people who are not in the first flush of youth can day after day sit up until two o'clock in the morning, as too many of them do, eating unnecessary suppers and drinking champagne, I cannot understand. High tea with the emperor and empress pleased me better than late suppers with the grand dukes and grand duchesses. Indeed, when I yielded to persuasion and went out with them for an evening's amusement, my sleepiness used to divert them immensely.

"Eulalia, you're yawning," they would say.

"It is two hours past my bedtime," I would answer.

And then we laughed, and it was probably the Grand Duke Alexis who would suggest that we should all drive out to the islands and have another supper at a *café concert*. Then I would strike and go home, scolding myself for sitting up so late and marveling at the extraordinary vitality of the rest of the company, starting merrily on the long sledge drive to the islands, where they would sit by the hour in a private room overlooking the little

stage on which the unsuccessful artistes of Paris danced and sang.

Perhaps it is because I am Spanish and not Russian that I failed to see the pleasure to be derived from spending the night in frivolity, for, in point of fact, there is nothing characteristically grand-ducal in this curious craze; it is simply Russian, and Moscow merchants will spend thousands of rubles in extravagant amusements between midnight and sunrise. The grand dukes are typical Russians. They have the virtues and the failings of the typical Russian, and—I am not sure whether it is a virtue or a failing—they are, like all the Russians I have ever met, exceedingly susceptible to feminine charms. To the Russian love is everything, and in Russia women have more power to change men's lives than in any other land.

But if the majority of the members of the imperial family love extravagant amusement, there is one notable exception to the rule. The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, widow of the Grand Duke Sergé, who was assassinated by revolutionists, shares the simple tastes of her sister, the empress, and detests the empty formality of courts as much as I do. When we were girls, we saw a great deal of each other at Windsor and in the Isle of Wight, and it was a great delight to me to talk over the old days when I visited her in her palace within the fantastic battlements of the Kremlin. She was undoubtedly one of the most beautiful women in Europe, and her husband was extraordinarily handsome. Indeed, their beauty and their bearing made them the most distinguished couple at the great gathering of royal personages I met at Buckingham Palace when the Jubilee of Queen Victoria was celebrated. After the terrible death of her husband, the grand duchess devoted herself to the education of the Grand Duke Paul's motherless children, the Grand Duke Dmitri and the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, and, that task accomplished, she became a sister of charity. She has founded a convent in Moscow, where she follows a severe rule, and devotes herself to hospital work and the care of the poor,

realizing that even a princess has no excuse to shirk the responsibilities of life and to lead a useless existence.

How is it that there is such a marked difference between the tastes of the emperor and those of his uncles and cousins? The answer is not difficult to find. The emperor's love of simplicity comes from his mother, the Empress Marie, who, now that she can indulge her own tastes, lives the greater part of the year with Queen Alexandra in a small villa on the Danish coast. When I visited them there I found that they were living as simply as private persons who know nothing of the life of courts. But while recognizing the influence of his mother in the formation of the emperor's character, I like to think that something of the spirit of Peter the Great has been conserved in the imperial family, and that the love of work, the courage, and the simplicity displayed by Nicholas II are in some measure gifts from his great ancestor. One afternoon I drove out to the islands in a troika, a sledge that might have come from fairy-land, covered with glistening trappings and luxurious furs, and drawn by three horses abreast, and, on my way, I stopped to visit the little house in which Peter the Great lived when he was building his new capital. It is a tiny cottage, a mere hut, with two rooms. Nothing could be simpler or more unlike the vast Winter Palace. Yet I felt, as I left this humble abode, that the spirit of the man who was content to live in it still reigns in the splendid home of his descendant, the present emperor.

I have referred to the courage of Nicholas II, and it may surprise those who know him only by repute that I should emphasize this trait of his character. I myself had often heard that he was timorous and dreaded assassination. It was therefore a great surprise to me to find that he often walked from the palace to my hotel, with only a single aide-de-camp in attendance. Although his grandfather had been assassinated by revolutionists, he himself appeared to be absolutely fearless, and to disregard the risk he ran by walking about St. Petersburg. If precautions are taken



"Only a stern sense of duty that made him acquiesce"

to protect him now, he permits them solely because he is convinced that his life is of value to his people. Russia is his one thought. Those who do not know him often speak or write of him as cruel, tyrannical, caring for nothing but the conservation of the imperial power and wealth. That is an absolutely false estimate of his character. One has only to look into his beautiful, blue eyes, to realize that he is neither harsh nor cruel, and to understand his great tenderness. Indeed, it is his tenderness that distinguishes him from most of the sovereigns I know. His affection for his mother, his devotion to his wife and children, are the outcome of this quality, and its exercise is not confined to his domestic life. I have heard him speak on more than one occasion with the utmost feeling of persons who had been condemned to exile in Siberia. It was perfectly clear to me from the way in which he spoke of them that, had he followed the dictates of his own heart, he would have canceled the sentences and pardoned the offenders. I could see that the thought of their sufferings made him suffer himself, and that it was only a stern sense of duty that made him acquiesce in penalties.

The bulk of the czar's subjects are peasants, and he very often spoke of their life and their customs. Indeed, he displayed the keenest interest in plans to better their condition and to raise their standard of culture. Sovereigns, I have noticed, carefully eschew any reference to questions which they and their ministers are unable to solve, and it is to me significant that neither the czar nor the kaiser has ever spoken to me of the Polish question. The czar was, however, aware that the Bourbons and the great Polish family of Zamoyiski are now connected,—my cousin, Princess Caroline of Bourbon, married a Zamoyiski,—and he very delicately appointed a gentleman of that family to be in attendance on me during my stay in St. Petersburg. From intercourse with this gentleman and with other Poles I met in Russia I discovered that there is a profound difference between the Russian and the Polish character. There always remains something of the Asiatic in the Russian, but the Pole belongs to the West. He has the Slav charm and the Latin culture. I know of nothing sadder than the tragedy of Poland. That splendid race, which once saved Europe from the Turks,

has been parceled out between three empires, but neither the iron will of the German emperor nor the autocratic power of Nicholas II has succeeded in killing the Polish spirit. Small wonder that both at Berlin and St. Petersburg the subject was not broached at court.

The emperor is perfectly well aware that my sympathies are with the democracy, but naturally I never attempted to force my ideas upon him. I am able to understand that a sovereign who wields absolute power and to whom the most powerful of his ministers is obliged to yield may be necessary for Russia at the present day. I am convinced that the world will be happier, princes and people alike, when democracy has triumphed, but I realize that in a country like Russia, the bulk of whose population are unlettered, it would be foolish as well as dangerous to introduce suddenly and without preparation methods which are successful in the West. Education, and education alone, can establish the victory of democracy.

From my home in the capital of a great people, in whose motto is enshrined a profound belief in the brotherhood of mankind and the essential equality of prince and peasant, I look out over Europe and see the decay of old institutions and the movements which are slowly, but certainly, reducing those monarchs who still retain power to the position of decorative figureheads. In Norway the process is already finished, and although I confess that I was first surprised, I was immensely pleased to find, during a recent visit to King Haakon and Queen Maud, that they were simply the first among equals. I am firmly convinced that this will be the ultimate form of monarchy throughout Europe, but long years must pass before the Russian people have the culture and political knowledge which makes a simple Norwegian the equal of his sovereign. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that the man guiding the destinies of the Russian people possesses the fine qualities which distinguish Nicholas II.



"Education, and education alone, can establish the victory of democracy"



# She Who Sowed the Seed

By DEMETRA VAKA

Author of "Haremlik," "A Child of the Orient," etc.

HER house lay upon the cliffs, not as if it were built there, but as if the mighty waves of the Sea of Marmora, in a supernatural effort, had wrenched it from another shore and thrown it there. At intervals, as if regretting that they had not destroyed it utterly, the raging waves tried to dislodge it again, but never succeeded, and the house remained clinging to the cliffs, a battered and shipwrecked thing.

She had been as much a part of my childhood as the trees and the sea and the great expanse of sky above, and my intercourse with her was no more personal than it was with those elements of nature. She had always been there. As soon as I began to observe things at all, I had observed her: her tall, gaunt figure, her battered home, and the black silk *feredjé*, the quality of which spoke of better days. It was such a garment as aristocratic Turkish women wear; but it was short now, as if it had been turned and re-turned in its long wearing, and every time turned up a little more at the bottom. It showed her white-stockinged feet and her flat, black, heel-less shoes. Her veil, too, bespoke former riches. She wore it only around her head, exposing her face entirely, which was a pity, I thought, since she was neither young nor beautiful.

She led a very isolated life. No one called on her; on the street she saluted no one, and no one saluted her. No tradesman ever knocked at her door, though this may have been due to her poverty. It was said that she lived under the shadow of government supervision, and only those who are subjects of Turkey can understand the sinister import of this. What

she had done no one seemed to know, and though various stories were told about her, I never thought any of them fitted her. Because of her loneliness and the cloud over her, she captivated my imagination, and I observed her doings with as much interest as I did the coming of spring or the great summer storms.

Her large garden stretched along the sea, and this she cultivated herself; and from it she sold flowers and vegetables, which she herself brought to the market. She spread them on a bench, the price of each pinned on the article, and, with arms crossed, stood erect, proud, and disdainful, awaiting her customers. People bought her wares, and laid their pennies on her bench without greeting, without bargaining with her. Once a month she went over to Constantinople, carrying on her shoulder two bags, which hung one in front and one behind. The following day she returned, with the same bags as full as they had gone. On the days after these trips her garden was full of washed clothes, if one may call odd pieces of linen "clothes."

I conjured up various ways of speaking to her, but she looked so forbidding, so unapproachable, that years went by without my having said a word to her. It was in my ninth year that once, walking with my father, I noticed that she looked at him, and that some kind of greeting passed between them.

"Father," I cried, "somehow you have said 'How do you do' to the lonely lady."

"Men don't greet Turkish ladies," was his short reply.

I walked on in silence, thinking.

"Father," I said determinedly, "did n't you look at her as if you knew her, and did n't she return that look?"

"You are a very imaginative child, my dear."

"Father, it was n't my imagination. I have watched her all my life, and I never saw her with the same expression as when your eyes met hers."

"If you were watching her, how did you know that my eyes met hers?"

"Because there was something in hers which told me that your eyes met hers and that you greeted her."

"I should never repeat that to any one, if I were you. You will do her no good, and you may make trouble for your father."

"But you *do* know who she is, don't you?"

"In a way."

"I hope you like her, Father, because I adore her, though she is not beautiful."

"She is no longer young, remember. If I were you, I should never mention anything about her to anybody."

"Don't you like her?" I persisted.

"Yes."

"Have you ever spoken with her?"

My father pondered the question for a minute. He knew from experience that it was not safe to leave me entirely to my own imagination.

"Sometimes. Please ask no more questions. What she is, is her affair, not mine. And never mention to any one what you and I have talked about—like man to man," he ended, making the appeal he knew would have strongest weight with me.

This was as much as I learned from others about her whom I thought of as the Lady of the Cliffs. Shortly afterward an epidemic of smallpox broke out, and the people received it as the people of Turkey receive any of the great calamities. They lost whatever brain and heart God had given them. The minute a house was marked as stricken, no one went near it, and they even let the people in it die of starvation. Parents were forced to bury their own children, and women their hus-

bands. I do not know anything more horrible than the inhuman traits brought out by these epidemics in Turkey. As the disease spread, the Government took a hand in it, and the disorder grew worse, the state of panic greater. When people were reported ill, whether of smallpox or not, they were dragged from their homes, half dead, half alive, thrown into ditches, and burned with quicklime.

Of these things I heard vaguely, for we lived away up at the top of our house, barricaded against infection, in perfect isolation, with all our windows shut, no one being allowed to enter or to leave the house. We lived in a semi-fasting condition and in constant prayer. The smell of disinfectants mingled strangely with the perfume of incense; for to us, as to every one else, an epidemic of disease was an evidence of the wrath of God, and piety, more than hygiene, was necessary to combat it.

Then the disease abated, and gradually and timidly human intercourse began again. A great many people had died; others had been destroyed; and there were those left alive to whom death would have been kinder. All people wore black, and their faces still bore a frightened expression, while the tales they told were terrible. Yet in all the tales came lovingly the name of the Lady of the Cliffs. She, the solitary one, had come out of her shell and had gone from one stricken house to another, giving her help to those in need. She had sat by the bedside of the dying children, she had comforted the mothers, she had cared for the orphans, she had cleaned and cooked in homes where there was no one either to cook or to clean. All mentioned her name with gratitude.

I waited to see what difference this would make in her life. It made none. The battered house on the cliffs was as desolate as before, as solitary as ever; and I saw her again going to town, carrying her bags on her shoulder, her figure erect, her expression full of disdain, as if there had never been an epidemic and she had never played the rôle of the good angel. How I hated people for it, and how my



heart pined to show her that at least one little girl loved her and appreciated her!

A few months later came the first of May. I do not know whether it is a Christian feast or a relic of our pagan days, but on this day we all rise at dawn and go to the woods and the mountains to gather heather and wild flowers, and make garlands to adorn not only ourselves, but our houses. Lovers send garlands to their sweethearts, and people leave them at shrines.

On our return from the woods, I noticed with a thrill in my heart not only a great heap of garlands on the door-step of the solitary house on the cliffs, but pitchers of milk and tins of honey. I had a piece of chocolate in my pocket, which I had been expressly told not to eat until I had my glass of milk; but since I had not been expressly told not to lick it, I had now and then taken it out of my pocket and passed my tongue over it. The sight of the flowers, the milk, and the honey at the door of my Lady of the Cliffs so moved me that before any of the elders could realize what I was about to do, I rushed up to the shipwrecked dwelling, and placed my small offering on the window-sill, wishing with all my heart that I had not licked it so often. That night as I was finishing my prayers I begged the Christian God to tell the Mohammedan one about her, and see if something could not be done for her poverty and loneliness.

Emboldened by having enlisted so powerful an advocate in her behalf, one evening, as she was returning to her home, I ran up to her and gave her a rose.

"This because I love you," I said, "and because you were so good during the epidemic."

She accepted my rose without the slightest sign of pleasure, though she said:

"May Allah, the merciful, give you a just man and a kind one when you are a woman! But do not come near me again. You may hurt your father."

That was as near to her as I ever came in those old days, when I was small. The fear of the unknown cloud under which she lived seemed to engulf her as I grew

older, and though I thought about her a great deal, I never again attempted to approach her. Then my studies took me away from the island, and afterward I left Turkey for America. If I thought of her sometimes, it was with the feeling that once I had passed near a great secret, but had never solved it.

ON my return to Turkey from America I saw her again—saw her not in the street, not at a distance, but met her at a private house. Some Turkish friends I was visiting took me with them to visit an old *hanoum*, and *she* was there. Her face still had the far-away look I remembered, and she apparently wore the same old black *feredjé*. Even before we were introduced, I cried, "My Lady of the Cliffs!"

"You know each other?" my hostess asked, with undisguised surprise.

"She does not know me," I answered; "but I know her as I know the trees and the sea and the sky above them."

Our hostess smiled.

"She is as wonderful as they, and, like them, beneficent."

We salaamed, and I kissed her hand. I told her how much she had interested me as a child, how I had loved her, and how happy I was to meet her at last. She listened with the same indifference that she had shown when I had given her my rose. The women about us remained silent, and the oppression of restraint was upon us; but I kept on, telling her that I had even prayed for her, and that I hoped my prayers had been answered, and that the cloud under which she then had lived had been dispelled, as clouds may be. And because I felt embarrassed by the oppressive silence of the room, it seemed as if I could not leave the subject, and I begged to be permitted to go and see her when I returned to the island again.

"You may come, if you like," she replied. "Come at dusk, and break your evening bread with me. The cloud, as you call it, is always there; only with age it has lost its vitality, as all things do."

After we left the house I questioned

my friends about her. They knew little, though they expressed their surprise at finding her in a house where the husband belonged to the Government.

On my way to her house a week later, I was thinking of the various tales woven about the personality of this mysterious Lady of the Cliffs, and even as I raised her knocker I wondered why it was that any quest containing a spice of danger should have so great a fascination for me. She opened the door and bade me welcome, though not in a very welcoming way, and I must confess that I felt much like a little child entering a witch's lair by some lure she cannot withstand.

Her house had that scrupulous cleanliness which is an undeniable characteristic of the Turks. Once the door was closed, her manner changed, and with a great deal of ceremony, touched with cordiality, she offered me a seat. At once she placed on a low, common stool a wooden tray covered with a beautifully embroidered napkin. On this she placed plates of the commonest crockery, containing dried fish and olives. While eating our appetizer, we spoke only the commonplaces of casual acquaintances. Later, during supper, she asked me direct, intelligent questions about my life in America. After supper we passed into her little sitting-room, and since it had now grown dark, she lighted a very cheap, glass lamp and placed it on a low table inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The contrast between lamp and table was great. The lamp had no shade, and either to mitigate its glare or its ugliness, she placed a pot of flowers before it. It was an odd little sitting-room, expressing, it seemed to me, the efforts of the woman to supersede the hermit.

"Did you bring any work with you?" she asked me.

"No," I replied; "but do not let that keep you from working. If I can, may I not help you?"

She opened a cupboard and brought forth a large basket, in which, it seemed to me, were the identical pieces of white cloth which years ago used to fill her yard on her wash-days. Placing the basket by

the table, she placed an empty one beside it, and took her seat where the light would fall on her hands.

"You need n't bother to help me. I am going to work while you tell me stories of the New World."

Somehow I felt that these clean rags before me were a sort of introduction to the character of the woman. I remained silent, watching her. She picked up a piece, and with the dexterity acquired through long practice began to separate the warp from the woof, and place the threads in the empty basket. She worked so intently that I felt forgotten as I watched her fingers flying over the rags with machine-like rapidity. And as the cloth disintegrated beneath her fingers, I wondered if solitude and misfortune had not unbalanced her, and if this was not the form her monomania took.

"What are you doing this for?" I asked, and was aware of the fear that had crept into my voice.

"I am making absorbent cotton for the hospital of the poor. This that I make is the only absorbent cotton they have had for the last twenty-five years."

"Is that what you always carried in those bags when you used to go to town? I have seen you do it ever since I was born."

"You must have been a very precocious infant if you could remember ever since you were born." Her lips parted in a smile containing so much mirth and mischief that I cried:

"How curious! I thought you could never smile." Then she actually laughed, and so did I, and the constraint that had existed between us vanished. I leaned over and touched her hand. "Are you immortal?" I asked. "Have you lived ever since the beginning of the world, and do you personify sorrow?"

As her smile had surprised me, so now did the endearing tone in her voice as she answered:

"No, *yavroum*, I have not lived since the beginning of the world, since I am only a few years older than the Sultana of the Franks; nor should I quite say that

I represent sorrow, for Allah is merciful, Allah is great."

"Where do you find those pieces?" I asked. I felt, as I said before, that they were to introduce me to her character.

"Women take them to the hospital of the poor, and I get them from there. They make wonderfully soft absorbent cotton."

Different electric currents were flowing through my brain. I could feel the wires touching, and putting in direct communication that woman's soul and mine. Perhaps ever since I was a child, I had unconsciously been putting up the poles and stringing the wires for this moment, and now everything was in readiness. The time had come when she and I could speak to each other. My excitement was intense, and I rose from my seat and moved about the room, fearing lest the secret that had baffled me for many years, when revealed, would fall below my imaginings. In my restless march around the room, I came upon a recess in the wall where stood several bound volumes. The titles were those of Balzac's "*La comédie humaine*."

"What, you can read French!" I cried.

Her fingers stopped for a minute.

"You don't consider it a crime, do you?" she asked humorously.

"But the women of your generation did not learn French."

"No, not in their youth. I was able to read it only in 1870."

"Who are you?" I demanded. "My father knew you, I am sure, because once when you two met, your eyes bowed to each other."

Her lips parted, and what was human and delightful in her was again alive.

"You must have been a dangerous child to take about," she remarked. "I trust the effendi, your father, did not always have you with him."

I went and sat at her feet. For a minute she stopped her work, and stroked my hair. "Little *hanoum*, are you a friend of women?" she asked.

"I like men better," I replied candidly. "They are more intelligent than women, and one can trust them."

"Allah did not make them more intel-

ligent or more trustworthy. Men have had more opportunities than women. Besides, women *can* be trustworthy, and they are intelligent."

"Oh, yes," I admitted. "I know lots of them—you, for instance. But as a whole, men are better; at least *I* like them better."

"Yes, women as a rule prefer men. That is what keeps back our sex."

I opened my eyes wide.

"How woman-suffragistic," I cried, "and how very American! That's the way women talk there."

"Do they? I am very glad to hear it. Tell me about them, please."

"I will tell you anything you like if you will also tell me about yourself."

"There is n't much to tell, little *hanoum*."

"Yes there is," I contradicted. "There is a tremendous story behind you to have made you act the way you did during that epidemic."

"Oh, that was nothing. Life is not precious to me, and that makes me appear brave. If you had something you did not value, you would not take great care of it; you would just lay it about anywhere, and if it got lost, there would be no great harm done."

"But *your* life is very precious," I protested.

"My life belongs to Allah, and when He wants it, He will take it. Why should epidemics frighten me? You must not glorify where no glory is due."

I clasped my arms about my knees, the more comfortably to be settled at her feet. I now felt in direct and perfect communication with her.

"Why did you mention the Sultana of the Franks a few minutes ago? She has had something to do with your life, has she not?"

She pondered the question a minute, then answered slowly:

"I don't know; perhaps she has everything to do with my life."

"You saw her when she came to Turkey?" I asked.

She nodded.

I waited. Would silence or questioning best lead her to speak?

Without another word she kept on separating the warp from the woof, and the empty basket received many threads while I was trying to put two and two together, and failing to make four. I began to make my additions aloud:

"You read French in 1870; that was after the Sultana of the Franks had been in Constantinople."

She stroked my head.

"You are a clever child," she said.

I don't know why I branched off to another subject, but I asked: "Is it true that Sultan Abdul-Aziz was terribly in love with her?"

She took hold of my chin and tilted up my face.

"What do you call love, *yavroum*?"

"I don't know. I have never been in love, but I should say it is when you wish to take some one in your arms and kiss him."

The whimsical smile again lighted up her face.

"That is desire," she corrected; "that is not love. From that point of view I believe Sultan Abdul-Aziz was in love with the Sultana of the Franks." She patted my cheek. "I hope some day *you* will know what love is."

"Have you?" I questioned timidly.

The expression of her eyes told me that she had.

"Did you marry him?" I asked.

"Yes."

I kissed her hand.

"You don't know how much I loved you as a child," I said.

She patted me.

"You have very pretty ways with you when you like people; but you are not always so amiable. I saw you several times as a child when you seemed to be pretty hard to manage."

"Then you did notice me a little, did n't you?" I said, and then laughed. "I thought you never took notice of any one."

"Well, you were your father's child, and besides, you were such a—" In her eyes was silent, mirthful laughter.

"Yes, I'm fully aware of what I was—and, for the matter of that, still am. But, tell me, were you born in the palace?"

"I was born and married there, when I was fifteen, and had a little baby girl."

"Where are they now?" Ruthlessly I plunged the knife into the old wound.

She did not even wince. It must have been a wound so deep and so severe that all sense of pain had passed from it. It could hurt no more. It could bleed no more. She did not even lose her far-away expression—the expression which lifted her above all human ills.

Gently she stroked my hair.

"I do not know, *yavroum*. I have never heard from them since I left them."

It matters little whether I learned her story that night or in one of the many visits I subsequently paid her, always at dusk—visits which remain memorable to me. One does not often meet people who understand the Nazarene, and follow Him, carrying His cross with that greatness of soul which was His.

Her story was simple: the tragedies of Turkey are made of simple materials, and it was the Sultana of the Franks who had played the dominant note in the melody of my friend's life. Thus she told the story:

"It was a tremendous occasion, the coming of the Sultana of the Franks to Constantinople. Even months before she arrived, the city bristled with her coming. Sultan Aziz had a bath-house built for her, such a bath-house as one may dream of, but not put into reality. Precious rugs came for her from Persia, and mother-of-pearl furniture and wonderful jewels. No lover ever prepared better for his queen, and we women of the true faith had to listen to the tales of all this and marvel. I lived outside of the palace then, but I went there daily, and I knew how every woman there resented it.

"Then came the day of her arrival. She was a woman without a drop of the proud Osmanli blood; yet she was received by the Padishah as no woman had ever been received by the descendants of Osman.

"The imperial harem, accompanied by all of us who had formerly been in the palace, sat upon the hills of the Bosphorus and watched the military and naval reception accorded to that one Frank woman. We felt the terrible humiliation put upon all of us, and especially upon the women who were the mothers of Osmanli princes. For the first time it was brought home to us that we were not treated fairly and that our seclusion was a humiliation, since another woman was permitted to go abroad as this foreign sultana was. Day after day, from the distance, we were witnesses of the festivities for this woman. None of us stayed away; we went from pride, and from fear lest some one might know that we felt the humiliation.

"Then came that fatal day, that black day, when the woman asked to see the padishah's women. And he, the shadow of Allah on earth, he, the Commander of the Faithful, consented that an infidel should cross the threshold of his haremlik, to gaze upon his women."

She closed her eyes. It was years since the empress had been in Constantinople, yet I could see from the expression on my friend's face that the humiliation was still alive.

"The sultanas refused to receive her, but the padishah ordered obedience, and who may disobey the calif? The women wept. He remained inflexible. Secretly we sent word to her that it would be a great favor if she changed her mind about coming, since the imperial ladies did not wish to receive her. Well, *yavroum*, she was a spoiled woman, she had no heart, or perhaps she did not realize what it meant to the women of the palace; so she came. The sister of the khedive and I were ordered to conduct her through the palace. The sister of the khedive was the only one of us at the time who could speak French; she was an Egyptian, you know."

"Did you think the empress very beautiful?" I asked.

"Yes, but no more than many women in the palace, and less than some of our sultanas; and I do not believe she had a great mind, for the questions she asked

were those of a small brain, and the answers she made to our questions were the answers of a vain woman. But she never knew the trick that was played on her. She saw no woman who had borne an Osmanli prince, or was about to bear one. We arranged it. She met the ladies in waiting. She saw the imperial apartments, she saw imperial robes worn by slaves; but the women of the Osmanli princes—never! Despite all this, the anguish our women suffered at having their haremlik violated was inexpressible. Perhaps some of that anguish was hers when she had to leave her own country as a fugitive. Who knows? Allah has ways of his own to deepen the human heart."

Knowing the Turkish women as I do, and the pride which is theirs until they become imbued with a travesty of Western civilization, I understood what they must have suffered on the day of their great mortification. With my hostess I fell into a great silence, she living over the actual memories, and I guided by my heart and my imagination.

"Then you did not like the empress at all?" finally I asked.

"No. She asked such petty questions,—those a stupid grown-up person asks who wishes to be polite to a child,—and she was so ill-manneredly curious about our relations with the padishah."

I laughed.

"I can imagine your answers. They must have befitted the questions."

"Whenever it was possible, we made them stupider, though that was difficult to do. But her coming and her violation of our traditions mark the beginning of the downfall of our customs. The suffering we had endured and the indignity that had been imposed upon us made us think for the first time that perhaps our customs and our religion cheated us of the privileges that other women had. Our discontent started from that time. If other women had so much that was denied us, we thirsted to learn about their customs; and to do this, we had to learn their language. Some of us even went so far as to wish to destroy our own traditions, and go about

as Frank women went; and there were women of the Osmanli blood who felt that they, as great princesses of the East, ought to be allowed to travel and be received by the potentates of the West with the same pomp and ceremony as that with which an empress of the West had been received by the great potentate of the East.

"We craved for action, and openly asked to be permitted to study foreign languages. We were refused. At that our discontent changed to rebellion. One Osmanli princess attempted to cross the Bosphorus and escape to the other side. Perhaps you heard how it ended. She was drowned. Her death made us more cautious. It was then I planned a daring scheme. I planned it, and I paid for it. Allah is merciful, Allah is great. Who are we that we should revolt against His teachings?"

"What was your plan?" I asked.

"I planned to outwit the padishah—to learn French. I engaged a Greek woman to teach it to me, and then I began to form a circle of women of the palace to join me. We were soon numerous enough to fill a bath-house, then to fill two, then three, then four bath-houses. On certain days we took to bathing regularly together, but it was not bathing we went for, but the acquisition of the forbidden knowledge. In each bath-house we had a Greek or Frank woman who taught us French; and as we learned it, we carried it to others. This lasted three whole years before we were betrayed. We never knew who betrayed us.

"The wrath of the padishah was terrible. He called for the instigator of the movement. He said if he knew who started it, he would spare the other women. I gave myself up. He took my child away, then he took my husband. I do not know where he sent them. He took away all means of support from me, and one night I was brought to this house and left to die. Well, I did not die. You said women were not trustworthy. If you had been in my place, when I was exiled here, you would have known how trust-

worthy women can be. They found means of helping me. That is how I knew your father; they chose him to come to me. As for the imperial women, they were forbidden to have any intercourse with the outside world; and the women of the rich were forbidden to go to public bath-houses, and their lives became even more secluded than before."

"But Sultan Abdul-Aziz died in 1876. Did n't things get any better for you then?"

"No, *yavroum*. There was a political upheaval. Midah Pasha had framed a constitution. Sultan Murad came to the throne, was proclaimed mad, and was shut up in a palace. Sultan Abdul-Hamid was brought to the throne by the constitutionalists and was made to swear fidelity to the constitution. Then as he grew stronger in his position as calif, he brought forward the old believers. He killed Midah and all those who had helped to frame the constitution. All new thought, all new movements, were condemned as offshoots of the constitution, and those of us who lived under a cloud felt it growing thicker about us. For years no one dared speak openly to me. I thought I was going mad, with the loss of my child and of my lord and living in absolute destitution."

A shadow passed over her face, which, while she was speaking, I began to find far more lovable than if it had been beautiful. The great explorers of sorrow had reached in her soul the furthestmost points, and left there their flags, and I could follow on her face the routes they had traversed.

"How did you happen to take to this work you are doing?" I asked.

"As I told you, I thought at first that I should go mad. Then your father came to me with messages from my friends, and told me where, in certain crevices of the cliffs, I should find the necessaries of life. He also suggested I should cultivate my garden, and sent me seeds and garden implements. Then one day, perhaps a year after I had come to this place, a great storm arose; a little vessel was broken on the cliffs. Three men were terribly wounded. They were brought here, and

all we had to stop the bleeding of their wounds was tobacco juice and cobwebs. I went to town to the hospital and asked them to give me some absorbent cotton, some bandages, some medicine."

She shook her head with a great sorrow.

"They had no such things. The hospital of the poor was as destitute as I was. That is how I got to making this absorbent cotton. I do it to appease Allah for having acted against His will, and it makes me very happy. I have also learned the art of making medicines from plants, and in that way I can help people when they are ill."

"Do people speak to you now?" I asked.

"Not very much; but they come to me when they are in trouble."

"They did not use to. I never saw any one come to you when I was small."

"They used to come in the night and by way of the cliffs."

WE are not a letter-writing nation. The Government discourages such dangerous pursuits. For one thing, there is no local postal service. I have never heard anything about the woman of the cliffs since I returned to America.

Is she still living? I hope not. I hope she has passed away, and a great soul is freed from the pettiness and tyranny of mankind. But if she is still alive, I can see her deft fingers still separating the warp from the woof, preparing absorbent cotton to heal the wounds of others.



## Peace

By SARA TEASDALE

PEACE flows into me  
As the tide to the pool by the shore;  
It is mine forevermore,  
It ebbs not back like the sea.

I am the pool of blue  
That worships the vivid sky.  
My hopes were heaven-high;  
They are all fulfilled in you.

I am the pool of gold  
When sunset burns and dies;  
You are my deepening skies,  
Give me your stars to hold.





## The Right of a Child to Two Parents

By MARY WARE DENNETT

"WE might call it 'The *Padonna* and Child,'" whimsically remarked a young father as he was shown a really charming new photograph of himself and his little first-born. He was obviously proud over being the paternal ancestor of so fine a son, but he was also embarrassed at being caught with an expression so tender and protecting as to seem almost feminine. So instinctively he tried to hide his real feelings by being funny.

Most men in such circumstances would show a similar embarrassment and pride, for, generally speaking, it is considered the father's proper part to show pride in his offspring, but the mother alone must show sentiment, tenderness, and protecting care, and the father who frankly does both seems somehow a bit out of his sphere.

This is only a single high light from

the whole picture of modern parenthood as most of us know it, but it serves to bring up the question as to how desirable it is to have the attitude of father and mother toward the children so markedly different, and how much of the situation is due to the immutable laws of nature, and how much to habit and environment that it might perhaps be an advantage to change.

Children are mostly brought up by their mothers, an arrangement which the world has accepted without question for centuries. But now, owing to the social ferment which, whether we like it or not, is disturbing women's traditional sphere, we find ourselves asking if that scheme of child-rearing is really best for the children, best for the mothers, and finally if it is best for the fathers. Every one would



admit the ideal way to be one that would be equally good for all three—good as to immediate results, and good in the long run as well.

Now, how nearly does our present plan reach this ideal? First, how successful is it for the children? Are they not, as Charlotte Perkins Gilman brilliantly puts it, too much "the victims of their incessant mothers and their infrequent fathers"?

Take, for instance, the average middle-class family, the fairly comfortable, magazine-reading, suburban sort, which is sufficiently above the fear of want and sufficiently below the plane of the "idle rich" to approximate a normal life, the kind supposed to be the backbone of our country. In such a family, how is it with the children? They see their father for a little time in the morning when he is rushed to get his breakfast and make his train or his car, and while they are also themselves being hurried by mother with the preparations for school. It is not exactly what one would call a propitious time for being valuably paternal. Then no more father till night, when he comes home again, probably to find the youngest already in bed and the next older ones almost there. If he has any vitality left after the day's grind, he may perhaps have a brief frolic with them; but if so, ten to one, before any of them have had enough, mother will remind him that the evening meal is waiting or that he must not excite the children too much or they won't sleep. After eating, what? If he has been married long enough to have still older children, they will doubtless have to be occupied with school tasks, and he, being just the average man, ignominiously enjoys slumping into a big chair for a smoke, the evening paper, and a nap.

This sort of program gets relatively little variation till Sunday, when, theoretically at least, every one enjoys family life. But what actually happens in thousands and thousands of ordinary homes is that Sunday is an unsatisfactory mixture of fruitless inertia, a long session with the paper, possibly church, a nap, making or

receiving a call, and perhaps a walk or some outing with the children, who are uncomfortably dressed up and therefore cannot have a good time.

Have the lives of either father or children been specially enriched by this process? One cannot be deceived enough to think so. Yet the father is a good sort, and he has really done about the best he could in the circumstances. What is left for him, poor fellow, but, like the philosophic muck-rakers, to blame the system? And surely something seems to be wrong with it. Unquestionably the father loves his children; he would like to be a more vital influence in their lives and thought; he would like to have a closer, more exhilarating connection with them, but he cannot see how to accomplish it.

His part, then, seems to leave much to be desired. Now how is it with the mother? Is she any more successful with her side of the work? Do the children get all they need from her, and does she get all she needs from them? One would love to say a great sweeping "Yes," but we honestly know it would not be true. Her experience is just the opposite swing of the pendulum from the father's. He sees too little of the children and their environment; she sees too much of it. She sees little else, in fact. She gets slight variation, to be sure, from a possible bridge club or from classes of one sort or another to which she may belong, from shopping expeditions, an occasional matinee, and perhaps the woman's club. But for the most part her time and attention are conscientiously given to the children's daily, hourly, momentarily needs, which never end. They are so constant and so multitudinous that her perspective inevitably narrows, and her broader powers lessen, till she realizes in a helpless sort of way that all her love and ceaseless devotion and endless work are somehow not touching the lives of the children as she wishes.

Her efforts seem, after all, more or less superficial and materialistic; and here she finds herself in just the same predicament as the father. She is "raising" the chil-

dren, like a crop, but she is not developing them as human entities. Neither, except in streaks, is she herself being developed. She is doubtless acquiring patience, self-sacrifice, endurance, and a tired sweet smile, but how about broad intelligence, spontaneity, initiative, creative ability, and the impulse to play? These are for the most part getting left out.

Then what is the effect on the children? Do they not deserve something more in the way of inspiration, example, and comradeship than they can get from having the father a drudge at his business, away most of the time, and either hurried or sleepy when at home, and having the mother likewise a drudge at her business, so occupied with meals, seeing that their hands are clean, their buttons on, that they wear their rubbers, are taken to the dentist, and all the other endless *et ceteras*, that she cannot stop to be really intimate with them?

The children, being dangerously pliant little creatures, accept their environment as a matter of course, not realizing what they may be missing; but the elders, if they think at all, know that something is the matter.

What is it? The fundamental trouble is probably twofold—not enough leisure and too much specialization on the part of both parents. If the father had time not only to work for his children, but to work *with* them, to *live* with them, and to “*do*” for them, he and they would understand each other better and be of vastly more consequence to each other. If the mother could not only keep house for the family, but be away from it regularly enough to relax her nerves, to give her a better sense of proportion and enlarge her horizon, she would enormously improve the quality of her motherhood.

We have no business to measure the value of parenthood in terms of money earned or hours spent. Material support for the children must be taken for granted, of course, but beyond that parenthood must be estimated according to the reaction it has on the parents themselves, the children, and the community.

As it is now, the father specializes on earning, the mother on personal service, with the result that the children get very false ideas in regard to the intrinsic and relative values of human effort. They cannot help acquiring the impression that the father's position is one of superiority and advantage, despite the polite effort made by all to envelop the mother's work so thickly in sentiment that its essential dependence and narrowness will not show. Earning money and rendering personal service are each admirable in their way, but it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and neither is satisfactory as an exclusive life-work. Moreover, they are not on a par for comparison. They belong in quite different categories. They do not, as we have vainly tried to assume, form the equal halves of a true domestic partnership, and that is why it will never do to have women devote themselves wholly to the one and men to the other. If they *were* comparable on a basis of equality, then it would not seem preposterous to men to turn things about, and to be economically dependent themselves and devote their own lives to personal family service. There is probably not a man in the country but would feel his self-respect affronted at the mere suggestion of such a thing, which of course only reveals the fact that there must be something radically wrong with the position of the average mother.

She must, first of all, be able to respect her own status, and to know that her husband and children can respect it also, in order to meet the largest single requirement for ideal parenthood. Children cannot be expected to give really equal respect to both parents when the mother is in a position where she has to buy her Christmas present for the father with *his* money. Therefore she, like the father, must be economically independent. Many a conservative mother will come to this conclusion not through the channels of radicalism or feminism, as the world has yet known them, but solely from the point of view of being a successful parent, from the overwhelming desire she has to be to

her children all that the ideal mother should be.

And just as the mother will find that she must be economically independent for the sake of the soundness of family life, just so will the father find that he must be able to give more time and actual personal service. He must do it in order to make good to his children, for they can quite readily comprehend that love is proved not alone by paying, but by doing. The moment both parents take a proportionate share in the earning and in the tending, the normal balance is struck immediately. Each is a natural, pleasurable kind of human work, but each needs the accompaniment of the other to make the all-round person.

All of which, says the scoffer, is good enough theory, but how is it to be done? How is perhaps easier to predict than when. It cannot be quickly achieved in any case, and doubtless the transition period between the chaotic present and the well-ordered future will be full of blunders, mishaps, and even tragedy. However, the process of winning economic independence for women is already well started, and even now it has its markedly satisfactory phases. But the other great necessity, more leisure, especially for the men, is not so near. For that hinges on a really radical bit of social reconstruction; namely, the abolition of all special privilege. Not until that is accomplished can anything like equality of opportunity be secured, which latter is, in turn, the only way by which the business day can be substantially shortened for everybody, and by which all the labor-saving devices of civilization can actually be made to save effort and time for the masses instead of merely enriching the few at the expense of the exploited many.

The different groups of reformers and revolutionists pin their faith to varying methods of achieving this end,—just plain evolution, socialism, syndicalism, the single-tax, and what not,—but by whatever means one purposes to arrive, the result hoped for is the same—that is, to relieve

the glutted labor-market, so there will be more jobs than men, instead of the reverse, and so that a few hours of bread-winning work per day from every adult will amply suffice for all the material needs of the community. The radical economists of all schools agree in prophesying that the time will yet come when a three- or four-hour working-day will be the general thing. They are looking forward to the time when all normal adults, both men and women, will be workers, when the parasitic classes will have died off or have been converted into producers, when every worker will receive the full fruit of his labor, when production will be primarily for consumption instead of primarily for profit, when political, social, and economic equality of opportunity will have become accomplished facts.

Social justice, then, would seem to be the one thing upon which the perfection of family life is literally and virtually dependent. Granted the possibility of securing it, think what it would mean to all concerned. It would give mothers their first chance in ages for a long breath and time to catch up; it would give men the surest guaranty in all history for deepening and glorifying their own characters, for becoming truly civilized; and it would give children the untold benefit of fathering as well as mothering.

Some one has said that "the greatest effort of civilization up to date has been attaching man to the family." Very likely, but in many ways the attachment has been bad for him and bad for the family. It has developed in him a pernicious type of pride which has led him to deem women and children as possessions—a pride no less false when sugar-coated with sentimental or chivalrous talk of the "my wife, my mother, my sister, my children" variety. Men's families have been for the most part either a source of this false pride or else a millstone round their necks; sometimes both. Most middle-class men are hopelessly dulled and stupefied by mere grubbing to get the family bills paid. In the "wage-slave" class, both the men and the women share the same stupid fate,

the women always getting the worst of it, however, for child-bearing is added to their other labors. Men have been apt to assume that their responsibilities to women and children were wholly discharged by merely paying over cash, without much personal service. Both men and women have meant well, but the men have been rather stupidly selfish, and the women stupidly unselfish.

The crying need now is for more intelligence on the part of both. Child-rearing and home-making should be human work, not limited to either sex, but undertaken jointly and equally by both. If bringing up children is really a serious, inspiring work, as we are assured it is, then by all means the men should not be barred out from its beneficent reactions. It is not possible for the selfsame work to be broadening and beautifying if women do it, and petty and inconsequential if men do it. When really pushed to be consistent on the subject, men are apt to resort to expounding about how women are specially fitted for the work, can do it gracefully, have a God-given faculty for it, etc. But really just all there is to it which is God-given is the physical ability to bear the children. All else is the result of practice, moral character, and love, three things which are human and not sex acquirements, and in which men can be quite as proficient as women if they will, and which, if God-given, are bestowed upon men and women alike.

There is no fundamental or unchangeable reason why women should do the child-rearing exclusively, and there is every reason why it would be a gain all along the line for them to share it with the men. From the point of view of logic,

economics, morals, sentiment, and spirituality it would be a sounder, saner plan.

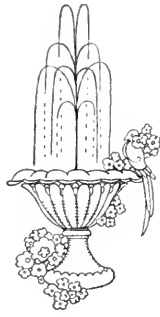
Luckily, men have already made excellent preparation in some ways for this next phase of their evolution, so it will not be a complete affront to their natures. It was men who established the kindergarten idea, men who invented most of the labor-saving household devices, men who have developed improved housing methods, and even men (physicians) who have perfected the science of the artificial feeding of infants.

It will be a very solid as well as pretty indication of chivalry when men jump at the chance to render a fair share of the service of child-rearing as a courteous appreciation of the fact that women will always have to do one untransferable bit of work, the bearing of the children.

Quite likely this will not be an easy or very rapid evolution for men, as it is unquestionably a program which will require time; and if it is thought to require heroism also, why should we not *count* on heroism? There has always been a goodly amount of it in the world, and there is no reason to think it will die out. Motherhood, quite aside from the initial physical strain, has always been something of an endurance test, demanding heroism. Surely fatherhood should be equal to meeting the same demand.

And, after all, it is a simple and reasonable proposition that since it takes a man and a woman to produce a child, it should be the joint and equal business of both to rear it. And, besides, there will be the inspiration and compensation of helping to erect a mile-stone on the road to civilization marked, "At this point children began to have two *real* parents."





# The Art of E. H. Sothorn

A Record and an Estimate

By WILLIAM WINTER

Author of "Shakespeare on the Stage," "The Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson," etc.

MANY years ago, in the course of a familiar conversation at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, my old friend Edward A. Sothorn, that remarkable comedian once famous as *Lord Dundreary*, spoke to me rather ruefully about his son Edward, then a pupil at an academy in England, and showed me a letter from the youth signifying that either he had been, or was about to be, dismissed from school for neglect of his studies. It was a bright letter, written in a blithe spirit, and it was embellished with a comical pen-and-ink drawing by the writer in which appeared an open door, a flight of steps, and a boyish figure, with outstretched arms, plunging forward through the air from the energetic impulse of a large booted foot and leg thrust forth immediately behind him.

"Kicked out," Sothorn said, half smiling, yet gravely, "and I suppose that boy will never do any good." Thirty-four years have passed since the comedian was laid in his grave in Southampton Cemetery, and that boy, Edward Hugh Sothorn, as the result of an artistic career longer, more varied, and more conspicuous than that of his father, is one of the most popular actors on the American stage, distinguished in comedy and romantic drama, and successful in the realm of tragedy,—which his brilliant father attempted in vain.

The elder Sothorn was an Englishman,

born in Liverpool in 1826, and he began his professional career in his native land, coming to America in 1852, and thereafter, for nearly thirty years (he died in 1881), parting his time unequally between America and Europe. The younger Sothorn is an American, born at No. 79 Bienville Street, New Orleans, December 6, 1859, and although he has acted abroad, his fame and fortune have been gained on the American stage, to which he belongs and of which he is a conspicuous ornament. In youth, after leaving school, Sothorn chose painting as a profession, and for a while pursued the study of that art in Europe; but the stage allured him, and presently, resolving to become an actor, he joined his father's theatrical company in America. His first professional appearance was made in New York, September 18, 1879, at the Park Theater, then managed by Henry E. Abbey, and he has been on the stage almost continuously ever since. The announcement, however, has been made that the next theatrical season will be his last; that he and his wife, the beautiful Julia Marlowe, charming as an actress and admired and beloved as a woman, will, after a comprehensive farewell tour, retire from the stage. Their retirement, depriving the community at once of a beneficent influence and a source of innocent pleasure, will mean a serious loss alike to the stage and the public, and their careers accord-

ingly constitute a fitting subject of record and estimate here and now.

Sothorn's first part was that of a cabman in the farce of "Brother Sam." I saw the performance and sympathized with the novice, who was overcome by stage-fright and unable to speak. He remained only a short time in his father's employment. From the New York Park he went to the Boston Museum, remaining there about three months. Later he joined John McCullough's dramatic company, and under the wise and kind direction of that great actor he gained valuable experience. In the autumn of 1881 he was in England, where he remained for about eighteen months, performing intermittently in London and the provinces. In 1883 he rejoined McCullough's company in America. The next season found him associated with the English actress Helen Barry, playing *Tresham* in a drama called "The Fatal Letter." He then undertook a starring tour, his first venture of that ambitious kind, and produced a farcical play entitled "Whose Are They?" adapted by himself from an English original, in which he acted the chief part, *Melchizedek Flighty*. In this enterprise he failed. For several years thereafter he performed in association with Helen Dauvray, who managed the New York Lyceum Theater, then in Fourth Avenue, before that house came into the control of Daniel Frohman. Later he was the leading man at the Lyceum under Daniel Frohman's management, and there he remained for many years, playing various parts and steadily advancing in professional achievement and in popularity till he became a star, supported by the Lyceum Theater company. In 1899 he left that theater, and setting forth at the head of his own dramatic company, with Miss Virginia Harned, whom he had married, as leading woman, he produced "The King's Musketeer," a new play on the basis of the ever-popular novel, "The Three Guardsmen," by Dumas, and personated *D'Artagnan*. This venture was successful, and from that time onward Sothorn's prog-

ress was rapid. Within the ensuing year he presented "The Song of the Sword," "The Sunken Bell," and "Drifting Apart," in which he gave a capital personation of *Sir George Bloomfield*. On September 17, 1900, at the Garden Theater, New York, he made the most ambitious and most important effort of his professional life, appearing for the first time as *Hamlet*. Within the next three years he many times repeated that performance, and he diversified his repertory by producing "Richard Lovelace," "If I Were King," by Justin H. McCarthy, "Markheim," and "The Proud Prince."

#### ALLIANCE WITH JULIA MARLOWE

IN 1904 a professional combination was effected, under the management of Charles Frohman, between Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, and on September 19 of that year they acted together for the first time, appearing at the Illinois Theater, Chicago, in "Romeo and Juliet." This alliance continued till June, 1907, after which time, for two years, each of them headed a distinct company; but in 1909 their association was resumed, and on November 8, that year, when the New Theater, now called the Century, was opened in New York, they appeared in the central parts of Shakspeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." Their stay at the New Theater was brief. Since then they have acted together continuously except when Miss Marlowe has been incapacitated by illness. On April 22, 1907, they appeared at the Waldorf Theater, London, and there they remained for five weeks. On August 11, 1911, in London, they were married, Sothorn and his first wife having meantime been divorced. Within the period from 1904 to 1915 Sothorn and Julia Marlowe have coöperated in productions of "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado about Nothing," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Jeanne D'Arc," "John the Baptist," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Macbeth," and they have effected revivals of "The Sunken Bell" and "When Knighthood Was In Flower."

The latter play was originally brought out by Miss Marlowe in 1901, and commercially it proved one of the most remunerative of her many ventures. While acting independently in the interval between the summer of 1907 and the autumn of 1909, Sothorn presented "The Fool hath Said there is No God," "Our American Cousin," "Don Quixote," and "Richelieu."

#### HIS EARLY ENVIRONMENT

AT the time when Sothorn's career began some of the best actors of the nineteenth century were in the zenith of their popularity, and the American Theater was rich in dramatic attractions. Edwin Booth was sovereign in tragedy and Joseph Jefferson in comedy. Lester Wallack, at the head of his splendid company, was still regnant at Wallack's Theater, though Augustin Daly, after ten years of determined enterprise, had established a successful rivalry. Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough were eminent in public favor. The star of Mary Anderson had risen. Fanny Janauschek was maintaining the grand tradition of Charlotte Cushman and Adelaide Ristori. Mrs. Bowers had not left the stage which she had never ceased to illumine. Dion Boucicault, with his lovely little play of "Kerry" and his excellent representative Irish drama of "The Shaughraun," was on the crest of the wave. The beautiful Helena Modjeska was winning her way to renown. John Gilbert, John E. Owens, John T. Raymond, William J. Florence, John S. Clarke, George Fawcett Rowe, Charles Walter Couldock, and Frank Mayo were prominent among players whose names were household words. The sprightly, pleasing little Lotta, that piquant compound of child, woman, and elf, had not retired. Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Adelaide Neilson, and Rose Coghlan were reigning favorites. Sarah Bernhardt, Salvini, and Rossi, representing the methods of the European continental theater, were making their artistic appeal to our playgoing audiences. It was a time favorable to

young ambition, because the art of acting was observed and highly esteemed by a considerable public, and although the craving for novelty—a craving which has always existed—was as eager as ever, talent was more highly prized than freakish trash, and the actor devoted to a noble ideal could more confidently than now expect sympathy and encouragement. The influences about Sothorn at the outset were propitious, and he profited by them. In other words, he started right, and although he has occasionally condescended to minister to contemporary appetite for fads, as a whole his career has been governed and shaped by a conscientious, intellectual, resolute purpose to enroll himself among the foremost representatives of legitimate drama in his time. That purpose he has fulfilled. As a leading man and as a stock star he labored earnestly, and often with brilliant effect, in the parts then assigned to him. As an independent star he ventured boldly, neither checked nor disheartened by any adversity of critical opinion, and never fearful of taking a risk. The formation of his alliance with Julia Marlowe, prompted by that of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, greatly aided his advancement. Without it he probably would not have reached the authoritative professional eminence which he now occupies; but in the main he has made his way by his talent and energy, and he owes his success to his patient labor and dogged perseverance. From the first he valued himself highly, and he appears to have known, and to have consistently acted on his knowledge, that in order to hit a high mark you must always aim at the highest.

#### HIS VARIOUS REPERTORY

THE history of the stage in every country and every period provides abundant evidence that every actor operates within certain limits, in each case susceptible of specification, and, for the student of acting, instructive to consider. The performer of several hundred parts, creditable in each of them, will usually be found to be supremely fine in only a few. Gar-

rick and Mrs. Siddons, among actors of the past concerning whom we all can read, and Edward L. Davenport and Henry Irving among modern actors whom some of us remember, can rightly be named among the marvels of versatility who, all exceptions being allowed, remained at the last equally fine in an unusual number of characters. Sothern's repertory, while for multiplicity of parts it will not bear comparison with those of the players thus named, or with those of Burton, Gilbert, Warren, Lester Wallack, Henry Placide, and Clara Fisher, is nevertheless extensive, imposing, and significant. It comprises about 125 parts, including many that exhibit a striking contrast: *Hamlet* and *Lord Chumley*; *Romeo* and *Wildrake*; *Macbeth* and *Lord Dundreary*; *Shylock* and *Ernest Vane*; Shakspeare's *Antony* and *Captain Letterblair*; *Benedick* and *Don Quixote*; *Malvolio* and *D'Artagnan*; *Petruchio* and *Claude Melnotte*; *Richelieu* and *Jack Hammerton*; and *Richard Lovelace* and *François Villon*. This list, which could be extended, suggests capability of impersonation extending over a remarkably wide range of character. Sothern has not shown equal competence in all the parts that he has played; if he had, he would be indeed a prodigy. To some of them he proved inadequate,—his *Wildrake*, for example, a part slight enough at the best, was a caricature; but he has exhibited exceptional general efficiency. The realm in which Sothern has most naturally, and therefore most freely, moved is that in which light comedy is commingled with romance.

#### TWO FORMATIVE PERIODS IN SOTHERN'S CAREER

IN an article restricted as to space it is not possible to record and fully describe the numerous impersonations incident to an industrious dramatic career of more than thirty-five years. The most that can be done in such a paper is to summarize representative achievements and the total revelation of personality and artistic faculty. Thus considered, Sothern's career naturally divides itself into

two periods: the first that of general growth, preparation, and experience, extending from his novitiate in 1879 to his establishment as one of the leading actors of the American stage about twenty years later; the second that of the period of more than fifteen years from 1899 to the present time.

In the first period of his career, though the parts that Sothern played were far more numerous than those that he played in the second period, they were invariably slighter, sometimes being absolutely trivial, and they covered not only a lower, but a narrower, range of character than those which he acted in his maturity. *Harrington Lee*, in Bronson Howard's "Met by Chance"; *André de Latour*, in "Walda Lamar"; *Wildrake*, in "The Love Chase"; *Claude Melnotte*; *Jack Hammerton*, in "The Highest Bidder"; *Chumley*, *Guisebury*, *Letterblair*, *Rassendyl*—all these, and others substantially like them, are not the possible mediums of great dramatic art even for a comedian, no matter how agreeable a proficient actor may make them as entertainment. The total achievement of Sothern during the first twenty years of his professional life is justly summarized as the development and practical perfection of a distinct, authoritative, crisp style, not unique, but neat, expert in mechanism, and felicitous in assumption of nonchalant, lackadaisical demeanor. Some of the ingredients of that style were a peculiar aptness in situations of comic perplexity; the capability of acting, as in *Hammerton*, in a mood of earnest feeling overlaid with superficial sparkle, and pleasing even though sometimes touched with burlesque; strikingly effective, because seemingly unconscious, humor; and the charm of repose. At the end of the first period of his career Sothern had become not only a popular, but a remarkably good though not a predominantly admirable, actor. In such parts as *De Launay*, in "An Enemy to the King," he moved with delightful precision and authority, manifesting himself sympathetic to grasp and





E. H. Sothorn as *Hamlet*

adequate to express ideals compounded of youth, adventurous spirit, courage, gallantry, chivalrous sentiment, and romantic feeling. Yet even in the field of romantic drama he somewhat lacked the grand manner, the large, broad gesticulation, and the clear, copious, scrupulously correct delivery which cause perfect illusion, and therefore make romance seem reality.

#### A SIGNIFICANT EARLY SUCCESS IN "THE DISREPUTABLE MR. REGAN"

IN the first period of Sothorn's career, among the most significantly indicative of his personations was one little regarded at the time and now apparently forgotten—his skilful and touching assumption of *Regan*, in "The Disreputable Mr. Regan," a short play written by Richard Harding Davis, first produced at the Lyceum Theater in November, 1892. *Regan* is a criminal, and as such is pursued. He unwittingly kills his pursuer, and then takes refuge in a garret of an uninhabited tenement-house, where he finds a little child who is dying of starvation. The spectacle of this poor and helpless creature's wretched condition awakens his benevolence, and notwithstanding that he is almost wild with terror, he tries to help the sufferer. In the course of his ministrations, which are kind, but ineffectual, he hears the cry of a newsboy, who is offering the evening papers for sale in the street, and thus learns that he is proclaimed a murderer and that the police are seeking him. He determines to effect his escape, if possible, but his pity for the miserable child is so great that he cannot bring himself to leave the place, although he is in deadly peril. Looking from the window, he sees police officers. For a moment he wavers between the urgent impulse to fly and the human impulse to remain. He cannot desert the dying child. If he calls the officers, the child may perhaps be saved. His humanity prevails. He signals the police and surrenders himself. The child meanwhile has died. The situation thus indicated, though grossly improbable, is obviously a

good one for an actor: conflict of opposed emotions is the essence of some of the strongest and most pathetic passages in the literature of the drama; but the heroic, self-sacrificing virtue of *Regan* is even more improbable than the exceedingly artificial situations in which he is placed. Fiction has had much to say about the soul of goodness in things evil. Fact has failed to substantiate the assumption. If, however, the tender sensibilities of an habitual criminal be deemed natural and his ingeniously devised circumstances be accepted as credible, the dramatic effect rationally follows, and the sympathy of the spectator is spontaneously and unreservedly given. The play is virtually a monologue, and Sothorn was thus constrained to meet one of the most severe of all tests in acting—that of soliloquy. He met it ably and with success. He evinced deep feeling, well controlled, and a fidelity to nature indicative of habits of close observation. More than all, he signally denoted capability of sustained impersonation. Looking back to that performance, I can but think that it foreshadowed his resolute purpose to venture in the higher realm of serious, even tragic, drama.

#### REPRESENTATIVE PERFORMANCES HAMLET TO DUNDREARY

It was the opinion of Garrick that "without a considerable feeling of comedy, tragedy itself will be imperfectly represented." Edwin Booth, in conversation with me, expressed the same conviction. Sothorn, in tragedy, has exemplified this truth. It is the absence of an attempering "feeling of comedy" that has made many stage spouters ponderous in their tragical endeavors. Sothorn's flexibility and lightness in comedy have served him well in tragedy. That he is not, however, naturally a tragedian, because deficient in the great ground-swell of passionate emotion, the clangor of sympathetic and thrilling voice, and the somber, commanding personality which are essential for complete tragic expression, was sufficiently indicated by his endeavors to act *Macbeth*

and *Antony*. His *Macbeth* lacked power, imagination, poetry, the sense of being haunted by evil spirits, the agony of remorse, and the frenzy of desperation. His *Antony* was intelligent, well intended, earnestly executed, but it was puny and feeble. The most remarkable of his performances, because of its disclosure of his mental constitution, his character, sensibility, and control of the expedients of dramatic art, is that of *Hamlet*. The part, an incarnation of misery, is one with which he never could have been truly sympathetic and one to the exhibition of which his style was not naturally appropriate, his temperament being eager, blithe, and whimsically satirical, and his mind resolute, practical, and executive. He has, nevertheless, by what must have been an inveterate exercise of will, wrested himself out of the direction of his natural artistic propensity, and acted *Hamlet* in such a way, judging it in its maturity and at its best, as to please a numerous public, and also to prove his title to the respect, and sometimes the admiration, of exigent critical judgment.

Representative performances by Sothorn subsidiary in importance to that of *Hamlet*, yet of exceptional, though not invariable, merit, and exhibitve of him at his best, are those of *Richard Lovelace*, *Villon*, *Rodion*, *Benedick*, *Malvolio*, *Heinrich*, and *Dundreary*. *Lovelace*, in the drama written by Laurence Irving, is a consummate type of the idolatrous lover—the lover whose whole being is absorbed in devotion to a poetic ideal. The treachery of a rival, his bosom friend, has separated him—forever, as he believes—from the woman he loves, and for several years he dwells lonely and miserable in a lodging that she has once occupied, brooding on the past and worshipping the memory of a lost love. At the last, discovering that his friend has betrayed him, he passes from apathy into frenzied action, precipitates a duel with that traitor, and by his own contrivance is wounded unto death. Sothorn evinced quick and deep sympathy with this ideal and complete grasp of the circumstances in which it is displayed, and

he touchingly expressed that sense of the sanctity in a lover's mind of a woman whom he truly loves that is characteristic of the passion in natures intrinsically noble. His feeling was genuine, and he imparted it by a perfect simulation of sincerity, and by an engaging simplicity of behavior artistic in a high degree and demonstrative of the fine faculty of impersonation. That faculty was again exemplified by his performance of *Villon*, a part which compels the assumption of many and widely contrasted identities or moods, and in which the versatility of the comedian was signally denoted. As *Benedick*, when he first assumed the part, he caused the effect of sincerity, and his artistic method was direct and simple, though somewhat marred by a tinge of burlesque: in later expositions of that part he sometimes permitted burlesque to become buffoonery, seeming to forget that *Benedick* is both a gentleman and a resolute and formidable soldier. As *Rodion Rashnikoff*, in a play by Laurence Irving based on a Russian novel, he ably and effectively embodied a half-crazed enthusiast of social reformation who deliberately murders an atrocious and brutal tyrant in the conviction that there is no divine government of the world and that his duty is to administer vengeance. One situation presents a rehearsal of the murder, devised by an astute detective officer and accomplished in the presence of the murderer, who becomes agonized and terrified in viewing the details of his crime. In that scene Sothorn displayed lively imagination and much variety of feeling, culminant in an effective frenzy: the part enabled the actor to manifest uncommon emotional power and to exemplify exceedingly well a condition of disordered mentality and a conflict of reason with cynical fanaticism. Sothorn's *Malvolio* will be remembered as the best of his personations in Shaksperian drama, true to the author's conception of a perfectly credible character, a man of mind and ability half-crazed by conceit and "sick of self-love." In presenting himself as *Heinrich*, in "The Sunken Bell," a tumid, dreary fabric of

sententious platitudes and windy symbolism, a thing innately antagonistic to drama, the comedian condescended to a bad caprice of public taste, and succeeded only in showing how cleverly he could manage a weak, fantastic part. He happily has discarded that trash, and in his farewell performances he will present only the masterpieces of his professional achievement. *Dundreary*, as constructed and exemplified by Sothorn's father, is a shrewd person who pretends to be a fool and a gentleman who pretends to be a fop. Beneath the apparent, and comic, vacuity of *Dundreary* there is sense and purpose. He is embodied whimsicality clothed with elegance. Sothorn's performance was imitative of the original, but while it was not as good, it was elaborate, correct, and humorous, and it won deserved laughter and applause.

#### CAUSE AND NATURE OF SUCCESS

EVERY actor who has achieved eminence has done so by virtue of some qualities of personal force or innate charm, vitalizing the faculty of impersonation, and determinative equally of the direction of his development and the feeling of his auditory. Edwin Forrest, the idol of the multitude in his day, prevailed mostly by overwhelming animal magnetism; Edwin Booth by electrical tragic power, temperamental allurements, beautiful spirituality, exquisite grace superadded to proficient art and perfect elocution; Henry Irving by an irradiant intellectual fire, poetic temperament, a strange, weird, almost sardonic humor, and a puissant faculty of arousing and thrilling the imagination. Sothorn has affected the public chiefly by gentleness of personality and that graceful lucidity of impersonation which is resultant from clarity of art. The influence thus exerted has not been profound. It is potent for a time, but it is transitory, and it will not long be remembered. No one but a theatrical antiquary now thinks of Hildebrand Horden or William Mountfort on the old English stage, or recalls Edward Keach or Edwin Adams among modern American actors, all of whom owed their

evanescent repute to much the same causes which have largely contributed to the popularity of Sothorn—chivalric spirit and deferential manner toward woman. Those merits, natural, not artificial, have been conspicuous in Sothorn's romantic acting, and they have particularly commended him to the female part of the theatrical audience, which is, perhaps, the most influential part of it. This comedian, however, is more a consequence than a cause—the consequence of salutary environment in youth, combined with natural bias toward intellect, purity, and good taste in art. He has made the best of his talents and opportunities. While following old and good models, he has sought to make them contributive to pleasing results by the expedient of spectacle and by the avoidance of pedantic adherence to hide-bound stage tradition. He has produced a considerable number of new plays, and therein has done a useful service, though in only one of them—"Don Quixote"—has he exhibited a great subject and attempted a great character. That play failed, partly because the theme is not dramatic, and partly because both the dramatist and the actor treated the character in a prosaic manner.

In the lives of the great actors of the past mention is frequently made of certain superb moments and the magnificent, electrical, overwhelming utterance of certain speeches. The playgoer whose remembrance covers the last thirty or forty years can recall such thrilling moments in his own experience of the stage: Booth's delivery of *Richelieu's* menace of excommunication; Salvini's terrific utterance of *Othello's* inexorable purpose in "Like to the Pontic sea"; Irving's supernatural expression of the demoniac malignancy of *Mephistopheles*, when the *Fiend* threatens *Faust* with the whirlwind of ruin; Mansfield's "Jesu, have mercy!" when *King Richard* awakens from his dream. Sothorn's acting has not furnished anything of that description to be commemorated and transmitted. But while it cannot justly be said that this actor has provided any splendid, inspiring example, or

made upon the theater and the public mind an impression destined to endure, it can certainly be declared that he has exhibited energy and zeal, a high order of talent, much force of character, and that, as a whole, he has exerted a beneficent influence. He now largely dominates the dramatic field in America, partly because of his abilities, and partly because of the dearth, which seems to increase, of dramatic genius and artistic competition. Because the sum total of his achievement is substantial and admirable, he richly deserves the public gratitude and esteem.

## The Victory of the Beet-fields

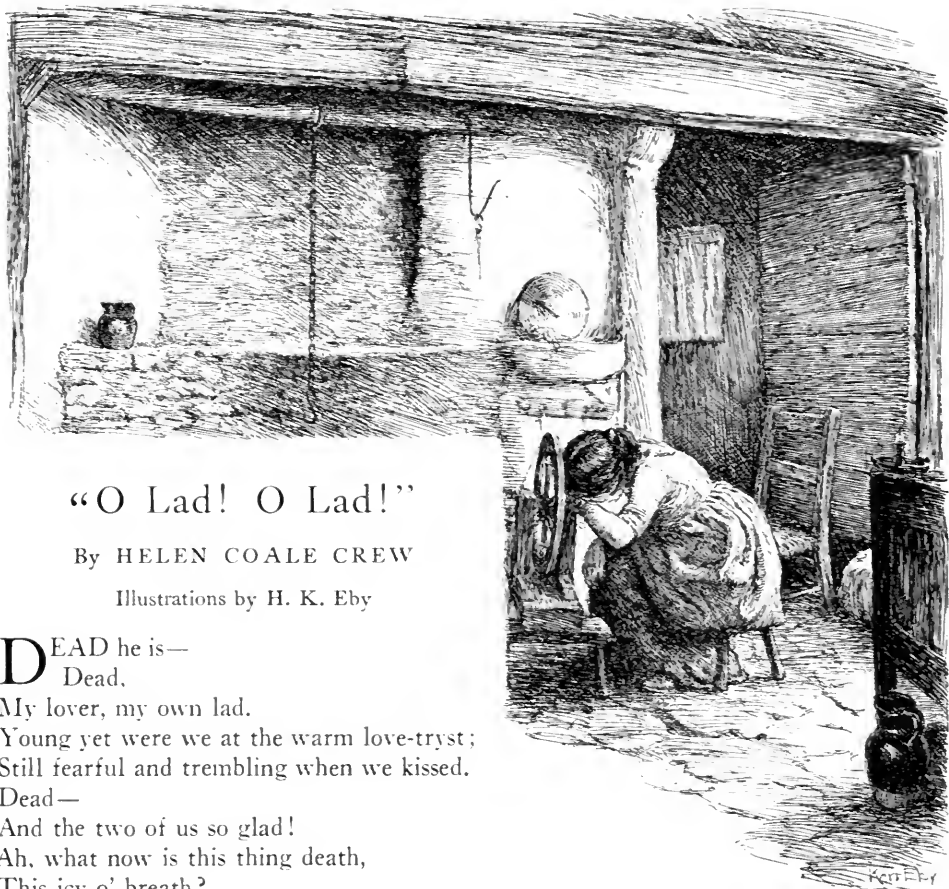
By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

GREEN miles of leafy peace are spread  
 Over these ranks, unseen and serried;  
 Screening the trenches with their dead,  
 And living men already buried.  
 The rains beat down, the torrents flow  
 Into each cold and huddling cave;  
 And over them the beet-fields grow,  
 A fortress gentle as a grave.

*Morose, impatient, sick at heart,  
 With rasping nerves and twitching muscles,  
 We cannot even sleep; we start  
 With every twig that snaps or rustles.  
 Sought ever by an unseen foe,  
 Over our heads the bullets fly;  
 But more than these, we fear the snow,  
 The silent shrapnel of the sky.*

*Yonder our colonel stalks and grieves,  
 Meeting the storm with thoughts more stormy;  
 But we, we sit and watch the leaves  
 Fall down, a torn and crumpled army.  
 We mourn for every leaf that lies,  
 As though it were a comrade slain;  
 Each was a shelter from the eyes  
 Of every prying aeroplane.*

And in its cloudy uniform,  
 Stilling the cannon's earthly thunder,  
 The huge artillery of the storm  
 Plows through the land and pulls it under.  
 The rain beats down, until the slow  
 And slipping earth resists no more—  
 And over them the beets will grow  
 Ranker and redder than before.



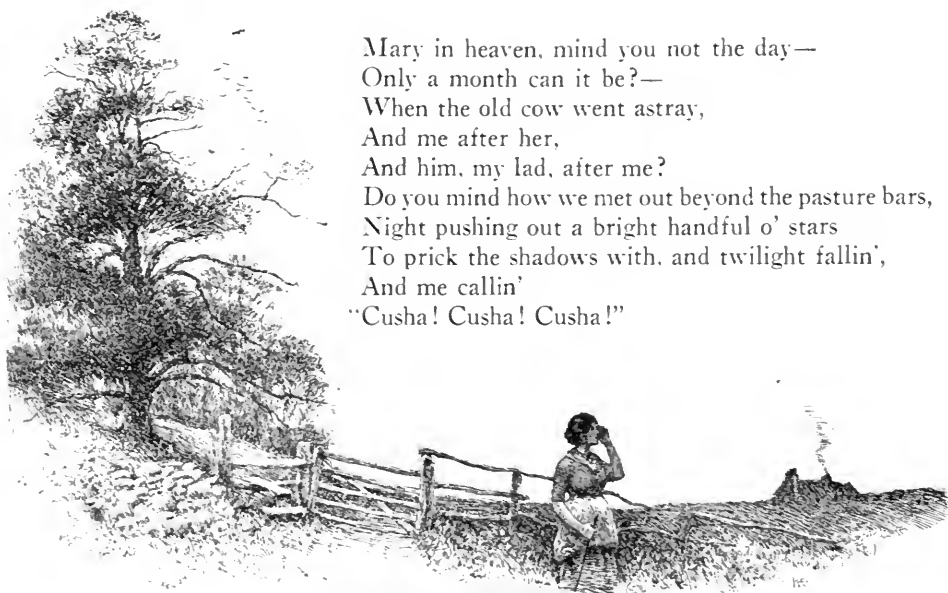
## “O Lad! O Lad!”

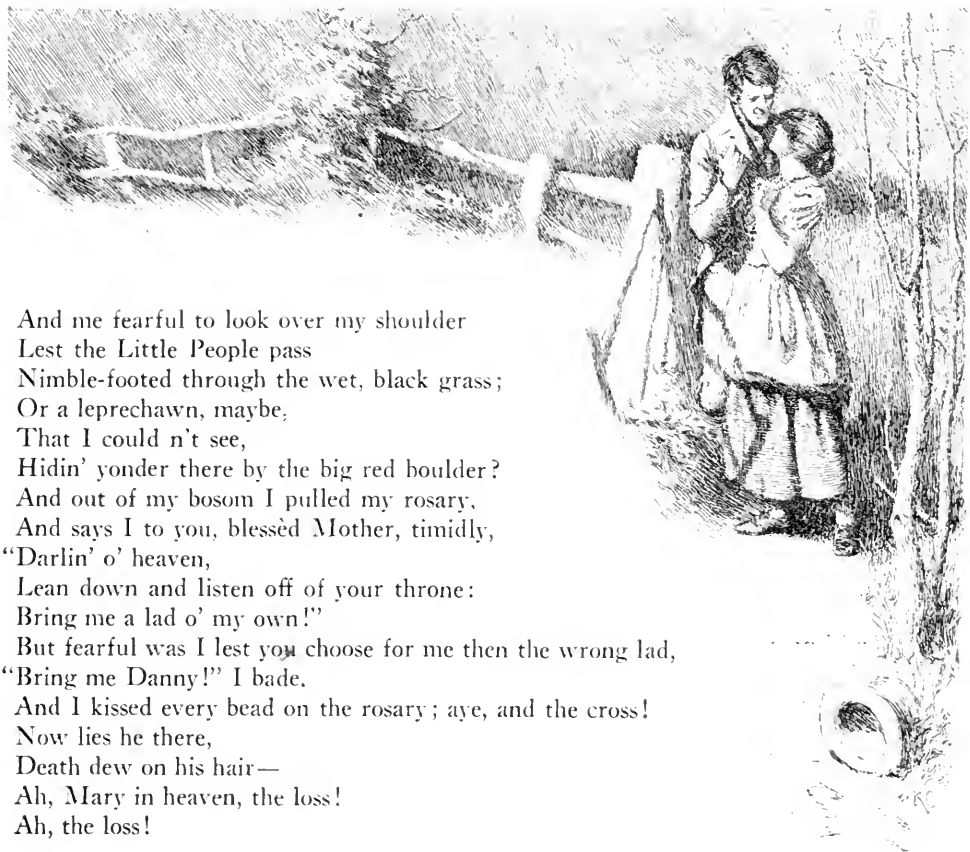
By HELEN COALE CREW

Illustrations by H. K. Eby

**D**EAD he is—  
 Dead,  
 My lover, my own lad.  
 Young yet were we at the warm love-tryst;  
 Still fearful and trembling when we kissed.  
 Dead—  
 And the two of us so glad!  
 Ah, what now is this thing death,  
 This icy o' breath?

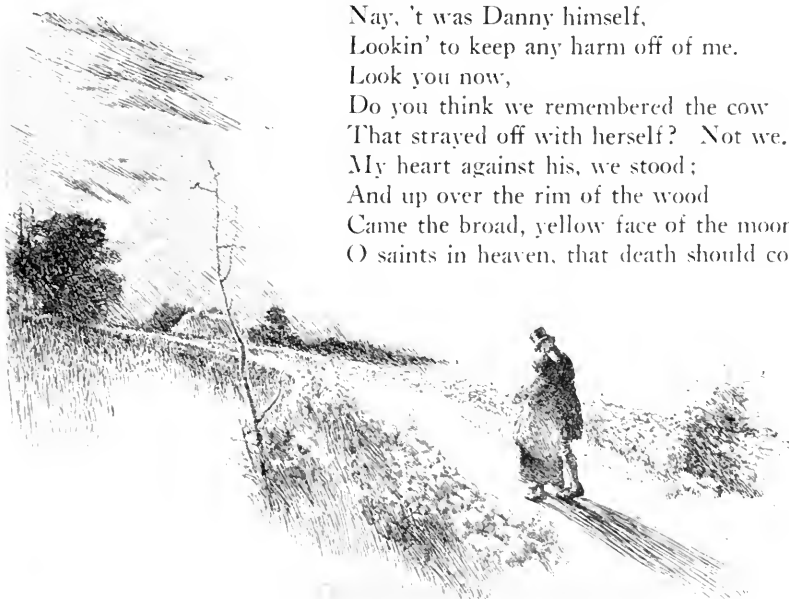
Mary in heaven, mind you not the day—  
 Only a month can it be?—  
 When the old cow went astray,  
 And me after her,  
 And him, my lad, after me?  
 Do you mind how we met out beyond the pasture bars,  
 Night pushing out a bright handful o' stars  
 To prick the shadows with, and twilight fallin',  
 And me callin'  
 “Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!”





And me fearful to look over my shoulder  
 Lest the Little People pass  
 Nimble-footed through the wet, black grass;  
 Or a leprechawn, maybe,  
 That I could n't see,  
 Hidin' yonder there by the big red boulder?  
 And out of my bosom I pulled my rosary,  
 And says I to you, blessèd Mother, timidly,  
 "Darlin' o' heaven,  
 Lean down and listen off of your throne:  
 Bring me a lad o' my own!"  
 But fearful was I lest you choose for me then the wrong lad,  
 "Bring me Danny!" I bade.  
 And I kissed every bead on the rosary; aye, and the cross!  
 Now lies he there,  
 Death dew on his hair—  
 Ah, Mary in heaven, the loss!  
 Ah, the loss!

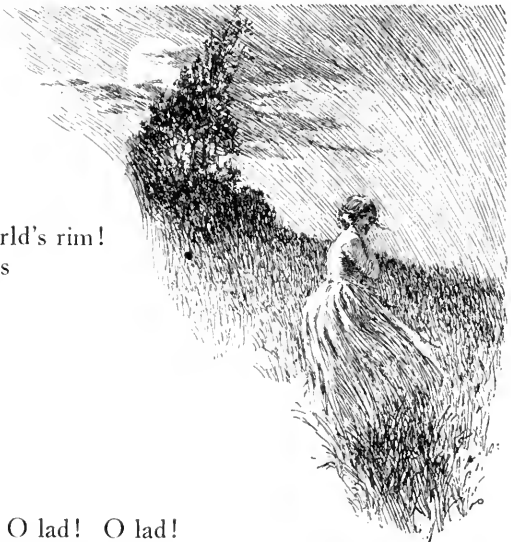
Would I lay my head on the shoulder  
 Of any old leprechawn leppin' from back o' the boulder?  
 Nay, 't was Danny himself,  
 Lookin' to keep any harm off of me.  
 Look you now,  
 Do you think we remembered the cow  
 That strayed off with herself? Not we.  
 My heart against his, we stood;  
 And up over the rim of the wood  
 Came the broad, yellow face of the moon—  
 O saints in heaven, that death should come so soon!



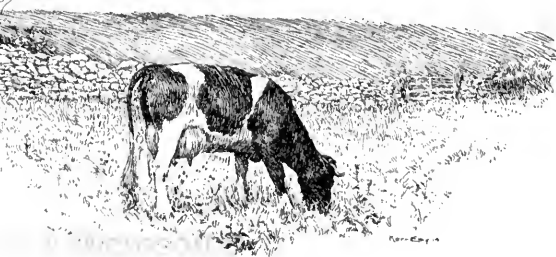


Like me,  
He kissed every bead on the rosary;  
Aye, and the cross,  
And slipped them back in my breast,  
Kissing the place where he slipped them in,  
With a glad sigh.  
"Rose o' the world's garden," says he,  
"Pray on these beads henceforth only for me."  
*Aye, will I!*  
Mary in heaven, the loss!

Ah, who will now  
Be protecting me from harm  
With his warm arm,  
And me after the straying cow,  
And twilight making dim  
The width of all the meadows to the world's rim!  
And the Little People playing in the grass  
Where my steps pass,  
And me fearing  
Lest their little voices I do be hearing!



O lad! O lad!  
What manner of thing is death,  
To chill your breath  
And leave mine warm for the grieving?  
You to be taking away, and me to be leaving?  
And the two of us so glad!







# The Waiting Years

By KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

Author of "The Silver Cord," "The Stepmother," etc.

Illustrations by William D. Stevens

THE shadow on the sun-dial, blue upon its white-marble surface, marked four o'clock, but its edge was broken by the irregular silhouette of an encroaching rose-bush. The sun-dial in the midst of the wide, sunny garden, the old red-brick house among the elms—these were the most sharply defined elements of Mark Faraday's picture of home. Born in Italy, for most of his young life a sojourner in foreign lands, he yet remembered being utterly happy at "Aunt Lucretia's" when at seven he had made his first visit to his mother's country. That memory had never faded. He had recalled and reclaimed each detail of its serene charm at his second visit ten years later, after his mother's death. And now in America again, he had naturally gravitated toward the old place.

The young man gave a careless friendliness to his faded little aunt, and spent long hours with his dreams, creative and subjective, in her garden. For the most part they were dreams of unheard melodies, for Mark Faraday was a composer. So little of his life had been spent in his own country that outside the garden he felt less at home in America than in Florence or Vienna. Yet place mattered little to him. An artist and a creator, his kingdom was within. Of his environment he demanded only harmony and space.

A bee buzzed into the open heart of a rose, bending it with his weight. A little breeze wafted its perfume toward him. His eyes wandered over the delicate, riotous color of the sweet-pea hedge and

rested in content upon the mignonette border. A circular path of white gravel surrounded the grass plot about the dial. From it as a center curved paths wandered outward, dividing the flower-beds. The flowers were planted without much regularity except for the borders of four-o'clock and mignonette. It was this spot that had inspired Mark's song cycle, "The Sun-dial." A certain quality of youth and freshness as natural as a spring in the woods had won for it quick recognition. Mark's artistic tendency was not exotic. Although not retrogressive, he had drunk deep at the springs of Bach, Schubert, and Mozart, and the basis of his work was sound.

Alone in the fragrant silence, he began dreaming sounds. The notes of the bee's drone, one high, one low, combining in uneven rhythm, had given him a suggestion for an accompaniment. His mind was far away, working out his pattern of harmony, when another sound, actual, familiar, broke into his reverie—the preliminary chords of one of the songs of his "Sun-dial" cycle, "Youth and Crabbed Age." Then a woman began to sing. It was Stella's voice; he recognized it at once, pleasant, sufficiently trained. Stella was a fair musician and was fond of trying over new music, but to-day she was playing in a more musicianly manner than he had believed her capable of playing. He had expected that his aunt would ask her over for tea. He enjoyed the girl's companionship. He had not known many of his own countrywomen. Their natural-

ness and freedom from the personal attitude of the Continental woman interested him. It was perhaps this quality in Stella that most appealed to him. He was aware that his Aunt Lucretia hoped for a romantic conclusion to the friendship. He himself had given the matter an occasional thought. Yet somehow Stella's definiteness left no room for the imaginative element to become active. It was difficult for him to visualize her as an established factor in his life, either as the restful center of a home or the adaptable companion of his nomadic wanderings. The precise nature of her lack he had not felt the necessity to characterize.

The concluding chords of his song vibrated into silence. With the ceasing of the actual sounds, his imagined music began to move again along its interrupted course; then a crash of Brahms broke into his creative weavings, and he frowned, not only for the interruption: Stella should not attempt Brahms. The hazardous attempt broke off as abruptly as it had begun. There was something fragmentary, or perhaps more correctly, something unfinished about Stella. She never had just fulfilled the promise of their first meeting. The bee theme drifted into his mind again, and had progressed a few measures, when the evolving harmonic pattern was again invaded by an alien presence, a soft one of dim outline and faded voice, his Aunt Lucretia.

"You are coming in for tea, Mark." She paused, characteristically tentative, wavering, fearful of intruding, a gentle, kindly, ineffectual presence. "And Stella is here," she added.

"I heard her." Mark rose to his excellent height and stood an instant looking down at the little old lady shading her eyes from the sunlight. They had been large and dark once; now the filmy rim of age was visible about the iris. Her white hair lay in neat ringlets upon her brow, which was wrinkled like a fine parchment. Her skin, bleached to a bloodless whiteness, retained still some of the soft texture of youth.

"And Allison Clyde," she finished her

announcement; "but you won't mind her," she added, recalling the restiveness of the present generation under boredom.

"Allison Clyde?" he repeated. He remembered the name vaguely as one of some old friend of the family. "An old lady." He had not reckoned his indifferent label a question, but his aunt took it up.

"We never think of her as that. She is younger," Lucretia Hall conceded, "than I am. Allison is universally admired. Mrs. Herrick"—she quoted the oracle of her circle in that last-generation manner that proclaims the accepted—"says that Allison is a personage."

Miss Lucretia turned toward the house; her nephew followed her.

"Any relation to the historian, bane of my youth?" he asked.

"His daughter," Lucretia gladly expounded; "and her brother, the poet, died young. Allison herself—very gifted musically." The fragments came back to him as his aunt preceded him with her small, hesitating steps up the narrow path. The picture of an old lady playing the "Songs without Words" passed through Mark's mind, and he began to plan flight. "But she was obliged to give up her music to care for her invalid father."

"I heard Stella playing," Mark commented.

His aunt rejoined after a moment:

"She does n't seem at all nervous. Young people are n't in these days. At her age, if any one asked me to play, I was terrified."

Her nephew smiled down at her, hooking her with an affectionate arm.

"What used you to play, *Tante*? The 'Blue Alsatian Mountains' and the 'Stéphanie Gavotte'?"

Her faded smile held a faint surprise.

"How did you know?"

"I am a clairvoyant, and did you sing, 'Then You 'll Remember Me'?"

"No, I never sang; but Mary—your mother—did."

They reached the back porch and passed through the wide hall into the shaded spaciousness of the drawing-room. In



"The warm afternoon light from the open window fell upon her, revealing what the years had worn, what they had been powerless to touch."

that quiet interior light that rested softly upon the decorous portraits of his forebears, the mahogany, and the accumulated bric-à-brac of three generations, he became aware of the incongruous presence of Stella. He realized again her clean-cut, finished daintiness, the incisiveness of voice and feature. As he released her hand, still aware of its hard, boyish grip, he heard his aunt's voice, light, wandering, non-arresting, as if continuing some conversational thread, "And Miss Allison Clyde, Mark—my old friend." He had been vaguely aware of some one else in the room, but when he met the smile of the older woman who held out her hand to him, he wondered that he had not realized it more promptly; for Miss Allison Clyde, although far removed from the youth of years, had about her something immediately and quietly charming—something, it occurred to him, that suggested autumnal perfumes and the warmth of late sunlight. It was a face with a certain fine austerity belonging to a generation at once more natural and more reserved than ours.

"So this is Mary's boy," she said. "You have her eyes." He looked at her and unconsciously glanced at Stella. The older woman belonged to the quiet old room. Stella, despite the same inheritance, did not.

Tea was brought in by a maid grown gray in his aunt's service, and Miss Lucretia presided. Mark's eyes again wandered from Miss Allison Clyde to Stella with involuntary comparison.

No one would have accused Stella of not being a well-bred young woman, yet she sat, Mark noted, carelessly and not quite gracefully. Miss Allison Clyde was taller than Stella, yet she was adjusted to her chair with a disciplined grace and dignity far removed from stiffness.

"Stella has promised to sing 'Crabbed Age' for me again," she announced when tea was finished.

"Shall I sing it now?" Stella rose with her promptness, and, going to the piano, plunged at once into the opening bars. Although the composer was not an egoist, he shuddered.

"I am making frightful hash of it, I know," Stella confessed, unabashed, as her fingers stumbled. "I think Miss Allison had better play it." Mark glanced quickly at the older woman.

"Then it was *you* I heard a moment ago."

"I tried it," she admitted, with a smile. "The title had a melancholy attraction for me. I had no idea the composer was overhearing, or I should have had stage-fright dreadfully."

"Play something else," Mark suggested. "It would give me so much pleasure. Something *not* Mark Faraday."

Miss Allison rose decisively.

"No, I will play 'Crabbed Age,'" she decided, "and youth shall sing it." And then they ran through it together, the older woman playing it with a musician's sense of its qualities, and Stella singing it through passably in her firm young voice.

In answer to Mark's sincere, "Play more," as she started to rise from the piano stool, Miss Allison let her fingers wander through passages of "Meister-singer" in a way that showed a musician's knowledge of the score.

"How wonderful that you can play like that still!" exclaimed Stella. The gaucherie of that "still" struck upon Mark's artistic sensibilities, trained in Italian habits of speech. "What a resource it must be!"

"For crabbed age," Miss Allison finished. Her smile held a faint amusement. Stella, momentarily silenced, if not abashed, by this explicit voicing of her thought, did not contradict, and Miss Allison continued, "The technic of a Paderewski would be small compensation for lost youth, I fear." She said it without sentimentality, but, as she spoke, lightly touched the delicate theme of the "Golden Apples" that brought eternal youth to the gods, passing into the sublimity of the Valhalla motive. Looking up, she met Mark's comprehension and smiled, then, bringing her chord to a resolution, rose from the piano-stool. Mark watched her as she paused to turn

over the pages of his "Sun-dial," noting the titles—Sunrise, Morning, High Noon, Afternoon, Evening, Night. "‘Youth and Crabbed Age’ is Evening, I see," she commented. "Then what is this?" She held up a separate sheet loosely set in the book, reading the title, "Too Late for Love and Loving."

"That was an attempt with words of my own before I resigned in favor of Shakspeare," Mark explained. "I am not a poet. They are just words for music."

She read them over:

"Sweet love, too late!  
Life is Time's prisoner,  
Love's hour has fled,  
The flowers are dead,  
Love has passed by.  
Sweet love, too late!  
Death stands at the gate."

She sat down again without comment, and ran it through softly, then again more assuredly, with appreciation. The warm afternoon light from the open window fell upon her, revealing what the years had worn, what they had been powerless to touch. Her hair was half gray; but her eyes were as dark, vivid, and expectant as the eyes of youth—autumn pools shot through with the sun. The mouth was a generous one, finely molded by the experience of the years. He remembered that she was a spinster, yet there was about her none of the emptiness, the starved quality, of the woman with her destiny unfulfilled; nothing of the futility, the incompleteness, of the celibate that causes the imagination to turn with relief to contemplation of the most bovine mother of a family. It must have been an impervious boor indeed who would venture to jest upon Miss Allison's single state. It spoke of naught but dignity. Life, it would seem, had not deprived her.

It was that warm, alive, expectant quality, Mark reflected, that revealed that Allison Clyde was neither wife nor mother. She had turned, no doubt, to other interests with her unquenchable vividness, and so could still look out upon the world with young, hopeful eyes.

Yet what, at her age, could the years still bring her? It had been surely a vain waiting; yet, viewed as a picture, it had, he felt, an autumnal beauty of its own.

That night Miss Allison Clyde wrote a long letter to her lifelong friend, Miss Augusta Penfield:

I met Lucretia's nephew, Mary's boy, to-day. He is, you know, a composer already on the road to fame. You remember that he was born abroad. There is for all his undiluted American ancestry a foreign touch about him, a something warm and ardent caught under the Italian skies that even our children seem to take on when born there. He is indeed a beautiful boy, a dreamer, yet manly. A boy I call him, yet he is twenty-nine. My dear father had four sons and a daughter at his age. Still he is a boy. It is strange in this generation, Augusta, that though in many ways they seem so advanced, so beyond us, in others they are further away from life's responsibilities than we were at their age. There is a suggestion of his Uncle William about Mark, but he is somehow stronger, more imperative. I was drawn to him at once because of his music. And he has the charming manner, the almost excessive chivalry, toward our sex that we see so little of any more, or at least seldom encounter at our age. Lucretia had asked Stella in for tea. She is a dear child and quite alarmingly composed, but not altogether musical, despite her excellent musical opportunities. She played one of the boy's songs, a delicious thing, rather dreadfully. I felt sorry for him. Lucretia insisted upon my playing his "Youth and Crabbed Age," which every one has been singing, although he seems delightfully unaware of that fact. He was so courteous about insisting that I should play more, I ran through a bit of "*Meister-singer*,"—he seemed so truly a young *Walter*,—and then discovered another little song that he has not published, "Too Late for Love and Loving," full of a kind of pathos that it seems impossible youth could understand. But I suppose that is where genius comes in.

The rest of the letter was made of mes-

sages and the mild, small daily occurrences that are of moment to such as Miss Augusta Penfield.

That night, searching in an old secretary in his room for some missing notes, Mark came upon a little daguerreotype in a drawer. It was of a young girl, taken apparently in the late sixties or early seventies. Something in the face, clear-eyed, warm-lipped, trusting, caught and held his attention. He turned it over to see if the girl's name was on the back, but the only inscription was a date in his Uncle William's writing, June, 1863. Poor Uncle William, who had been so full of promise, they said, but who had died from a bullet wound, a sacrifice to his country two years after the war!

Some girl that his uncle had loved, perhaps. The young man's face, dark-eyed, romantic, familiar to him through the old picture in uniform always on his mother's dressing-table, rose before his mind's eye. Perhaps Uncle William had taken the little picture away with him to the war. The date must have been just about the time that he had enlisted and marched away. He had gone without telling her perhaps; she could have been little more than a child. Perhaps he had never told. Or they might have had their brief tragic happiness upon the edge of death, they two "embracing under death's spread hand."

He stared at the picture. It would have been easy to love a girl with those eyes, that mouth. A fancy came upon him to put Uncle William's picture beside the girl's, and impulsively he went back to the darkened drawing-room, groped for the framed picture that stood upon the mantel, found it, and carried it up to his room. Then side by side he studied the two faces.

His imagination began to reconstruct their story. He wished that he might learn more. He went back to the old desk. It might have been his uncle's. He opened a drawer; it was empty. A second and a third; the last contained some valueless miscellany, an old glass knob, a faded bit of worsted fringe, some papers. Poking under them, he actually found a pack-

age of letters. He picked it up, and with a little thrill of realization recognized his uncle's writing. The paper was old and yellowed with time. It had no address, but was sealed with red wax. Scarcely expecting fulfilment of his romantic hope, he broke the seal and opened the package. There was no address on the first envelop. Some business memorandum, no doubt; yet nothing surely that at this late day he might not in honor examine. He drew out the closely written sheet and turned it over. After all the years his eyes were surely the first to read it. There was no name in the inscription. Uncle William's fine writing was very legible.

## II

July 15, 1863.

My little love with the smooth hair and the great eyes, you do not know that I have the little daguerreotype next my heart. I stole it from Lucretia, and packed it among my things. How often I shall take it out in the long days ahead before the war is over and I can come back to tell you that I love you. You will wait for me, sweetheart. No other man shall be the one to make those clear eyes fall, to change them from a child's to a woman's eyes. I can see you as you stood there beside the sun-dial. "Fight a brave fight, William," you said, "and come back soon." You were brave and glorious. Your eyes were not even wet, yet you care enough for me to shed a tear. I know that, little Allison. We have been such good comrades, you and I. I looked back and saw you waving. But you trust life so fearlessly, child. You are only fifteen. At that age one cannot imagine death. I am twenty-three and am a man. I knew I must not speak. I knew it, though my heart was knocking against my sides for love of you. So I shall not send these letters. I shall send you a line now and then, but not of love. You will hear the news of me from mother and the girls. I shall write these letters just the same, and keep them, and if the day comes when those great eyes, those dear and wonderful eyes, give the promise my heart is



" Mark saw Miss Allison, as he always afterward remembered her, standing by the tall mantel in the candle-light "

waiting for, then I shall hand them to you to read, and you shall know how long and faithfully I have loved you. I shall not write you of the war and the long marches; those things will be in my home letters. To you I shall write only of ourselves, not as if I were in the midst of battle and sudden death, but as if I were at home in Beechwood, where my heart is, at my window overlooking a corner of your garden. I am there now, sitting at my window as I write. I have just caught a glimpse of you in your Sunday gown, the white-and-green striped silk, with the tiny lavender flowers scattered on the white ground. You were picking a spray of lemon verbena to take to church. I see you in the little green bonnet in the high pew beside your mother. You have the soul of a lover, my Allison. I know it when I see you smell the fragrant flowers. Little Allison, how you will love when your day comes! Your mouth, so young, so warm, so generous, was made to give all; your pure eyes for complete trust. You belong to me, my Allison, although you do not know it yet. Even as I write this, fear shakes my heart. Have not all lovers thought the same? So strong is the sense of possession in love, so impossible it seems to the human heart that we should give all and receive nothing. What if some one should rudely awaken your clear soul from its young sleep, lay hot human hands upon you, my rose, my little cool, white flower! I can not bear these thoughts. You are mine, and I shall let you sleep until the moment comes for love to knock at the door of your heart. There shall be no rude awakening. I shall speak first so gently, yes, you shall be roused slowly from that sleep of childhood. Then you will put your hands in mine and say, "William, I love you," just as you said to me to-day, "Fight a good fight." And I will take those dear hands and draw you slowly toward me and kiss you on your fine, straight brows, your serene forehead, that is like that of the angels in the Italian pictures father brought home from Italy. Then I will let you go. I shall not be too impetuous,

lest I frighten you. And then some day you will say again, "Come home soon, William," and it will mean that I am to go home to you.

Yours till death,

WILLIAM.

August, '63.

My love with the dove's eyes:

Why were you so shy when I met you to-day on the gravel path? I asked you where you were going. You would not stop; you almost ran past, like a little gray moth. I love you in that gray little gown; your little bare shoulders are pink beside it, like a spring flower beside a stone. Why were you so shy? You are too young to have a lover. There is no one except the tow-headed Bowman boy across the street. It could not have been he. Then you went to the piano, and I heard you singing softly, "My Love is like a Red, Red Rose." What can you know of love, my little one? I am jealous of life itself that must bring that change to you. I would delay that day. Not yet would I have the bud open for the hot sun to draw out its fragrance. I would keep you yet a while in the white, austere innocence of your youth. My little love, my child, the hour is not yet.

WILLIAM.

September, '64.

Where I sit at my window, sweetheart, I can see the corner of the grape-arbor in your garden. Do you remember the day we sat there, and I read you my story, and you listened, with your great dreaming eyes on the slippery leaf shadows, and your mouth stained with the purple grapes? And when I had finished, you asked me, "Why did Reginald think he had to die, William?" And I told you, "Because he loved Eleanor so much and she loved another man." "Then why did n't he love some one else, too? How silly they all were!" you said. You were too young to understand. I look in the eyes of the little girl in the picture, and she does not understand. The little girl is a year younger than you, and the green-



and-white frock in the picture was torn and darned last summer. I remember how you looked, bent over your needle, your red lips a little heavy with unspoken protest as you sewed the long rent. What a child you always were to tear your frocks and get berry stains on your white aprons and scratch your fingers and arms with briars! And how I have loved each scratch and stain. My sweet, wild little Allison! Now perhaps you begin to understand, to wonder and dream a little. You may even have your dreams of lovers. You wonder yet with no intimation behind your clear eyes of what this thing is that incites men to courage or drives them to madness and death. Have you wondered yet if some day it will come to you? Or does it live still in that fair, fragrant world of your imagination as a tale that is told?

To-day you came home from your sewing circle, where you sewed garments for the soldiers, and when you came away you let me carry your package. The sleeve of your little gray gown had been darned, and you had outgrown the dress. "It is n't pretty any more, but I must n't have a new one," you said. "It is wicked for us to have new things when the soldiers are ragged and cold." And that look that is like tears came into your eyes. Oh, how I longed to kiss the hand you held out for your bundle at the gate! Not yet, Allison. You are just sixteen. You are a child yet. I must wait.

YOUR WILLIAM.

December, '64.

My Allison, I signed myself last year William, and I called you mine. It is no bold assumption. Neither life nor death can make me other than yours, whether you will or not, neither can it make you any less mine. Is n't it our George William Curtis who said that the land belonged to his rich neighbor, but the view was his? No matter if I never touch your dear hands save as a friend, my Allison, you will still be mine, because I have

divined the fine mysteries of your spirit. I am your worshiper and knight, whatever fate befalls us. "We needs must love the highest when we see it," says the new poet across the water. No truer words were ever spoken. So in that fine inner sense I am yours and you are mine whether you ever come to love me or not. To-day I found you chasing a butterfly in the garden. What a child you are still! You brushed me as you ran past, then, as you turned, ran almost into my arms. Ah, my Allison, you did not know how it set my heart beating when that loose strand of your hair blew across my face! Your cheeks were flushed, and you drew back laughing.

"What do you want with the butterfly, Allison?" I asked. "You surely would not hurt it. If you throw your bonnet over it, you will break its wings."

You looked at me with your great eyes.

"I would not do that, William. I only wanted to see the gold spots on its wings."

"You can do that best without touching it, my dear," I said. "A touch will destroy its gold dust." You looked at me with your pure eyes and said,—like a little child, yet you are almost a woman,— "Oh, William, I would not break its wings." And then sharply a thought struck me like a pang. Can I perhaps see you better with my soul's eyes, Allison, if you are never mine? Would I break *your* wings in touching you? Are you something too fine and fair for human experience? It came like a presentiment then that you would never be mine in the dear common human way. Can it be so, dear love? No, no; I would have you when the hour comes. Despite the angel in your eyes, you were made to make fair a home, to know in all its phases a man's love, to hold your children in your arms,—children with eyes such as you have now,—and teach them such things as pure beings like you can teach to children.

"Is n't it nice that they are butterflies last, William?" you said. "Suppose they had to grow brown and ugly and to move slowly, instead of flying, when they are old like people."

"It is like life and death," I told you, although God knows I am no preacher. Perhaps it is because my body is at the war while my soul is in Beechwood that I must sometimes think these thoughts of death. Your eyes looked straight into mine then, with something like a reflection of heaven's light. Then again all at once they were a child's again, and you said: "Grandam's portrait in the hall is beautiful. She was sixteen then. But she is n't pretty any more."

"No, she is n't pretty any more, Allison, yet once like you she chased butterflies in the garden. And that portrait was painted the year before she was married."

Why was it then that you turned away your eyes and the soft curve of your cheek grew pink? Perhaps it is always so with the young girl at the thought of love and marriage; but you are still a child.

"The butterfly has flown away, Allison, and you never even looked at its golden wings," I reminded you, and you laughed and shrugged. "There will be another," you said. Yes, there will always be more butterflies in the garden, and there will always be more lovers in the world for such as you while your sweet youth lasts, whether I live to woo you or not. That thought saddens me. Yet should I not feel it enough to have known and loved you? Suppose you had never been in the world, and I had loved some commonplace pretty girl instead of little Allison, with eyes like an autumn brook in the sun?

Oh, my dear, the time is long, and I grow weary with my make-believing. I am a thousand miles away. A cold rain is falling. I could not bear it were it not for your voice in my ears: "Fight a good fight. Come back home soon, William." As soon, God pity me, as I can. My country first, even if it robs me of life's dearest treasure. Ah, that I had dared before I left to speak the words in my heart, "Wait for me, sweetheart, wait till I come home; for it will be no true home unless you make it for me."

But I did not say it. The hour was not yet. Pray God that it may come for

us both, for never will another know how to love you as I do, my Allison.

YOUR FAITHFUL WILLIAM.

March, '65.

In battle, on the march, there has been no time for my letters, my sweetheart, and only in my dreams have I been able to fancy myself at my window overlooking your garden. But now there is a lull for writing. We feel that the end is drawing near. And so once more I can trust my dream self back in Beechwood with you.

Last night I took you home from Uncle Alvin's. We walked slowly under the moon. The air was cool. You wore your little brown hood. You are taller now, little Allison. I lingered at the gate when I said good night. You lingered, too, and for the first time I knew—I cannot say how—that your soft childhood was unfolding its wings to depart. Not that I dared even to linger over your hand, still less to pull off the brown mitten and kiss the little hand curled soft and warm within; but the eyes that you turned to me had a graver light. Was it the sad news of the war, the death and tragedy about you? Jolly Dick Burrows, Arthur and Henry, struck down, blotted out. These are aging times, my sweetheart. Had you the consciousness of me as anything nearer than your old friend Lucretia's brother? Some day life will bring to you this thing that tears at my heart. Some day not so far off now. Sometimes I wonder that I dare hope it will come to me.

YOUR WILLIAM.

April 10, '65.

It has come, the news has come: the war is over. A few days, weeks, and I shall be with you. I have been wounded. They have told you that, have they not? But it is nothing, a scratch. It troubles me now, but it will soon be over. Last night I sat in the hot Southern twilight that smelled of jessamine and dreamed myself back with you in New England, where the spring nights are cold. But I

did not dream any more the meetings of fantasy. My mind leaped forward, and dreamed of my real home-coming. I had greeted them all, my dear mother, the girls, Alice, and Lucretia. Then they left us alone in the little circle about the sun-dial, only it was summer, and the bees were heavy with the flower dust, the air was fragrant. And then at last I saw the consciousness of womanhood in your eyes—those clear eyes that have always looked so straight at mine, straight into my heart, it seemed, although I knew they were too young to see. Not once except for that first moment when you said, with lowered lids, "Welcome home, William," did you look at me. And as we sat on the garden seat, I could see your color rise, the lace scarf tremble with your quickened breath. And then I took your hand. "I have come home to you, Allison," I said. "What have you to say to me?" But you would not raise your eyes. I took both of your hands then. "Look at me, Allison," I said, and something ran through you like the wind through a rose shaking out its perfume, and I seemed to draw into my very soul the fragrance of your young emotion; and I said again, "Look at me, Allison." And then, half like a child commanded, you raised your eyes. . . . There is a majestic purity about you, Allison! Even in the young confusion of that moment it pierced me, humbled me in adoring love before you. "Allison, speak," I said, and I could scarcely get out the words. "Do you love me?" and you, stammering like a child, said, "I don't know, William. I don't know." "Then at least you do not love any other man?" I asked you, and you shook your head.

Oh, Allison, if I come home to find that some other man has taught you love, how shall I live through the burden of my days!

WILLIAM.

July, '65.

My Allison:

Here I sit in verity at my window and write. I shall never speak, after all; for now I know that I have n't the right. The wound was fatal, it seems, and I have

only a short time to live, so I dare not tell you until after I am gone. It would hurt you too much. Even now I can scarcely bear to see your pity in your eyes. Suppose that pity were to imagine itself love! When I am myself, my whole being rejects that thought. It is not such love I dreamed to win from you, my Allison. Then again there are moments, weak moments, when I would have anything, take you at any price, only to have you nearer, only to wring those brief hours of warmth and sunshine from the cold outstretched hand of death. But that is only weakness. Such sad companionship with on-coming death shall not be for you, my beloved. You shall see me till the last as Lucretia's brother, not your lover. I cannot trust myself to think of that other man who will live my dreams. Yet for myself I ask only to live till the end with my eyes filled with the sight of you; to live in fact and memory over each tone of your voice, each light and shade on that dear face. You are not a child now. With your dark braids about your star-like face, you are a woman, ready to waken to the knowledge of love; but, thank God! not yet awakened. So I may know still the cool, unconscious touch of your hand, your dear daily gift of flowers, watch your sweet down-bent head as you come to read to me here in our garden, and not heed the words for the dearness of dreaming over your face, living so intensely each moment of you. Oh, my sweet, why did you go so soon to-day? I know it was to buy ribbons for a new muslin for Molly Dearborn's party. You must go to your parties, be happy. That is all I wish. Yet you would so gladly have given me that hour if you had known. Some one could have matched the ribbon for you. "Allison does not know," I heard Lucretia say the other day. "We do not want her to know. It would distress her too much." I shall not let you know, my darling. I write it now, but I shall blot it out lest it hurt you too much to know afterward how precious each moment you gave me was, lest it grieve your tender heart to know there was something

more you might have given had you known.

WILLIAM.

Like one coming out of a dream, Mark glanced about the room, noted the hands of the clock marking the half-hour past midnight, then picked up the picture of the girl who was young more than forty years ago.

With a little sense of shock it came to him that she existed no more. He wondered whether she also had died in her sweet youth or lived still, an old woman.

If she was alive, had she married some one not Uncle William? Or had she never married? Had she loved him? Had she known that he loved her? He picked up the picture again. The face seemed vaguely familiar. It seemed to speak to him. He lost himself in dreams and roused himself with a laugh.

"I believe I am half in love with you myself, little Allison, in love with your lost youth, in love with the shadow of a shadow. And *that* is a subject for a song—"

Allison, a quaint little name it was. Allison what? Who was she? It struck him suddenly,—he wondered that he had not thought of it before,—it must be, it surely was, Miss Allison Clyde. He studied the young pictured face more closely, and felt sure he traced a resemblance in it to the old. To-morrow he would find out.

The pathos of it—too old for love, the theme of his song. Reverently he gathered up the letters, replaced them in their envelop, and put them away. Suddenly, sharply the consciousness smote him: the woman to whom those letters were written had never read them.

### III

THE next afternoon at tea-time he took the daguerreotype to his Aunt Lucretia. She received it with her slow, uncertain, frail old hands, lifting it to the light.

"Why, that little old picture of Allison!" she said. "I had forgotten we had it. Where did you find it? It was William's." She stared at it with the pitiful

look the eyes of the old show at reawakening memories. "I always thought your Uncle William was in love with her," she confided, "although he never told us so."

"Miss Allison Clyde?" Mark questioned, and Miss Lucretia nodded faintly marveling:

"Why, did n't you know!"

"And was Miss Allison in love with Uncle William?"

Miss Lucretia answered doubtfully:

"I don't know. She was a child. She never said so."

"Did she ever, later on, have a love-affair?"

His aunt shook her head.

"Not that I know of. She was always so taken up with her own household. They were very close to each other, a very united family."

"It is a wonderful little face," Mark said, looking down at the daguerreotype.

"She was only a child then," Lucretia repeated, "not more than fifteen." Her eyes became reminiscent. "She was still so young, only seventeen, when he died. When he came home, he knew he had not long to live. He used to sit out here and watch her as she moved about. He never talked much, but the look in his eyes was," Aunt Lucretia stated in her quiet way, "very moving."

Mark heard a step, and glanced up to see Miss Allison Clyde herself standing beside them, looking down at them with a smile.

"To whom am I indebted for this honor? That funny little old ambrotype! Where did you unearth it, Lucretia?"

"It was Brother William's," Lucretia explained, with her gentle melancholy. "Mark found it in his room and asked me about it."

Mark looked to see some revelation in Miss Allison Clyde's face, but found none. Her kindly smile had not faded or changed except to take on a shade of amusement as she picked up the ambrotype.

"How proud I was of that mantilla!" she said. "I remember it so well. It was green. Do you recall it, Lucretia?"

Miss Lucretia nodded, her frail hands busy with the tea-cups.

"I do. And the turban with the green plume you wore with it."

Mark glanced from the picture of the child to the face of the woman whose youth was past. Was it tragedy for her, he wondered, that she had never known in its fullness the meaning of love and home? Or was she happy burning with her own diffusing light full of the warmth of humanity, loving, and giving to all the world instead of one lover?

Miss Lucretia interrupted his reverie.

"I suppose you are going over to see Stella this evening, and we old people shall have to amuse ourselves without you as best we can."

Mark lifted his Lowestoft tea-cup and set it down again before he answered slowly:

"No, I think not. I am going to stay and have some music with Miss Allison."

He wondered why Miss Allison had made Stella seem suddenly hard, new, almost crude, like the modern furniture in the drawing-room beside the fine old mahogany, with its simple decoration and tone of time.

It was that evening, which he had decided should be his last, that, when their music was over, he handed Miss Allison Clyde a sheet of manuscript music.

"Since you liked it," he said.

She took it, a faint color coming in her cheek. It was the manuscript of the fifth song of his cycle, "Evening," and he had dedicated it to her. Involuntarily she moved to give it back to him.

"No, not to me. You are too kind. But you must dedicate it to youth."

He nodded, with his smile.

"So I have: to the woman who has youth in her heart." Then he drew out the package of letters. "And these," he said in a lower voice, "are yours also." He handed them to her silently.

"Mine?" She turned over the package in doubtful wonder.

"I found them in the desk with the daguerreotype. When you open them you will understand."

Turning from the doorway for a last good night, Mark saw Miss Allison, as he always afterward remembered her, standing by the tall mantel in the candle-light with the unopened package of Uncle William's letters in her hand.



## A Point of Honor

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

YOU say that I have wronged you so,  
 You scourge me with your angry scorn,  
 Because I loved a year ago,  
 And now my love is all outworn.  
 Think of the wrong I spared you—this:  
 Swiftly and silently I fled,  
 Nor lingered for one lying kiss,  
 After I knew that love was dead.





# Shall the Majority Rule?

By N. I. STONE

Author of "Promotion of Foreign Commerce in Europe and the United States," etc.

**W**HATEVER may be the shade of our political beliefs, most of us assume that we are living under a system of representative government which, if not always acting in the interests of all the people, voices the wishes of the majority of the people. Through universal suffrage, the people have an opportunity at frequent intervals to elect their representatives, who are supposed to reflect the political views of those who elect them.

Theoretically this is quite true. In practice the working of our electoral system results in the defeat of the expressed wishes of the voters. Our system of electing legislative representatives is so crude that it frequently defeats the very purpose for which it has been created. That it invariably leaves great minority bodies of the electorate unrepresented, all of us know, though we rarely stop to think of it; but few of us realize that it frequently deprives the majority of the control of government. Government by minority instead of by majority rule threatens to become a regular feature of our political institutions if things remain as they are.

## NATIONAL ELECTION WON BY A MINORITY

IN the last Presidential election a little over fifteen million votes were cast for the Presidential candidates of different parties, of which the Democratic candidate received 6,293,019 votes, the Republican 3,484,950, the Progressive 4,119,507, the Socialist 901,873, the Prohibitionist 207,928, and the Socialist Labor party 29,259. These figures mean that Mr. Wilson was elected to the Presidency

of the United States by a minority of 6,293,019 votes as against 8,743,523 votes cast against him.

In most European countries an election which fails to give to any one candidate a clear majority of all the votes cast is shortly followed by a second election in which the voters have an opportunity to choose between the two candidates who have received the two highest votes. If we had such a system in vogue and if our Presidents were elected by the direct vote of the people, there would have been a second election before the end of November in which the voters of the country would have had to choose between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt. These two candidates would then have divided between them the votes of the Republican, Socialist, and Prohibition parties, in addition to the votes of their respective parties. The result of the second election could not fail to give the successful candidate a clear majority of all the votes cast.

So much for the Presidency. The aspect is a great deal more serious when we consider the congressional situation. The great body of voters in a National election vote a straight ticket, and this was truer than ever in the election of 1912, which was fought on the issue of broad political principles rather than on the personal merits of the candidates. We may therefore assume for the purpose of our argument that the aggregate vote cast by every party for its congressional candidates was approximately the same as for its respective candidates for the Presidency. It is immaterial whether this as-

sumption is in strict accord with the actual figures or not, as it does not affect the argument, serving merely for purposes of illustration.

According to the figures given above, the Democratic party received forty-two per cent. of all the votes cast; the Republican twenty-three per cent.; the Progressive twenty-seven per cent.; the Socialist six per cent.; and the Prohibition less than two per cent., disregarding fractions in every case. With a government like ours, based on equal and universal suffrage (so far as men are concerned), the underlying assumption is that the numerical composition of the parties in Congress or in state legislatures corresponds to that among the voters whom they represent. Therefore, if our system of electing these men worked in a fair and equitable way, the make up of the Sixty-third Congress should have been approximately as follows:

Democrats	183
Republicans	100
Progressives	118
Socialists	26
Prohibitionists	8
<hr/>	
Total	435

Instead, the Sixty-third Congress was made up as follows:

	Seats in Congress	Per cent. of seats in Congress	Per cent. of votes cast for Congress
Democrats	290	68	42
Republicans	129	29	23
Progressives	15	3	27
Independent	1	0	0
Socialists	0	0	6
Prohibitionists	0	0	2
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Total	435	100	100

That is to say, forty-two per cent., or less than half the voters, control sixty-eight per cent., or more than two thirds of all the seats; while the remaining fifty-eight per cent., or more than half the voters, were represented by thirty-two per cent., or less than one third of the House

of Representatives. Moreover, as this majority of fifty-eight per cent. happens to be split into four distinct parties, the inequality of representation works out even more strikingly in the distribution of the remaining one third of the seats among their representatives. Thus, the Republicans, with twenty-three per cent. of all the votes cast, obtained twenty-nine per cent. of all the seats in the house, while the Progressives, with twenty-seven per cent. of the votes, secured only three per cent. of the seats, and the Socialists and Prohibitionists, with more than a million votes, constituting eight per cent., or one twelfth of all the votes cast in the country, received no representation at all.

The question naturally suggests itself: How can such striking inequality in representation come about under our system of equal suffrage for all male citizens? The answer is simple: it lies in our system of representation by districts, one representative to a district. In the first place, our districts are not apportioned equally according to the votes cast in each. The glaring inequality between the average Northern and Southern district has so often been pointed out as to need no more than passing mention here. But this is the least of the evils of the one-representative-to-a-district system. One can conceive of districts laid out on a basis of strict arithmetical equality, and still have the unequal representation of the last election. It is due to the fact that the minority votes in every district are as effectually lost to the country as if the ballots on which they are marked were not counted at all. An illustration will make this clear.

Let us suppose that there are only two parties in a State entitled to ten representatives in Congress. Suppose the State divided into ten districts, each containing exactly 50,000 voters. The majority party casts 30,000 votes in every district, while the minority gets the remaining 20,000. The majority party will carry all of the ten districts, while the 200,000 voters of the minority, scattered over ten

districts, will fail to secure a single representative. "But," it may be said, "you are taking a hypothetical case which will never occur in practice." In the first place, I shall cite several instances of which the congressional figures given above are one, to show that such a situation is not imaginary, but runs all through our political history. In the second place, it shows how utterly wrong the principle is on which we have built up our system of representative government. It is the secret of the origin of that great sore on our body politic known as gerrymandering.

#### GERRYMANDERING

THE shrewd men who make a business of politics were not slow to see the vast possibilities of our district system, and resorted to gerrymandering at a time when the republic was not many years old. For 1912, the year of our last Presidential election, marked exactly a century since the first apportionment act of that kind was passed in the great State of Massachusetts under Governor Gerry, who gave his name to the practice. All that is necessary for the party in power to help perpetuate its domination in a State is to cut it up into districts, no matter how unnatural the boundaries or grotesque their outlines, so long as it insures to the dominant party the largest number of districts in which it has a majority, be it ever so small, and gives the opposition party the smallest number of districts with majorities ever so large.

For as long as each district elects only one man, a majority of ten votes is just as effective as one of 10,000. If you can so cut up the State as to bunch the 10,000 majority of the opposition in one district, and to spread out your own majority of only 1000 over ten districts, you can elect ten representatives to the opposition's one, although you have a minority of the votes in the State as a whole. Can any one blame the practical politician for taking advantage of a system that permits such practice? He is only human, and does not aspire to moral perfection.

#### OUR POLITICAL HISTORY GRAVELY AFFECTED

BUT apart from gerrymandering, we have seen that the system is inherently defective, since even with an apportionment laid out with mathematical precision the minority in every district is bound to remain unrepresented. It is a trite maxim among students of government that no democracy can survive that fails to conserve the rights of its weakest members, be they in the majority or the minority. So long as all people cannot be of the same mind government of all the people by a majority of the people is the nearest approach we can have to the rule of the people by the people. But adequate representation of the minority in the councils of the nation furnishes, through the medium of a strong opposition in the legislature, an indispensable corrective to possible abuse of the minority by the majority; it insures a critical review of all measures proposed by the majority, thereby making the legislature a deliberative body in the best sense of the word; above all, it is the strongest corrective for possible corruption and abuse of power into which all parties in power are tempted sooner or later. To the extent that the one-representative-to-a-district system leaves large numbers of voters, running, as we have seen, into millions, without a voice in the legislative councils, it deprives democracy of its most potent means for perpetuating the purity and stability of its institutions.

Just one illustration from our political history to show how vitally this apparently small detail in our electoral system affects the most important policies of the nation. In 1888, in the election of the Fifty-first Congress, the Republican party polled 5,348,379 votes as against 5,502,581 cast for the Democrats and about 140,000 votes for minor parties. This resulted in the election of 164 Republicans and 161 Democrats. As in the election of 1912, a minority of the voters elected a majority of the House of Representatives, the only difference being that in 1888 the Republican party was the



beneficiary of the unjust system, while in 1912 fickle Dame Fortune, like the beauty in "Midsummer Night's Dream," transferred her affection to the donkey. What happened?

The Republican majority in Congress proceeded to revise the tariff as though it had received a mandate from a majority of the people, and the McKinley Bill became the law of the land. Two years later "an outraged people rose in its might," putting in 235 Democrats as against 161 in 1888, and reducing the Republican contingent of 164 to 88. This is what we are accustomed to read in our political histories. As a matter of fact, while these figures are correct, no tidal wave had swept the country, and there was no such radical change in the sentiment of the people as was indicated by these figures.

What actually happened was that in 1888 the Republican vote was 48.2 per cent. of the total, electing 50.4 per cent. of all congressmen. In 1890, the vote fell to 42.9 per cent., but the number of Republican seats in Congress dropped to 26.5 per cent. On the other hand, the Democratic vote in 1888 was 49.6 per cent. of the total, electing exactly 49.6 per cent. of the congressmen, while in 1890 it rose to 50.6 per cent., resulting in the election of Democrats to 71.1 per cent. of the seats in Congress. Consider the significance of these figures: a change of only one per cent. of the total vote of the country in favor of the Democratic party gave it an increase in representation in Congress from 49.6 per cent. to 71.1 per cent. of the total. Another turn of the wheel of Fortune, and the Democrats in 1894 just as easily lost their stupendous majority as they had won it in 1890, their vote dropping to 38.1 per cent. of the total, while the number of their representatives in Congress fell to 29.2 per cent.<sup>1</sup>

Had there been in force an equitable system of representation, the Fifty-first Congress would have been made up of 158 Republicans, 162 Democrats, and 5

Prohibitionists. The Democrats would thus be the strongest party in Congress, though neither the Democrats nor the Republicans would have had a clear majority in the house, and the McKinley Bill never would have received the votes necessary to make it a law. Nor would there have been any tidal wave, changing the Democratic contingent in the house from 49.6 per cent. to 71.1 per cent. of the total, through the insignificant increase of one per cent. in its share of the total vote of the country.

The startling conclusion from this is that the country would not have been thrown into political convulsions in the brief space of two years, if the composition of the house had reflected at each election the composition of the voters. It shows that the great mass of the people is not at all so easily swayed by political passions from election to election as appears from a superficial examination of the changes in Congress. It means that even a quarter of a century ago, when the minor party vote was so insignificant as to be hardly noticeable, it could have performed the useful function of the governor of a steam-engine, keeping either of the great parties from the political excesses and abuse of power that have played havoc with the economic interests of all classes of our people.

#### SHALL WE HAVE MINORITY RULE?

THE chief evil of our present electoral system has hitherto been the inadequate representation received by the minority parties. Still, as a rule, the majority has governed, and to that extent the system justified its existence. The example of the vote of 1888 has shown that even in the days of a diminutive minor-party vote such a thing as a majority representation of a minority of the electorate was at times possible. However, with the growth of minor parties, minority rule is bound to become the rule in this country rather than the exception. The last Presidential vote, analyzed in the beginning of this article, furnishes the most striking illustration of our political history of a minor-

<sup>1</sup> These figures are taken from John R. Commons's "Proportional Representation."

ity of the voters of the country (forty-two per cent.) capturing an overwhelming proportion of the National legislature (sixty-eight per cent., or more than two thirds).

Taking the vote by States, the inequality is even more striking than for the country as a whole. Thus in Connecticut the Democratic minority, with a vote equal to forty-one per cent. of the total, captured all the five seats in Congress from that State, leaving the majority of fifty-nine per cent. entirely unrepresented. In Illinois the Democrats, with scarcely more than a third of the total vote (thirty-six per cent.) captured twenty-one out of twenty-seven seats in Congress, or nearly eighty per cent. of the total, leaving one fifth of the seats to the majority of nearly two thirds of the voters. In Indiana the Democratic minority of forty-four per cent. of the voters captured all the thirteen seats in Congress from that State, leaving the majority of fifty-six per cent. entirely unrepresented. In Kansas the Democratic minority of forty-three per cent. of the voters gained five out of eight seats in Congress. In Maryland the Democrats, with not quite half the vote, captured all the six seats from that State. In Missouri the Democrats, with not quite half the total vote of the State, secured fourteen out of the sixteen seats that State holds in the House of Representatives. In New Jersey the Democratic minority of forty-one per cent. of the voters captured eleven out of twelve congressional seats from that State. In the Empire State of New York, the Democratic minority of forty-two per cent. of the voters obtained possession of nearly three fourths of the seats in Congress, namely, thirty-two out of forty-three.

These illustrations, taken from the returns of the last Presidential election, hardly need further amplification to show the utter failure of the one-representative-to-a-district system to provide the simplest measure of representative government in our national affairs.

The system works just as badly in the state government. For illustration, it

will suffice to turn to the results of the election to the legislature in the State of New York. As in the case of the national vote we assumed the congressional and Presidential vote to be nearly the same, so in the States we shall assume that the vote for members of the assembly and the senate by parties was the same as for governor. In 1912 the vote for governor in the State of New York was as follows:

	Votes	Per cent.
Democratic Party	649,559	42
Republican Party	444,105	29
Progressive Party	393,183	25
Socialist Party	56,917	4
	<hr/> 1,543,764 <sup>1</sup>	<hr/> 100

Under a system of proportional representation, the composition of the parties in the assembly would be as shown in the first column of the following table; but under the one-representative-to-a-district system the result of the election is shown to be wholly different in the second column of the same table:

#### REPRESENTATIVES IN ASSEMBLY

	Should have been elected	Actually elected
Democrats	63	105
Republicans	43	41
Progressives	38	4
Socialists	6	0
	<hr/> 150	<hr/> 150

The same glaring inequality prevails in the representation in the state legislature as has been found in the National Congress. A Democratic minority comprising forty-two per cent. of the votes captured the assembly of the State of New York by an overwhelming majority of more than two thirds, while the majority, comprising fifty-eight per cent. of the voters, was represented by less than one third of the assembly. As in the case of Congress, the minority parties were the worst sufferers. The Progressives, with twenty-five per cent. of all the votes cast

<sup>1</sup> This does not include the vote of the Prohibition and Socialist Labor parties, which was not large enough appreciably to affect the results.

in the State, secured only four per cent. of all the seats in the assembly, while the Socialists, after polling six per cent. of the entire vote of the State, secured no representation at all. The same inequality affected the distribution of seats in the state senate, as shown in the following table:

#### REPRESENTATIVES IN THE SENATE

	Should have been elected	Actually elected
Democrats	21	33
Republicans	15	18
Progressives	13	0
Socialists	2	0
	—	—
	51	51

In Europe, where they likewise have the system of electing one representative to a district, they have managed to shear it of many of its worst features. Thus, as already explained, no candidate is declared elected if he polls a mere plurality vote. The voters having registered their political convictions by casting their ballots for the candidates of their respective parties, and having failed to give a clear majority to any of the candidates in the field, are given a chance to indicate their second choice by voting again; but this time only the candidates who received the two highest votes in the first election appear on the ballot. This not only insures majority representation in every district, but gives the minor parties, which cannot elect their own candidates in that district, an opportunity to exert an influence proportionate to their numerical strength and strategic importance on the policies of the great parties which must have their support in the elections. In this country we have no second elections,<sup>1</sup> and the vote of the minor parties is literally thrown away so far as its direct influence on election is concerned.

#### THE REMEDY

BUT even Europe is displeased with the old system. All over Europe the demand

for proportional representation has been getting more insistent every year. As in many other great political reforms, France is again leading the way. After a stormy struggle that had wrecked a number of ministries, Premier Poincaré succeeded in carrying the measure through the Chamber of Deputies in 1912, and thereby achieved the greatest triumph of his administration. But for his elevation to the presidency, he would have carried the measure through the Senate. His successor, Briand, having failed to win over the Senate to the popular measure, resigned his post with his entire cabinet. In the following national election the voters again gave their overwhelming indorsement to the measure, which would have made the foremost issue in the French parliament but for the army question precipitated by Germany's extraordinary appropriations for armament, followed by the outbreak of the war.

By doing away with the *arrondissements*, the one-man districts, and combining them into large departments corresponding to our States, France hopes to elevate the moral and intellectual tone of its parliament. The French people confidently believe that the peanut politician who was able to carry his little district largely by rendering small favors to individual voters will give way to the statesman when the appeal will have to be made to the voters of a department on broad issues.

The adoption of proportional representation in the United States would mean the election of members of Congress in every State from the State at large instead of from districts, as is done now. If a State, for instance, is entitled to ten representatives in Congress, each political party would put up its ten candidates for the State as a whole, just as they now put up candidates for Presidential electors. The parallel, however, ends there. Presidential electors are chosen for a mere perfunctory service of casting their ballots for the candidate of their party to whom they are pledged in advance. The people, therefore, pay scant attention to their per-

<sup>1</sup> With the exception of one or two States in the West that recently adopted a new ballot in which the voter indicates his first and second choice.

sonality. On the other hand, candidates for members of Congress to be chosen by the voters of the entire State would necessarily have to be men of sufficient prominence to appeal to a wide constituency. They would have to be men of ability and achievement and of a caliber corresponding at least to that of our governors and United States Senators in states where the latter are nominated at state primaries. To-day, as is well known, party machines are frequently able to defy popular sentiment in nominating candidates for Congress or the state legislature; in "sure" districts the dominant machine can afford to ignore the sentiments of an outraged community and nominate notoriously corrupt men or nonentities obedient to the will of the party boss. Even in doubtful districts, where the voters have a greater opportunity of exercising an influence on the nominations, bargains between the machines of opposing parties are not uncommon, and unfit men are nominated and elected on considerations utterly foreign to the issues involved, such as the ability of the candidate to get constituents "out of trouble" when arrested for transgressions against the law, his capacity for furnishing jobs to those who help him get votes, etc. These considerations will necessarily give way to broad national and state issues with the enlargement of the constituency from a comparatively small district covering only a number of square blocks in large cities to a whole State.

That this is no mere idle speculation is shown by the last elections of delegates to the Constitutional Convention in the State of New York. Fifteen delegates at large had to be chosen by the voters of the State as a whole, in addition to the delegates from districts; that is to say, every voter had the privilege of voting for fifteen candidates of his choice, in addition to the three candidates from his district. The parties vied with one another in putting forward their ablest men, many of them with national reputation. Men like Seth Low, Elihu Root, Henry L. Stimson, Louis Marshall, Geo. W. Wicker-

sham, Jacob G. Schurman were among the candidates of the Republican party; ex-Governor Dix, ex-Chief Justice Cullen, D. Cady Herrick, Samuel Untermyer, Morgan J. O'Brien, Wm. Church Osborn were among the Democratic candidates; Oscar Straus, Prof. Seligman, John Mitchell were among the candidates of the Progressive party. Now let us see what took place.

But while the voting for several delegates at large was instrumental in raising the standard of candidates nominated, the apportionment of the seats was made under the old system, with the result that the Republican party, with an average of about 654,000 votes to a candidate, elected all of its fifteen candidates, while the Democratic, the Progressive, the Socialist, and the Prohibition parties, whose aggregate vote averaged about 733,000 votes for each candidate, failed to secure a single delegate at large.

All the candidates having been voted for at large, it would seem only fair that each party should have been apportioned a number of delegates in proportion to the votes cast. The distribution of seats which would have taken place under such an arrangement is contrasted with the actual distribution in the following table:

Party	Proportion of votes cast	Delegates entitled to	Delegates elected
Republican	47 per cent.	7	15
Democratic	40 " "	6	0
Progressive	7 " "	1	0
Socialist	4 " "	1	0
Prohibition	2 " "	0	0
	100 " "	15	15

In other words, the Republicans, having polled a minority of about forty-seven per cent. of the total vote cast for constitutional delegates at large, captured the entire fifteen seats, while the rest of the parties, controlling fifty-three per cent. of the votes, secured no representation at all. This is rule by minority, not by majority, which we fondly believe to prevail in this country.

## THE SOLID SOUTH

PROPORTIONAL representation would accomplish what everything else has so far failed to bring about in the half-century since the Civil War—the breaking up of the “solid South.” We are all agreed that nothing is so essential for the perpetuation of democratic institutions as the presence of a strong, alert opposition party, keenly watchful of the mistakes or transgressions of the party in power; nothing is more conducive to efficiency and honesty in the administration of public affairs. This being the case, a politically solid South is a greater blight upon the body politic of the South than it is upon the rest of the country. With proportional representation, the solid South would become a thing of the past. Take the figures of the last Presidential election:

In Alabama the vote in round numbers stood as follows: Wilson, 77,000; Roosevelt, 17,600; Taft, 8,200; Debs, 2,600; total, 105,400. This gives the Democratic party seventy-three per cent. of the total vote of the State, the Progressive seventeen per cent., the Republicans eight per cent., and the Socialists two per cent. If Alabama had proportional representation, the minority parties would not fail, of course, to put up their full quota of candidates for Congress, who would poll approximately the vote cast for Presidential candidates. On this basis, Alabama's nine congressmen would be made up of six Democrats, two Progressives, and one Republican instead of a solid Democratic delegation of nine, as is the case to-day. In a similar manner, Florida's solid Democratic delegation of four would be split up into two Democrats, one Progressive, and one Socialist. Georgia would send nine Democrats, two Progressives, and one Republican instead of twelve Democrats. Louisiana would elect six Democrats and two Progressives instead of eight Democrats. Maryland would send three Democrats, one Republican, and two Progressives instead of six Democrats. Mississippi would have seven Democrats

and one Progressive instead of eight Democrats; North Carolina, six Democrats, three Progressives, and one Republican instead of the solid ten Democrats; Texas, twelve Democrats, one Republican, two Progressives, and one Socialist instead of the solid delegation of sixteen Democrats. On the other hand, South Carolina would continue to send a solid delegation of seven Democrats as long as the vote of the other parties remained proportionately as small as it was in the last election.

Proportional representation would thus prove a “sure cure” for sectionalism, substituting for the latter the more wholesome division of the electorate along party lines based on broad principles underlying political and economic issues.

GREATER STABILITY IN POLICIES  
AND POLITICS

PROPORTIONAL representation would not only be likely to bring about the election of a higher type of men, but would help us to retain their services in a way that the district system utterly fails to do. Here again Europe safeguards its district system where we do not. In most European countries candidates for parliament can put up their candidacy in any part of the country, irrespective of their residence. If an influential party leader happens to go down to defeat in one district, it is customary for a less important member of his party, holding a seat from a sure district, to resign, in order to give the leader a chance to stand for election to fill the vacancy. Every party is thus sure to have all of its available leaders in parliament, irrespective of their fortunes as affected by local issues in various districts. In this country such is not the case, and both great parties have lost in the past the services of some of their ablest and most conspicuous leaders because of local issues. McKinley lost his seat in Congress because his own district went against him, and the elections of 1912 resulted in the retirement from Congress of leaders like ex-Speaker Cannon, Ebenezer J. Hill, Edgar D. Crumpacker, and

others. Whatever the virtues or faults of the different parties, the country is entitled to the services of the strongest and ablest men in each, and cannot afford to allow local issues or local sentiment to rob it of the best that each party in each State can give. Proportional representation would completely eliminate this evil and insure the election of the strongest and best available candidates of each party in proportion to their respective strength in the nation. Congress would thus become representative in the best sense of the word.

With the tenure of office thus put on a more secure basis, men of ability and ambition for public service would feel more in a position to look to a legislative career as a life work without that personal sacrifice which a public career in this country involves to-day for men who are able enough to earn a much greater income than the salary usually attached to public office, and are too honest to derive from it any pecuniary advantage outside of the official salary. Perhaps we could then expect to see men of the caliber of a Gladstone, a Salisbury, a Poincaré aspire to a congressional career in this country, and to stick to it after having entered upon it.

With greater stability in tenure of office held by the leaders of the different parties, and yet held not as a matter of right, but dependent for its continuance upon the retention of the confidence of the electorate, would come greater stability and continuity in our state and national policies. To-day we are suffering from most wasteful inefficiency in our legislative branches of the government, due in large measure to the rapid succession of legislators who no sooner acquire a certain experience than they are forced to leave for other fields of endeavor. But of far more potent influence than the stability of tenure would prove the proved stability of the great masses of voters who have been shown by the figures cited here to be swayed far less from party to party than the frequent changes in our legislatures and Congress seem to indicate. Yet there would be nothing to prevent the

voters under the system of proportional representation from making the most sweeping changes in our legislative bodies when they have really undergone a change of sentiment.

The district system may have answered, after a fashion, the needs of an earlier day, when, in the absence of the railroad, the telephone, and the telegraph, local interests predominated, and differed from district to district and certainly from State to State. We have to-day outgrown those conditions, and within state lines the citizens differ in their views on national issues according to party affiliation and not according to location. The Republican congressmen from Buffalo and New York City will be found voting together against the Democrats of their own cities on all important questions affecting the nation; and *vice versa*. Proportional representation would take legal cognizance of existing conditions and substitute within the broad boundaries of the State, or large natural divisions of the State, political for territorial division, which has become an anachronism.

#### A SQUARE DEAL

GREAT as the advantages of a system based on proportional representation would be, they fade in the light of the obvious consideration of simple elementary justice. Democracy is a misnomer when great minorities can be virtually disfranchised so far as their representation in legislative bodies is concerned, and, still worse, when a majority of the citizens can be made to submit to the rule of a minority.

The adoption of proportional representation would not be likely to injure either of the two great parties in their relations to each other. In some States the Democrats would be benefited by the change, while in others it would be the Republicans. In some States, notably New York, both parties suffer alternately under the present system. Thus, when the Democratic party, then in power, decreed the holding of the Constitutional Convention in 1915, the machine in control of the

party expected to reap undue advantage from the elections to the convention. But in the meantime the political pendulum had swung in the opposite direction, with the result that the Republican party has captured the entire delegation at large. Had there been a system of proportional representation in force, the motive for taking undue advantage of the political situation would not have been present. However, whether the Republican or the Democratic party alternately benefit or lose by the system in force, the people of the State are always the losers, since in either case a large number of candidates elected fail to reflect the sentiments of their true constituents.

Next to the people at large, the minority parties are the chief losers under our present system of election. While they are in the minority in one sense, their interests in this regard are identical with those of the nation. It seems inconceivable that a party which succeeded in polling more than four million votes, constituting over a fourth of all the voters in

the country, as the Progressive party did in 1912, should be allotted less than three per cent. of the seats in Congress. Nor will it appeal to the sense of fair play of the American people that a party like the Socialist, casting nearly a million votes, should fail to get a single representative in Congress. Last, but not least, the system is seen to undermine the very foundation of our political system,—the principle of majority rule,—since with increasing frequency a minority of voters has been electing a majority in Congress and in state legislatures.

No further argument is needed. The mere presentation of the bald facts and figures should be sufficient to condemn the present system in the eyes of the American people who believe in a square deal. The Constitutional Convention about to meet at Albany has a golden opportunity to correct the evil by adopting the system of proportional representation, and thereby let the Empire State blaze the way for a reform which will be certain to sweep the country.



## The Tennis-players

By FRANCIS V. HUNTINGTON

**F**IGURES flash white against the green; the ball  
 Goes streaking back and forth too swift to see.  
 A leaping "smash" spells set and victory.  
 Tense serves, fierce volleys, lobs that rise and fall;  
 The stoic Briton, the ebullient Gaul,  
 And our American temerity,  
 Meet with Australia's prowess, seem to be  
 Blent in a game that brings Greek art to all.  
 An attitude that Phidias might have caught,  
 A torsion to thrill Michelangelo;  
 Panther-like poise, the grace of swirling surf;  
 And, through it all, a desperate battle fought  
 With craft and courage and youth's heart aglow  
 'Neath hot gold sunlight on the emerald turf!



# Justice for the Small Man

A Modern Municipal Court in Operation

By DAVID A. BAER

"LAW," says Bishop Hooker, "has her seat in the bosom of God; her voice is the harmony of the world; all things in Heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care and the greatest as not exempt from her power."

"This sonorous description of the ideal of law," declared Mr. George W. Alger of the New York bar, in a recent article, "is meaningless, is as 'sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal,' unless the common processes by which human justice is obtained are made simple, unless it can be had promptly, cheaply, readily, by the poor and humble as well as by the rich and powerful."

Within the last decade a noticeable transformation in our method of administering justice has taken place. The system of law which the colonists brought with them from England, and which was incorporated into our Constitution when the republic was formed, was a highly involved and technical course of procedure, with the emphasis placed upon the form in which a litigant's case was presented rather than upon the merits of the issues raised. Whatever may have been the conditions which permitted the continuation of such a system as far as cases in which important issues or large amounts were involved, it failed to provide a means for the settlement of small disputes either readily or cheaply, and, by virtue of that fact, in effect barred the small litigant from the beneficent influence of our courts. Yet it is probable that more than three fourths of the cases filed in the courts of the country involve sums of less than \$500. Justice, it has been said, if it

is to afford the greatest good to the greatest number, must consist of the prompt and equitable determination of causes in which the amount at issue comes within such average. But the prohibitive court costs, the continued and repeated delays, and the technical slant to our jurisprudence which were the pronounced characteristics of the old system, and which to the rich man were little more than a mere annoyance, to the poor man became a tragedy. In fact, the science of jurisprudence, like our former currency system, failed to prove elastic, and the clerk, small shopkeeper, or laborer, with a just claim of fifty dollars, preferred rather to bear the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" than to take a turn in the mills of justice as they ground out our law in ponderous volume. It is to meet this situation, to adjust the practice of law to the theory of justice as exemplified by Bishop Hooker, that municipal courts, or people's courts, as they are sometimes known, have been organized, and it is an interesting feature of this new development to note that to-day it is the small suit which receives a prompt, ready, and inexpensive decision, while to a great extent the large case is still involved in the meshes of legal procedure as operated fifty years ago.

In the District of Columbia, the Municipal Court has solved the problem of the small man's litigation and has become "the poor man's court"; its jurisdiction is limited to cases involving not more than \$500, but it has the machinery and the procedure which, with but little alteration, might readily be applied to suits involving, say, not more than \$1000.



This court is an outgrowth of the justice of the peace system which is common throughout the country. The customary defects of that method of administering "law" were apparent in the District of Columbia—a superabundance of justices, who sprang up like mushrooms, numbering thirty-five in the year 1878; the invidious fee system in its worst form; and, as a rule, as many court-rooms as there were justices. A person who desired to enter a suit could go before any justice. The latter, since his fees depended upon the number of cases tried before him, developed a pronounced tendency toward a judgment for the plaintiff; for the justice who gave the greatest number of such favorable decisions would most naturally be the justice sought by litigants having a claim or damages to collect. In fact, as one eminent justice has said, "In those days J. P. [Justice of the Peace] meant judgment for the plaintiff, unless some providential interference could be procured to prevent it."

In 1878, Congress placed the appointment of justices of the peace in the hands of the President, at the same time reducing the number from thirty-five to fifteen. Since that act there has been a gradual development and improvement of the system, which finally resulted in the organization of the Municipal Court in 1906. Briefly stated, its main features are four: jurisdiction of cases involving \$500 or less; salaried judges, five in number, each of whom must have practised law before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia at least five years before his appointment; a court-house where each judge has a court-room; and a simplified form of pleading.

Under its operation the majority of cases filed in this court are decided within two weeks after the first step has been taken, and the average cost to the litigant rarely exceeds about \$2.25. Probably the one feature to which may be attributed this startling change in the cost and time of legal procedure is the simplified form of pleading in force in the court. Pleading, in law, is nothing more than a means

to bring the parties in a cause to an issue; that is, to determine just what may be the ground upon which the plaintiff bases his claim and in what his opponent's defense to the same consists. A plaintiff alleges that the defendant's automobile ran into his delivery-wagon and broke the rear wheel; the defendant states that it is true his automobile ran into the plaintiff's wagon, but that the accident was due entirely to the negligence of the plaintiff's driver.

Here we have what is known as an issue. The questions presented are clear cut: first, whether the suit is an action which is authorized by law; and second, if so, which party is responsible for the damage. It is to reach these questions, and for this purpose only, that a system of pleading is essential. Yet the jurists of England, rather than adapt pleading as a means to an end, drafted rules and regulations for the presentment of a case, then altered, shifted, approved, and condemned the method of procedure thus provided, until pleading became a science in itself. Learned heads pondered over the change of a word or the proper punctuation of a sentence, while litigants cooled their heels in the anteroom until the court determined they might meet and come to a trial upon the real substance of the suit. England has finally emerged from these dark ages of pleading; but the courts of the United States, with this legacy received from the English colonists, are yet staggering under the weight of the burden.

The rules of the Municipal Court require nothing more than that the plaintiff in stating his claim must so present it that his opponent will be able to learn the basis upon which it is grounded. If his claim can be itemized, the rules provide that such must be done, and the defendant is under no greater restriction than to file an answer such that the plaintiff may ascertain why the claim is contested. So simple are the pleadings that they are readily comprehensible to the layman. In fact, since possession of a law degree is not essential to practise before the Mu-

municipal Court, not infrequently the litigant will conduct his own case where there is no dispute and it is only a question of obtaining a judgment against a reluctant debtor.

There is a rule of court, in force also in the superior courts of the District, which permits the plaintiff to swear to the truth of his complaint, thereby compelling the defendant to answer by a sworn statement of defense. If the defendant fails or refuses to do so, or swears to an answer which in the opinion of the judge is not an adequate defense to the plaintiff's claims, judgment will be rendered at once in favor of the plaintiff. The purpose of this rule is to prevent frivolous defenses and to defeat attempts to use formal pleadings, customary in a law case, as a means to delay the recovery of just demands, a purpose which the Supreme Court of the United States has characterized as "hardly less essential to justice than the ultimate means of trial."

The case is set for hearing one week after the plaintiff has filed his papers in court. His opponent must present his answer before the case comes to trial, but he may, if he requires additional time, obtain a postponement for a week or ten days, provided he offers a reasonable excuse. In a large number of cases the claim is so meritorious that no defense is filed, and judgment is taken by default. In other words, where the plaintiff has a valid claim against the defendant, the former may, by taking advantage of the rule of affidavit, in the great majority of cases, secure judgment without a contest, and, by reason of the workings of the Municipal Court, within a week.

In the District of Columbia a litigant, whether plaintiff or defendant, who is dissatisfied with the judgment of the Municipal Court may take his case with but little extra cost to the next higher court, where he is entitled to a jury trial. Yet statistics covering a period from March, 1909, to January, 1913, show 92,736 cases tried by the Municipal Court of which only 448 were appealed! Probably no stronger evidence of the value of such

a court and the respect shown for its decisions can be found than in this trivial proportion of cases which are carried to a higher tribunal, in this instance about one half of one per cent.

Where the amount sued for is \$100 or more, the defendant has the right to take the case at once to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia without a trial before a judge of the Municipal Court, and in the upper court may have his case heard before a jury. Figures are not at hand with reference to the number of cases thus shifted to the upper court, but it may be safely said that not more than five per cent. of the litigants take advantage of the opportunity which is freely offered.

The trial of cases is conducted in the same manner as in the superior courts. The same rules of evidence apply, with this difference, that the atmosphere of the court being to a large degree less formal, witnesses have a freer rein for the presentation of the facts in their knowledge, with the natural result that in virtually all the contested cases the actual merits of the point at issue, both pro and con, are presented to the court. When a witness offers testimony which in a more formal trial would be excluded, it is the general practice for the judge to allow the witness to continue with his story in his own way, reserving the right to exclude the objectionable parts of the evidence at the close of the case. The following illustration demonstrates how effective such a course of procedure can be made in actual practice. In a recent case, counsel for the defendant objected to evidence offered by the plaintiff relative to the terms of a contract entered into by the parties. The case of the plaintiff rested entirely upon this testimony. He had brought as witnesses a prominent business man the value of whose time was measured by the minute and an engineer from Pennsylvania who was engaged in constructing a million-dollar bridge. The point was argued by the attorneys, but the judge quickly intervened. In place of making a decision at that time which on more careful ex-

amination might be proved erroneous, he ordered the plaintiff's witnesses to be called and to give their testimony. The case proceeded in the usual way, all witnesses were heard, and at the conclusion the judge announced that he would allow the opposing attorneys one week in which to present briefs to the court with reference to the evidence to which there was objection. When those briefs were received, the judge made his ruling, with the authorities before him and the opportunity for a careful opinion thus afforded, and his decision was conceded to be correct by the defeated party. No cases were delayed, no time was lost. If the testimony was eventually held admissible, it was there before the court, and the witnesses need not be summoned again; if it was excluded, the judge, an experienced lawyer, would be able to give his opinion uninfluenced by the tenor of such evidence.

The cases which are actually tried in the court rarely require more than two hours for hearing. As a result, the list of cases assigned for hearing is generally completed each day before the time for adjournment. In fact, so excellent is the system that more than 25,000 cases a year are handled by these five judges,—of which, necessarily, only a small proportion are tried,—and the dockets are never a day late. The cost of suit, regardless of the amount or character of the claim is \$1.60, with an additional fee of 50 cents if the case comes to trial. Costs for attachment, bonds, etc., are on a similar scale; yet despite the comparatively negligible sum required, the Municipal Court for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1913, showed a profit of more than \$12,000 over and above all expenses, including the rent of the court building. In other words, although the expense necessary to initiate and prosecute a suit in the Municipal Court is less than that of probably ninety-five per cent. of the courts of this country, the results demonstrate that even this small expense may be materially reduced without any detrimental effect upon its administration of justice.

Within the last year the President has

had occasion to nominate four judges,—one of whom was already a member of the court,—and, it may be added, politics did not enter into their selection. The attorney-general made a careful and thorough search among the members of the bar eligible, with an eye to three things: character, legal ability, and a common-sense point of view, and recommended to the President the men thus picked out. The present court is composed of comparatively young men with progressive ideas; they are examining the workings of other municipal courts of the country and are endeavoring to establish in the District of Columbia a model court of its kind. In this they have the support of the upper courts, which have sternly refused to sanction in the Municipal Court technical pleadings and motions made for the purpose of delay and to defeat an equitable cause. Two cases, selected at random, illustrate this new spirit.

An attorney filed a claim against a mechanic for a fee which he alleged was due him. He invoked the rule of affidavit, which has been explained in a previous paragraph and which requires a sworn answer of defense on the part of the defendant. When the case came to trial, the mechanic, having no money with which to employ a lawyer, and ignorant of legal procedure, had failed to file any answer. The plaintiff insisted upon judgment at once under the rules, but the judge interrogated his opponent and elicited the fact that he had had no dealings with the attorney for six years, and that even if there had ever been a claim, it was now barred by the statute of limitations. Thereupon the judge requested an attorney who was present in court to take the mechanic into an adjoining room, prepare an affidavit for him, and see that it was properly sworn to and filed. When the case came to trial a week later, and the evidence was heard, the defendant's contentions were clearly proved, and judgment was rendered at once in his favor.

In another case, a tenant sued his landlord for damages to his apartment caused by water leaking through a hole in the

wall left by certain laborers after repairing the fire-escape on the building. Both sides had expert witnesses to testify both as to the cause of the injury and the extent of the damage inflicted. The judge, however, adjourned the case for half an hour, went with the parties to the scene of action, personally inspected the premises, and rendered his decision, which was readily acquiesced in by both parties, without the necessity of a single witness appearing.

The effect of this comprehensive system for the trial of small cases is to provide

prompt and speedy determination of the questions involved, with a minimum of expense and the absence of the usual technical details which surround the upper courts. It is a system which is practical for every city and town in the United States; it is a convenience for the well-to-do and a necessity for the working-man and small shopkeeper. Every case instituted shows that rather than constituting an incentive to litigation, the Municipal Court provides a basis for the determination of honest claims which otherwise fail of just solution.



## To Francisco Goya in the Gallery of Madrid

By THOMAS WALSH

THEY fawned upon you, kissed your brawny hands,  
And laid aside their masks and veils, that you  
Might paint their ivory pallor, veined with blue,  
Their periwigs and jabots and their slight,  
Beflowered waistcoats and bejeweled strands—  
They laid their scorn aside in their delight.

You dreamed a parchment beauty from the soul  
Of Venice, and revealed it deathless there  
In spite of deadened eyes' and lips' despair;  
Then, as illusion's very shadow died,  
The brigand that was in you gained control,  
And with your peasant fist you slew their pride.

That daub of rouge upon a leering hag  
Is where you struck your queen; that reeling string  
Of rogues and cripples speaks your Spain; your king  
You set above her reeking, bleeding lands,  
An imbecile upon a bloated nag.  
You struck them, Goya, yet they kissed your hands.



## CURRENT COMMENT

### Extract from a Letter from Paris

“THE paramount subject of discussion lately, among French people, has been the unexpected hostility shown by the Alsatians to the French invaders. At first this was explained by the fact that the fiasco of the raid to Mülhausen in the first week of August had laid open the people of southern Alsace to reprisals on the part of the Germans, and that they were going to conceal their real sentiments now until they were absolutely sure that the French victories were definitive. But private letters from soldiers and from officers of the army operating in Alsace prove beyond question of doubt that the army has been opposed, and in many instances betrayed, by the people whom they thought they were liberating from the German yoke. I have seen many such letters. Consequently, the feeling in the French army toward the Alsatians is very bitter indeed. President Poincaré was recently sent to Alsace to confirm to the people the promises made by General Joffre in his proclamation of the beginning of the war. The army looks upon the Alsatians as upon any other Germans; the Government has virtually committed itself to promising, after the treaty of peace, to respect the local customs and the desires of the Alsatians concerning their future political status; but the people in general and the newspapers insist that Alsace must return to France with exactly the same status as before the Treaty of Frankfort. The Socialists declare that the Alsatians should be allowed, according to the traditional policy of the French, to decide by plebiscite their own future. The problem is a heartrending one. If the French are successful this spring in their Alsatian campaign, it is going to be as acute and as difficult a problem to settle as that of Poland, and that of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

“The childlike faith of the French in Russia’s ability to march on Berlin has entirely disappeared. Russia’s help is now

regarded in no other light than the negative one of keeping mobilized large bodies of German and Austro-Hungarian troops. On the other hand, news is beginning to leak through, despite the censorship, that the Russians have been treating the Ruthenians of Galicia in a faithless way. Ruthenian nationality was awakened in Galicia by emissaries of the Russian Government, working through the propaganda of the Greek Church, in order that the Poles might be weakened. Now that the Ruthenians have welcomed the Russians in eastern Galicia (this, and not military power, was the secret of the easy capture of Lemberg), the Russians have turned around and have begun to blot out the Ruthenian national feeling that they themselves awakened for their own political end. The advanced radical elements in France are beginning to ask what steps the British and French governments are going to take after the war to hold the czar to his promise to Poland and to a liberal policy in regard to the nationalities in ‘the liberated’ districts. I have heard some of them say that this war seems to be fought for the purpose of substituting one despotism for another in east-central Europe.

“When we discuss the question of how long the war will last, its answer is entirely subordinated to, and dependent upon, the two questions: Will Great Britain and France get down from their high perch of ‘fighting for humanity, for oppressed nationalities and for civilization,’ and allow Russia a free hand? And, Are the French and British willing to pay the price of freeing Belgium, crossing the Rhine, and going to Berlin?

“There is a great deal of hysterical nonsense still being solemnly proclaimed from the housetops about breaking up the German Empire and reconstituting the central Europe of before Bismarck. This talk is based upon three misapprehensions: the actual feeling of the states of Ger-

many and Austria-Hungary toward the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs; the belief that the military power of the Allies is strong enough to march through to Berlin this summer; and the calmly waving aside and ignoring those laws of economic evolution which have made our modern states. One more factor is overlooked by the statesmen who are managing this war. That is the feeling among the people. France has already suffered in the loss of life, property, and business about as much as she can stand; and in Great Britain the cost of living has increased more than it has in either Germany or Austria-Hungary. If the Germans sell every inch of the ground dearly, I think the French will be ready to call a halt when the Germans are ousted from France, certainly *before* they are wholly ousted from Belgium. I am not in a position to make any observation about the feeling among the British. But unless Germany and Austria-Hungary can be starved out, I think they stand a very good chance of coming out even when the preliminaries of peace are talked about.

"There is bitter hostility between the French and Belgian armies, and there has recently been considerable treachery among officers in the Belgian army, who have openly declared that it seems now to the interests of their country to throw in their lot with Germany. I am absolutely sure of my facts here. Belgian officers, condemned recently for treason, have said before they were shot that they were acting for the best interests of their country. There is also dissension among members of the Belgian Government at Havre. Desperate efforts are being made to keep in line Vandervelde and other Socialists.

"These points I pass on not as gossip, but as matters upon which I have had an opportunity of informing myself thoroughly.

"In conclusion, I have just received a letter from Vienna, dated last week, from a very important business man, an American. He is a personal friend of mine, whom I know to be wholly reliable. He assures me that all the stories about bread riots, high prices, sickness, and dissension in Vienna are untrue."

## The Constitutional Convention

THE forthcoming meeting of the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York calls for attention in connection with Mr. N. I. Stone's article in this number, "Shall the Majority Rule?"

Taught by the experience which this nation has had with its rigid, almost unamendable Constitution, New York has adopted the policy of periodically revising its own. Not only can the constitution be amended in any particular whenever the legislature passes an amendment at two successive sessions and submits it to a referendum vote of the people of the State, but in addition to that the constitution contains a provision for a general revision of that document at intervals of twenty years. By this means each succeeding generation is given an opportunity to modify the organic law of the State in harmony with current thought.

The convention, which assembled at Albany in the month of April, will remain in session for several months, dealing with every question which can be a subject of a state constitution. Such questions as electoral reform; the relation between the state, county, and municipal governments, upon which hinges the long-disputed question of home rule; the organization of the judiciary; the relations between the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the government; the initiative, referendum, and recall; and woman suffrage are some of the important subjects with which the convention will deal and on which it may entirely rewrite the present constitution of the Empire State. The constitution adopted by the convention must be ratified by a referendum vote of the voters of the State before it supersedes the old constitution.

Some of the foremost men in the State

are participating in the deliberations and work of the convention. How important the work is regarded can be seen from the caliber of the men elected by the two great political parties. Among the Republican members are such men as Elihu Root, Louis Marshall, Seth Low, Jacob Gould Schurman, Henry L. Stimson, and George Wickersham. The Democrats

have been less fortunate: men, like Ex-Chief-Justice Cullen, D. Cady Herrick, Samuel Untermyer, William Church Osborn, having been nominated from the State at large, failed of election because of the clean sweep made by the Republican party under the inequitable system of election at present in force, described in the article of Mr. Stone.

## Heine on the English

**E**XTRACT from a letter, dated Paris, September 17, 1842. Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland.

I confess that I am not impartial when I speak of English people and it is possible that my unfavorable opinion, my aversion is deeply rooted in my anxieties as to our own property or on the happy and peaceful prosperity of the German Fatherland. For since I have learned what vile egoism prevails in their politics, these English inspire me with unlimited and terrible fear. I have the best respect for their material supremacy; they have a great deal of that brutal energy wherewith the Romans conquered the world, but they unite with the wolfish rapacity of Rome the serpents' craft and cunning of Carthage. We have good and well tested arms for the first, but against the murderous, merciless treachery of these Phœnicians of the North Sea we are without defense. And England is now more dangerous than ever since its mercantile interests are succumbing. There is not in all creation such a hard-hearted creature as a shopkeeper whose trade is diminishing, whose customers are falling away and whose stocks find no demand. How will England save herself from such a business crisis? I do not know how the question of the factory

workmen can be solved, but I do know that the policy of the modern Carthage is not at all difficult as to choice of means. To this selfishness a European war may as a last resort seem to be the best means of sending the malady from within outward. The English Oligarchy will speculate firstly on the purse of the middle class, whose wealth is indeed colossal and which may be sufficiently distributed to pay and pacify the lower classes. However great may have been the expense for Indian and Chinese expeditions, however great the financial distress, the English Government will at once raise the money if it aids their plans. The greater the home deficit will be, the more profusely will British Gold be spent abroad; for England is like a merchant who finds himself becoming bankrupt, and out of despair turns prodigal, or who rather shuns no expenditure to keep up a momentary credit. And we can do a great deal in this world with wealth, especially since every one seeks his happiness here below. No one has any idea as to what enormous sums England annually expends to subsidize its foreign agents, whose instructions are all based on the possibility of a European war, or how these English agents employ the most heterogeneous talents, virtues and vices in foreign country to achieve their aims.

## Etchings by William A. Sherwood

**I**N the body of the magazine we are reproducing four examples, chosen at random, from a series of twelve color etchings by William A. Sherwood, associate member of the Société Royale des

Beaux-Arts de Bruxelles, an American painter and etcher who for the last ten years has lived and worked in Belgium, where he has attracted much notice and official recognition.

In December, 1913, Mr. Sherwood collected these etchings in album form under the title of "Anvers: un jour parmi le peuple," dedicating it to her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, and published under the patronage of the Baron van de Werve et de Schilde, Governor of the Province of Antwerp, both of whom acquired copies, as well as the print cabinet of the Royal Library at Brussels and the well-known Musée Plantin-Moretus, recognition seldom accorded to a foreigner.

The Belgian and French critics speak most highly of the technical achievements of this work, and all are unanimous in saying that Mr. Sherwood has viewed the Antwerp character through new and loving eyes. Yet he claims this series was principally an experiment to prove that an etcher could get away from the monotony in color printing, and produce twelve plates each with a different color scheme.

In presenting these, we must say that no matter how perfect our mechanical process of reproduction may be, it can never quite do justice to these proofs,

etched, colored, and printed by the sensitive hand of the artist himself.

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Editor of THE CENTURY.

Sir:

Mr. Thomas L. Masson's letter in the March CENTURY accusing me of plagiarism in my story "A Boston Anecdote" in the January issue is very courteous, and yet I think that gentleman is hardly justified in assuming that I wittingly used the theme of his story, "His Destruction," which I have now read for the first time.

"A Boston Anecdote," as originally submitted to you, recounted the fact that I was told this story by a gentleman in Boston who piloted me to a house in Brookline in similar circumstances.

Trusting that you will find space for publication of this statement, I am

Your humble servant,

PAUL L. RITTENHOUSE.

The facts are exactly as Mr. Rittenhouse states them.—THE EDITOR.

## "War and Drink"

APROPOS of Mr. Whelpley's article, the following extract from a speech of M. Bark, the Russian Minister of Finance, is pertinent:

"It is difficult for foreigners to realize how great are Russia's economic resources and how much greater they have become since the promulgation by His Majesty of that humanitarian law.

"I can assure you that the productivity of every class of workman in Russia, whether we examine those engaged in agricultural or industrial pursuits, has already increased from 30 to 50 per cent., and I need hardly point out to you what that one fact connotes in a population of 170,000,000, to say nothing of the cessation of the waste which formerly accompanied and followed the consumption of alcohol.

"Again, the rates for the maintenance of prisons have fallen, because crime has

everywhere diminished, and, in some districts, has disappeared altogether. Another indication of the welcome change which has come over the nation is afforded by the returns of the savings banks.

"In war time people are everywhere nervous, and in Russia, as elsewhere, large sums were withdrawn from the savings banks as soon as war was declared.

"Well, since the total prohibition of alcohol, the accounts I have received from these institutions throughout the country are so encouraging that even I . . . did not anticipate the rapid and splendid result which they donate.

"Although only a few months elapsed between the promulgation of the Czar's humane and patriotic edict and the end of the year 1914, the excess of deposits over withdrawals amounted to \$42,000,000, or twice the amount of the preceding year." (U. S. B.)



# The Adventure of the Clothes-line

By CAROLYN WELLS

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steel

THE members of the Society of Infallible Detectives were just sitting around and being socially infallible, in their rooms in Fakir Street, when President Holmes strode in. He was much saturniner than usual, and the others at once deduced there was something toward.

"And it's this," said Holmes, perceiving that they had perceived it. "A reward is offered for the solution of a great mystery—so great, my colleagues, that I fear none of you will be able to solve it, or even to help me in the marvelous work I shall do when ferreting it out."

"Humph!" grunted the Thinking-Machine, riveting his steel-blue eyes upon the speaker.

"He voices all our sentiments," said Raffles, with his winning smile. "Fire away, Holmes. What's the prob?"

"To explain a most mysterious proceeding down on the East Side."

Though a tall man, Holmes spoke shortly, for he was peeved at the inattentive attitude of his collection of colleagues. But of course he still had his Watson, so he put up with the indifference of the rest of the cold world.

"Are n't all proceedings down on the East Side mysterious?" asked Arsène Lupin, with an aristocratic look.

Holmes passed his brow wearily under his hand.

"Inspector Spyer," he said, "was riding on the Elevated Road—one of the small numbered Avenues—when, as he passed a tenement-house district, he saw a clothes-line strung from one high window to another across a courtyard."

"Was it Monday?" asked the Thinking-Machine, who for the moment was thinking he was a washing-machine.

"That does n't matter. About the middle of the line was suspended—"

"By clothes-pins?" asked two or three of the Infallibles at once.

"Was suspended a beautiful woman."  
"Hanged?"

"No. *Do listen!* She hung by her hands, and was evidently trying to cross from one house to the other. By her exhausted and agonized face, the inspector feared she could not hold on much longer. He sprang from his seat to rush to her assistance, but the train had already started, and he was too late to get off."

"What was she doing there?" "Did she fall?" "What did she look like?" and various similar nonsensical queries fell from the lips of the great detectives.

"Be silent, and I will tell you all the known facts. She was a society woman, it is clear, for she was robed in a chiffon evening gown, one of those roll-top things. She wore rich jewelry and dainty slippers with jeweled buckles. Her hair, unloosed from its moorings, hung in heavy masses far down her back."

"How extraordinary! What does it all mean?" asked M. Dupin, ever straightforward of speech.

"I don't know yet," answered Holmes, honestly; "I've studied the matter only a few months. But I will find out, if I have to raze the whole tenement block. There *must* be a clue somewhere."

"Marvelous! Holmes, marvelous!" said a phonograph in the corner, which Watson had fixed up, as he had to go out.

"The police have asked us to take up the case and have offered a reward for its solution. Find out who was the lady, what she was doing, and why she did it."

"Are there any clues?" asked M. Vidocq, while M. Lecocq said simultaneously, "Any footprints?"

"There is one footprint; no other clue."

"Where is the footprint?"

"On the ground, right under where the lady was hanging."

"But you said the rope was high from the ground."

"More than a hundred feet."

"And she stepped down and made a single footprint. Strange! Quite strange!" and the Thinking-Machine shook his yellow old head.

"She did nothing of the sort," said Holmes, petulantly. "If you fellows would listen, you might hear something. The occupants of the tenement houses have been questioned. But, as it turns out, none of them chanced to be at home at the time of the occurrence. There was a suffrage parade in the next street, and they had all been urged to go, and did."

"Had a light snow fallen the night before?" asked Lecocq, eagerly.

"Yes, of course," answered Holmes. "How could we know anything, else? Well, the lady had dropped her slipper, and although the slipper was not found, it having been annexed by the tenement people who came home first, I had a chance to study the footprint. The slipper was a two and a half D. It was too small for her."

"How do you know?"

"Women always wear slippers too small for them."

"Then how did she come to drop it off?" This from Raffles, triumphantly.

Holmes looked at him pityingly.

"She kicked it off because it was too tight. Women always kick off their slippers when playing bridge or in an opera-box or at a dinner."

"And always when they're crossing a clothes-line?" This in Lupin's most sarcastic vein.

"Naturally," said Holmes, with a taciturn frown. "The footprint clearly denotes a lady of wealth and fashion, somewhat short of stature, and weighing about one hundred and sixty. She was of an animated nature—"

"Suspended animation," put in Luther Trant, wittily, and Scientific Sprague added, "Like the Coffin of Damocles, or whoever it was."

But Holmes frowned on their light-headedness.

"We must find out what it all means," he said in his gloomiest way. "I have a tracing of the footprint."

"I wonder if my seismospymograph would work on it," mused Trant.

"I am the Prince of Footprints," declared Lecocq, pompously. "I will solve the mystery."

"Do your best, all of you," said their illustrious president. "I fear you can do little; these things are unintelligible to the unintelligent. But study on it, and meet here again one week from to-night, with your answers neatly type-written on one side of the paper."

THE Infallible Detectives started off, each affecting a jaunty sanguineness of demeanor, which did not in the least impress their president, who was used to sanguinary impressions.

They spent their allotted seven days in the study of the problem; and a lot of the seven nights, too, for they wanted to delve into the baffling secret by sun or candle-light, as dear Mrs. Browning so poetically puts it.

And when the week had fled, the Infallibles again gathered in the Fakir Street sanctum, each face wearing the smug smirk and smile of one who had quested a successful quest and was about to accept his just reward.

"And now," said President Holmes, "as nothing can be hid from the Infallible Detectives, I assume we have all discovered *why* the lady hung from the clothes-line above that deep and dangerous chasm of a tenement courtyard."

"We have," replied his colleagues, in varying tones of pride, conceit, and mock modesty.

"I cannot think," went on the hawk-like voice, "that you have, any of you, stumbled upon the real solution of the mystery; but I will listen to your amateur attempts."

"As the oldest member of our organization, I will tell my solution first," said Vidocq, calmly. "I have not been able to find the lady, but I am convinced that she was merely an expert trapezist or tight-rope walker, practising a new trick to amaze her Coney Island audiences."

"Nonsense!" cried Holmes. "In that



"He was much saturniner than usual, and the others at once deduced there was something toward"



case the lady would have worn tights or fleshings. We are told she was in full evening dress of the smartest set."

Arsène Lupin spoke next.

"It's too easy," he said boredly; "she was a typist or stenographer who had been annoyed by attentions from her employer, and was trying to escape from the brute."

"Again I call your attention to her costume," said Holmes, with a look of intolerance on his finely cold-chiseled face.

"That's all right," returned Lupin, easily. "Those girls dress every old way! I've seen 'em. They don't think anything of evening clothes at their work."

"Humph!" said the Thinking-Machine, and the others all agreed with him.

"Next," said Holmes, sternly.

"I'm next," said Lecocq. "I submit that the lady escaped from a near-by lunatic asylum. She had the illusion that she was an old overcoat and the moths had got at her. So of course she hung herself on the clothes-line. This theory of lunacy also accounts for the fact that

the lady's hair was down —like *Ophelia's*, you know."

"It would have been easier for her to swallow a few good moth-balls," said Holmes, looking at

Lecocq in stormy silence. "Mr. Gryce, you are an experienced deducer; what did *you* conclude?"

Mr. Gryce glued his eyes to his right boot toe, after his celebrated habit. "I make out she was a-slumming. You know, all the best ladies are keen about it now. And I feel sure that she belonged to the Cult for the Betterment of Clothes-lines. She was by way of being a tester. She had to go across them hand over hand, and if they bore her weight, they were passed by the censor."

"And if they did n't?"

"Apparently that predicament had not occurred at the time of our problem, and so cannot be considered."

"I think Gryce is right about the slumming," remarked Luther Trant, "but the reason for the lady hanging from the clothes-line is the im-



"The lady had dropped her slipper"

perative necessity she felt for a thorough airing, after her tenemental visitations; there is a certain tenement scent, if I may so express it, that requires ozone in quantities."

"You're too material," said the Thinking-Machine, with a far-away look in his weak, blue eyes. "The lady was a disciple of New Thought. She had to go into the silence, or concentrate, or whatever they call it. And they always choose strange places for these thinking spells. They have to have solitude, and, as I understand it, the clothes-line was not crowded?"

Rouletabille laughed right out.

"You're 'way off, Thinky," he said. "What ailed that dame was just that she wanted to reduce. I've read about it in the women's journals. They all want to reduce. They take all sorts of crazy exercises, and this crossing clothes-lines hand over hand is the latest. I'll bet it took off twenty of those avoirdupois with which old Sherly credited her."

"Pish and a few tushes!" remarked Raffles, in his smart society jargon. "You don't fool me. That clever little bear was making up a new dance to thrill society next winter. You'll see. Sunday-paper head-lines: 'Stunning New Dance! The Clothes-line Cling! Caught on like Wildfire!' *That's* what it's all about. What do you know, eh?"

"Go take a walk, Raffles," said Holmes, not unkindly; "you're sleepy yet. Scientific Sprague, you sometimes put over an abstruse theory, what do you say?"

"I did n't need science," said Sprague, carelessly. "As soon as I heard she had her hair down, I jumped to the correct conclusion. She had been washing her hair, and was drying it. My sister always sticks her head out of the skylight; but this lady's plan is, I should judge, a more all-round success."

As they had now all voiced their theories, President Holmes rose to give them the inestimable benefit of his own views.

"Your ideas are not without some merit," he conceded, "but you have overlooked the eternal-feminine element in the



"'Marvelous! Holmes, marvelous!' said Watson"

problem. As soon as I tell you the real solution, you will each wonder why it escaped your notice. The lady thought she heard a mouse, so she scrambled out of the window, preferring to risk her life on the perilous clothes-line rather than stay in the dwelling where the mouse was also. It is all very simple. She was doing her hair, threw her head over forward to twist it, as they always do, and so espied the mouse sitting in the corner."

"Marvelous! Holmes, marvelous!" exclaimed Watson, who had just come back from his errand.

Even as they were all pondering on Holmes's superior wisdom, the telephone-bell rang.

"Are you there?" said President Holmes, for he was ever English of speech.

"Yes, yes," returned the impatient voice of the chief of police. "Call off your detective workers. We have discovered who the lady was who crossed the clothes-line, and why she did it."

"I can't imagine you really know," said Holmes into the transmitter; "but tell me what you think."

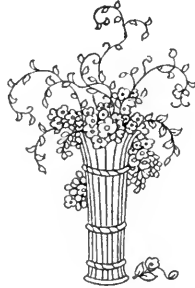
"A-r-r-rh! Of course I know! It was just one of those confounded moving-picture stunts!"

"Indeed! And why did the lady kick off her slipper?"

"A-r-r-r-h! It was part of the fool plot. She's Miss Flossy Flicker of the Flim-Flam Film Company, doin' the six-reel thriller, 'At the End of Her Rope.'"

"Ah," said Holmes, suavely, "my compliments to Miss Flicker on her good work."

"Marvelous! Holmes, marvelous!" said Watson.



## IN LIGHTER VEIN



### Eggs are Up

"Ye mind the egg I borrowed from ye, Mrs. Clancy? Well here 's the yolk on account. I'll have to owe ye the white"



## The Secret

By ETHEL BLAIR

Drawing by Held

YOU frilly, silly lady of the century  
anterior,  
What charm had you that makes men  
deem the modern girl inferior?

What sweet disarming, charming trait  
beneath your prim exterior?  
Oh, whisper, was it *that you made the*  
*men feel so superior?*

## The Dinner Tale

By EDWIN L. SABIN

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

HERR BROWN, the guest, a cultured man,  
Has just returned from far Japan.  
The HOSTESS sits with eye and mind  
On things domestic all inclined.

The HOST some traveler facts would crave  
Of foreign land beyond the wave.  
And little WILLIE writhes about,  
And JANE the maid bobs in and out.

HERR BROWN:

As I remarked, the Japanese—

HOSTESS [*interrupting*]:

Do let me help you to some peas.

[*To Willie*]:

No, Willie! Eat what 's on your plate.

[*To Herr Brown*]:

Excuse me.

HERR BROWN [*acknowledging*]:

I would merely state—

HOSTESS [*to maid*]:

Jane, fill the glasses.

HERR BROWN [*continuing*]:  
that when I—

HOSTESS [*hastily*]:  
No, Willie; it's not time for pie.

HERR BROWN [*again*]:  
A year ago—

HOSTESS [*impulsive*]:  
Do pass your cup,  
Herr Brown, and let me fill it up.

HERR BROWN [*polite*]:  
No, thank you, madam.

HOST [*suavely*]:  
Pray proceed;

We're interested.  
HOSTESS [*prompt*]:  
Yes, indeed.

HERR BROWN [*still polite*]:  
The Japanese, as you've been told—

HOSTESS [*alert*]:  
I'm sure your coffee *must* be cold.

HERR BROWN [*discouraged*]:  
The Japanese, as all allow—

HOSTESS [*triumphantly*]:  
I'm sure your cup is empty *now*.  
May I not—

HERR BROWN [*to placate*]:  
Thank you; just a drop.

HOSTESS [*busily*]:  
Then you must tell me when to stop.

HOST [*impatient*]:  
But pray proceed.

HOSTESS [*absently*]:  
Yes; you were n't through.

HERR BROWN [*again*]:  
The Japanese—

HOSTESS [*quick*]:  
One lump or two?

So stupid of me to forget.

[*To Willie*]:  
No, Willie. *We*'re at dinner yet.  
You sit and listen to the Herr.

HERR BROWN [*determined*]:  
The Japanese, when I was there—

HOSTESS [*regardless*]:  
John, see that Herr Brown has enough.  
[*To guest*]:

I fear, Herr Brown, your meat is tough.

HERR BROWN [*weakly*]:  
'T is very good.

HOSTESS [*recalled*]:  
Excuse me; you—

HERR BROWN [*again*]:  
Japan, among the very few—

HOSTESS [*sharply*]:  
The Herr would like some gravy,  
John.

HERR BROWN [*emphatic*]:  
No more.

HOSTESS [*at once*]:  
Oh, please. Try some upon  
Your bread! We're democratic here.  
John likes it that way, don't you, dear?

WILLIE [*pipes*]:  
And so do I.

HOST [*impatient*]:  
Hush, Will!

[*To guest, encouraging*]:  
The Japs—

HERR BROWN [*patient*]:  
They recently, I found—

HOSTESS [*alert*]:  
Perhaps

The Herr'll have some potato—  
HERR BROWN [*stammering*]:

No,

I thank you.

HOSTESS [*absently*]:  
Yes, we're always so

Much fascinated in Japan.

HERR BROWN [*emboldened*]:  
I'll gladly tell you what I can.

The Japanese—

HOSTESS [*ruthless*]:  
Do have some meat.

Your piece is scarcely fit to eat.

HERR BROWN [*hastily*]:  
I'm well supplied.

HOST [*impatient*]:  
Continue, sir.

We love to hear a traveler.

HERR BROWN [*desperately*]:  
The Japanese, I ascertain—

HOSTESS [*aside, to maid*]:  
I touched the bell by error, Jane.

[*To Willie*]:  
Willie, be quiet or get down!

[*With graciousness*]:  
What were you saying, Mr. Brown?







Collection of Lady Drummond

Portrait of Mrs. Carnac, by Sir Joshua Reynolds

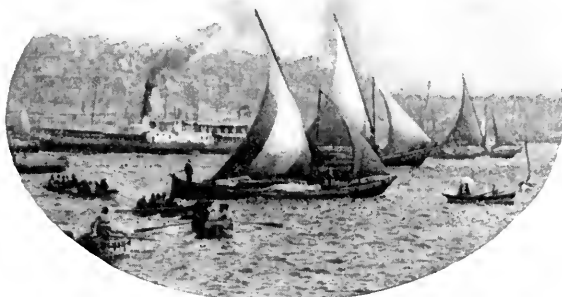
Wood-engraving by Timothy Cole

# THE CENTURY

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A scene on the Golden Horn

## Exit the Turk

By H. G. DWIGHT

OF the various consequences of the struggle that is now shaking the world, few will contain possibilities more interesting for the cool outsider—and for certain of the participants none will be more serious—than the fate of the Turkish Empire. The operations at the Dardanelles have already brought again to the fore what has a little too sweepingly been known as the Eastern Question. And if it is not too cold-blooded to say so, those operations have given the watcher from afar the most vivid touch of the picturesque that has yet been seen among many terrible events. Constantinople has not the ordered magnificence of Paris or Vienna. Its intellectual and artistic, to say nothing of its industrial, resources, scarcely equal those of Sofia and Bukharest; but no city in Europe compares with it for situation, and not even Rome can boast of having been for sixteen hundred years the seat of an empire, or for so many the capital of the world. No one

for whom the story of nations is more than a stirring of dry bones, therefore, can remain indifferent when that ancient city comes near one of the most crucial moments in its long history. And any one can see how much depends for Europe and for Asia upon Admiral de Robeck's guns and their repercussion in the camps of the West.

The Turks of course owe it largely to the historic and strategic importance of the empire they stumbled into that they have attracted so much attention. Few legends of races contain more elements of the romantic than that of the nomad horsemen who broke out of the East toward the end of the medieval period, seized for their own the great city that had been the capital of the world, carried the standard of the prophet to the very heart of Europe, and threatened for a time the peace, if not the existence, of Christendom. Yet the amazing success of the Turks in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and

sixteenth centuries was not altogether a matter of accident. It was also, as success in part must be, a matter of special fitness. The accident was the decay of the Byzantine Empire, which, like imperial Rome and imperial Stamboul, was a fabric of shreds and patches, pieced together out of a hundred diverse elements that a medieval Hellenism proved unable to assimilate or to weld. The special fitness of the Turks showed itself in their wild courage, in the undoubted genius of their early leaders, and in their superior organization. Strange as it is to recall to-day, when their name is a symbol for disorder and reaction, the fact is that at the period of their conquests the Turks commanded the most efficient and most progressive army in the world. Such a body of soldiers as during the first century of its existence was the famous corps of the janizaries has rarely if ever been known. Separated as young boys from their families and never allowed to form families of their own, picked for their regiments only after a long and pitiless weeding out of the less strong and the less adept, subject to a discipline which at the time had no parallel and is hardly matched to-day, they grew up, they lived, and they died as soldiers. They were, if I am not mistaken, the first regularly uniformed, drilled, and paid army in Europe. Nor were the janizaries the one proof that their masters were open to new ideas. The siege of Constantinople in 1915 will perhaps be notable in history for its novel features—its *aéroplanes*, its submarines, its monstrous floating cannon. But the siege of 1453 marked no less memorably a new era in warfare. In that campaign those who are now the defenders, and the combatants equipped with fewer of the modern resources of war, were the innovators. Their use of cannon in battering their way into the city of the Cæsars first proved the advantage of explosive artillery, and for a long time afterward they were in Europe the acknowledged masters of that novel arm.

It is accordingly small wonder that the Turks were able to batter their way west-

ward to the very walls of Vienna. But the wonder is equally small that they have gradually crept back, leaving at every step a nation behind them, until to-day it is a question whether they will not be dislodged from Constantinople itself. The theory on which they founded their empire is unhappily not exploded yet, or the present war would never have broken out. It is a theory, however, that has steadily yielded ground to the modern sentiment of nationality—the theory that lands may be added to lands and peoples to peoples as long as a central authority exists strong enough to hold them together. While apparently workable for a certain type of intelligence, the theory always breaks down because no central authority has ever been found strong enough in the long run to resist the disrupting influences of a foreign language or divergent traditions or an alien faith. Rome herself existed merely to form modern Europe out of her own ruins. And Stamboul, while retarding the process for a moment in her Eastern sphere of influence, continued it none the less. For while the discipline of the janizaries relaxed, and other nations became more proficient in the art of war, the Turks did nothing to unify their empire of shreds and patches. It is doubtful whether they ever could have done anything short of exterminating or forcibly converting their Christian subjects. That they expressly left undone. They even sought every possible means to widen the breach between one element of population and another.

There have been a few cases in history of a people being crowded out or absorbed by one immensely superior in numbers and ability. There have also been cases, like that of the Normans in England, of a race of conquerors being swallowed up by the people they conquered. For the Turks neither of these conditions was possible. They never were an overwhelming horde. Much of their success was due to the variety of populations they encountered. They also ingeniously added to their own numbers the children of those whom they conquered, and they always knew how to



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Constantinople—looking toward Galata, Pera, and the Bosphorus

turn to their own use the abilities of their captives. On the other hand, the only race in the empire capable of absorbing them were the Arabs, with whom they never really came into contact. The races with whom they did come into contact were too small, too diverse, and separated from them by too great a gulf of religion for the Turks to be Hellenized or Bulgari-fied, or whatever the case might be. Standing as they did with one foot in Europe and one in Asia, guided by two principles only, one more pernicious than the other, of dividing to rule and of ruling to plunder, they watched their empire fall to pieces without being able to prevent it. The Young Turks have lately been accused of destroying what is left of the empire. It is true that they have been guilty of many follies and injustices. It seems to the present writer, however, that those follies, and even those injustices, were largely an awakening, a belated and insufficient sense of nationality in the Young Turks themselves. The Young Turks, like the old ones, had their chance, and they lost it. But the conquest of Mohammed II, who assured his subjects their freedom of language and religion

and who set impassable barriers between the new lord of the land and the old, contained the seeds of dismemberment. The Young Turks only accelerated an inevitable result. Nor is the process likely to end until Syria, Mesopotamia, and Arabia have followed the way of the European and African provinces; perhaps even Kurdistan and Armenia, if such a region can be discovered to exist.

The case is one that suggests embarrassing questions with regard to other empires of shreds and patches, of which more than one happens to be engaged in the war of the world. Our present affair, however, is with the Turk and his drama, which can hardly be less bitter to him because it is inevitable. Yet the principle of nationality has been so often invoked during the course of the greater drama of which the Turkish tragedy is only an act, and when not invoked in so many words, it looms so incessantly in the background, that it perforce comes forward again as we ponder over eventual settlements and redrawings of the map.

It is still too early to prophesy what will be the final fate of the Turk. One thing, at all events, seems certain: he does

definitely make his exit from the central arena of European politics. He started a long time ago, when John Sobieski drove him back from the gates of Vienna in 1683, to lose Budapest in 1686, to sign in 1699 the disastrous Peace of Carlowitz, when he first deigned to accept the mediation of Christian powers. And in the

danelles of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, which brought the Turk to that decision. The essential point is that he made it, and thereby renounced his old importance as a factor in the European balance of power. While, in the phrase of the late Mahmud Shevket Pasha, he had a million bayonets to throw into the scale, he kept his inde-

pendence and he was worth courting. That was why, and only why, Constantinople remained one of the most important diplomatic posts in Europe. Having disposed of his million bayonets, however, having shown his hand, he became merely an incident in the world-wide conflict of those who are greater than he. And upon the issue of that conflict hangs his own destiny.

There are, as far as it is humanly possible to foresee, two imaginable futures in store for him. Should the battle of the world turn in favor of his German protectors, he will recover something like the *status quo ante bellum*. His Asiatic provinces will remain his; Egypt will return, however unwillingly, into the empire; he will enlarge his northern borders at the expense of Russia and possibly his western ones at the expense of Bulgaria and Greece. But it is

hard to believe that such a settlement could be permanent or that it would leave him more than a shadow of freedom. At the moment these words are written, Turkey is a Prussian province. Is it likely that she will cease to be a Prussian province at the successful close of a war that is openly waged for an outlet to the East and a place in the sun? It is conceivable, of course, that Teuton ambitions might find their ample fulfilment in Russian and Serbian territories and in the colonies of England and France. Too much German effort, however, and too much German gold have been invested in Turkey for



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A street in Pera

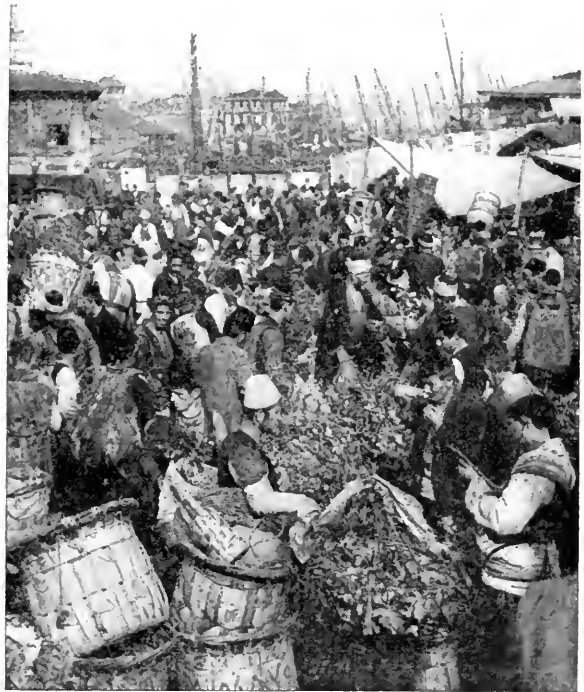
light of actual events it is interesting to recall that England was one of the mediators. During the subsequent two hundred years his history has been little more than one of cessions and interventions, until at London and Bukharest in 1913 he gave up all but the last foothold of his European empire. But even that foothold he virtually surrendered in November last, when he chose to throw in his lot with the Teutonic powers. We cannot here review the series of events, extending over twenty-five years, from the first visit to Constantinople of Emperor William II to the flight last summer into the Dar-

any German to feel quite disinterested in that country. And Turkey would always have to be guarded against the prowling Englishman or Frenchman or Russian, which would mean a Turkey on the lines of Egypt and India.

The other alternative opens the more interesting questions and possibilities. They are more interesting because they are more novel, and because they promise changes in a purely artificial *status quo*. Of these questions the first, naturally, relates to the future of Constantinople. If the Allies succeed in capturing that city and holding it against its present defenders, what will they do with it? The same reasoning that applies to their enemies applies to them. They will assuredly not have spent men and millions to finance the Turk, to undertake all manner of industrial enterprises in his country, and then to break his power, for nothing. If he loses, after having thrown down the gauntlet to them, he must pay the piper. Which piper, however, will he pay?

Of the three pipers, the one that has the strongest theoretic claim is Russia. The eyes of Russia, for sentimental and practical reasons that we all know, have long been on Constantinople. Holy Russia regards herself, with a certain amount of reason, as the true heiress of Byzantium. Moreover, a free and central outlet to the sea is a necessity for the largest country in the world, which produces much of the world's wheat and petroleum. To her, as to her small neighbor Rumania, and in a lesser degree to Bulgaria and the other riverain states of the Danube, it is intolerable that the Turk should enjoy the right of banging the door of the Black Sea whenever he happens to feel so inclined. How intolerable that right is may well be the real reason of the present

operations against Constantinople. And it is perfectly legitimate that Russia should wish to secure herself against any such possibility in the future. But to oust the Turk in order to install herself as doorkeeper of the Black Sea would hardly be the ideal solution of the problem. And to annex Constantinople and tie it to the



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In the vegetable market of old Stamboul

Caucasus by a strip of Asia Minor, as Russia would necessarily have to do in order to secure her possession of that disputed city, would be too strange a reading of the principle of nationalities which she invoked in favor of Serbia and Poland at the outset of the war. For Constantinople and Asia Minor, whatever else they may or may not be, are not Russian or even Slavic. Nor, judging from the analogies of Poland and Finland, can we expect that Russia would be any more successful in making them so than Turkey has been in assimilating her own alien provinces. Any attempt to solve the prob-

lem in that way would deserve the most energetic objection on the part of the rest of the world.

The only outsider who has a legitimate claim to Constantinople is Greece. Modern Greece is a truer descendant of Byzantium than Holy Russia. Constantinople and its neighborhood, furthermore,

tude of the Allies. In the circumstances the fairest solution would be to make Constantinople a free city, giving back St. Sophia and the other stolen churches to the Greeks, if anything be left of St. Sophia by the time the cannon has ceased to speak, and adding enough adjacent territory to assure the freedom of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles.

It is a question, however, whether such a solution is possible—whether Europe is yet far enough on the road to international justice even to pose it. The nearest approach to it, therefore, would be to let the Turk stay where he is, but to take away from him his old right of control over the straits. If their forts were dismantled and the Turk were otherwise deprived of the power to interfere with their free passage by any nation in the world, Russia would have all she could legitimately ask for in that quarter.

Constantinople, however, is only the first of the problems that await the Allies in the event of their success. There remain interesting questions with regard to Asia Minor and the Arabic provinces of the south. The Arabs proper, with their cousins of Mesopotamia,

would probably fall into the British sphere of influence, while Syria and Palestine would in that case become, we may conclude, a French protectorate. Yet I must confess that, taking a long view of history, I find it easier to conceive of a new Arab empire stretching from the Taurus Mountains and the Persian Gulf to the Atlantic than of the permanency of any such arrangement. And Asia Minor? Even in the heat of triumph would the Allies, after all they have said about Belgium, the Serbs, the Poles, and the rights in general of out-numbered nationalities, have the courage to carve up Asia Minor between them,



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Along the wharf in Smyrna

contain a large Greek population second only to the Turks in number, far superior to the Turks in all the commercial and intellectual activities of modern life, and by no means unaware of their older rights in the capital of which they were robbed five hundred years ago. They are somewhat less inclined, I fear, to recognize the validity of other rights in the heritage of the Byzantine Empire. At all events, Bulgaria solidly bars the road to Athens now, and the only other road, via the Ægean islands and the hinterland of Smyrna, is rather too long and too broken for the Greeks to travel without danger, even should they have earned the grati-



perhaps admitting Italy and Greece to a share of the spoils? One is tempted to hope that they would not. For of them all, Greece, again, is the only one who has a shadow of right to any part of that troubled peninsula. And to claim the rights of vengeance or compensation would be only to repeat the fatal mistake of Turkey and Austria on the opposite shore of the *Ægean*.

The Turk, then, goes, if not from the banks of the Bosphorus, at least from the central domain of European politics. But that Sick Man of legend, having passed away, may turn out as lively a corpse as ever disconcerted a hungry heir. He was a sick man because, in the parlance of the vulgar, he bit off very much more than he could chew. It would indeed be a strong pair of jaws that could cope with such indigestible morsels as Hungary, the Serb states, and Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Albania, Greater Arabia, Armenia, and Kurdistan. Although it is a little early to speak of the latter, I doubt not that their day is waiting. Having at last, for his soul's good, if not for the flattery of his pride, been forced to disgorge most of these titbits one after the other, our Turk remains himself a mouthful too large and too sinewy to be swallowed by any one else. Germany may try it or Russia may try it, Italy or Greece may nibble at it; but it seems fairly safe to predict that none of them, in the long run, will make any more of the Turk than he has been able to make of his own conquered subjects. Nor does history offer us encouragement to believe that any race, except in rare and special circumstances, ever succeeded in really conquering and assimilating another. The whole origin of this war of the world, as we have already said, as no one can too often say, lies in that mistaken notion. To continue in

it will be only to sow the seeds of future unrest.

There is, if you choose to look at it in that way, a tragic side to the case of our Turk. While by no means without parallel, the case is one of the most recent in recorded history. For he comes as near as any one can to being a man without a



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Constantinople at the end of the Galata Bridge

country. None of his neighbors or fellow-citizens regard him as other than a usurper among them, yet his own people have forgotten him. He cannot now go back to the plains from which he came; neither can he be annihilated or otherwise disposed of. He must continue to live, move, and have his being in whatever corner of the earth is least unfriendly to him. And Asia Minor is surely that corner. There at last, cured of his old sickness, freed from the intrigues of jealous neighbors, purged from the ridiculous pretension of trying to manage the affairs of half the East, he may have a chance to learn how to manage his own. He might

even become anew a force to be reckoned with in the family of nations. I do not mean that, under our second hypothesis, there would be much danger of his ever venturing into Europe again or presuming to cut off his old enemy of the North from the sea. I mean that he is a person of a certain force of character, endowed with virtues of honesty, simplicity, sobriety, patience, courage, and endurance. If numbers and calculations are somewhat foreign to him, and a certain instinct to organize, who shall say that the world is the poorer for a savor of the contemplative temperament? He also has pride, our Turk. The Young Turks have proved, furthermore, that he is not without ambition and a sense of nationality. Nor is he likely to forget the estate from which he fell. It may be, of course, that the heart will be crushed out of him and that he will sink to the condition of the Persian. It seems to me more likely, however, that, given the chance, he might make something out of a homogeneous kingdom of Asia Minor.

The Eastern Question, as we have

known it, would then be solved. But the real Eastern Question will remain, having merely changed its center of gravity from one side of the Ægean to the other, having merged itself into the general question of Asia. And that larger question is yet to cause Europe many a sleepless night, not to mention many a million of gold and many an invaluable life. Let Europe, therefore, look to it that she lay as many ghosts as possible in the peace conference that awaits her. The Turk, in the meantime, may live to raise his voice again in these matters. He and his Persian neighbor may form new and intimate ties. He and his Arab neighbors may find that they have more in common than when they pulled together as unequal yoke-fellows. Our descendants might even see very interesting developments of the propaganda of Panislamism. At any rate, who knows? Perhaps, having neatly written out the stage direction, "Exit the Turk," we shall have to turn the page and inscribe at the top of the next act, "Enter the Turk."



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Boatmen on the Bosphorus



## An Epilogue

By GERTRUDE HALL

Author of "The Truth about Camilla," etc.

AND then a good many years after the story was ended, so far as it affected the little heroine, certain of the secondary characters, having built an addition to their city house, decided to give an entertainment that would at once bring into use the new music-room and afford the public an opportunity to admire it.

The Rev. Andrew DeJames, new rector of Saint John's, was interested in a children's hospital. Miss Adeline Villars was interested in the new rector. That gave, perhaps, the starting-point for the grand affair at the Villarses. But Mrs. Villars and Miss Sally Villars, when they readily fell in with the idea, had in eye

advantages to themselves as well. Sally, the smart one, thought the thing out and organized it.

The music-room would seat three hundred. What would draw so many people at five dollars a head? Who would do something really attractive for nothing in aid of the children's hospital? Sally answered the question after some searching: Mrs. Julia Gastonbury—the philanthropically minded Mrs. Gastonbury, whose latest book, "Dead Works," after a silence of years, had made a deep impression. Would anybody not cheerfully pay five dollars to hear her read in old age from the works that had thrilled their

youth? Had anybody a soul so dead he would not come through wind and rain to pay tribute to the author of the novel that had drawn the young tears from their eyes, "Simple Margaret"? And "The Cottagers of Hebron Hill" and "Sylvia" and "A Dear Enemy" and "Miss Dove"!

The papers announced that tickets for the occasion could be obtained at the parish-house of Saint John's Church or at Priestley's, the music-store.

It was from the newspaper that Miss Cornelia Blodgett learned of the entertainment. She had not changed much in the ten years. She was faded and lined, but her youthfulness of outlook she would retain while she had eyes to look out of. She was in town on a visit to her old friend, Mrs. Jane Banks. Cornelia had been thinking she must make Jane a present before parting to express appreciation of her hospitality. It seemed to her now that to take her to hear Mrs. Gastonbury would meet that delicate obligation better than the gift of a fleecy cardigan jacket, while, for her own part, the thought of seeing the inside of the Villars mansion thrilled her. She spent her ten dollars, which looked almost as big to her as the whole amount that the reading was purposed to raise. Miss Cornelia had in her nature something of the poet.

During the two weeks intervening, Jane and she re-read "Simple Margaret" and made themselves acquainted with "Dead Works."

They had understood from a hint given in fine engraving at the bottom of their cards that they must array themselves in their best. Mrs. Banks, having sleeked her hair till it shone like bands of silver satin, put on a black stuff of the most decent, clasping her collar with a cameo of great size, carved to represent a landscape, with house and tree against a dun-colored sky. To the gift of the ticket Cornelia had added the pleasant attention of a pair of gray silk gloves. At her suggestion Mrs. Banks further decorated her person with the little badge of a Daughter of the American Revolution.

Cornelia's elegance was of a more light-

minded sort, as her appearance was also lighter, sprightlier than Jane's. She wore her black silk. Her collar was lace, fastened with a brooch of which she was justly vain, for it was wrought of three colors, the greenish, the reddish, and the yellow gold. She crimped her hair. Over her shoulders she laid, triangularly folded, the white embroidered India shawl, with swinging silk fringes, gift long ago of sea-captain Nathan Blodgett, her father. Over her knuckles she drew the white kid gloves which she knew to be the proper evening wear.

The house could be told from a distance as the seat of some festivity. All its lower windows shone through their lace shades, an awning sheltered its steps, a crimson carpet extended from its threshold to the edge of the sidewalk, where vehicles were stopping.

The clear March night was cold, but a fever of expectation warmed Miss Cornelia through and through. Her eyes, when they entered the door, were widened to take in everything, till they were starry in their luminous stare. With the outside of the Villars house she was familiar, and with such scraps of the interior as could be seen by a passer in the street. When with a small group of others they came within the enchanted portals, her excitement overflowed in whispers to Jane.

"Look! There, Jane! Look! That must be the copy of the Paul Veronese she told me was bought abroad, and that she said hung in the hall."

At sight of the great green-and-white drawing-room, which had many laurel wreaths worked into its decoration, she clutched Jane's arm, radiant.

"This is the room that 's all First Empire—the Emperor Napoleon's time, you know, Jane. Some of the pieces of furniture, she told me, belonged in his own palace at Paris, and some of the china in the cabinets was his wife Josephine's."

"I don't know anything about this," she spoke, astonished, as they entered the new music-room, the brown baronial hall, fifty feet by thirty, now full of folding-chairs placed in regular lines along an

aisle that ended at a platform with a chair on it, a table, a vase of white roses, and a glass of water. "I guess this was n't here in her day, Jane. Is n't it grand! How is it lighted—so bright and yet so soft? I guess there 's electricity all along behind that molding."

They took seats, modestly, not too far forward, though they had come early, and while the hall was filling, Cornelia chattered. "There 's a Dutch room up-stairs, and a Japanese room where they take tea every afternoon. In the dining-room they 've got a portrait of George Washington that they say he sat for himself. There was no end to the things she had to tell us about it all after she came home. Wish I knew where to look for her stepmother and for Miss Adeline and Miss Sally that she talked so much about. But I don't suppose I could tell them if I saw them. Mr. Peter Villars I should know, naturally. Perhaps we can find him afterwards, before we go."

Shortly she forgot all that. Mrs. Gastonbury read the most characteristic and touching chapters from "*Simple Margaret*," the part where *simple Margaret* goes to the unknown city to try to save her son from evil companions; then the most humorous portions from "*The Cottagers of Hebron Hill*," the petty quarrels of the married women; finally the most solemn and searching passages from "*Dead Works*," the passages that forced you to turn your gaze inward and reflect. Miss Cornelia furtively dried her eyes. The sense of her faults and failures was not stronger than the sense aroused by the reader's words of her own neglected and buried goodness. In the emotion of that state she saw pathetically for a moment the one who had told her so much about this house and its owners, and whose image had been floating in her memory ever since she approached its door.

She brought back her attention sharply to the reading. The extravagance of wasting one syllable of the costly treat! But with the recovery of the point of view from lofty peaks consequent upon listening to Mrs. Gastonbury, Cornelia's

mind diverged once more, and turned to consider the aspect of things by the new spiritual light vouchsafed her. All the material splendor around her, in which she honestly delighted, was it right to love it? Could it do much, after all, for the soul's peace and progress? Was the master of this house, for instance, any happier in his second marriage with a woman of great wealth than in the old days when, young and poor and hard-working,—but so cheerful and hopeful, dear Mr. Peter! —he and his young wife used to come out into the country on a Sunday to see their little girl, put to board with plain, old-fashioned folks, good as anybody, but having no pretensions to style or tone—herself, in fact, Cornelia, and her sister Clementine?

Any happier? Was he as happy? It was grand, no two ways about it, for him to be so rich as he had become; but—

Cornelia held in, to remind herself that one should be slow to judge one's neighbor, then went boldly ahead: But if the second Mrs. Villars had been quite the right sort of woman, the woman to make a good man happy, would n't she have wanted to take her husband's child to live with them, and have tried to be a mother to her? Instead of which—

Cornelia was startled by a noise. What? It was all over? No, thank the stars! There was going to be an encore.

To the prolonged applause Mrs. Gastonbury responded by adding to the program a sonnet. As this was abstruse and difficult to grasp, the public was satisfied to ask no more. Mrs. Gastonbury stepped off her platform and was surrounded.

Everybody rose. A buzz of talk succeeded the respectful hush.

The general movement was toward the door.

"I suppose we ought to be going," said Cornelia, regretfully; "but I don't feel as if I could go without saying a word to Mr. Peter Villars. And I would dearly love to shake hands with Mrs. Gastonbury, would n't you, Jane? And tell her how much we think of her books. But I suppose we shall have to go without. I

don't seem to see him anywheres—Jane, there he is! That 's him! Mr. Villars! Mr. Villars!" She waved her program a little madly.

He was at her side at once, with, for the fraction of a minute, an inquiring, an unacquainted look. Then, "Why, Miss Cornelia!" he exclaimed, and grasped both her hands. She was almost jumping up and down with delight.

"Yes, it 's me, Mr. Villars. And this is my friend Mrs. Banks."

"Mrs. Banks. And if this is n't Miss Cornelia Blodgett! Miss Cornelia, there 's no one in the world I could be so glad to see. And when did you come to town? And where are you staying? And how is Miss Clementine, dear Miss Clementine?"

"Sister 's all right, or I should n't be here. Won't she be interested when I tell her I 've seen you!"

"And how 's the museum? And how 's Bos'on?"

"You 're thinking of too long ago, Mr. Villars. Bos'on was already an old dog last time you were at Willow Creek, and that 's a full ten years."

A look of trouble came over Villars's face, and was reflected by Miss Cornelia's, mixed in this sensitive mirror with a yearning sympathy, and shame at her tactlessness. There was a silence, lasting only a few seconds, before Villars made it obvious by his gesture that he refused to think of the past.

"How have you enjoyed the evening?" he asked heartily.

"Words fail me, Mr. Villars. Jane, too. We think Mrs. Gastonbury is the greatest—the grandest— We 're proud to be here. We shall go home and talk about it and talk about it. I suppose we ought to be starting now. Most everybody 's gone."

"Oh, but I 'm not going to let you go. Don't suppose it. Why, I 've only just found you.

East and west,  
Old friends are best!

I want you to see my son; he 's on from

college for the occasion. Perhaps you 'll enjoy what 's coming. A few of the audience are asked to stay after the others and have supper with the celebrity. I want you to stay and be my special part of the treat. Don't say a word, Miss Cornelia; you 've got to please me in this. Wait a minute. I 'm going to find John and bring him up to meet you."

"He 's just the same as he used to be," said Miss Cornelia, openly affectionate, as he departed, with a certain care in his speed, over the slippery floor. And so he was, in a way. If an image representing Eternal Youth should be exposed to the vicissitudes of time and weather, and become a little battered with wear, have its hair blanch, its skin loosen, its nose redden, its form swell, and its beard grow, it might be suggestive of Mr. Peter Villars, aged fifty-two, as Miss Cornelia saw him that evening. He wore his hair like an artist, a bang parted in the middle, a beard cut to a point, though for many years now he had been a merchant.

"Should you like to stay, Jane? I think it would be real nice," said Miss Cornelia, suppressing her joy as much as she could, so as not too palpably to influence her friend's answer.

"I 'm willing to stay," said Jane. Jane Banks did not cheapen herself by saying she did not think her apparel sufficiently fine for the occasion. It was her best. In her placid and pleasant face, the set of her jaw, the lines of her large, good-tempered mouth, firmly closed over porcelain teeth, was expressed a quiet consciousness of the stock she came from, which she would have deemed it treason and disgrace to think inferior to anybody.

Peter Villars came, bringing along, by an arm passed fondly through his, a small blond youth, whose chief likeness to his father lay in an immediate effect of accessibility.

"Yes, you must stay; we won't let you go," he supported his father's invitation to the ladies as soon as he had been presented.

"We 'll take care of you," Peter met protestations that had not been voiced

and a shyness that had not been expressed ;  
 "John and I 'll take care of you."

Each offered an arm to one of the ladies.

The dining-room seemed at first glance, while so many were standing, very full of people ; full of colors and white shoulders and broadcloth backs ; full of glitter and chatter ; full, as Miss Cornelia suddenly felt, of estranging affluence and worldly manner and—difference.

"Listen, Mr. Villars," she anxiously whispered. "Just take us into a quiet little corner where we can watch, could n't you ? Jane and me don't want to be part of the real party. We should n't know what to do, set down in the midst of strangers. What we 'd love would be to look on and not be anyways noticed."

"I 'm afraid that 's what it will come to. The table is going to be horribly crowded. Wait a minute. I 'll fix it."

Threading his way between groups of his guests, he captured two chairs and set them, parting for this purpose the long hangings, in the embrasure of a window at one side of the darkly looming side-board. From a second foray he returned with a featherweight lacquer table, which he placed between their chairs. "There, ladies, now you 'll be snug as—you know!"

"Oh, Mr. Villars, you must tell us before you leave us who they all are, for I 'm sure we 're in wonderful company."

"We are, Miss Cornelia, we are ; we did our best to be. You see that portly gentleman with the red face and the bunch of white beard under his chin ? It 's Judge Silloway, whose influence has got some famous measure passed which does n't interest you or me ; but he 's in the public eye. On the other side of Mrs. Gastonbury, and looking very much to-night like his portrait by Sargent, is Herbert C. Kinglake—Kinglake, you know, who has willed his celebrated collection to our museum. His daughter is here with him, and Lady Sherson, who is visiting them."

"Which is she ?"

"The queer one, with, saving your

presence, the bones and the wreath of lilies. A painter, as you can see, her specialty is life-sized portraits done at a single sitting. She 's talking with Edmund Dix, our city's guest while he decorates the new court-room walls."

"I 'm sure that young man with his hair on his forehead, like yours, Mr. Villars, does something rare. What is it ?"

"You have before you, Miss Cornelia, a composer. Sidney Clifford-Crane is his name, 'Figurines' the name of his latest success. One more musical luminary we have this evening, Signor Cesare Olivieri, an importation, as the name suggests, organist and choir-master at the Church of the Immaculate. A very difficult fellow to produce at a function, let me tell you, but we collared him this time. Those I think are our best cards. Next in order comes that civilized and well-washed being who looks like a professor. He is one ; that accounts for it. Professor Morrison, late of Dartmouth College. Near him, with the brow, Miss Henrietta Marsh, head of our most select young ladies' finishing school ; lectures sometimes on woman questions."

"Is there nobody here at all, Mr. Villars, that is n't anybody ?" asked Miss Cornelia, in a happy sigh.

"Yes." He dropped his voice, though the danger of being overheard was small. "You see that solemnly good and handsome man ? It 's the Rev. Andrew DeJames, a nonentity every bit as much as myself ; like me, an ass, utter. You see that other well-set-up fellow with lots of white vest, who looks like a silent actor ? Never tell ; a veterinarian, swellest horses in town are his patients. You present him as Doctor Cudworth ; who need know ? He 's Sally's last chance ; but she can't make up her mind to the sound of the thing. Who else ? Jack Lancey and his wife, over there ; he rich, she beautiful. She was on the stage for a short while, with the excuse of a living to earn. Face like a confiding peach."

Cornelia gave the speaker a more attentive look, the better to understand his mood. He seemed to be making fun of

his guests. It was just his boyish way, she excused him, and loyally disallowed a vague misliking for it. There was a change in him, after all, since the old days. She described it, "As if everything had become a little lax."

"I will whisper it in your ear, dear Miss Cornelia, for whom I have a simply enormous regard,"—he bent his face, enkindled with the excitement that made him talkative,—"I am virtually not acquainted with the crowd here to-night. Nor is my wife, nor are her daughters. We got them with Mrs. Gastonbury for bait. Sally worked it."

As Peter Villars here winked, Miss Cornelia laughed in merry appreciation of his joke.

"One minute," he interrupted; "my wife is signaling to me!" and departed from her side.

"So that's his second wife!" Cornelia, looking at the stout figure in black velvet and diamonds, involuntarily shook her head. "I had n't supposed she was so much older as that."

She readjusted her shawl, smoothed her gloves a little nervously in the expectation that, their murmured conference over, Peter would bring his wife to make acquaintance with them. But this did not happen, and finding ready excuses for the postponed formality, Cornelia returned her undivided mind to the joys of the hour.

So deft had been the engineering, that when with a soft rustle and commotion the guests took seats, they were ordered almost exactly as marked on the chart of the supper-table drawn by Sally when she composed her party as she might have done a bouquet. Mrs. Gastonbury at the head, between Judge Silloway and Herbert Kinglake, after herself the greatest guns, who would feel themselves entitled to that honor. Next to the judge, who was no great talker, a lovely prattler such as all men like, Rose Lancey. Next to Kinglake, Lady Sherson, of course; and next to her Dix. They would have the common interest of their art. Mother at the other end of the oval table, good, safe

Walter Cudworth at one hand, and her son John at the other, which would save her the necessity of trying to appear clever. Adeline between the minister, with whom to be intellectual, and the composer of "Figurines," with whom to be musical. John at the side of the exquisite Miss Kinglake, like himself, young. Olivieri, who had the reputation of being impossible, right at her own side. "My best is good," had said Sally; "I will do my best." At Olivieri's left, Mrs. Morrison, whose dubious qualification for the post was that she read Dante in the original. Almost most important of all, at mother's end of the table Professor Morrison, the one man present who could be expected to sustain adequately a conversation with Mrs. Gastonbury. Prompted at the right moment, he was to address a question, a request to her. She would answer across the length of the table. The others would stop talking to listen. There would ensue a memorable evening, such an evening as one finds recorded in literary memoirs.

The table was crowded; several of the men merely sat near it, behind fair shoulders, and the fair shoulders so arranged themselves as not quite to present their backs. A charmingly informal look was given to the picture by this irregularity; it "composed" better like that, Villars would have said. He had a chair slightly behind Lady Sherson and Dix. Cornelia and Jane's window was so close that he could have an eye to their comfort. When waiters began to hand bouillon, he was obliged to draw in his chair, while Cornelia and Jane considerably pulled their little table farther into the shadow of the window curtains to make room for the passing.

"Exactly the way I should have chosen it to be," Cornelia glowed. A chance to behold a banquet such as one reads about, from a sort of grand-tier box, without constraint, without responsibilities. "I'm not going to miss one bit of this," she said to Mrs. Banks, trying to multiply eyes and ears and all.

It was the delight, as fresh as a young



girl's, of her own impressions that brought Miss Cornelia to the thought, "What must it have seemed like to a girl of seventeen who had never seen anything better in her life than Willow Creek and our little sitting-room at home to walk into this room and surprise them at dinner!" In the picture called up there entered, with stirrings of an outlived sorrow, the remembrance of a tombstone in the moonlight. The grievous consideration of all that one misses by lying in the grave led to a firmer taking hold then and there on the belief that those who stand in the light of the throne can miss nothing. Her wistful imagination of that light made the scene before Miss Cornelia's eyes look for one second gross, dull, disenchanted, like pebbles with which children have been playing, pretending they were jewels.

"Now, which one is Miss Adeline? And which is Miss Sally? I must decide," she returned to the pressing business of the hour. "She always spoke of Miss Adeline as very fine-looking, and Miss Sally she made the difference of saying was pretty. Miss Adeline was the musician, Miss Sally the wit. Their name was Potts when their mother remarried. I don't wonder they cared enough to change it for such a pretty name as Villars."

"Adeline!" came a voice in front of Cornelia, belonging to the feminine form whose back was most completely turned toward her. "Will you get John's eye for me? I can't very well throw a bread-ball at him."

So that was Adeline, the one in heliotrope under a film of black lace, whose face had made her think of a sheep! Well, well, twelve years do make a difference. This lady was all right in herself,—what lovely amethysts she wore!—but as filling the idea one had carried about for years of the wonderful Adeline—

"Sally wants you," she was heard to say in an aside directed toward John.

And that was Sally in the red silk and pearl necklace, who had made Cornelia—her fancy was given to such humors—

think of a pug-dog! She was a lot fresher than Adeline, but she was not young, either.

"But then the dear child, if she were here, would be near thirty to-night," Cornelia reflected. "I keep forgetting that. She was something like ten years younger than Sally, who was several years younger than Adeline. I don't suppose I look, either, just the same as I did twelve years ago. Yes, dear Mr. Peter," she greeted him, "we've had everything; we've had more than is good for us. Ices, yes; cake, yes; punch, no. Jane and me could n't do with that, could we, Jane? What are they, Mr. Peter? Sugared violets, did you say? Sugared violets! What will they think of next!"

"The last time I was in this house," Kinglake was saying softly to Lady Sherson, while their host devoted himself to his friends from the country, "was in Mr. Vanstock's time. Old Potts bought the house of the Vanstocks very nearly as it stood. Whatever good pieces you see, it was Vanstock picked them up. The French mezzotints—" He dropped the subject abruptly, and turned to make room for John, who came tendering the box of fairy-small, straw-thin cigarettes that Sally had sent him for.

"These? Oh, thanks!" Lady Sherson measured them with a quizzical eye. "But, my young friend, keep those. I will take one of Mr. Kinglake's."

The moment had now come.

"Mrs. Gastonbury," began Professor Morrison in the voice that was used to making itself heard in lecture-rooms, "the story goes, and has even been printed, that in your travels once, being unexpectedly obliged to stop over at some small wayside place, in a village strange to you, you came, while taking a walk to pass the time between trains—came upon *Sylvia*, a girl, the story goes, corresponding in every point, even name, with the heroine of your well-known book, the purest creation of your brain. Will you tell us—"

"My dear sir," responded Mrs. Gastonbury, with her highly educated, measured, precise enunciation, "I am sorry to

say there is no foundation whatever for the tale." As if unaware of what was desired from her, she turned again to Judge Silloway and resumed her conversation with him.

Mrs. Gastonbury in these days habitually looked very tired, very detached, very pale, as if a whiff of wind might blow away the faint pastel picture that she made. Habitually her eyebrows were raised as far as they would go, which gave her a look of pitying all before her, and being lifted on thoughts of other things to be pitied far away. She had overcome a good deal at her age to take a journey and give her services in the cause that would forever find her unhardened—the children; now she was tired, and unmoved by the faintest sense of obligation to do more for these rather vulgar rich people. Judge Silloway was giving her facts she earnestly cared to hear, curious as ever about the realities of life.

"Here endeth the first lesson," mumbled Sally, and let her eyes weigh a moment longer, indecipherably charged, on the white head and calm, fragile figure of that spoiled pensioner on the world's good-will who had thus simply dropped her and her party into the waste-basket.

"If it's up to us, then,"—she pulled herself together to retrieve the defeat,— "here goes! Signor Olivieri, we were talking of singers," she in a bravely audible voice tossed down on the cloth a subject which she thought a fertile one. "Patti and Nilsson were, of course, before my time. I can't pretend to speak about them. But for my taste, Marcella Sembrich completely satisfies it. What do you think of her? Mrs. Morrison, and you?"

She tried at once to involve Mrs. Morrison in the conversation, because this Olivieri had so far proved difficult to talk with. Of his peculiarity she had been warned, but warned as well of repaying riches, could you reach them. There was a suspicious look of genius on his forehead, from which the hair had begun to recede. He was that curiosity, an Italian not suave, an Italian displeased with

Italy as well as with America, critical, armed, who had as lief blame and contradict you as not. Stories ran of the difficult and fearful times his pupils knew with him. The worth of what he had to give alone explained the position he preserved. Clifford-Crane, who was very fond of him, had been asked to bring this waspish lion. He seemed in a good enough humor to-night; so far he had merely been unwilling to talk. He felt no responsibility; Crane, who had dragged him here, was responsible. With a cigarette between his lips, his contradictory face, at once passionate and cynical, looked almost at peace with a mistaken and pernicious world. And now his lively neighbor, to whose brand of esprit he did not at all take, was trying to start him on a subject which she had chosen as being particularly his own. Such a thing could not be done to him. Still, with good smoke to puff through his nostrils, he was not averse to talking a little. He had been thinking while all around him chattered; a memory had come back of which it would interest him to talk.

Mrs. Morrison had finished telling how Sembrich affected her.

"The most beautiful voice I ever heard," said Olivieri, with exactly the right effect of a great authority who in a favored and congenial circle condescends to be liberal of his personal observations—"the most beautiful voice I ever heard—" Sally's spirits rose on the instant—"was your sister's."

There was a pause, during which Sally looked directly at him, with a growing light of interrogation, unbelief, amusement, in her eyes.

"Indeed?" she asked, with meritorious self-restraint, and removed her eyes from him to turn them where Adeline sat between DeJames and Clifford-Crane, both of whom were bending toward her, so that they faced each other like two flanking angels. "When was it you heard her? Were you favored with 'Todt und das Mädchen' or 'Sapphische Ode?'"

It was Olivieri's turn to look at a loss. He sent his glance after hers, and drew



“Maridora”

Drawing by  
W. T. Benda



back as if he had inadvertently touched something red-hot. "I do not mean that sister."

"Then you are thinking of somebody else's sister, for across the table you behold the only sister I ever had."

"How singular! But no, no, my dear lady, it surely was your sister. Are you not Miss Villars? She was Miss Villars and your sister, living in this house with you."

"But, my dear sir, I surely ought to know."

"I could not be mistaken. The thing must positively be as it has remained fixed in my mind these many years."

"Signor Olivieri, you are extraordinary!"

"No, it is you. Search—search in your memory."

"Search in my memory for a missing sister?"

"Could he mean Mary?" came tentatively from John, at the end of the table beside his mother. Miss Kinglake and he were at a conversational standstill; they had for some minutes been listening to the talk of the others.

Sally looked blank, and as if she were faced in fact with the enormity of having dropped a sister completely out of mind. She rallied in a second.

"But she was not my sister. She was John's—that is to say, his half-sister. She was Mr. Villars's daughter by his first marriage—Mary Villars, of course."

"Her Christian name I have forgotten," Olivieri said. "Was it that? Mary? Mary! It does not rouse the right echo in my ear."

"Because, it is plain, you are thinking of somebody else. What was it brought about this search among the family records? Your remark that the most beautiful voice you had ever heard was my sister's. Nothing is more certain than that Mary neither had a voice nor could sing. Had she, John? Could she?"

John shook his head negatively, but more, by his expression, as if he wondered than as if he were so sure.

"By no possible straining can she be

made into the person you are talking about, Signor Olivieri."

Olivieri, with his eye on Sally, seemed to hesitate and consent to reconsider. He gave a nod so resolute that it knocked the ash off his cigarette.

"It was she."

"But this becomes absurd! You won't mind my saying so? She was a little girl from the country, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen; she lived with us a year; then went back to the country, married, and not long afterward died. And not one of us, or anybody else, ever heard her sing, particularly, or knew she had a voice."

"I heard her sing, and know she had a voice, the most beautiful natural organ I have heard in my life."

What was to be done with a man like this? Sally had been prepared, but not for anything quite so disgustingly rude. Her hand itched to deal him a swift, unceremonious slap.

"Will you tell us," she asked, with a return to exemplary composure, "when it was you heard this extraordinary voice?"

"Not with exactitude, but it was a good number of years ago, when I was still new in this country. She came to my studio, and I tried her voice."

"What did she look like?"

"Young, very blonde,—that I remember well,—and very innocently beautiful."

Sally shook her head, with a pitying and convinced smile.

"I don't wish to seem unkind, but it does n't sound much like a description of the Mary we had among us."

"After so long I could not pretend to remember details with precision, as, what color were her eyes, was her neck long or short, had she a distinguishing mark, mole, on her cheek or chin. But my impression I have not forgotten, that she was charming enough to melt hearts. And with the voice added, the voice cultivated and strengthened, it seemed to me she could conquer the world—if, let it be added, she had been willing to work."

"There is here the most amazing equivocal!" cried Sally, with a toss of her hands, almost angry in its helplessness.

"Not at all. No equivocate at all. It is as I tell you."

"Yes, yes," Sally caught back her effect of well-bred patience; "a pretty girl came to your studio, you tried her voice, and it was the loveliest in the world: but the girl was not our Mary."

"There came to my studio to have her voice tried a beautiful girl, fresh as the dew on the wild rose, and her voice was divine, was the voice of a young angel, unaware of methods or arts or of herself—a song-bird born. And this girl was your sister or your brother's sister or his half-sister or stepsister—was, in short, the Mary, the Helen, the Catherine, who lived with you in this house ten or more years ago."

Excitement made his peculiar voice hot and sharp. Besides Mrs. Morrison and her husband, besides John and Miss Kinglake, there had begun to listen Clifford-Crane opposite, and Adeline and the Rev. Andrew DeJames.

"I'm sure I don't know what may be necessary to convince you," Sally contended for her ground. "I wonder," she offered coolly, not to him, but to the air before her, "what young woman can have thought it worth while to pass herself off as our relative. Did she come again? How does the story continue? The surprising thing is that she did not get a term or two of lessons from you on the security of her borrowed name."

"Shall I tell you why I am so certain who she was?" He looked like a player with an ace to lay down. "She was brought to me by a man, at that time a friend of mine, whose name, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten. He was also a friend in this house. To make it clear whom I mean, he was affianced to Miss Villars." By a motion of his head he indicated Adeline, who looked down at the table-cloth, her cheek mantling with a dark blush.

Sally laughed as if in triumph.

"Oh, that! As proof positive—George Chapman, do you mean?"

"That is the name—Chapman. He has been gone a long time from this city."

"Really, Signor Olivieri, for one who has seen so much of the world—" Sally archly derided him.

"I have seen so much of the world, my dear lady, I have known so much of cheating, lying, deceiving, that when people are not impostors I know it also. This friend of the house brought a young prospective relative in whom he was interested, for he was himself an excellent musician, to ask my opinion of her voice. I gave it as I have given it to you."

"And then?"

"Then when I saw him again, we talked the voice over, and the possibilities, the business side. I thought surely to have the young girl for a pupil. When she did not return, I after a time asked Chapman about it. I forget the explanation, what reasons he gave. But I know what I said to him: 'If it is a question of money, I will take that girl as my pupil for nothing. I will give her her training—singing, language, acting, for nothing, for love. I feel gifts in her of which nor you nor she knows anything. I will make of her the miracle of her time.'"

Sally burst out laughing. Mrs. Gastonbury turned her way, and looked a pitying curiosity at that excited foreigner, with his physiognomy of an angry and disappointed idealist.

"Nothing is wanting," cried Sally—"nothing except some proof that all this was not a dream. For the important fact remains that Mary Villars of this house had no more voice than a little cat. I think that we, if anybody, ought to know. Whence, Signor Olivieri, this desire to mystify us? You are whimsical, I have heard, but have you not had fun enough out of our heavy stupidity? What is it, John?"

"These."

John, who, unmissed, had slipped from the room, laid on the table two photographs. Olivieri seized upon them with eyes that probed and grasped, while every one near looked expectantly at him as he studied the pictures. His hand came down like a lion's paw.

"Certainly, it is the one. Here is the

proof. The image had faded from my memory. This revives it."

"Oh, nonsense!" escaped from Sally.

"May I see the pictures?" asked Professor Morrison, with his characteristic alertness of interest.

"Might I?" His wife extended her hand for them on his behalf.

"It 's no proof, anyhow," continued Sally, "for the simple reason that the larger picture does n't look like her. Anybody can tell that the photographer used every artifice to make it as much as possible like a fancy picture. And the picture taken with John in a broad collar, humorous souvenir of an excursion to the beach, certainly does n't give you much idea of what is under the brim of that straw hat. All you see is a grin."

"I see a dimple," said the professor. "It is true that the larger picture looks like what we are pleased to call a fancy picture."

"Girls of seventeen do sometimes look like fancy pictures," said Miss Henrietta Marsh, to whom the photograph had been passed. "If it were not differing with you, Miss Villars, I should call this rather good—better than the class picture, which is all I have of her."

"Humph!" coughed Dr. Cudworth, looking in his turn.

"It 's flattered," Mrs. Villars assured him above a whisper.

"Oh!" came in a tone of sweet pity from Sibyl Kinglake, who had held out her hand to have the picture next—"oh! oh!" She was a young and lovely vision herself,—Cornelia likened her to a white greyhound,—she searched with sympathetic eyes this face of one young and lovely and destined not to live. "Oh!"

Clifford-Crane had swung round to look at the picture with her. "*Schneewittchen!*" he remarked, with an echo in his intonation of his neighbor's pity and tenderness—"Schneewittchen, or," he added, palpably without malice, "*Cinderella.*"

"Thanks; I have seen it." Adeline waved it along when it came to her.

"Errrrrr," cleared his throat the Rev.

Andrew DeJames. "The shadows did n't come out very strong, did they? Or has it faded very much?"

"What is it they are looking at?" Rose Lancey asked over her shoulder of her husband. She had taken a cigarette to lend her support to Lady Sherson, and set balmy lips to it from time to time, just enough to keep it burning. She sent a side-glance of inquiry from the deeply shining, long-fringed eyes that had made Cornelia call her an Alderney cow. "Let me see, too. I want to see. Why, it 's Dora Villars! I went to school with her. Little Dora Villars! 'Nahum's bride,' we used to call her. Was she any connection of— Oh!"— She pressed an extinguisher over her voice,— "I had n't heard, of course. It 's the daughter of our host," she murmured to Judge Silloway as they bent over the photograph together. "Why do they bring it out like this if she is dead?"

"It makes me think of a wild morning-glory," said the judge, eying it through glasses far down his nose, and not looking as if he tried to be poetic.

"Does it remind you, as it does me, a little of Botticelli's 'Venus'?" Mrs. Gastonbury, after prolonged, and as if conscientious, examination, asked Kinglake, with whom she shared her turn to look. "That most touching of all Venuses, whom he sometimes calls a Madonna, singularly perfect embodiment of the creature who has no weapons, no defenses,— nothing with which to fight or with which to protect itself,—nothing but beauty!"

"I believe I see what you mean, Mrs. Gastonbury, though frankly I should not have thought of it in looking at this charming, but very human, young girl, who, like my ethereal daughter over there, adored ice-cream, I have no doubt, and stamped her foot when things were not to her mind. See this healthy, rounded cheek. The model for the 'Venus' you speak of, I have read, was a consumptive."

"Oh, I did not mean anything very literal," Mrs. Gastonbury, upon not being understood, withdrew at once; "I was thinking of the expression."

"Botticelli's 'Venus'?" asked Lady Sherson, laying down her cigarette to have a hand for each picture, and with her refreshing bluntness promptly corrected, "A goose-girl! A heavenly goose-girl!"

"I perceive the likeness you speak of,"—Dix nodded his fastidiously refined, gray face to Mrs. Gastonbury,—"I spent an hour or more once before the pathetic flower-blue eyes of that miracle, Botticelli's 'Venus,' just mooning, wondering what would happen in this world of ours to a creature who looked like that."

"Fair *Simonetta*, who was the original, tradition says, died young. And this poor child, I understand—"

Peter Villars had the picture in his hand now, and gazed as if it were as new to him as to anybody present, though it was from his bedroom that John had gone to take it. Cornelia had risen to look at it with him.

"It 's the same one we have," was all she said. "Let me show it to Jane."

Sally and Olivieri were still contending. Their contention had reached a degree of almost laughable heat, a dropping on each side of deference to the other's statements, so improbable-seeming, it looked like a comedy they played for the amusement of their now fully interested audience.

"Oh, it 's no good talking to you!" Sally broke from the brisk duet, with a laugh not too flagrantly exasperated. "Miss Marsh,"—she cut into a remark of that lady's to the professor,—"you knew Mary. She went to you all that winter. Did you know she had a voice and could sing?"

Miss Marsh appeared to reflect. She shook her head.

"I can't say I did."

"But if she had been so wonderful, you would have known, would n't you? You would have been sure to know and then to remember. Did you ever know a girl fonder of praise?"

"She tried very hard to please me, always. That I do remember, and with gratitude."

"Yes, she would come home prouder than a peacock of a good report, show it to each one of us separately, and wait to be complimented. Every little accomplishment she acquired, every little improvement she made, every trifle she turned out, were it a pin-cushion with one rosebud in the middle, or a drawing of a woolly tree, or a water-color of three ivy-leaves, she would bring home for us to admire. When she had got so far along with her piano-lessons that she could play the 'Jolly Farmer' through, do you think she would let us forget it? She was positively infantile in that respect. She adored to show off. And you wish us to believe—"

"I am not explaining; I am giving facts," said Olivieri. "The explanation every person will have to find for himself."

"Here 's another point against you. She had all her life lived in the country, the backwoods, never been anywhere, never seen anything, so that when she came to us it seemed to her amazing, prodigious—all the geese swans, all the pebbles pearls. My sister plays the piano; she thought her a Carreño. I permit myself sometimes to scribble doggerel; I was a John G. Saxe. She was ignorant enough to misplace her admirations, but her eyes were opened by them to her own deficiencies; it all made her necessarily feel small and modest. And when this discovery was made of a gift compared with which all we could show was cheap, this child, with her passion for praise, her natural envy of our advantages, kept it a dead secret, you maintain?"

Sally's belligerent eye, now secure in triumph, swept around the table.

"Yes," replied Olivieri, unexpectedly. "Horrible! horrible!" He clasped his head. "Thrown away!" he went on. "A voice like that! A gift like that!"

One or two present felt a paradoxical unholy desire to laugh.

"Rose,"—Miss Marsh raised her voice to speak across the table,—"Dora was at Ferncliffe Lodge during your time. Had you an idea of this talent?"



"None, dear Miss Marsh. I suppose Dora sang the morning hymn at chapel with the rest of us, but I could n't swear even to that. I did n't know her very well, you know; she was a day-scholar. She was a sweet, sweet, funny thing that everybody liked and teased a little, because, as Miss Villars has said, she was so new to everything and—sort of innocent, you know. Three or four of us silly things once got our heads together during a rainy recess and began telling the attentions we had had from boys. She told us about Nahum, a young farmer. We never forgot. You know what girls are. But all of us liked her, we were crazy about her hair, and when we voted for a May-queen, she got it. That picture, excellent otherwise, does n't half give you an idea of her fairness—pale-gold hair, pale forget-me-not eyes, complexion like a lily."

"Ah!" spurted from Olivieri, in a fiery disgust, "What a *Marguerite*, what a *Micaela*, it would have been!"

"Not at all," Sally answered him with grim lips; "for had she had the voice you speak of, and had she become your pupil ten times over, she would now have been dead for ten years, all the same."

"Who knows?" he perversely inquired.

Sally looked at him as one who in sparing should receive an unfair blow, and should stand with deadly eye selecting the spot on the adversary where to strike in return. She moistened her lips, then wiped them. An effect of protest against the organist was felt among the audience, none could have told exactly how:

Mrs. Morrison was thinking she must jump in with a remark about the north pole or the sea-serpent or any wild thing. Sibyl Kinglake was in acute misery. The scene felt to her altogether like an evil, unnatural dream. How in actual life could all these people have forgotten that the father and brother of that poor young girl were present? A spell of stupidity seemed to have been cast over them by the dreadful voice of that woman without heart who set the example.

Sibyl moved restlessly on her chair, wondering would it be too improper for

her to be the first to get up from the table and say good night. Miss Marsh was considering the same solution, and on the point of giving it practice, when, "Miss Villars! Miss Villars!" rose a fluttering voice, drawing all eyes toward the embrasure of the window whence it came. Sally turned around.

"Tell him," Miss Cornelia stood up, tremulous with excitement, "tell him again—" she referred with her hand to Olivieri, as if he had been one to whom an interpreter was necessary for such as herself, "from me, Miss Villars, that he is mistaken."

She felt the whole table looking at her now. The table was in fact wondering more actively than it had done about the country gentlewomen, with hands visibly marred by housework, who seemed to form, as it were, an interlude in a different key to the harmony of the brilliant assemblage.

"Tell him I ought to know, Miss Villars. Mary-Dora lived with us, my sister and me, most all the days of her life. Such a thing as he tells of could not have been, and we never know a word of it, when Mary-Dora—"

"Maridora—that is the name!" Olivieri nodded decisively. "Maridora!"

"She was named after both of her grandmothers," Cornelia explained to the roomful, "and always called by the two names so as to show no partiality. Her father and mother each wanted to please the other. They brought her to us when she was a little mite of a girl, because they wanted she should have good care and country air, and their work in the city made it so they could n't look after her. They came down together to see her every little while, and how they did wonder to find her grow so fast! My sister and I had other children to board. We did that for something to do after Clementine gave up teaching school. We had the museum, with all the curiosities my father brought home from his voyages, but after everybody round had seen it, not much came in from that. So there were some years when we made out by taking

children to board, and we had Mary-Dora from the age of two. We did n't expect to keep her on and on till she grew up. But we did, as it turned out; we brought her up. She was like our own child. Anybody who 'd ever seen her at home would know that she 'd no more have had a secret from us two— Tell your friend, Miss Villars."

"Could she sing?" asked Sally.

"No, that 's just what I wanted you should tell him. She sang, just as any girl does, working round the house, nothing to speak of. You 'd never notice it any more, I guess, than as if I should sing. We 've always been meaning to get a parlor-organ, but we have n't got it yet. All she knew was hymns and the things young folks pick up from one another. She told us when she came home that she 'd been taking piano lessons, and seemed dreadfully pleased with that, but not a word about singing."

"The case is perfectly clear," Sally turned away from Miss Cornelia as if all that was necessary had been heard from this witness.

But Cornelia, having once overleaped the barrier of shyness and climbed up on the stage, could not, with the impetus of her daring act unspent, so soon descend again, with, particularly, the sense upon her of the audience's friendliness. She spoke to them now collectively rather than directly to Sally, and went on to fulfil the pious duty, as she seemed to feel it, toward the dead, of making them known and understood.

"Till she was near seventeen she was contented as could be with us, exactly as if she had no other family. But one day when there was nothing we were expecting less she said she wanted to go to the city and see her father, and the little brother that she had never seen. We did n't oppose her, because her father's business had kept him for quite some time from coming to Willow Creek. It was natural, we realized, too, she should have a hankering to see the city and how people live there and what it 's like. We wanted she should write and ask first. But she

begged us not to make her. She said she would like to surprise them. She was dreadfully excited about the idea of surprising them. We suspected that, besides wanting to see the world, she wanted to go away from Willow Creek till she could make up her mind about Nahum, without him near."

Miss Cornelia looked over at beautiful Rose Lancey, and nodded to her very amiably, smiling. "Nahum is my nephew, and I don't think I 've ever known a young man to set his heart so powerfully on a girl. Mary-Dora was fond of him all the time she was growing up, but when they were old enough so that he wanted to marry her, it had the result it sometimes does, of making her want to get away from him. He was twenty-one, and she was only seventeen, you see, and as much of a child as she had ever been. She seemed to have grown afraid of him, though she was fond of him, too, and it hurt her terribly to do anything that would hurt him. Clementine and I understood how it was, and sympathized with what we knew came from just youngness. We thought it would be best for both to let her find out how she really felt about Nahum, give her a chance to see other men and other ways, and to see if she thought anybody would ever think as much of her as Nahum surely did."

As with the story-teller's simple art, she paused a moment, an unguarded sound came from Peter Villars, a groaning sigh that he converted into a cough as he shifted position, throwing the other leg across the other knee.

If Miss Cornelia heard, it made no proper dint on her consciousness, for she pursued unperturbed.

"She was gone just a year. We had n't hardly believed she should ever come back except to visit us. But there she was, come home for good, she said. It was n't that she had been disappointed with the city,—you should have heard her run on about it! all the fine things, the grand doings, the dresses,—but she was a country-girl, and guessed she would be happier there

in the country with us country-folks. She loved us all most to death those first days after her return, and as soon as Nahum came around, looking thin, he had missed her so, she did n't just take him; she as good as said, "Take me!" He was the happiest boy! And we were happy for him, knowing what a good girl he'd got. For Mary-Dora was n't just like everybody. It was n't that she was beautiful, as you seem to think from her picture, though she was nice-looking, healthy, and did n't freckle, or that she always did right according to the book. But she was loving, and dreadfully tender of others. She wanted so dreadfully everybody should be pleased with her and like her, she would do 'most anything to make them. And not all the beauties or virtues or knowledges could ever be so winning as that." Fearing her voice sounded weepy, Cornelia resumed more stoutly: "But she was no singer, nor she never went to any music-master to have her voice tried, or we should have heard about that from her, as we heard about everything else. But if for any reason which I can't imagine she should not have told her old aunties, she would have told Nahum, and in the long evenings he used to come and spend with us just for the comfort of talking about her, he would have told us. But I'll ask him when I go home. He has remarried,—that's life! —but I don't believe he has forgotten one thing that had to do with Mary-Dora. Poor little Mary-Dora!" the country-woman, having got so well under way, and feeling so sure of the general sympathy, kept placidly on after the obvious stopping-place had been reached, "you'd think something in her soul told her how it would be, and that's what made her so afraid of Nahum and marrying him, only she did n't understand clearly enough what it said."

The speaker felt suddenly uncertain that she was not a fool, perhaps an indelicate fool, instead of an interesting figure occupying the center of the platform. "But I'm afraid I've talked till everybody's tired," she hurriedly remarked.

"Ever since I came into this house Mary-Dora's been running in my mind, and it seems kind of natural to be talking about her; that's my excuse. But I've taken up too much of your time. In the country, you know, where we live more scattered, and don't see company so often, we get into the way of telling our stories with more of the particularities. You must forgive me for being so lengthy." She smiled all around her, apologetically, and in doing it caught sight of Peter Villars's face. For the first moment she realized of what, unpardonable scatterbrain! she had been guilty. Collapsing in confusion on her chair, she held a pleading hand dubiously toward her friend. Peter took it, and patted it, with an entire, if rather absent-minded, kindness.

Her subsiding seemed a signal for one after the other at the table to rise. The hostess stood ready for them with hand and smile of good night.

Mrs. Gastonbury remained a little longer, looking from her distance at the two sweet-faced country-women, behind whom she saw in imagination lines of shadowy forms receding into the past till a tall sailing-ship blocked the view; then she came to their table and, unrepresented, spoke to them—endeavored, in fact, to engross their attention, when her ear caught the notes of a biting, obstinate voice still holding to its argument.

"Nothing has been said that confutes me. Did I say she had an ordinary voice? An extraordinary voice, I said. The vulgar ear would naturally not discover it. It had a quality of adorable strangeness, like, one could imagine, a flute of glass. For the rest, *Santo Iddio*, why should they have known her nature any more than they knew her voice?"

"My dear fellow, do have a little regard!" Crane murmured, and grasped the organist by the elbow to lead him away.

"Why?" barked Olivieri, pulling loose, and turning round to face his friend with the question.

The right answer not instantly presenting itself, Crane, while in search for it, looked at the darkly sallow, bony face

thrust chin forward at him, and felt it futile to reply.

Neither spoke again to the other until they stood on the door-step, lighting their cigars. The red reflection of the match at which he sucked illumined by fitful flares, and to sinister effect, the face of the exile, which looked as if fire already had consumed everything but indestructible old sorrows and indignations. The scant hairs of the beard itself looked like black wires that would not burn.

"Remains the question," Olivier flapped the match to put it out, "why I have never spoken of all this before. From the fact that I have not, I must think that I was bidden to regard it as a confidence."

Last of all came Miss Cornelia and Jane Banks to shake hands, as proper,—unpresented though they remained to the end,—with their hostess.

"We have to thank you for a most *beautiful* evening," Cornelia beamed in elation over the lovely talk they had had with Mrs. Gastonbury. Mrs. Villars continued in the fixed smile and mechanical nodding response she had administered to all. With these last of the departures she walked toward the door.

"I am afraid you are very tired," Sally was saying to Mrs. Gastonbury.

"Too tired, I fear, to deny the charge, Miss Villars. But the remedy for fatigue is happily very simple."

"I am going to take you to your room at once, and see that you are made comfortable."

"That will be very kind."

They passed out of the door immediately behind Mrs. Villars. Sally's cherry-bright train, shining and rustling over the threshold, was the last thing in the room with movement and sound to it before the space of a minute during which the deserted banquet-hall stood empty.

The table in its disorder was still such as to fascinate the eye of a hungry body or a fancy athirst: the glittering cups, with their remnants of golden liquid and colored fruit; the painted plates, with their rich-smelling fragments; a bubble-

thin goblet or two through which silver beads could be seen more and more languidly rising; in the twilight under the table, limp and long, a pair of white gloves as they had dropped from a lap; withering flowers, crumpled napkins, a dish of almonds spilled. Amid these things, to the right of it, the peel of a tangerine; to the left of it, a fluted paper thimble that had contained a bonbon; and right across it the stalk of a pale-pink carnation—looking forth from a silver frame unbrightened for years, the face of a young girl, with its eyes of softness, its cheek of fairness, its smile of ingenuousness, and its mystery.

SALLY, having ascertained what Mrs. Gastonbury took for breakfast, and, with wishes of cordial sound for her repose, left her in the hands of the French maid, hurried down the stairs. She knew where the family would be found, and made directly for the sanctum where more than once they had assembled to talk over a party and congratulate themselves on its success.

Nobody seemed to be speaking at the moment of her appearance in the smoking-room door. Mother was rubbing her wrist where a bracelet had clasped it too tightly. All her powder had come off, her face was red, as well as puffed and cross. Adeline examined a tear in her lace overdress, which a clumsy foot had trodden upon. With those well-known angular fingers she was bringing the edges together, to see how the evil could be remedied. The violets at her corsage hung like strands of a mop. Peter, his hands in his pockets, stood by a table that had bottles on it, and stared at these, whether in absorption or abstraction, while tilting himself slightly from his toes to his heels, and back again. John was at the mantelpiece with his forehead in his hands.

With Sally swooping down, they made a collection of five persons as little satisfied with life and themselves as could perhaps have been found that night by searching the world over. All alike were suf-

fering, in each the unrest of his soul taking a different form of expression. And all, in the pitiful human way, were burning to revenge the pain of the outrage done to private aspirations in them after decency by doing more hurt. Irritation and unkindness were ready to spring from any one of those mouths which that honorable thing, remorse, set to such sour lines.

They were not looking their most attractive, it must be said, the Villarses, each tired, sorely tried, and, with the strangers gone, not caring a fillip whether he kept his temper or his dignity. Unbeautiful enough to be touching in the eyes of the angels; except John, who, with his fingers through his hair, and young, gloomy eyes on the fire, was more sad than unpleasant to see.

Sally went to him, swift as a hawk.

"I have to *thank* you, John,"—she spoke in a voice that trembled while it cut,—“with all my heart, for a most brilliant, agreeable, and successful evening!”

“Let me alone, Sally!” he replied, without turning to look at her, or putting enough spirit into his warning to make it of any effect.

“What on *earth* possessed you, will you tell me, to go and get those photographs and turn a supper party into a *morgue*! Oh, that *beast*!” She put the word out of her mouth as if it had been a beast indeed which she found there. “I could have *choked* him, *beast* and *liar*! And though *everything* proved that he lied, those people all went home believing what he said. John, it’s a pretty thing you’ve done, a pretty light you’ve placed us in!”

“Sally, let me alone! I’m sick enough. And it’s not what they think makes me sick.” He lifted his voice to cover hers rising against him. “It’s you, and all of us. It’s to think of Mary when she was living with us—”

“John, do you believe that idiotic yarn?”

“Yes, and so do you.”

“How dare you—”

“Oh, Sally,” came from Adeline, wearily, “stop pretending! Of course it was

true. As soon as he spoke of it, I remembered George Chapman saying something about her voice to me; but it was near the time of our final quarrel, and I was n’t interested.”

“If you did n’t know she could sing, Sally,” John hurried in after Adeline, “it was because you shut her up every time you caught her at it; it got on your nerves, you said. After dad took her and me to New York and gave us the opera, she was all the time bursting with it. I got so mad once at the way you snubbed her I tried to hit you, and was put to bed for it. Oh, I remember!”

“May I ask were *you* informed of the great discovery, the great prospects?”

“No. It’s in part what makes me feel so. She was such a chum, I was going to build a house when I grew up, for us to live in together, with a room for dad—”

“Not very complimentary to me, John,” said his mother, caring, nevertheless, to protect him; “but is n’t it reason enough why you should n’t blame yourself on her account? You were only a child. It’s you, rather, Peter. Did n’t she tell you?”

“Oh, me! She knew just how much I counted!” He stared at dust and ashes for a moment longer. “Before the days of our decline into a floor-walker and a manicure,” he took up a different story, “I was an art student and Mary-Dora’s mother studied singing. And her mother before her was a beautiful singer, they say, who might have done something; but she, too, died young. The gods loved them all three. It’s a filthy world!”

“Peter, will you set down that glass! As if your judgment were not poor enough without muddling it more. Will you tell me what ailed you when you arranged to have that side-show at the supper?”

“Sarah, there is the right time for everything, says the Preacher. You may think it the moment to nag, but it’s the moment, if ever was, to drink, and stop thinking, if we can.”

“You seem all agreed,” Sally’s voice was heard again, “to believe that brute’s story. But you have n’t made it clear

why such a little blabber as Mary should have kept so still."

"Oh, Sally!" came again wearily from Adeline. Adeline had a stupid eye, but, unlike her mother's, it sometimes sharpened to an edge of keen, almost alarming intelligence. "You're not so simple. Instinct told her it would give us too exquisite pain,—in which instinct was perfectly correct,—and make us hate the sight of her more than we hated it al-

ready. She was dreadfully tender of others, you heard the old lady say, and dreadfully anxious to be liked."

"I consider," Sally fired up, "that we behaved remarkably well to her. What claim, after all, had she on us?"

"None," answered Adeline—"none. So why should we care?"

"Exactly. Why should we care?" raged Sally, and inconsequently burst out crying.



## The Lighted Window

By SARA TEASDALE

HE said:  
 "In the winter dusk,  
 When the pavements were gleaming with rain,  
 I walked through a dingy street,  
 Hurried, harassed,  
 Thinking of all my problems that never are solved.  
 Suddenly out of the mist a flaring gas-jet  
 Shone from a huddled shop.  
 I saw through the bleary window  
 A mass of playthings:  
 False-faces hung on strings,  
 Tops of scarlet and green,  
 Candy, marbles, jacks—  
 A confusion of color  
 Pathetically gaudy and cheap.  
 All of my boyhood  
 Rushed back.  
 Once more these things were treasures  
 Wildly desired.  
 With covetous eyes I looked again at the marbles,  
 The precious agates, the pee-wees, the chinies;  
 Then I passed on.

In the winter dusk  
 The pavements were gleaming with rain;  
 There in the lighted window  
 I left my boyhood."





# The Moral Failure of "Efficiency"

By EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

Author of "Russia and the Open Sea," "The World Storm and Beyond," etc.

IF the present war is making some men brutal, it is also making most men humble. We had become sure of ourselves—sure that at least our foundation was sound. We had only to enlarge our rooms and here and there to alter their arrangement for the growing needs of our spreading democracy to make of the world the comfortable place our hearts had desired. And therefore, while we were willing to change our institutions, we saw no need to change ourselves. Now, as though something had been thrust right up against our faces, we see that it is not so much a new government or a new church or a new industrial system that is needed, as a new and fervent idealism that will warm and shine through all these. Never was the spiritual sun so far off, never were we so lost to the meaning of life. For in as many months, as many centuries have fallen out. Yesterday between ourselves and the Dark Ages lay the bright fields of the Renaissance; to-day we shake hands with Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless. Incalculable as has been our loss of property and business, it is not this so much as our loss of pride that hurts us. With what terrible mockery it comes back upon us now that only yesterday we were sending missionaries to the heathen. If we could only forget that! If only we could shut from our minds the memory of the complacency with which we surveyed history and laid out age on age the march of man. From the fifth to the eleventh century A.D. was the Dark Ages; from the eleventh to the sixteenth was the Renaissance; the present was the Age of Enlightenment. Ah, the bitterness of it all!

This is the right spirit in which to face the future, the only spirit that can justify a hope of something better. No one is so

difficult to teach as the teacher, no one so hard to draw onward as the one who thinks he is there. If the present war has seemed to set us back, it is chiefly because of the immense vistas it has opened up. It is as though all our lives we had had our eyes upon the earth, and had suddenly looked up at the stars. For centuries we had compared ourselves with our fathers, to our vast advantage. Then there was a shock, and we found ourselves facing the future. What we had done was suddenly thrown up against not what our fathers had done, but what we had not done, and we were overwhelmed. We are small, we are ignorant, we are barbarous. We were exalted, and we are cast down. "Except ye . . . become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." War has made us children. Now we are ready to go forward. Or at least we are ready to look around us in humility and with open minds. And looking about us, we see, amid the utter wreck of all that we have and are, that our sole hope lies in the fuller unfoldment of humanity—unfoldment, education. For how without this shall we find our way out of the morass into which we have wandered?

What is the supreme failure which we have made in this thing to which, nevertheless, we still look for the solution of the mighty problems that confront us? Undoubtedly this, that we have mistaken literacy for education. We have been satisfied if the people—I mean the great mass of people—have learned to read and write. We have led them through the alphabet, then to make room for those crowding behind, we have shunted them out into trades and occupations. And we have deceived ourselves into believing that we were educating the people. If any one

doubts that the least possible education consistent with national vanity has been the social goal toward which, consciously or unconsciously, we have been drifting, let him stop and recall how much he has read in public prints and how much he has heard from public speakers of the reduction of illiteracy, and with what pride statistics have been quoted showing this happy "spread of intelligence" among the people. And the naïveté with which we accepted this as proof of the enlightenment of our age, and the reliance which we placed upon it not only to advance society, but to preserve peace—only within the past few months have we come to realize what children we were. State has vied with state and nation with nation for a high place upon this honor-roll. In their eagerness to get their populations out of ignorance they have resembled shepherds who have only to get their flocks into the fold to go home and sleep securely for the night. Once they have brought their peoples safely into the corral of literacy, they have felt free to turn their attention elsewhere. The completion of the education of a nation is its graduation from ignorance to literacy.

When society has conducted a man across this line we are confident that thereafter he can find his way alone. For he is now mature, a shaper of opinions, a free and sovereign part of the social intelligence. Thereafter, if he is oppressed industrially, if he is misled by his rulers into imagining that it is to his interest to lay down his tools and take up the sword, he has only himself to blame for it. It would be an unheard-of extravagance to pay further attention to a man who can read and write and do problems in arithmetic. We have discharged our high responsibility when we have connected him with the newspapers. Ignorant, he was a menace to society; but educated to read the newspapers, he is a safe and dependable citizen, or, what is more to the point, an equipped and dependable workman. Literacy is the sop which our comfortable society throws to democracy. And with this supplied, generously as the modern

world has supplied it, we were safe from a recrudescence of barbarism.

Nothing in the record of modern times will so excite the smile among peoples of centuries to come as the serious attention which we have paid to this rudiment of education and the little after-concern we have shown for anything beyond it. They will be filled with wonder that this age, the most marvelous in many ways that has ever passed over the planet, among the first if not the very first in the richness of objective life, should ever have confounded with education, which means unfoldment, a makeshift, hurry-them-through process that contributes to nothing of the sort, and is indeed the very opposite of unfoldment. Despite our multiplicity of schools, turn where we will, there are evidences that we are mistaking the outer for the inner, the facts for the living forces of life. Reading and writing, a little mathematics, a little history, a little literature, ability to trace a few rivers and locate a few capitals, to distinguish between the veto and the pocket veto, to know a robin from a bluebird—we do not seem to be aware that this is the outer shell of education as ritual is the outer shell of religion.

Within a few years, if our present zeal and the outpouring of public and private wealth continue, the last illiterate will have crossed the line into safety. Will our work then be simply to see that there is no relapse? Will we then have accomplished our task?

As we draw near this goal, there are signs that, with ignorance abolished, with the mental man put in order, we shall be at a loss to know what to do. Already we are growing restless lest with these educational necessities provided, the *raison d'être* of our school system will have vanished. And we are turning hither and thither in exceeding perplexity to discover to what other uses this expensive system may be put. And while discussion goes on as to the advisability of adopting this or that innovation, there is one which we have already adopted: we have resolved to educate the hand.



There are evidences, I say, that out of a sheer we don't know what else to do with them, our schools are to be turned into workshops. Either because we do not see or because we are incapable of entering the mighty field of the moralities, where the finer urgings and the powerful restraints of life are bred, from one end of the world to the other we are shepherding the rising generation toward tools. And, as always, weighty reasons are at hand. Why should we teach our young solely to read and write, and neglect the mighty matter of work? Work, not reading and writing, is the normal function of the human being. All else is abnormal. Work is the language of humanity. Why not teach the child to speak that? It is by work that they will have to live. Why not prepare them to live? Therefore, sewing and cooking; therefore, the making of boxes and the molding of bricks. We have lighted the candle of literacy; now we are going to set it upon the bench in order that the workman may be an intelligent workman. At last our educators have found not, as in literacy a means to an end, but the end itself.

It needs no seer to perceive that the goal toward which we are aiming is the goal of the modern world, efficiency. To be capable of coördinating brain and hand in the production of a piece of work, that and that alone is to be the new education. Literacy, despite our strenuous efforts to keep it alive, would seem to be the dying out of an ancient ideal for an intellectual humanity, the diffusion of a light, once concentrated in a few suns and stars, over the benighted masses of men. Whether we may not eventually dispense with it altogether as a luxury remains to be seen. For work has come—work, the herald of a new age. And education, the purpose of which among the ancients was to connect man with the cosmos, to give him an understanding of the laws and purposes of life, is becoming ancillary to this physical giant that has come among us. More and more the value of the training offered in our schools is being estimated by how much it contributes to the new

practical science of making good, of meeting one's fellow-man or fellow-woman in the factory and proving the better, whether at the bench or in the office. And this is accepted as quite the proper thing except by those who are still not convinced that the world is a factory or man solely a workman.

What is the larger meaning of the new age that for years has been dawning, and into what sort of world, if we submit ourselves placidly to its guidance, will it at last usher us?

Undoubtedly it is a revolt against the past, the sacrifice of everything to the present. This is the key-note of the new age: that, regardless of to-morrow, the day that is passing must be freighted to its full capacity. Therefore the newspaper, the voice of the present, has succeeded the book; therefore the job has crowded out the integrities of life. No single idea—or shall we say unconscious conviction?—has become so conspicuously the fetish of the modern man as the idea that the present is to be seized at all costs. That he is completing something or, rather, adding to something upon which humanity has been working since the very appearance of humanity upon the planet has either become a myth or, despite his education, has never so much as entered his mind. Such a conception is not involved in the meaning of literacy, is not necessary to manual efficiency. To be literate, one need not see his place upon the great reef of being, but only his relation to the passing moment. As for the future, what is the future? We neither know nor care. The consumption of children in our industries is the index of the age. If only we can keep up steam,—whither we are plunging we do not care,—it matters nothing if we burn masts and cabins. The past and the future are follies that the modern man has outgrown.

It is high time we were considering what is meant by efficiency, and just what the pursuit of it involves. It is only within recent years that the word has become the common possession of men; but this very fact that it has thus suddenly

leaped into wide currency is itself proof that even before its coming we were already in full motion toward that which it signifies. Indeed, few words fit so intimately into our every-day life or express so precisely the spirit of the present age. To be efficient in the sense in which the word is used to-day requires the concentration upon some particular thing or task in life until one's mastery of it is supreme. Is efficiency education? It all depends upon what we mean by education. If education is unfoldment, then efficiency is not education. Education is inclusive, whereas efficiency is exclusive. Efficiency has to do with a part of the universe; education with the whole. Education is illuminating; efficiency is the darkening of the chamber of life in order to develop a film. Does it make any difference, so far as its effect upon the person in the dark room is concerned, whether the picture to be developed is the picture of a perfect mason able to lay a score more bricks than his fellows or a scholar who through years of application has added Assyrian to his list? Is not the whole question of the value of such efficiency both to the individual and to society the question how much of what lies outside the dark room has been forgotten by the person at work on the inside? Or is an increase in such skill or such knowledge of such importance that we may safely disregard its cost? That is a question which our leaders of education would do well to take with them into their studies. For tomorrow as never before the world is going to ask this question.

We are fortunate in having a single nation to which we may turn and find an example of what modern education, when carried to its logical conclusion, will accomplish. Germany alone has had the courage to build its last story, to be loyal to it unto death. To be supremely efficient both as an individual and as a nation, if there is one idea which more than any other deserves the label "Made in Germany," it is this. No other nation has ever rallied with such fervor about a word as Germany has rallied to the word

*Kultur*, efficiency. Other faiths and philosophies have been thrust aside to make room for this. *Kultur* is the spiritual kaiser of the German nation.

The world is under obligations to Germany for this energizing idea, which, in its place as the servant of life, has undoubtedly been fruitful of vast good. But as the goal of effort, as the master of life, into what moral confusion, into what unspeakable crime, has it not led us! For centuries mankind will be clothed with shame, and the European, whether in the councils of state or traveling among the nations, will grow red and stammer his apologies. And the German people, led on through the years to this terrible chasm, when at last they have awakened, with what hearts will they face their masters of education? How, hereafter, will they read over the amazing creed which to-day they so fervently approve and which through years has been wrought out of the basest utterances of their nobler men and the least noble utterances of their basest? "War is a business, divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating and drinking," said Luther. "Let your labor be fighting. . . . The weak and the blotched must perish from the earth," declared Nietzsche. "War is elevating. . . . What a perversion of morality to wish to abolish heroism among men!" said Treitschke. "The inevitableness, the idealism, and the blessing of war, as an indispensable and stimulating law of development, must be repeatedly emphasized," said Bernhardt. We hear of the failure of the German this and of the German that, but it is becoming clearer every day that it is the German mind that has failed. That is the supreme, the saddest tragedy of the present war.

And only yesterday we were all at school to Germany. Our leaders of industry, our educators, even our doctors of divinity, were going abroad to get the German point of view. Germany was the modern world; Berlin, the gate to the future. To be unacquainted with German thought was almost to be medieval.

We did not question the relation between mind and morals. If the one had advanced, how could the other have lagged behind? How could a people so far ahead in theory be behind in practice? We were ready to look askance at the kaiser; but the German people—their sociability was one of the attractions of Europe. Their love of children had gone throughout the world with their toys. We were not aware that this sociability was subtly being fed to conquest, that these toy-makers were being converted into gun-makers. We did not realize the power of education utterly to transform a people.

It needs no Treitschke now to tell us that "the German army constitutes a peculiar and necessary continuation of the scholastic system." It is very clear where the fault lies. Given the German training, the present war was as inevitable as that a stone which has dropped four feet will drop the fifth, if there be a fifth. It was just as certain as that the stars swing round that sooner or later Germany would seek to complete her natural orbit. Whether Germany counseled the Austrian stroke that was the technical cause of the present war is beside the point. The great fact which sooner or later will emerge from the present confusion and stand out clear to the philosophical historian of the future is that what is happening in Europe to-day is the logical outcome of a partial, and therefore false, view of life, the inevitable consequence of the worship of efficiency. With the finest educational system of its kind in the world, with a system that in its way has made good as no other system has made good, Germany is less able to get along with her neighbors than any other nation in the world.

Turn now from German militarism, the final step in German education, to industrialism in almost any of the leading nations.

I have said that the world has become a factory. Consider life in any quarter of the globe, and mark in what direction it is moving. For the vast web of injustice and poverty that we are weaving, our mighty energies are flowing into the fac-

tory as to an ultimate heart. And this heart is the active center of the modern world, as the school, in the higher meaning of that term, was the center of the Hellenic world, as the church was the center of the medieval world. And just as these former ages took color and character from their central institutions, so the present age takes color and character from the factory. The statesman is the voice of the factory in government. The educator never forgets for what it is his work is a preparation, that the final examinations are held in the factory. Even religion makes terms with the factory, softens its admonitions to the powerful presence in the pews. As the Greek was kindled with culture and the Christian with faith, so to much the same fervor the present age is bitten with the passion for making things. We consume ourselves in order to produce something. We cannot ripen, because it is a waste of time hanging upon the bough.

The consequences are inevitable. The moment a man becomes merely a workman, whether a miner or an engineer, a teacher or a lawyer, that moment he becomes less than a human being. For no man can give himself mind and soul to a part without sooner or later becoming a part. He will fail to realize the difference between a whole made up of wholes like society, in which it is necessary for the individual to realize what he is, and a whole made up of parts like a piece of mechanism. In this respect the workman and the soldier are alike. Each is a unit of labor, and it needs no transformation of mind to convert the one into the other. Unless a mighty corrective is applied, a corrective which has not yet appeared in the modern world, the three hundred men who combine their labor and intelligence to the making of a watch will forget that they themselves are not parts of a larger watch to be wound up by some outside hand and to be carried in the pocket of some kaiser. And once this oblivion has come over them, there is no limit to their loyalty, no sacrifice that they will not make to remain parts.

To such a degree has this system, which we may fairly call the German system, become the European system and the American system, and is threatening to become the Turkish system and the Chinese system, that the integrities of life are on the point of disappearing. That freedom of life, that space in which to wander, to run, if one so desire, or to lie down, that leisure to absorb the meaning of the whole, which is the divine heritage and joy of a cosmic being, is tottering under the transformation of the human being himself. The richness of color and of mood which we think of as the glory of the ancient world is fading into the drab of efficiency. Gradually we are becoming units of labor.

This, then, is the debris of an educational system that has utterly failed—failed to give sanity to life, failed even to protect life. For already it has become evident that if our superstructure has collapsed, the ultimate cause lies down here in the foundation which, more from a hope of what it shall be, we call education. The towering structure which we reared has now toppled over.

Right here, if we only knew it, is the crossing of the two roads, from a far journey along one of which we now reel back stricken, bereft, horrified. Where have we been? Into what nightmare have we wandered? It is almost as though the body of humanity lay torn and bleeding at our feet, crying out in agony at the blood upon our hands. I have tried elsewhere to show that we have not leaped a sudden-yawning chasm into the present war, but that it was the natural development of our present system of life as truly as a fruit is the natural development of a blossom. Militarism is the militant factory. The factory—by factory I mean of course our whole industrial system—is our educational system at work. These are the three cars in the train of the modern world. All are coupled together, rushing on together at the same speed, with militarism in front, the factory in the middle, and our educational system as the engine pushing them on from behind. Is

there one intelligent person who does not see that the present catastrophe is the wreck not of the first car only, but of the whole train? To-day we sicken at the trenches and would fain forget the work of our hands. To-morrow we will discover the second wreck, and the next day the third. Then possibly, in the light of this tremendous syllogism which spells out the utter failure of our civilization, we shall come upon the cause of it all, that for the sake of speed and more speed and still more speed we have thrown into the furnace not only the coal of life, but the landscape, even the engineer. For that is precisely what we have done, and the present war is only the horrible message spelled out in blood: for efficiency we have neglected character, for the almighty dollar we are destroying man.

What, then, is our duty in the light of these facts? First, to quash the indictment against the kaiser and against Germany (and, if our German brothers say so, against England and Russia) and against militarism and against our "barbarous industrial system," and accept service on ourselves as the builders of an educational system that is a splendid success if the world is a factory, but a monstrous failure if it should happen to be more than that. Then, having taken this step, without which no progress is possible, we are back at the cross-roads whence the second path leads up over the mountains. We are facing away from industry toward life, and are ready to march on from literacy to education, from information to unfoldment. Our eyes are open to the place of work and to the place of the moralities. We are ready to admit that to get along with people is an essential part of education, that to know what is right is quite as important as to know what is true. We are ready to supplement manual training with man training, willing to add to efficiency of production efficiency of understanding. When we have found us teachers capable of making these things clear, we shall have gone far toward making war impossible and peace worth while.



"Inspiration," by H. A. MacNeil

Examples of  
Recent American Sculpture



"The Centaur," by Gutzon Borglum



Figure for Fountain, by Sherry E. Fry



"The Sun Vow," by H. A. MacNeil

In the Metropolitan Museum, New York





"Little Brother," by Paul H.anship



"Inspiration," by Gutzon Borglum



"Maidenhood," by Sherry E. Fry



"A Laborer," by Arthur Bouvet



# A New Note in Art

## A Review of Modern Sculpture

By ADA RAINEY

**T**HERE is discernible a new spirit abroad; we cannot but remark that within a comparatively short time a different aspect is visible in many of the activities of life. The thinking mind naturally seeks for the true cause of the outward phenomena strikingly made manifest in the feminist movement in England and America, the new philosophy and educational methods in France and Italy, the new movement in art in Germany, Austria, and France.

These movements are interesting because indisputable in their wide prevalence. The feminist movement, with its center of activity in England, strikes deep at the very heart of domestic life and extends to the outermost circle of political and social life. The influences of this strong impulse are felt, even by those most opposed to the movement, in ways which cannot be resisted.

The philosophy of Bergson has created such wide-spread interest it bids fair to revolutionize scientific research along philosophical lines. France is the fountain-head of this philosophy, and is keenly alive to intellectual activities in all artistic lines as well. In art the Post-impressionists, Futurists, and Cubists had their rise in the hospitable soil of France, which has been the mother of the arts since the Italian Renaissance.

Germany and Austria are responsible for the Secessionists, whose activities are more directly shown in the arts and crafts and in interior decoration than in any other form of art. Southern Germany

and Austria have been less influenced by the art of Europe than have the older civilizations, so it was easier for them to throw off the yoke of the conventional and express themselves spontaneously.

The Northern Germans, however, have always studied the antique, so it is particularly interesting to see the unique way in which they have been influenced by the new spirit. The countries of the far North are proving their emancipation from conventional art by their tremendous activity in painting. The work of Danish and Swedish artists was a revelation to Americans when seen recently in the Scandinavian exhibition held in New York. In Italy the work of Mme. Montessori has claimed the attention of Europe and America by reason of the remarkable results she has achieved within her educational system. Jacques Dalcroze, by his methods of rhythmical education, is opening up new possibilities in the field of music. The churches are growing restive under the yoke of the past; metaphysical and philosophical teachers are leading men away from outgrown creeds, and light is breaking forth in the church itself.

It is incredible that in science, in religion, in politics, and in art such changes should be seen not only in America, but in virtually all the leading countries of Europe without some underlying reason. Fundamentally the cause is the same; the different phenomena are related, and are merely simultaneous expressions of the one cause.

The fundamental truth lies in the fact that man has evolved to the point where a new vision of the spirit is possible. He sees from a new, because a higher, angle. Materialism has had its day, and slowly man is evolving; the scales are falling from his eyes, long blinded by the dust of ignorance; he is not content with the heritage of the past, but is pressing on to the goal of the something that is calling to him from within the depths of his nature. The bursting of old bonds, the seeking for new channels of expression, the impatience with conservatism in many forms, are the signs of the higher intuitional faculties clamoring for recognition. Bergson in his "Creative Evolution" lays stress upon the power of the intuitive faculties, which perhaps can best be made clear by calling them the powers of the superman. We have come to recognize the existence of mental qualities above and apart from the reasoning faculties—faculties of the inner substance of the man. This is the metaphysical phase of the question reduced to its essence. Of course there are many aspects of this principle as it relates itself to the several countries, the different movements, and separate expressions of the art impulse.

It is with the art impulse as it is expressed in sculpture that we are concerned in the present discussion. The art impulse cannot be considered apart from life, with which it is absolutely associated. So the new movement is a life movement, a protest against the formalism that has long held the human spirit in bondage.

By reason of its frankness and directness, sculpture is one of the most appealing of the arts. It is not so illusive or suggestive as painting, or so abstract as music; it is concerned with the outward presentment of the inner emotions. Frankly concrete in form, it is subtly related to the soul of man in varying degrees of intensity. Sculpture being chiefly concerned with form, the sins of the men who are disregarding form in painting are not so manifest, but there is a world of difference in the manner of embodying the new ideal in bronze and marble. Behind

the seemingly discordant elements in Post-impressionism, there is discernible one underlying purpose, which is to draw life from the ideal and give power to express the individual interpretation of truth. This is all very well as one side of the question, but when the enthusiasts seek to preach the doctrine of the inner substance of things, without coördination or without proper regard for form or technic, it proves that the artists, as well as the public, are not quite ready to receive unquestioned the new art.

After Michelangelo, there were few great names in sculpture until the eighteenth century, when idealism, in the sense of giving expression to ideas not connected with real life, was the gospel of such men as Houdon, Thorvaldsen, and Canova. They worked from the Phidian period as a model, and were more or less imitators. They were neo-Greek and appealed to the fancy of the world, but had little individuality and seem sweetly sentimental to our eyes. Their course was quickly run, for their somewhat saccharine qualities were rather superficial.

Then realism became the hue and cry of the artists and seemed the only thing worth considering in all the world. Rude, Carpeaux, Falguière, Barrias, and Paul Dubois carried pure realism as far as it could go. They were all brilliant men, and their sculpture must be considered as works of art, though something was left to be desired. Always the human spirit seeks something beyond; it is never satisfied with the purely material. The worship of physical beauty does not long satisfy. When art had rid itself of the formalism of Canova and Thorvaldsen, it went to the extreme of realism, ever seeking for reality, which is quite a different thing from realism. The swing of the pendulum is always between the two opposite poles. Surfeited with realism, we asked, "What are we going to do about it?" Then it was discovered that there was something more than the realistic use of the human body, that it could be treated in a decorative manner to express certain emotions or aspects of beauty.

The new movement began in Germany, where they have never left off studying the antique; so the Germans came upon the archaic Greek idea of decoration, which is using the figure to fill a certain space and to express a certain impression without regard as to whether the figure looks like a man or not. This was the initial idea in Post-impressionism. It carries on the old Greek idea in a way very different from the neo-Classacists. In this way it is seen that the new art connects at a certain point with the old. The symbolic phase of the antique, with its simplicity of line and mass, was seized upon, and made the guiding principle of the new men. They have worked away from the somewhat sketchy modeling of the Impressionists, and are seeking something more stable in the balanced masses, simple lines, and rhythmical structure of the men of old.

Much of the false conceptions of the intervening centuries was swept aside, and inspiration was sought in the primitive Greek sculpture. The reason why the archaic Greek sculpture was studied is that primitive man is simpler, purer in his emotions and religious ideas than so-called civilized man. Primitive man, being close to nature and more unsophisticated in his mind; could reflect the purer spirit that animates all nature and clothes itself in human form. A figure used decoratively, not realistically, is typical of what lies behind it, which is the universal spirit. So if the figure was not in itself beautiful, it conveyed an impression of beauty or power or love or wisdom, which was the idea to be expressed. This was naturally expressed in the simplest manner possible.

Just at this point is where the war has waged hottest in the camp of the contestants. Through the emphasis being laid falsely on the childish mind instead of the primitive mind, the question has been deflected from the natural channel. The Post-impressionists have taken up the faults and obvious limitations of the untrained mind and, what is almost more inexcusable in art, the unskilful hand. They have thrust themselves before the

eyes of an overstimulated public,—a public on the lookout for sensations,—and have achieved popularity or ridicule by the eccentricities and uncouthness of many of the creations of the extreme men. This is the danger-point. The pendulum has swung too far beyond the balance, so chaos is the result.

This discussion is not meant to be on the relative merits or obvious shortcomings of the new art or on the superiority of the old. It is merely to show that, with all its limitations, the new art contains much of deep significance, that it has its place in the natural evolution of life. It is interesting by reason of the fact that the new men have something to say that could not be said in the conventional way. They have had to be somewhat militant perchance to catch the ear of the world, which has grown accustomed to the old jangle of discordant noises. That the manner of presentment is open to serious criticism is not gainsaid. There is much divergence in the different schools.

The grave error is that there is no co-ordination between the informing spirit and the outer form. In the extreme men, one simply does not get the spirit through the form, unless there is a wilful misapplication of terms. The expression stands in the way of making clear the idea.

The Post-impressionists disclaim aiming at representation; they seek to interpret human emotions by pure line and color, which is the decorative significance made prominent. Post-impressionism is only half the truth; they have sought the inner meaning without regard for the form, which they disregard either purposely or from lack of skill. The ideal toward which we should aim in a complete art expression is to get at the principle back of all this art and to bring this into concrete form. Thus in a new art, body and spirit are united in a complete, perfectly balanced whole; the spirit is the dominant element, the body, or concrete form, the subordinate thing, but of equal importance in its place, for without it the expression would not be art, but philosophy or science; for upon an adequate concrete form

art is dependent. The ideal in the new art is not an esthetic ideal, for all the great artists of the past have been animated by this; it is a cultural ideal, the new point of view referred to above, in which new vistas of significance can be glimpsed. The true artist must perforce express his whole self in his art; so when he has caught a vision of the fundamental truth, he will carve such statues as have never been carved before. All the great artists in the past have been breathed upon by the divine afflatus, have sensed the deeper meaning of life; but only unconsciously they have expressed the truth that was in them. The artists of the future will consciously coöperate with what the new philosophy of life is teaching them, and will produce beautifully coördinated art, carrying the art of the great masters to yet greater heights, otherwise evolution does not justify itself.

As a companion branch of this art impulse, one showing a tendency to the opposite extreme, superficially at least, is the American Academy at Rome, which is doing excellent service in training young American artists to lay hold of the beauty of form in the old. Beauty undoubtedly was the heritage of Greek and Renaissance artists. A training in taste is one of the most important requisites of the artist. It is necessary to a real cultural point of view that an artist should know the good things done in the past; know them only to discard them if necessary, and deliver his own expression in his own way. A truly original man will not be too strongly influenced by the past, but he will most likely find himself the more quickly if he know the Hellenic, Renaissance, and Gothic ideals and what their artists accomplished. It will save him much useless fumbling if he can come into close contact with the works of the great artists of the past at first hand.

This is in brief the point of view of the men who have worked to found the American Academy at Rome. Founded by Charles McKim, Henry C. Frick, and others, and heavily endowed by the late J. Pierpont Morgan, it stands on the Janic-

ulum Hill, overlooking the city. Rome was chosen as the most advantageous place to found an academy, for it is the source of all the culture and civilization of the past. Our own civilization has come almost entirely through Roman sources, in law, religion, and art. Rome may in a measure claim precedence as the mistress of the humanities. She is the natural center of these humanities as represented in art, archæology, literature, and history. Thus a large perspective is made possible in this environment. In the art schools of Paris, New York, and Philadelphia the aim is more toward the particular and detailed, while the American Academy stimulates in the artist the feeling of the continuity of the development in history, art, and literature.

It is very necessary just at this time that true cultural ideas should be maintained. As the great fortunes in America are almost all made, the influence of the individual is not so far reaching as formerly. With the changing ideals and the elevation of the masses, the classes are correspondingly lowered, so it is of the utmost importance that the artistic standard should not be lowered. It rests with a comparatively few persons to maintain a high standard, especially in architecture and sculpture, which are closely related. Within the next fifty years America will be virtually completed as regards its great buildings and structures. It is of paramount importance that these buildings should be made beautiful and express the real life of the American people. This can be accomplished only by men trained in the right ideals and in the continuity of the development of our civilization. The individuality of a man is developed only from within himself, but his taste can be trained and his skill increased by proper training based on the high excellence of the past. Real art cannot be created anew. It must come out of something that has been. It is an evolution, as all life is an evolution. It is only the freak art that springs into being over night, as it were, that is worthless and not fit to live.



It is the tremendously high ideal back of the academy at Rome that is the inspiring thing. It is this that is of cultural value in protecting art from decadence. Because an art is grounded in the past does not mean that it is conventional or dead; there is full scope for the blossoming of the flower of the spirit and of individuality if coördinated with the beauty and form of the masters of the past.

Little is known in America of what is being done on the Continent by foreign sculptors. With the exception of Rodin, we have scarcely a bowing acquaintance with them. Bourdelle, Maillol, George Minne, Franz von Stuck, and Klinger are as yet mere names to us. Yet it is in France, Germany, and Belgium that such an awakening in sculpture is being manifested. Interesting works are being created in Germany by Max Klinger, Adolf Hildebrand, August Hudler, Hugo Lederer, Franz von Stuck, and many others. Most of these men, while giving expression to the most modern points of view, have to a greater or less extent based their modeling on the eternal principles underlying the Greek. This resemblance, to one unfamiliar with their manner, must be sought for. In many instances the evidence is unmistakable, in others the rhythmical balance and composition are not so clearly shown.

Constantin Meunier, the great Belgian sculptor, is a connecting-link between the absolute realists and the neo-Classicists on the one hand and the Post-impressionists on the other. The force, the humanity, and the powerful appeal of Meunier's sculptures is irresistible.

Bourdelle and Maillol are perhaps the most interesting men in France. Emile-Antoine Bourdelle is a poet who reaches his art through spiritual vision. He seeks to find life and to express in sculpture the vital realities of being, the essence of great living. He says: "What I am seeking is that which torments us all—to discover whether any one of the sentiments or any one of the beings represented is vital, fit to live, and, finding this, to elevate it and amplify it until it expresses justly its syn-

thesis of life. Art thus becomes the bread of life for the soul of man." Bourdelle is more poetic and a greater philosopher than Rodin or Meunier.

There is much individual and creative work being done in America to-day, much more than the public is fully aware of. It is true that this new movement has only recently affected American sculpture, but it is not too much to say that many of the younger men and women are feeling the impetus of a new force in art. There is discernible a new meeting of technical problems. Realism is not so tremendously in the ascendency. There is a tendency to simplify, to give the effect of mass and simplicity which leads the mind to look beneath the surface to the idea or feeling in the mind of the artist. It is always as the attention is led away from the external and not immeshed in the over-elaboration of details, but pierces straight to the center or the essence of the idea, that art most nearly approaches the transcendent. Few men stand absolutely as beacon-lights representative of the new movement, but it is safe to say that almost without exception all the younger sculptors are directly or indirectly influenced. It is not always easy to point out just where the influence is strongest, nor is it advisable to dissect too closely the soul of the artist, but the important thing is to recognize the influence and understand it.

Among the younger men, Paul H.anship shows proof of time well spent in the congenial atmosphere of Rome. His sculptures are mostly small bronzes showing strong archaic tendencies, but fresh and spontaneous in their feeling. Mr. Manship has taken to himself the language of a remote past, but he has put his own emotions into the art expression. His figures are decorative, which is his excellence, and he has much skill in modeling. This is shown on the decorative scheme on the pedestal of his "Centaur and Dryad," which is a marvel of exquisite relief, purchased by the Metropolitan Museum and awarded the Helen Barnett Prize. The development of this young sculptor will be awaited with interest.

Great heights may be his if he does not fall by the way, a victim to his great dexterity in decorative work.

Sherry E. Fry is another of the young American sculptors who shows the worth of the training in Rome. His art is very complete. For sheer beauty of form his sculptures would be difficult to surpass. The figures in the pediment for the new Frick house on Fifth Avenue, New York, fill the space easily and completely; there is a sense of balance and relationship of all the parts that satisfies the eye. Mr. Fry is being influenced by the new art on its decorative side and is becoming increasingly free from realistic tendencies; he is growing toward a broad symbolic expression. He has served a long apprenticeship, has acquired a facile technic, and is free to lift the mind by imagination and feeling to the realm of true beauty. Mr. Fry is one of the most important of our sculptors, because he dares to be simple. He seizes only the essential and works with the fundamentals of art, harmony, balance, and proportion.

Hermon A. MacNeil, well known by reason of the McKinley memorial at Columbus, Ohio, and his almost famous "Sun Vow" in the Metropolitan Museum, is the oldest of the three men who are proving the worth of the training in Rome. His "Inspiration" is an expression of exalted feeling that in imaginative appeal would be difficult to rival. Mr. MacNeil shows the influence of the new movement in the strong simplicity of his figures for the "Column of Progress" at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco and especially in the austerity of the figures in the frieze in the "Court of the Universe." His work shows strength, beauty, and imagination.

As an illustration of the opposite tendency in sculpture may be cited three men of a different point of view. Mahonri M. Young is doing individual things. Born in Salt Lake City, the grandson of Brigham Young, this artist is one of the most prominent of the sculptors of the new movement. His small bronzes are virile, individual expressions of contem-

porary life. His subjects are often from the lower strata of society, but with all quite as full of humanity as their more favored brothers. These figures have in them something of the quality of Meunier's, although in no way imitative. His field is quite his own. And American Mr. Young surely is, individual, strong, with a sturdy faith in the glory of life and labor. Mr. Young has recently completed a column in Salt Lake City commemorating a picturesque incident in the history of the early pioneers, and called the "Sea-gull" monument. The bas-reliefs are very strong and forceful in their modeling. They have in them poetry and realism.

Arthur Lee is another of the young men whose work is individual. Mr. Lee has found his inspiration in Egyptian sculptures and reflects the strength, simplicity, and mass of the early artists. He is one of the most absolutely sincere and aspiring of our sculptors and holds high promise for the future. Seeking to carry on the underlying principles of the great artists, and applying in his own way his particular manner of seeing life, Mr. Lee carefully avoids the spectacular and sensational, and aims for the broad mean of the path of art.

Gutzon Borglum is a sculptor who has had little academic training and is almost entirely self-taught; he is absolutely self-evolved in his mind and his method of work. He is the leader of revolt against the conventional and the conservative. Mr. Borglum has done splendid service in the cause of art and is always ready to take up the lance in defense of young unknown genius. His own work bears the mark of the creative mind of rare sensibilities and deep penetration into the things of the spirit. So exceptional has his art been considered, that an exhibition of his work was held last winter at Columbia University as a proof of its cultural value. He is thoroughly American in his feeling, by which I mean he is not influenced by the art of Europe save as it partakes of the quality of universal art. The abstract quality of beauty, of nature,

of humanity is the essential interest to him, and this he portrays in his marbles.

There are many other sculptors, men and women, who are expressing vitality, individuality, and a new interest in life,

whose work is keenly interesting and proving the artistic value of American sculpture; but the artists mentioned are particularly representative in this field of expression.



## And the Little Wind—

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT

SAID a rose amid the June night to a little wind there walking  
 (And the whisper of the moonlight was no fainter than its talking):  
 "It is plainly providential," so remarked the garden tory,  
 "That the ultimate essential is the gentle rose's glory.  
 Let the sordid delvers cavil! Through the world-fog sinking seaward  
 And the planetary travail God was slowly groping me-ward.  
 Weary ages of designing, eons of creative throes  
 Spent the Master in refining sullen chaos to a rose!  
 Shall He robe His chosen meanly? Look upon me; am I splendid?"  
 Here she stood erect and queenly, curled a lip and ended.  
 And the little wind there walking, not desirous of dissension,  
 In a gust of cryptic talking freely granted the contention.

Like the murmur of a far stream or a zephyr in the sedges,  
 Scarcely louder than the star-gleam raining silver on the hedges,  
 Came a whisper from the humus where the roots were toiling blindly:  
 "They enslave us, they entomb us! Is it just and is it kindly?  
 Ours, forever ours, to nourish—oh, the drear, eternal duty!—  
 That the idle rose may flourish in aristocratic beauty.  
 Not for us the wooing, tender moon emerges from the far night;  
 Not for us the morning splendor and the witchery of starlight;  
 Not for us the dulcet caution of the rain to throbbing lutes;  
 And there's no cerulean mansion for the roots."  
 Now the little wind, demurely sympathetic, cogitated,  
 And declared the matter surely ought to be investigated.

"Fie!" observed the fair patrician, "on their silly martyr poses!  
 Not content with their condition, always wanting to be roses!"  
 Whereupon a theophanic, superlunar phosphorescence  
 Flung the haughty into panic, awed the humble to quiescence.  
 'T was the vintner of the June wine on his world-wide, endless vagrance;  
 And he spoke the tongue of moonshine in the dialect of fragrance:  
 "Brother, Sister, softly, softly! Glooming, gleaming though the way be,  
 Who is low and who is lofty in the scheme of what you may be?  
 Pride and plaint are irreligious. Root and blossom, lo! you plod  
 Upward to some far, prodigious rose of God!"  
 And the little wind, though slyly sleeping out the time of talking,  
 Woke to praise the sermon highly, and continued with his walking.



# The American Merchant Marine

## The Failure of the Ship-purchase Bill

By JOHN H. THOMAS

THE disarrangement of the world's commerce by the European War has made clear to the American nation the pitiful state of its merchant marine, and has revived the discussion of means for its rehabilitation.

There is no subject about which information in the form of statistics and government reports is more readily procurable than shipping, and yet there are few subjects about which, as a people, we are so ill informed. The shipping industry is, to the average American, a closed book. This is due primarily to the fact that what investment interest we have in shipping is not widely distributed. A large percentage of our lake steamers, and an even larger percentage of our coastwise steamers, are owned or controlled by the railroads. The operating results of these steamers are not, as a rule, published, and in cases where they are published they are of no general interest. For the last fifty years we have devoted our energies to the development of enterprises on shore, and have seen no necessity for reëntering a field that we had voluntarily abandoned to others.

Of the leading maritime nations, England, with a steam<sup>1</sup> fleet of approximately twenty million tons, is so far in the lead that successful rivalry with her for a substantial share of the world's carrying trade would seem almost impossible. Germany is second, with four and three quarter million tons, and America is third,

with four million three hundred thousand. Norway has two million tons, and France one million eight hundred thousand, whilst Japan, Italy, and Holland have each from one million to one million five hundred thousand tons.

These figures, however, do not show the relative importance of our fleet in the foreign trade, for fully one half of our steam tonnage is on the great lakes, and the remaining half consists chiefly of river craft and coasting steamers. We have few ships fit for oversea commerce and fewer still engaged in it. Norway, with a fleet one half the size of our own, plays a much more important rôle in the carrying trade of the world. The Norwegian flag may be seen in almost every important port, while the American flag is seldom met with abroad or seen a hundred miles off our coasts.

Various schemes for rebuilding our foreign-trade merchant fleet have from time to time been suggested. The most recent of these is embodied in a bill popularly known as the Ship Purchase Bill, which failed in the Senate through the opposition of the Republican minority and the defection of a few members of the Democratic majority. In its original form it provided that the Government, through a shipping board composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Postmaster General, and the Secretary of Commerce, should subscribe for fifty-one per cent. of the capital stock of any corporation, now or hereafter organized, for the purpose of purchasing and operating merchant vessels to

<sup>1</sup> In the figures given, sail tonnage is eliminated, as it is no longer a factor in foreign commerce.

*meet the requirements of the commerce of the United States.* The initial capital stock of the corporation should not exceed ten million dollars, and the corporation was to begin business as soon as the fifty-one per cent. of the stock was subscribed for by the United States. The vessels owned by the corporation should engage only in the foreign trade. The bill carried an appropriation of ten million dollars and authorized the Secretary of the Treasury, upon request of the shipping board, to sell Panama Canal bonds to the amount of thirty million dollars, for the purpose of purchasing or constructing vessels for the corporation.

Now, if what limited experience we have had has not taught us that business enterprises cannot be operated as economically or efficiently under government as under private ownership, it should yet seem plain that this must necessarily be so, for the chief incentive in all business is gain, and no business can be permanently profitable which fails to serve its patrons effectively or is heedless of the need of economy. With a government-owned enterprise no such incentive exists, and no need of economy is plainly apparent. It is not the business of government to make money, and while government officers may be, and generally are, quite as honest as the officers or heads of private business enterprises, they are not expected to earn money, and where their duties involve its expenditure, they are not of necessity concerned over the fact that the department over which they preside is not being operated at a profit, since appropriations may be confidently looked for in the event of a deficit. Their incomes are fixed, and their tenure of office is frequently uncertain; hence they lack the spur which the promise of increased income as a reward for efficient work affords, and cannot count upon a term of service long enough to make worth while a complete mastery of the business.

Almost all business is competitive and highly specialized. None is more so than that having to do with shipping. The great business enterprises of to-day are

presided over by men who have been fitted for their tasks by long training and have reached the front ranks through the operation of the relentless law of competition. The profits resulting from the operation of any large competitive business are at times great, and the losses are frequently heavy. This is perhaps truer of shipping than of any other business, for the competition it must meet is as free and open as the seas. The knowledge, the skill, and the foresight necessary for the management of a fleet over a series of years so as to have it yield the investor a fair return on his capital can be acquired only through a long and hard apprenticeship. Those who have successfully served this apprenticeship are well paid for their services, and deservedly so. They are not available for government-owned enterprises, with no rewards to offer for skilful and successful management. It would be difficult to imagine private capital seeking investment in a corporation organized under an act of Congress such as this, which reserves to the Government control of the business through a shipping board no member of which may have had, or is in fact likely to have had, any knowledge of or experience with shipping. It would be equally difficult to imagine a man holding a responsible post in the shipping trade assuming, with any regard for his reputation, the management of such a corporation. It would be an utter and probably a scandalous failure. That a Democratic President should have advocated and a Democratic Congress seriously considered such a measure is remarkable, for it is wholly foreign to all theories as to the province of government for which the party has heretofore stood. It was urged that some such radical departure was necessary in the interests of our export business; that on the outbreak of the war we suddenly found ourselves so short of transportation facilities that we could not send our surplus output to the markets that were still open. Nothing could have been further from the truth. The great merchant fleet of England is navigating the seas unhindered

and unafraid. From the first day of August to the present time its ships have been moored at every American port from Boston to Galveston, loading cargoes for all parts of the world.

American exporters who have orders from abroad may find ships loading for British, Mediterranean, South African, South American, Australian, and far-Eastern ports. Freight-rates, it is true, have reached an abnormally high level, and shippers who have sought to supply the warring nations with war material have at times found difficulty in securing room; but a state of war always makes high freight-rates, followed by a sudden collapse and a period of depression. American ships are to-day asking a very high premium for the protection that our neutral flag affords. To those familiar with the operation of ships there is nothing surprising in the sudden advance in freight-rates at a time when almost the whole continent of Europe is in arms. This advance is not due wholly or even in great part to a shortage of ships. The passenger-carriers must be laid up or run as freighters. A steamer built for the passenger trade cannot be run for freight alone except at very high rates. War-risk insurance adds enormously to the voyage cost. Delays incident to the congested condition of ports in England, France, Italy, and elsewhere, to the shortage of labor, and to arrest and search by the admiralty authorities, are all contributing causes to the present high freight market.

All earlier suggestions have involved the payment of a subsidy in some form. There can be no quarrel with those who, believing in the economic soundness of a protective, or, more properly speaking, a prohibitive tariff, advocate government subsidies for ships. A ship subsidy is merely protection without disguise. This fact accounts in large measure for the persistent opposition every subsidy measure has met with at the hands of the great producing regions of the West and South.

It is customary for those whose mission upon earth is to preach protection in sea-

son and out of season to point to its results as sufficiently beneficial to justify the system. For fifty years we have lived under a protective tariff, during which time our manufacturing industries have made prodigious progress; therefore, if we had not had a protective tariff, we should now have no manufacturing industries. We know that the protective tariff has been instrumental in the development of our industrial system, but, waiving the question as to whether or not its rapid development—to the neglect of our agricultural resources and our opportunities on the seas, and resulting in the influx and congestion at manufacturing centers of a large foreign population—has been an unmixed good, we also know that if we had not had a protective tariff we should not on that account have become a nation of peasants and shepherds. And so with regard to shipping, these apostles of protection argue that since England, France, Germany, and Japan pay subsidies to their ship-owners and have fleets engaged in foreign trade much larger than our own, we should follow their example, and that in no other way can successful competition with them on the high seas be instituted or maintained.

As to what constitutes a subsidy there seems to be no agreement between those who advocate and those who oppose it.

In view of the difficulty of differentiating between subsidies that aim solely at the encouragement of shipping and those paid for services supposedly worth the price, it is necessary for the purposes of comparison to use the term subsidy as including subventions, mail contracts, and all forms of bounties combined. The annual payments of the leading maritime nations are fully set forth in a special report of the British Board of Trade, June, 1913. With the aid of this report it is possible to arrive at a general conclusion as to what, if any, influence the payment of subsidies has had in the development of shipping throughout the world.

Excepting only the case of Japan, it is not possible to point to a single instance in which the payment of subsidies has

even seemingly created a merchant marine. Japan pays liberal subsidies, her annual disbursements for postal and other service being in the neighborhood of seven million dollars. The Japanese steam fleet has grown from nine hundred thousand tons in 1905 to one million five hundred thousand tons in 1913. This growth has been in line with the tremendous economic progress of the nation since it suddenly became a world power, but that it has been greatly stimulated by the payment of subsidies may be gathered from the fact that it has been entirely different from the growth of the fleets of England, Holland, Norway, and Sweden. There is virtually no such thing as a tramp steamer under the Japanese flag. The subsidy system of Japan has created and supported against domestic competition four large companies which operate steamers over beaten lanes in competition with non-subsidized British and German steamers. These lines have opened up no new avenues of trade, nor as a rule do they serve the Japanese shipper at lower freight rates than those offered by the ships of other nations. Notwithstanding the liberality of the Japanese taxpayers and the fact that wages in Japan are absurdly low, measured by European standards, the Japanese ship-owner or manager makes only a slightly better showing than his non-subsidized British competitor. The four lines that between them control about one half of the entire steam tonnage and almost the whole oversea tonnage of the nation, and absorb nearly six of the seven million dollars annually expended in subsidies, returned to their stockholders in 1913 about one half of the sum received for subsidies.

The most liberal of all nations in the payment of subsidies is France, which does not confine her bounties to steamships, but extends them to sailing-vessels and ship-building plants as well. The first French law for the encouragement of the merchant marine was passed in 1881. Under this law there was paid for construction and navigation bounties, between its passage and 1893, twenty-four million dol-

lars, or an average of two million dollars a year. The results were considered unsatisfactory, and the new law of 1893 increased the construction bounties, reduced the navigation bounties for steamships, increased them for sailing-vessels, and abolished them for vessels built abroad. This law was superseded by the statute of 1902, and this again by that of 1906, which is still in force, and under which annual payments in the form of construction bounties, navigation bounties, and postal subventions have amounted to about twelve million dollars, over half of which was for the encouragement of ship-building and navigation as distinct from postal subventions. It cannot be said that this liberal policy has stimulated interest in sea-faring life or created a fleet of even respectable proportions. The steam tonnage of France has increased from 1272 steamers of 527,551 net tons in 1900 to 1780 steamers of 838,118 net tons in 1911, or 58.8 per cent. The percentage of French tonnage to all tonnage entered and cleared at French ports in 1900 was 28.8; in 1911 it was only 26.2. The report of the Suez Canal Direction for 1913 shows that of the tonnage which passed through the canal during that year sixty per cent. was English, seventeen per cent. German, and only four and seven tenths per cent. French. If the tonnage of the two highly subsidized lines which together enjoy annual bounties of about five million dollars were eliminated, the French flag would rarely be seen on the ocean.

Germany pays subsidies to only two steamship lines; namely, the German East Africa Line of Hamburg and the North German Lloyd of Bremen, which together receive annually about one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for maintaining mail services. The former of these two and the German Levant Line also receive what is equivalent to a subsidy in the form of preferential rail rates over the German state railroads on cargo to or from German East Africa and the Levant. Her great freight- and passenger-carriers, well known to the American

public, and her purely cargo-steamers receive no subsidy; and yet her fleet has increased within ten years by almost one hundred per cent. It is highly efficient, and for years has been a formidable rival of the English merchant fleet for the world's carrying trade.

Italy pays annually in subsidies about four million dollars. Her sea-going steamships, however, register only 700,000 tons, and the growth of her fleet during the last decade has been negligible. What growth it has made has been in passenger-steamers engaged in carrying emigrants to South America and the United States.

Holland's annual payments in subsidies for mail services to her colonies and to the Argentine Republic amount to only \$550,000. The largest and most successful of the Dutch companies, the Holland-American Line, is not subsidized. The tonnage of Holland, notwithstanding the slight assistance which the ship-owner receives from the state, is almost as large as that of France.

Norway has a population of two and a half millions, and expends annually the insignificant sum of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars; yet despite this, the Norwegian fleet has shown a steady and healthy growth. It is larger than that of France or Japan, and the Norwegian flag is seen in ports where French and Japanese steamers are unknown.

England, whose example, if we seek an example, we might profitably follow, pays no subsidies except for the maintenance of fast mail services to and from her colonies, and for the right of preëmption or hire in the case of the two fast Cunarders. The reports for the fiscal year 1912-13 show that there was paid out of the exchequer of the United Kingdom in respect of steamship subsidies £761,120, or \$3,706,654. Of this sum only \$720,000 was charged to the naval account, this being the payment to the Cunard Line for the right of preëmption or hire of the *Mauretania* and *Lusitania*. The remainder was charged to the post-office account. To those familiar with the character of the service required of the subsidized mail

lines, it is apparent that they give full value for what they receive.

There are many who imagine that the commerce of the world is carried on by the great four-funnel passenger-liners that make an imposing sight within the harbor of New York, quite ignorant of the fact that these fifty-thousand-ton steamers carry little or no cargo. The commerce of the world is carried by steamers of a much more modest type—the seven-thousand-ton cargo tramp or liner. No one of the many thousand British ships of this type receives a shilling subsidy, and yet they may be seen on all seas. The traveler to whom the sight of a passing cargo tramp is not inspiring must be dull indeed. Rusty and weather-beaten, homeward bound with cargo or outward bound, often in ballast, asking no government favors, she defies the competition of her subsidized sisters of France and Japan and finds a livelihood in the remotest navigable quarters of the globe.

The British merchant fleet, which includes half the tonnage of the entire world and to-day carries to England and to France the produce of happier lands, exemplifies more than any other one thing the genius of the English race. It was not built in a year or a decade, but was evolved out of many years of experiment and patient perseverance. The early navigation laws of England were as absurdly restrictive as our own. Where from time to time they were seen to throttle her commercial progress, they were modified, until now the British ship-owner, under reasonable and proper restrictions, may purchase, man, and run his ship when, where, and as he pleases, with the result that he handles almost seventy-five per cent. of the world's commerce.

There should be no difference of opinion as to the desirability of our having a merchant marine commensurable with our importance as a nation, with a coast-line of several thousand miles, ports unsurpassed by those of any other nation, and a constantly growing foreign trade. We are not less enterprising and probably neither more nor less patriotic than other



peoples. Our patriotic impulses are stirred by the sight of our flag in Hong-Kong or Liverpool, but there are few of us whose patriotism is intense enough to induce us to invest in an American steamer, knowing that her dividends will be smaller or less certain than those of our mills and railroads. We might, however, be willing to speculate upon the earnings of such a steamer if it were possible to send her to sea, without handicap, as a competitor of ships of other nations. The earnings of ships are uncertain, but so also are the earnings of mills, railroads, and farms. Ships have this attraction for the investor, that operating over an almost unlimited field, they offer possibilities of occasional larger returns than enterprises the operations of which are more restricted.

The blockade of our Southern ports during the Civil War and the destruction of our shipping by Confederate privateers seriously crippled our merchant fleet, which prior to 1856 carried seventy-five per cent. of our foreign commerce. Since 1861 it has steadily declined, until now not ten per cent. of our foreign commerce is carried in American bottoms. England promptly and eagerly seized the opportunity of capturing our carrying trade, which within twenty years she virtually monopolized and later shared with Germany, Norway, Sweden, and, to a lesser extent, others.

It was at this period in the history of shipping that the wooden ship gave way to the iron steamer, which in turn was put out of commission by the steel ship, of lighter build, greater capacity, and consequently more economical as a cargo-carrier. England, already a manufacturing country, was building iron and steel ships while we had turned our attention to our mining and manufacturing interests, under a high protective tariff, which required us to purchase our ships at home at prices that put them out of the running with English ships. Until the passage of the Canal Act of August 24, 1912, and the later act of August 18, 1914, no ship could be registered and fly the American flag which had not been built in America

and which was not officered by American citizens.

One of our greatest present difficulties is a shortage of officers and engineers. It is not meant by this that the officers and engineers we now have are not as capable as those of England, Germany, and Norway, but to point to a fact known to every one interested in shipping, that, with our limited ocean tonnage, the supply of officers and engineers is not large enough to meet any sudden demand.

How, in all these circumstances, shall we create a merchant marine and maintain it against the competition of others who are now in the field with an enormous and efficient tonnage? It is safe to say at the outset that we shall not make even a hopeful beginning until we see the possibility of as good and certain returns from ships as from other forms of investment. It is a trite saying that there is no sentiment in business. There is certainly none in business connected with shipping. Not only will Americans not invest in ships that do not promise fair returns on their capital, but they will not travel or ship on an American steamer that charges more for her services than a British or a German. There may be a sentimental pleasure in looking aft from a steamer chair at the stars and stripes, but we are not willing to pay for it, on a given voyage, the price of a theater ticket.

A government corporation organized "to provide for the commerce of the United States" might conceivably result in the assembling of a fleet composed of vessels already in existence under other flags and a few built in our own yards, but it would not create a merchant marine or increase the available supply of world tonnage by one per cent. There is no reason to suppose that the financial results would be such as to induce private capital to enter into competition with it.

It has been shown that subsidies have never created a merchant marine. We now pay annually somewhat over a million dollars in subsidies, seven hundred and fifty thousand of which goes to one

line which has not added a new ship to its fleet in twenty years. Those of us who, with a sentimental or speculative faith in ships, have followed the fortunes of the two lines, one on the Atlantic and one on the Pacific, that, with the aid of government subsidies at present and in the past, have made a struggle to keep the flag afloat in foreign waters, have found it neither profitable nor inspiring.

A subsidy needful for the operation of a fleet one fourth the size of England's, under the restrictions which were in force up to the passage of the Panama Canal Act, even if honestly administered by those who might get their hands on it, would be so large that it would stagger the imagination of the most enthusiastic protectionist. It would raise a storm of protest that no political party could possibly weather. A subsidy, except for a specified service, which is not in itself purely commercial is economically unsound. The corporation is not different from the individual; it cannot attain permanent success when the struggle for success is not necessary. However, whatever theorists and political economists may have to say in favor of subsidies, the public has spoken in unmistakable terms against them. In our efforts to rebuild our merchant marine, their aid will not likely be invoked.

We must adopt the liberal policies of our successful rivals and apply them, with whatever enlargement or curtailment may seem necessary, to our own needs. We must permit our citizens to purchase ships in the cheapest markets, officer and man them where and as may seem best and most economical, under proper government regulations making for safety and the comfort of officers and crew alike, and run them wherever business can be found. Our coastwise fleet, which has been built under restricted laws, should be protected by excluding foreign-built ships from the coastwise trade for a period of, say, five or ten years, by which time the railroads which now own the bulk of the coastwise fleet should be able to equip themselves on even terms with others. In the end

there should be no ports between which an American ship might not be free to trade. It will be objected that no American ship should be officered by foreigners; but why not? We hear no objection to our mills being manned by foreigners. No one of the nations now holding a commanding position on the high seas—England, Germany, Norway, or Sweden—requires its ships to be officered by citizens. They are, in fact, generally so officered, for the officer of a ship soon sees the advantage of adopting the country under whose flag he sails. Such a change in our policy would result in a most valuable addition to our citizenship.

A further objection to free ships comes from our ship-building plants. Free ships, they tell us, will throw thousands of our men out of employment and perhaps close our yards. The same cry has been raised whenever any privileged or protected class has seen a threatened disturbance of the tariff. Our ship-building plants are not making a specially good showing under present conditions. If we must do without an effective merchant marine in order to keep them on their feet, it may well be asked whether we are not paying too high a price. In all probability they would not only not close, but in a few years would compete on even terms with England and Germany. The wages of our workmen are higher than those prevailing in either of those countries, but high wages make for efficiency and do not necessarily spell high cost of production.

Since the passage of the Panama Canal Act above referred to, some one hundred steamers of over four hundred thousand tons gross register, all suitable for foreign trade, have been put under the American flag. The European war has doubtless induced many to adopt our flag who might not otherwise have done it at this time, but if we will extend the provisions of this act by making it even more liberal than it is now, there can be little doubt as to the effect.

The ship-owners of England, Germany, Norway, Holland, and other maritime nations have assembled and main-

tained their fleets under laws which permitted them to purchase in the cheapest market. American ship-owners, under laws which required them to purchase in the highest market, have retired from the sea, and American sailors, who in times past carried our flag into every port where a British or Dutch merchantman could be found, now rarely get out of sight of land.

The coasting and colonial trade of England is open to British ships and the ships of all nations alike. This stimulates trade and creates active and healthy competition. The American coasting trade is reserved for ships built in American yards. An American owner who purchases a foreign-built ship, under the law of 1914 cannot trade between ports in his own country.

British ships in the Eastern trade may operate with Eastern crews. The Seamen's Bill, recently signed by the President, is designed to prevent American ships from doing so, thus making it impossible for them to compete with British ships in one of the most extensive and lucrative fields. Under this same Seamen's Bill, crew space must be provided forty per cent. in excess of that required

by the Merchant Shipping Act of England; from forty to sixty-five per cent. of the deck crew must be "able seamen," as defined by law. As a final touch, our legislators have endeavored to make seafaring life attractive for firemen and expensive for the owner by requiring that shower baths shall be provided for the fire-room staff.

A British freighter must have two mates; an American steamer of the same type has three. As an incentive to desert, the American seaman is given the legal right to demand one half the wages he has earned on his arrival at every port of call (not more frequently than five days). He cannot be required to work more than nine hours a day in port, or to work at all on specified legal holidays.

A merchant marine cannot be built in a day or a year, and those who expect our fleet to be suddenly placed on a par with those of countries that have been years in the building, will be disappointed. If it cannot be built by offering our people freedom in the purchase and operation of ships, it will not be built at all until there comes a change in economic conditions that will force us out to sea.



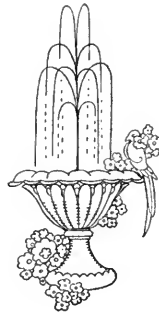
## Mirror-dance

By EDITH M. THOMAS

WHENSO my lady lists to dance,  
'T is thine, O mirror, to repeat  
Her smile, her bright, adventurous glance,  
Her moving grace from head to feet.

And mine it is, two visions fair  
To hold within my field of sight—  
The substance here, the shadow there,  
And all to double my delight.

O glass, if on thy polished sphere  
Some Merlin charm I might but lay,  
Then wouldst thou keep her image dear  
When she has danced—and danced away!



## “The Golden Hour,” by Rudolph Evans

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN

Author of “How to Study Pictures,” “The Story of Dutch Painting,” etc.

UNTIL the war compelled him to return home, Rudolph Evans was residing in Paris. His masters in sculpture had been Falguière and Puech, to whose teaching succeeded the direct influence of Rodin. This means that the groundwork of his training was the preservation of that harmony of proportion which forms a part of the strict classicism of the *École des Beaux Arts*, and at the same time the infusion of the figure with suggestion of life and movement; while under Rodin he learned to carry the modeling to a further degree of subtlety, in order to produce a vibrative play of light.

The most important work that he has yet accomplished is the statue here illustrated, “The Golden Hour,” which at last year’s Salon received a bronze medal, the highest award permitted to a foreign artist, while a replica of it was ordered for the Luxembourg. The original is destined for the grounds of the country house at Scarborough-on-Hudson of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip. Here it will occupy a niche in the middle of the end wall of an inclosed garden. Vines will form an immediate background for the figure, and flowers will flank it on each side, a scheme of color arranged to harmonize with the statue’s own patina. The latter has been produced by firing gold-leaf on the bronze, and so manipulating its effects that, while

a gossamer web of nuanced lights is spread over the flesh parts, the folds of the drapery are of dull gold, interspersed with flashes of brilliance and passages of lustrous black. This process not only lends a delightful enrichment and animation to the figure, but also enforces the various qualities of texture.

The model was a country girl of eighteen, and the sculptor has preserved the charm of simple, unaffected naturalness. Meanwhile he has so organized the pose and distributed the draperies that the whole, composed of quiet lines and supple masses melting into one another in a continuous rhythm of movement carried around the figure, is pervaded with a certain exquisite dignity. It is poised between art and nature, on that razor-edge of entrancing doubt which separates by only a flicker the quality of statuesqueness from the mobility of life.

She is a belated sister, this girl, of some early maid of Hellas; and, were she mine, no mason’s handiwork should wall her in. I would artfully contrive that she should seem to be a part of nature’s liberty, and place her where I could come upon her suddenly under big trees, among shrubs and flowers, beside a little pool; where the sunlight, filtering through the foliage, should dapple her gracious maiden loveliness.





# The Art of Julia Marlowe

A Record and an Estimate

By WILLIAM WINTER

Author of "Shakespeare on the Stage," etc.

Though my prose and my rhyme  
Have been sometimes severe,  
There was never a time  
When she ceased to be dear;  
And though far she may range  
And new friends may prefer,  
There will never be change  
In my fealty to her.  
She made Love and Hope blend,  
To enrapture and bless;  
She was comrade and friend;  
She can never be less.  
There is fire in the embers,  
The altar is Truth,  
And the old heart remembers  
The glory of Youth.



I WROTE those lines several years ago, in a mood not less sincere for being playful, to be given with a handful of flowers to Julia Marlowe at a little domestic festival where we were to meet after a long absence from one another, and to which she did not come. I found them lately in one of my old note-books when I was searching for some facts about her life, and it struck me that they epitomized the essential spirit and substantial achievement of her career: "She made Love and Hope blend." The actress of whom that can truthfully be declared might willingly rest content with-

out any other tribute to the excellence and beauty of her art. It is appropriate, however, since Julia Marlowe's long, successful, beneficent, and important career is soon to be closed, and at the zenith of her powers and her fame she purposes to seek the peace of domestic seclusion, that her professional accomplishment should be reviewed, estimated, and commemorated.

Sarah Frances Frost (that being the true name of the actress) was the second of four children, and was born in Caldbeck, a village which nestles in the shadow of Scafell, in Cumberland, England. She

is purely English, her ancestors having been born and reared in that shire, the largest part of the beautiful, romantic, and storied Lake District of our mother country. About 1872 her parents came to America, bringing her with them, and, after a trial of farming life in Kansas, established their home in Cincinnati. There, or in that neighborhood, she attended school, and received the best education her parents could provide. No member of her family had ever been connected with the theater, and no relative or teacher could have surmised that acting would become her vocation.

#### THE ACCIDENT OF FORTUNE

It has been noticed that the current of a lifetime is often determined by chance. The history of modern times might, perhaps, have been radically changed if Oliver Cromwell had not been prevented from emigrating from England, as once he purposed to do, or if Clive had been sent to command the British forces in America, as was proposed when the colonies took up arms against the crown. More than two hundred years ago a dramatist, sitting in the bar of a London tavern, overheard a girl in the next room reading aloud from a play-book, and he was so much pleased by the sound of her voice and the fluency and sprightliness of her delivery that he sought acquaintance with her, obtained her confidence, and opened for her the way to a successful dramatic career. That girl, a dramatic genius thus accidentally discovered, was Anne Oldfield, who adorned the English stage for twenty-five years, whose ashes rest in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, and whose name is one of historic renown. The introduction of Julia Marlowe to the stage was equally an accident. A theatrical manager in Cincinnati, having planned to produce a popular comic opera with a chorus composed of pupils from the public schools, selected her, then a girl about twelve, perceived her theatrical aptitude, and provided the opportunity for its development. The manager was Robert E. J. Miles, and under his direction she

made her first appearance on the stage and passed her juvenile novitiate.

Her stage name at first was Fanny Brough; later she adopted that of Julia Marlowe. As a child she performed in "Pinafore," "The Chimes of Normandy," and "The Little Duke," and also played the boy *Heinrich* in a presentment of "Rip Van Winkle" made by Robert McWade. As she grew older she became associated with various itinerant stars, among them Josephine Riley and, later, the exquisite Helena Modjeska. She was intrusted with *Balthazar* in "Romeo and Juliet"; *Stephen* in "The Hunchback"; *Myrene* in "Pygmalion and Galatea"; and *Maria* in "Twelfth Night." "I remember her well," Mme. Modjeska once said to me. "She was called 'Fanny Brough' when she acted in my company, and she was a talented and interesting girl." In 1884 she withdrew from the stage, and during the next three years rigorously devoted herself to study under the guidance and tuition of Miss Ada Dow, an experienced actress, from whom it is fair to conjecture that she derived material benefit. The inveterate spirit of detraction characteristic of human nature frequently insists that the actor who succeeds is "made" by the teacher. Elizabeth Barry was taught and "made" by Rochester; Rachel by Samson; Bernhardt by Régnier; Ellen Terry by Charles Kean; Ada Rehan by Augustin Daly: so the tale always runs. Doubtless in each case the instruction was helpful,—the alphabet must be learned before the student can read,—but no fine actor was ever "made" by any other person. "T is in ourselves that we are thus or thus." Julia Marlowe is a woman of independent mind, great force of character, rare intelligence, acute perception, and intrinsic, not less than cultivated, faculty of impersonation, and the rank that she has worthily gained is the consequence of powers developed by experience and employed with energy and skill.

#### REAL PROFESSIONAL BEGINNING

MISS MARLOWE's professional career really began in the autumn of 1887,

when, at New London, Connecticut, she first appeared as a star, acting *Parthenia* in the old romantic play of "Ingomar," a poetic fable adapted by Maria Anne Lovell from a German original, and designed to illustrate the possible subjugation of semibarbaric strength by innocent, and therefore artless, womanly loveliness. The play has been ridiculed, but, like "The Lady of Lyons," also a much disparaged comedy, it has always pleased when well acted. The part of *Parthenia* is one of extreme simplicity. The principal requirements are a sweet, genuine, winning individuality in the performer and the consistent maintenance of a condition of feminine enticement at once piquant and demure. Those requirements Miss Marlowe was easily able to supply. She was of the brunette type and exceptionally handsome. Her figure was slender and girlish; her movements were buoyant and graceful; her regular features, brilliant dark-brown eyes, luxuriant dark hair, melodious, sympathetic voice, and sweetly ingenuous manner, an ingratiating demeanor which was perfectly natural—all combined to make her exceedingly attractive. She did not need to make any effort in order to please: it was enough that she was herself.

#### FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK

To please is one thing; to gain acceptance and position on the stage is another, and much more difficult. After a short tour the intrepid young aspirant gave a metropolitan trial performance, appearing in New York for the first time. This venture was made on October 20, 1887, at the Bijou Opera House, in the character of *Parthenia*, and the talent which she then displayed, combined with her charm of personality, gave pleasure, if it did not inspire much general expectation. A little later she secured an engagement for one week at the old Star Theater, where she appeared, on December 12, 1887, as *Juliet*. Two days later she played *Viola*, these being her first performances of those exacting parts. More than two years passed (during which she suffered a dan-

gerous attack of typhoid fever) before she again acted in New York (1890), and it was not till about 1894 that she had succeeded in establishing herself in general public recognition. Since then, partly because of continuously persistent endeavor, partly because of the subsidence of powerful competition in her chosen field of artistic industry, she has advanced to eminence.

#### A BEGINNING OF NO GREAT PROMISE

WHEN first I saw Miss Marlowe on the stage I did not discern in her acting a denotement of the imagination, passion, power, and versatility which she has since conspicuously displayed. She seemed to be simply a charming young woman possessed of that innate capability of simulation which is characteristic of the feminine sex. An old acquaintance, Robert G. Ingersoll, whom I chanced to meet on that occasion, spoke to me about her with fervid approval. "She is a wonderful girl," he said; "she has *genius*, and by and by you will all have to acknowledge it." That prophecy has been measurably fulfilled. Little by little, as she augmented her repertory and ripened in experience of life and art, Miss Marlowe's powers have unfolded, her unique individuality has been manifested, and her authority established.

"Genius" is a word to which almost every person who uses it seems to attach a different meaning, while some apparently have no clear notion of what they mean by it. Dr. Johnson defined genius as "the quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert." De Quincey declared it to be "that mode of intellectual power which moves in alliance with the *genial* nature, that is, with the capacities of pleasure and pain." A definition deduced from the root of the word would call it a superior endowment of the in-born power to originate and vitalize, to give life and heat to every subject, and to communicate thrilling emotion to the universal human heart. This may have been Ingersoll's meaning in his remark to me; certainly it is mine. Opinions doubtless

differ as to the question whether Julia Marlowe's acting has evinced the possession of this peculiar and splendid power. When I recall her *Viola*, *Juliet*, *Ophelia*, *Colinette*, *Countess Valeska*, *Beatrice*, and *Mary Tudor*, I am firmly persuaded that it has; but whether it has or not, it is certain that Miss Marlowe has widely diffused an enthralling influence of sweet and lovely womanhood, obtained an abiding-place in the affection of the American theatrical public, and among the actresses of to-day is the leader in legitimate, and particularly in romantic, drama.

#### A VARIOUS AND INSTRUCTIVE REPERTORY

THE substance of Miss Marlowe's labors is indicated by mention of the parts that she has played. In Shakspeare she has acted *Rosalind*, *Juliet*, *Viola*, *Beatrice*, *Imogen*, the *Prince of Wales* in "King Henry IV, Part One," *Ophelia*, *Katherine*, *Portia*, *Cleopatra*, and *Lady Macbeth*. In plays by other authors, old and new, she has acted *Parthenia*, *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons," *Constance* in "The Love Chase," *Julia* in "The Hunchback," *Charles Hart* in "Rogues and Vagabonds," *Letitia Hardy* in "The Belle's Stratagem," *Lady Teazle*, *Colombe* in a play based on Browning's poem of "Colombe's Birthday," *Romola* in a play based on George Eliot's novel, *Kate Hardcastle*, *Highland Mary* in "For Bonnie Prince Charlie," *Lydia Languish*, *Chatterton* in a play by the late Ernest Lacy bearing that name, *Countess Valeska*, *Colinette*, *Barbara Frietchie*, *Mary Tudor* in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," *Charlotte Oliver* in "The Cavalier," *Queen Fiametta* in a play so called, *Lady Barchester* in "Fools of Nature," *Jeanne D'Arc*, *Rautendelein* in "The Sunken Bell," *Salome* in "John the Baptist," *Gloria*, and *Yvette* in "The Goddess of Reason."

At the virtual beginning of her career—her juvenile novitiate was insignificant—she elected to assume a leading position, precisely as her distinguished predecessor Mary Anderson had done, accordant to the advice of Charlotte Cushman to "be-

gin at the top," and throughout the twenty-eight years of her mature professional industry she has continuously maintained it, not shrinking from, but, rather, seeking, competition with such established favorites as Fanny Davenport, Lillie Langtry, Helena Modjeska, Mary Anderson, Ada Rehan, and Ellen Terry. When it is noted that within six years after returning to the stage, and notwithstanding the interlude of serious sickness, she had formed a repertory that included eleven of the leading characters in Shaksperian and standard legitimate drama customarily used by one or another of those actresses, it is plain she feared no "odious comparisons."

For several seasons she made her way alone. In 1894 she became the wife of Robert Taber (1865-1904), who had been leading man in her dramatic company. She showed toward her husband a professional generosity which, however much it ought to be a matter of course, is, I believe, unique in the modern American theater, making him a co-star with herself, and sacrificing much in the endeavor to establish him as such. In 1896 she and Taber were for a short time members of Jefferson's distinguished "All Star Company" acting in "The Rivals." Their marriage was not happy; in 1900 she obtained a divorce, and in 1911, in London, she was married to Edward H. Sothorn.

#### THE PERVASIVE CHARM OF HER ACTING

A PERVASIVE, indeed a dominant, charm of Miss Marlowe's acting is womanly loveliness. The endeavor which she has occasionally made to portray parts requiring manifestations of the hard, cruel, feline, fierce, or wicked attributes possible to female human nature,—attributes supremely well displayed at one extreme by Sarah Bernhardt and at another by Charlotte Cushman,—though sometimes superficially effective, was never successful. She did not, because she could not, truly identify herself with *Cleopatra* or *Lady Macbeth*. Her performance of *Viola*, on the contrary, was lovely in grace, sympathetic in feeling, romantic in tone, piquant



in humor, and therefore irresistibly winning. The gentle, tender, yet resolute, expeditious, sparkling *Viola*,—the true lover who perceives her love to be utterly in vain, must hide her wounded heart and wear a mask of smiles, making merry and carrying sunshine wherever she goes, yet never quite concealing her wistful sadness,—Miss Marlowe's intuitive grasp of this ideal was firm and her expression of it spontaneous. As *Highland Mary*, *Barbara Frietchie*, and *Mary Tudor*, heroines who are placed in situations not only romantic, but sometimes absurd or incredible, she nevertheless contrived to impart an air of verisimilitude while perfectly embodying a delicious type of woman, the pure, frank, generous, high-spirited, ardent beauty who truly loves, and by artistic means that seemed involuntary made that ideal a living fact.

While, as in Goldsmith's *Kate Hardcastle* and Knowles's *Constance*, she could evince a thoroughly feminine aptitude for innocent coquetry, in no performance did she portray that obnoxious female, the vain, shallow, insincere, paltry woman who manœuvres to make herself loved in order that she may trifle with honest feeling and victimize her dupes. Her *Salome* in the revolting play of "John the Baptist," in which neither she nor Sothorn ought ever to have condescended to appear, and which has happily long been dropped from their repertory, was her nearest approach to an impersonation of that order; and even as *Salome* her essential constitution forced her to the expedient of so refining, suppressing, and changing various attributes of the character that, while it remained sufficiently objectionable, it was glossed and palliated by qualities of the actress diametrically oppugnant to those of the part. At the heart of all her representative achievements there was a healthful, sweet nature.

One of the best impersonations Miss Marlowe ever gave, illustrative of the intrinsic charm of her personality and the felicity of her art, was that of *Countess Valeska* in a drama of that name, adapted from the German of Herr Rudolph

Gratz, which she produced in the season of 1897-98. A kindred embodiment, expressive of delicious womanhood and sparkling humor, was that of *Colinette* in a bright and pleasing play, adapted from the French of MM. Lenôtre and Martin, which she presented in 1899. *Valeska*, generously striving to shield and save a rash lover who insists on imperilling his life, is swayed by alternate impulses of love and duty and subjected to an agonizing trial, so that she must manifest a great variety of contending emotions, culminating in the dignity of a noble self-conquest. *Colinette*, more vivacious than *Valeska*, while equally earnest and devoted, is a suppliant for the life of her unjustly incriminated husband, and in circumstances of danger and afflicting suspense she wins the clemency of a king by her merry mischief not less than by her splendid sincerity of passionate feeling. Both those performances were delightful.

#### VERSATILITY OF THE ACTRESS

It has been said in disparagement of Julia Marlowe, as it has been said of almost every superior actor, that she is "always the same." That is not true. Though all of her performances have been technically those of a proficient actress, a few have shown little more than a pallid uniformity. She has not invariably appeared at her best; but her distinctively characteristic impersonations, those by which she has gained renown and upon which her professional reputation securely rests, present an impressive spectacle of contrast. Complete submergence of an actor's individuality, which means total obscuration of the actor's style, may be possible, but in more than sixty years of continuous playgoing I have not seen it accomplished. The style of Julia Marlowe has been obvious in every one of her performances, and that is why they have gratified the lovers of acting and made the actress a leader in her profession. The presence of her style, however, has not made all her performances alike, any more than the presence of the style of Inness, for example,—a style which happily pervades and

enriches all his beautiful paintings,—has destroyed the distinctive character of each of them. Nobody, surely, would care for a painting by Inness with the soul of Inness left out of it, and equally, I believe, nobody would care for a performance by Julia Marlowe that was not irradiated with Julia Marlowe's individuality—her spirit, ardor, charm, and romantic beauty. If colorless impersonality is the perfection of acting, let us at once forget the *Meg Merrilies* of Charlotte Cushman, the *Richelieu* of Booth, the *King Charles* of Irving, the *Saul* of Salvini, the *Beatrice* of Ellen Terry, the *Adrienne* of Helena Modjeska, the *Rosalind* of Ada Rehan, and concentrate our admiration on mari-onettes worked by wires. Great writers loom through their words, great painters through their colors, great sculptors through their marbles, great musicians through their music. The actor must inspire the acting. It is *Viola's* love and longing and sweetly patient spirit that the representative of *Viola* must display, not her own; but it is with her own person, mind, and heart that she must display them; with her knowledge of human nature and experience—of love, hope, joy, sorrow, fortitude, resignation—that she must vitalize the embodiment and make it enchanting and true.

#### "A BORN ACTRESS"

MISS MARLOWE'S character and attributes fit her exceedingly well for the vocation of the stage. Her nature is uncommonly self-possessed and poised. Her resort to the stage, however accidental, was natural, because she not only felt histrionic impulse, as many do, but she was also endowed with histrionic faculty, which comparatively few possess. She is "a born actress," and her devotion to her art has been continuous and sincere. Moreover, being a born actress, she did what few beginners have the sense to do, even when opportunity is provided: she devoted herself to scrupulous, hard study of what she purposed to attempt. Throughout her conduct of life there is prescience. She is independent in thought,

but independent with that open-minded reasonableness which bases independence upon solid conviction and which earnestly seeks for knowledge. She has always sought to improve her acting, to master every subtlety of character, to render her method of impersonation smoother, more sincere, and convincing. Though she has become experienced in the ways of the world, has felt the saddening effect of hollow friendships and the bitterness of benefits forgot, and hence is capable of politic behavior, yet naturally ingenuous at the beginning of life, she still at heart remains so. She is "gleg at the uptak," as the Scotch have it, quickly grasping the significance of suggestions, and, where applicable, quickly utilizing them. Though her acting seldom reveals exceptional faculty of humor,—her fun, such as it is, being arch and playful,—she possesses a keen sense and enjoyment of it. She tells a good story well, with zest and with that clear brevity which is indeed the soul of wit. Sportive ridicule of serious things is, when in some moods, amusing to her. I well remember the demure sprightliness with which, knowing my antipathy to the crazy "Baconian Theory," relative to the works of Shakspeare, she professed an inclination toward belief in it. She is well grounded in the traditions of most of the standard parts which she has played; indeed, as to those which she played in her earlier years she has, I believe, more knowledge than is possessed by any other actress now on our stage. Her personations are entirely her own: she has sought guiding light as to meaning not in tradition, but in the text of her authors and in nature, and it is her method of utilizing useful expedients of tradition in the making of effects, blended with inventions and devices of her own, and coalesced and colored in a unique personality, that has rendered her style as original and distinctive as it is engaging.

#### PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

SHE is of a good figure, moderately tall, and of a fine presence, which denotes innate distinction. Her face is large and

handsome: the forehead is wide; the brows are strong; the eyes, large, dark, and brilliant, are now suffused with soft languor, now momentarily lit with the sparkle of glee, and strikingly expressive in passages of sentiment. The nose is straight, moderately large, clear cut, and well shaped. The mouth is large, shapely, and indicative of kindness. The chin, in the center of which is a deep dimple, is massive, yet it denotes extraordinary sensibility. Her voice is deep, full, clear, naturally low in tone, but strong. She is a good speaker, her articulation being generally distinct and her delivery fluent; she shows fine discrimination as to the meanings to be conveyed by words and the nicest shading of tonal gradations. In speaking she uses at times, and often with striking effect, a singular, measured, lingering enunciation, as if orally caressing the words, and coincidentally assumes a drait manner, as though her mind were wrapped in an awed, fearful, wonderingly speculative contemplation of thoughts then occurrent to it and unconsciously being uttered. She is a good listener, whether on the stage or off: in acting she can make her speeches seem the utterance of thoughts prompted by words addressed to her, the workings of the mind showing first in the eyes, then in the whole expression of the face, before the words begin to come; in private life I have found her one of the few persons with whom *conversation* is possible, one who pays as much attention to what is said as she does to what she says. She seems to weigh and consider every word that she hears, showing that she possesses in an exceptional degree the supreme faculty of attention. In her demeanor there is a buoyant, hoydenish grace that, together with a careless manner of wearing her apparel,—Herrick's "sweet confusion in the dress,"—gives her something of a Gipsy seeming. She is of a high temper, can be imperious and resentful, and has been known to "speak her mind" with explicit pungency; yet she possesses a kind, generous heart and is habitually amiable and considerate. She has a large measure of that

softly steady pertinacity peculiar to women. She is superficially flighty and impulsive, but is possessed of sound good sense, and is governed chiefly by prudent, restraining afterthoughts. This has sometimes made her seem insincere, which, in fact, she is not. She has been well acquainted with sorrow and suffering, both spiritual and physical, and has borne them with more than common fortitude. At times she likes to mingle with the multitude, but, though sympathetic with humanity, more as a studious observer than as a participant in the every-day life of the crowd. From Franzensbad, in Austria, she once wrote to me: "Here this little 'cure' is overflowing with people, and were it not that I am engrossed with my parts when I am not 'curing,' I should find it a frightful bore. I long for rest and calm, and if I do not soon have it, I shall begin, like *Falstaff*, 'to babble o' green fields.'" She has comparatively few friends, but is sincerely attached to them.

#### DESIRE OF RETIREMENT

THAT Julia Marlowe, like her husband, Mr. Sothern, should wish to retire from the stage at a comparatively early age is not strange, and that they have resolved to do so is, especially on her part, only another denotement of judgment and sense. Talent and genius are born into the world to-day as much as they were yesterday. Nature is still nature, beauty and truth are still beauty and truth; here and there in the theater lovely things are still seen, and brilliant abilities are honorably employed. In every period old men are to be heard who lament the faded glories of departed times: no other person is more familiar than I am with those truths as they relate to the theater; no other writer, I venture to say, has been more insistent in mention of them.

But having due regard for all reservations and qualifications, it is not rationally contestable that the theater in America to-day is in many ways in a deplorable condition, for which there is no analogue to be found in its history. The

control has passed almost entirely into the hands of persons who, whether they possess exceptional business ability or not,—and, with little exception, I believe that they do not,—are unfit to administer a great public institution, because they lack artistic perception and the sense of moral obligation alike to the theater and the public. The theater is a “department store,” a “shop,” and the keepers of the shop boast of that fact except when it is declared discreditable to them. If that is the right estate of the theater, then we who have celebrated and defended it as a temple of art and as potentially a great power in civilization and education, are visionaries, and should pass and cease.

That is the group with which Miss Marlowe has been constrained to mingle, against the stultifying, vitiating influence of which in one way or another she has, like all ambitious, high-principled artists of the stage, been constrained to contend, as well as against the often-felt surge of a vulgar mob taste. I have heard her say in moments of dejection or weariness, “I care for nothing but the money.” But that is not a true statement of her mind and feeling. She has really cared little “for the money”; she could readily have gained more money by doing some things which, wisely and rightly, she has left undone. She is not a Siddons, a Cushman, or a Faucit, but she is a superb

actress. The sum of her influence on the stage and her time has been distinctly and strongly helpful, and an artist who can truthfully claim that merit is entitled to expect and to receive from the public which is served and benefited a rich remuneration for the work.

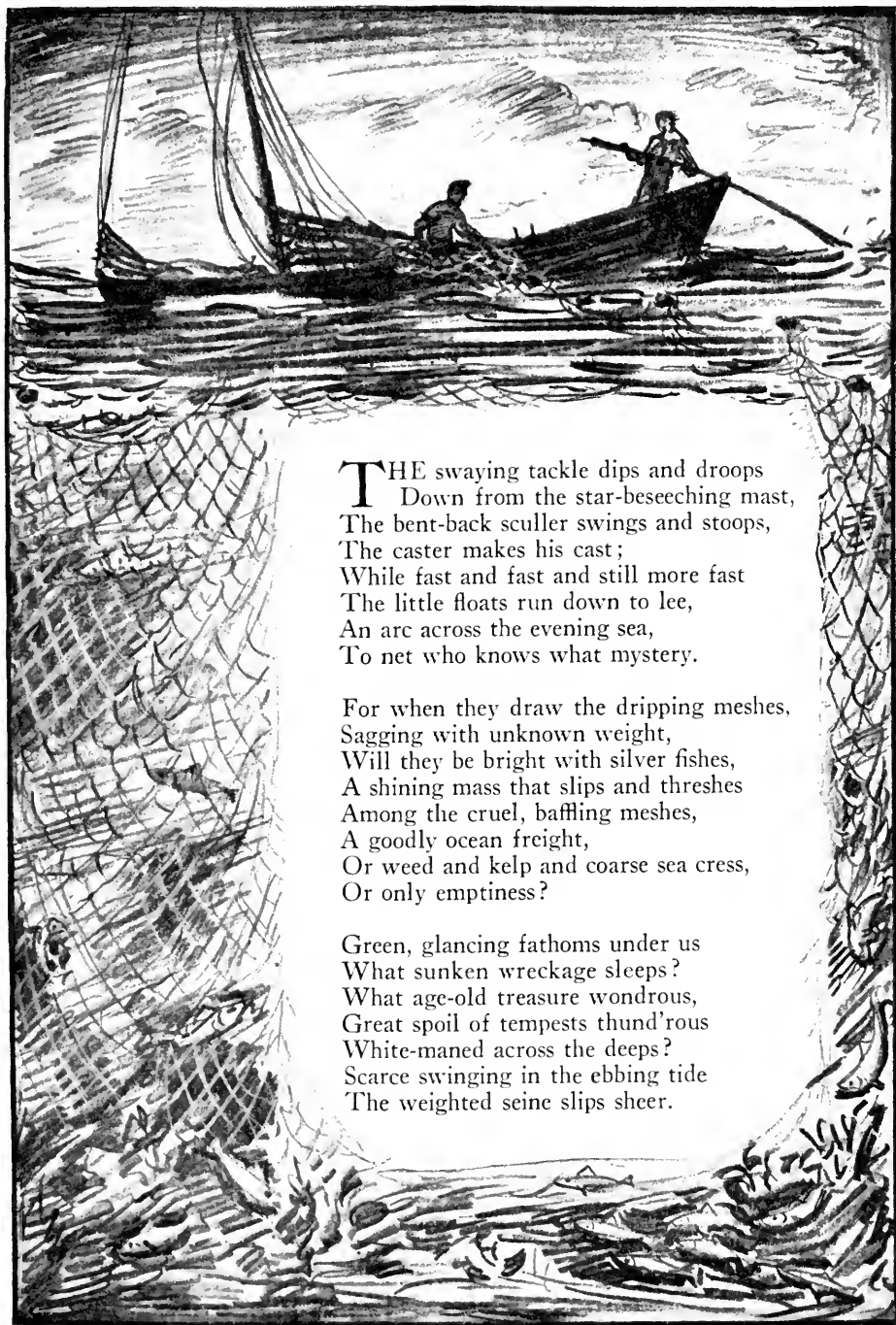
But Julia Marlowe has fulfilled herself, her artistic destiny. She might for years continue to repeat her best performances with profit to herself and pleasure to her auditory, but she has done her share. Among parts that she has not attempted there are few, if any, that she could make tributary to an ampler revelation of her faculties or a wider expansion of her beneficent influence. She once thought of playing *Isabella* in “Measure for Measure,” but happily she abandoned the purpose; she might with fine effect act *Constance* in “King John,” but few auditors would be interested in it. She is wise to withdraw while she has presumably many years in which to enjoy the tranquillity and seclusion she loves: and, though her going will long and keenly be regretted, the sympathetic feeling of the public may well find expression in the lovely lines of Shakspeare:

“Fear no more the heat o’ the sun,  
Nor the furious winter’s rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta’en thy wages.”



# The Fishers

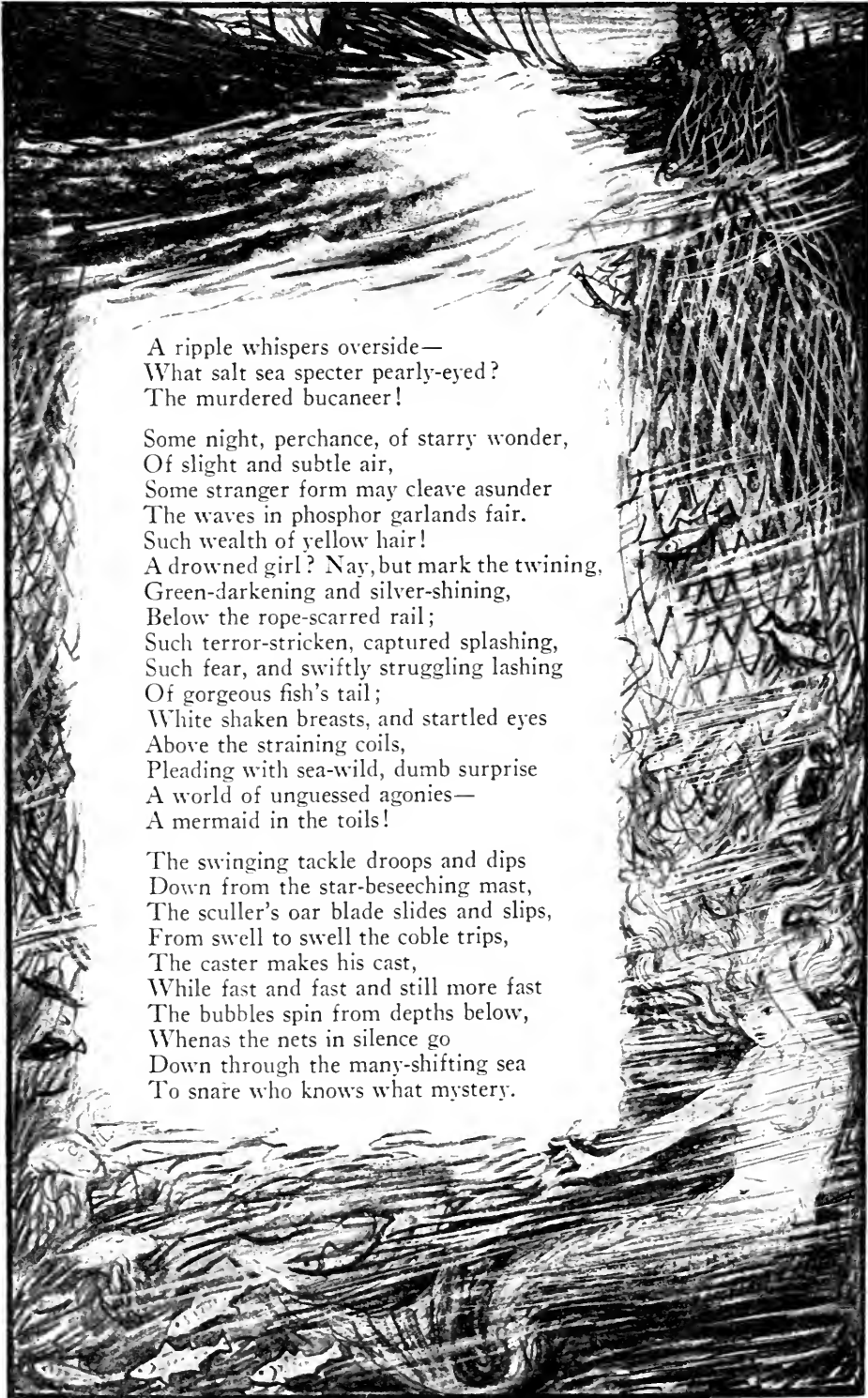
By HENRY MARTYN HOYT



THE swaying tackle dips and droops  
Down from the star-beseeching mast,  
The bent-back sculler swings and stoops,  
The caster makes his cast;  
While fast and fast and still more fast  
The little floats run down to lee,  
An arc across the evening sea,  
To net who knows what mystery.

For when they draw the dripping meshes,  
Sagging with unknown weight,  
Will they be bright with silver fishes,  
A shining mass that slips and threshes  
Among the cruel, baffling meshes,  
A goodly ocean freight,  
Or weed and kelp and coarse sea cress,  
Or only emptiness?

Green, glancing fathoms under us  
What sunken wreckage sleeps?  
What age-old treasure wondrous,  
Great spoil of tempests thund'rous  
White-maned across the deeps?  
Scarce swinging in the ebbing tide  
The weighted seine slips sheer.



A ripple whispers overside—  
What salt sea specter pearly-eyed?  
The murdered bucaneer!

Some night, perchance, of starry wonder,  
Of slight and subtle air,  
Some stranger form may cleave asunder  
The waves in phosphor garlands fair.  
Such wealth of yellow hair!  
A drowned girl? Nay, but mark the twining,  
Green-darkening and silver-shining,  
Below the rope-scarred rail;  
Such terror-stricken, captured splashing,  
Such fear, and swiftly struggling lashing  
Of gorgeous fish's tail;  
White shaken breasts, and startled eyes  
Above the straining coils,  
Pleading with sea-wild, dumb surprise  
A world of unguessed agonies—  
A mermaid in the toils!

The swinging tackle droops and dips  
Down from the star-beseeching mast,  
The sculler's oar blade slides and slips,  
From swell to swell the coble trips,  
The caster makes his cast,  
While fast and fast and still more fast  
The bubbles spin from depths below,  
Whenas the nets in silence go  
Down through the many-shifting sea  
To snare who knows what mystery.



## “Planmaessig” and “Ausgeschlossen”

The March on Paris, the March on Warsaw, and the March on London

By HENDRIK VAN LOON

Author of “The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom,” etc.

DURING the first four months of the war two words dominated the German mind. The first was *planmaessig*, the second was *ausgeschlossen*. Let me show you their meaning by a concrete example. You might say to your best German friend, “What a pity that you crossed through Belgium. You have the whole world against you. You lost two weeks of good time in your march against France. Why did you do it?” The answer would be the inevitable *planmaessig*, or “according to program.” The Germans would have liked to go any other way, but for forty years the German general staff has decided upon this particular route. According to program, therefore, the Germans must violate the territory of their Belgian neighbors. It is regrettable, most regrettable, that the Belgians defended themselves and lost so terribly in men and cities; but it was all *planmaessig*, and that is an end to further discussion. In the same way all the cities and fortifications of northern France were taken *planmaessig*. When a fortress fell, with so many thousand French prisoners, there was little elation in the German camp. The capture was merely “according to program,” and there was no reason to jubilate. Some day in the dim future when the German scientist has solved all the riddles of nature, the planets are to be captured one after one, *planmaessig*.

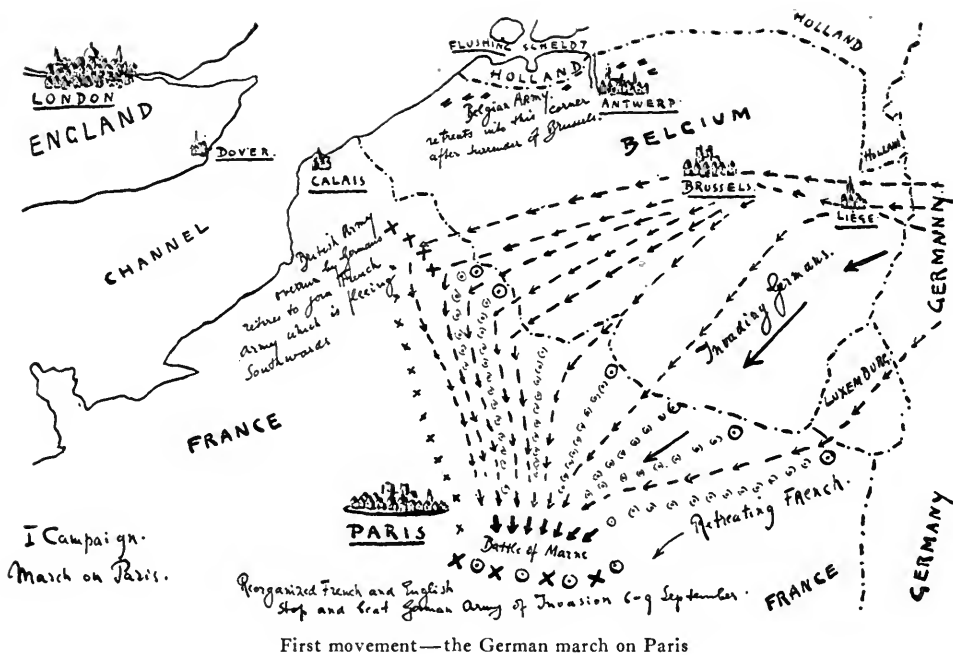
Now we come to the second word, *ausgeschlossen*, or “absolutely impossible.”

When you heard of this “according to

program” conquest of the world, you might say: “My dear friend, remember that seven or eight nations are against you. Germany might lose, you know.” In such case would come the invariable answer, “*Ausgeschlossen*,” followed by a long dissertation upon German statistics of imports, wealth, banking resources, army reserves, gun superiority, and ending with the emphatic statement that a German defeat was absolutely impossible, and that any person who was half-way intelligent and one third fair-minded must see it. Therefore please keep *planmaessig* and *ausgeschlossen* in your mind; they will prove the key to much that is otherwise difficult to understand.

I shall also ask you to remember that what I am going to say is not gospel. I may be wrong in some of my conclusions. But after a perusal of all the war-despatches of the many months of fighting, and a faithful reading of all the European papers of any importance, I shall try to give what seems to me the true explanation of Germany’s many victories and of her few defeats, and in the most general terms I shall try to give an idea of what the march upon Paris and Warsaw and the English Channel ports meant, and how they came about. A few very rudimentary maps will make things clearer.

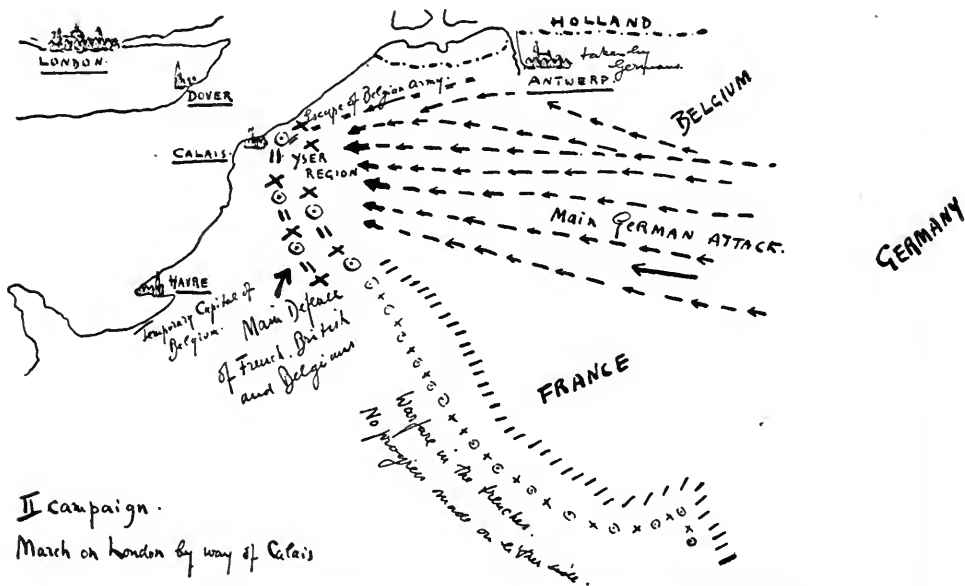
The plan of Germany was simple enough: attack France, destroy her military power; then turn against Russia, force her to make peace; help Austria settle her difficulties.



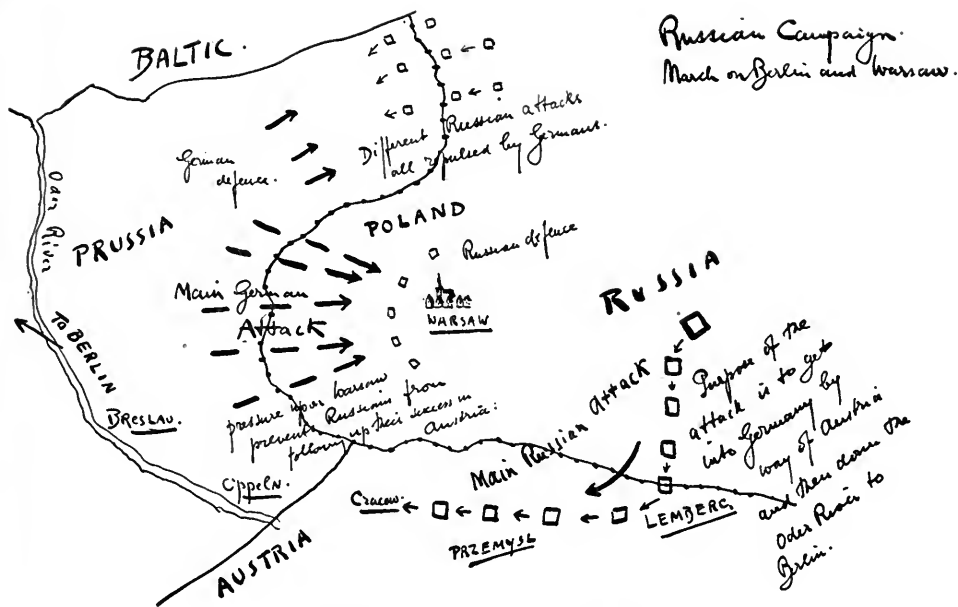
As the first item in this program, one hundred and twenty automobiles, each filled with ten men, raced into Luxemburg on the first day of August, 1914, and promptly occupied all railroad stations and telegraph-offices. Luxemburg was

informed that this was not to be taken as a hostile act, but as a mere precautionary measure on the part of Germany to prevent France from attacking her (Germany) by way of the duchy.

On the evening of the second of Au-







The Russian march on Berlin and Warsaw

gust, Belgium was officially informed that Germany intended to march through her territory, not in an unfriendly way, but merely to safeguard Belgium's neutrality against the expected attack from the side of France; furthermore, that Germany would pay for all damages done. This somewhat mercenary offer has done Germany great harm. We should not judge her harshly. There is a great deal in reputation. The reputation which King Leopold had established as a modern buccaneer gave Germany every right to expect that for so much cash down she might buy anything in Belgium which she wished. Unfortunately for the plans of the German general staff, Leopold was dead, and his nephew had other conceptions of his duty. On the fourth of August, the day on which England mobilized, the Germans crossed the Belgian frontier near Visé and Argenteau. The plan was to march through the valley of the Meuse and the Sambre, and blast a way through the antiquated fortresses in the north of France before France should have had time to mobilize. This plan miscarried from the beginning. The Belgian population, outraged by this sudden invasion, offered desperate resistance. It

was necessary to take almost every village by storm. This defense of their property by civilians, according to the German penal code, is punished with death. Several towns and villages were entirely destroyed before the German army could march through. The inhabitants, when caught in the act of shooting at German troops, were either shot or hanged. As the Belgian peasants in this part of the country wear long kerchiefs about their necks, it was found an easy method to hang them up by their own neck-cloths. All this, however, meant delay. So did the behavior of Liège. This town forms the door to the valleys of the Meuse and the Sambre which lead direct to the heart of France. The forts had to be blown to pieces before the door would open. On the seventh of August, a week after her mobilization, Germany took possession of Liège. One week later the Germans were in Dinant. On the twenty-sixth of August they took Namur, and on the same day the German army operating from Luxemburg took Longwy. France lay open to the invader.

Now began the well-known operation which the Germans call *Todtmarchieren*—"to march the enemy to death." Kluck,

with ninety thousand young fellows, went straight for Paris. Like a first-class football team which meets a pick-up eleven from some obscure grammar school, he went through the forces of his enemies without any apparent difficulty. An English army upon two occasions tried to oppose his advance. They were saved from annihilation only by the dexterous retreat of their commander.

On the twenty-eighth of August, Albert of Württemberg defeated the French at Mézières. Two days later Bulow beat the French near St. Quentin, and Hausen occupied a position on the Aisne. Two days later the German Crown Prince, between Rheims and Verdun, destroyed ten French army corps.

On the thirteenth of August the first German flier appeared above Paris and, by means of a bomb filled with proclamations, informed the inhabitants that the German army was at their gates and they must surrender. Two days later the French Government fled to Bordeaux. The Bank of France, viewing what had happened to all other Belgian and French cities, had saved its cash supply many days before. The Germans were within a day's march of Paris.

Then came the unexpected. The Germans did not attack Paris. I shall try to give the reasons. The main rule of German strategy is to find the enemy, attack him, keep attacking him, and finally destroy him, all before any territory is formally occupied or civil government is instituted. Destroy the enemy first; all the rest comes afterward.

In this case the French army had retreated in such haste that no decisive battle had been possible. The Germans apparently feared that the French might leave Paris only weakly defended merely to stay the German advance for a couple of weeks, and that during those weeks the French army, retreating to the regions south of the Loire, might reorganize and in its full strength attack the Germans, tired out from their effort to capture Paris. Therefore the French army must first be destroyed. For this reason, on

the fourth of September, the Germans suddenly veered toward the southeast, left Paris on their right flank, and prepared to attack the French in a decisive battle.

The German proclamation, dated at Vitry-le-François on the seventh of September, the day of the battle of the Marne, at 10:30 A.M., leaves no doubt as to the German object. It says: "After a long, arduous march the principal French troops have been obliged to accept battle. The great decision is near. Everything will depend upon the success of to-morrow." But the success of to-morrow never came. The French and British attacked the German left wing. From somewhere on the German right flank the French produced an unexpected army. The Allies gained a decisive victory. After five days' desperate fighting the German line of attack was obliged to retreat nearly fifty miles toward the north. There, along the river Aisne, they dug themselves into the soil, made extensive fortifications, and prepared for a siege. This siege still lasts. But the main object, the rapid capture of Paris had failed. And the German army, which in this wonderful rush upon the French capital had marched "too fast for its belly" (the expression is Napoleon's, not mine), came to a stop.

For the first time the German campaign did not work *planmaessig*. Promptly the chief of staff, Moltke, was removed. Not officially on these grounds, but on account of a headache or some ache which made his presence at headquarters undesirable. It was time to make a new plan. There was no danger of a further French attack. The positions along the line of the Aisne were too strong. Several weeks went by before we began to see the development of a new offensive.

When the German staff worked out this original plan of the sudden crushing of France, followed by an attack upon Russia, they had not been obliged to reckon with England. For them France had been the main enemy. Now England was the power to be destroyed. It upset many calculations. "After all," the German papers began to say, "why bother

about France? During the last hundred years we have been three times in Paris. Why go there again? France is down and out, anyway. England is the enemy; nay, England is the general human fiend.”

“On to Paris!” became “On to Calais!” Once in the possession of Calais, the German submarines might do no end of harm, and the routes by which the British expeditionary forces traveled to France might be made very dangerous. A month earlier, Calais had been Germany’s for the taking. There had not been a French soldier to defend it. Now it was a long way off. And before this attack could take place, Antwerp, the one fortification in Germany’s rear, must be captured. It was too dangerous a spot to be allowed to exist on Germany’s right flank. The British might fortify it by sending troops through Flanders. In Antwerp there remained one hundred and twenty thousand Belgians. These must be captured at the same time.

On the twenty-eighth of September the Germans began their operations against Antwerp. They opened this powerful fortress as if it had been a box of sardines. They first blew a hole in the outer line of defenses by means of the large Austrian howitzers; then they inserted the sharp knife of their infantry and forced the Belgian works; then they shot some fourteen hundred houses of the city to pieces. The city surrendered on the ninth of October.

But one item in the German plan failed: the Belgian army had been able to cross the bridge which was hastily laid over forty captured German Rhine boats. They had thus reached the left bank of the Schelde. By forced marches they escaped the Germans who from the east were trying to cut them off. After a week they joined the forces of France and England in the south of Belgium. They were closely followed by the Germans. The fight for the little villages between the North Sea and the French town of Lille had begun. At first it seemed to lead up to another easy German victory; then occurred another one of those incidents which play important parts in history.

Four centuries before, the northern Netherlands had been saved because a carpenter had cut the dikes and allowed the waters of the North Sea to flow into the lowlands across the city of Briel, forcing the Spaniards, who were besieging the city, to flee for their lives. The country in which the fighting was now taking place greatly resembles the low, marshy part of Holland.

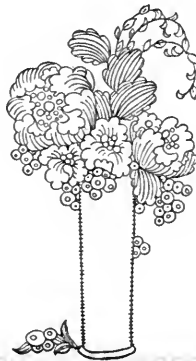
This time it was not a carpenter who changed the course of history, but a lock-keeper somewhere in a sleepy village along the Yser Canal. He knew his ground, and he suggested that by opening some of the small locks a large part of territory could be covered with three feet or more of muddy water. The locks were opened, the lock-keeper received the highest Belgian order, and the violent German attack for the conquest of Calais ran itself to death in the mud, just as in the sixteenth century the attempt of Spain to subdue Holland had ended in the mire. Of course we do not know what will happen, but at the moment of writing this all German attempts to cross the inundated territory of the Yser have entirely failed. Calais is farther off than ever, and the German fleet, if it is to act against England, must operate from Helgoland, four hundred miles from the British coast.

On comparing the maps you will see how, through this change of plans, the German arrow now points westward against London, and no longer southward against Paris. This brings us to the most interesting point of this war. After six months’ fighting the entire German plan has been changed. At the beginning of the war the Germans proposed to annihilate France first, then to attack Russia. At the present time they have put France aside, and are concentrating all their efforts upon the destruction of Russia as a fighting nation. After that they will settle accounts with France and England. For the moment, in the west the Germans will content themselves with holding their positions, but there is to be no final concentrated attack against the two allies until Russia is disposed of.

THE eastern frontier has not interested the American public much. There are no cathedrals to become the victims of war. The East Prussian Junker is not a very sympathetic person, and on the whole we care little what happens to his castles. Nobody who ever visited Galicia came home with tales of rapturous joy. Therefore the terrible war in the East has not had our personal sympathy. I can be brief in my description. On paper the Russians have eight or ten million men. But with their clumsy machinery of supply it is impossible for them to have more than a few millions at the front at once. The others simply could not be fed. Now, the Russian knows as well as everybody else that the line of fortifications which Germany has built at his frontier cannot be crossed. In the beginning of the war several wild attacks were made upon East Prussia, but they ended invariably in terrible disasters for Russia. The Russian commanders were no match for Hindenburg, who, with a sort of military jiu-jitsu, laid out Russian armies of incredible numbers and unbelievable theoretical strength.

This, however, was not the main Russian plan of campaign. The Russians knew that Austria was their weak antagonist. They made a plan to enter Germany by the back door. That is to say, they would crush Austria first, then, traversing the north of Austria, following the line of Lemberg, Przemyśl, and Cracow, they would reach the Oder, and by following it they would, by way of Oppeln, Breslau, and Glogau, finally be

able to attack Berlin. In this manner they would avoid the strong German fortresses on the Russo-German frontier. The Austrian army, unfortunately, with a happy-go-lucky general staff, accompanied by the same charming young ladies so well known from the Vienna musical comedies, lived up to Russian expectations, and was invariably beaten. The Russians took Lemberg, they occupied Przemyśl, and were marching against Cracow. They were near the door of Germany, but the door would not open. On the contrary, the German left his own premises and by invading Poland tried to cut off the main attack of the Russian army. For if Hindenburg ever reaches Warsaw, he will command the three most important railroad centers of Russian Poland—Łódź, Skierniewice, and Warsaw, and the Russian main attack against Germany by way of Austria will come to an abrupt end. It is probable that during the spring, when the soil of Poland thaws out and allows the making of trenches, the Russian and German armies will settle down along some fixed lines and will engage in artillery duels and occasional attempts to steal bits of each other's trenches, a few yards here and half a mile there. In the main, however, the same tactics will be followed which have made the war in the west come to a standstill. Then Germany, although her armies will be entirely on foreign soil, will be actually besieged in the most gigantic siege the world has ever known, and the most likely instrument against her seems to be a process of slow starvation.





"Capitalism will be dead"

## "Cabbages and Kings"

Recollections of great rulers and their courts

By H. R. H. THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN

Illustrations by Oliver Herford

### *Part IV: The Scandinavian Democracies*

"I AM so glad that I am queen of a country in which everybody loves simplicity."

This was the testimony to the charm of Norway which Queen Maud gave me when I saw her in her little home near Christiania a year ago last autumn. She spoke with enthusiasm of her adopted country, and I was not in the least surprised, for Norway is undoubtedly the happiest and most progressive country in Europe. Indeed, if anybody wants to know what life will be like in the good time that is coming when capitalism will be dead and democracy triumphant on both sides of the Atlantic, let him go to Norway and study its institutions and the life of its people.

"When I am at Lourdes," said a devout Catholic, "I do not believe; I know." And when I was in Norway, I did not need to make an act of faith in democracy, as I must in Paris or New York or London; I saw for myself that a nation is happier when its life is based on democratic principles.

"How deadly dull!" said a fashionable woman to me when I told her of the simplicity of life in Christiania. "Surely your royal Highness does not want to eliminate the color and brilliancy of life!"

She had never realized that the glitter and magnificence of society in great capitals can exist only against a background of misery and starvation. Norway is not a wealthy country and it does not afford capitalists opportunities for piling up fortunes. Nobody is very rich, and everybody appears to have a sufficiency. The cosmopolitan plutocrats who corrupt the society of western Europe would be wretched there and, in point of fact, they avoid a country in which they are perfectly well aware they would be unable to display their wealth. And if the citizens of Christiania are deprived of the sight of millionaires darting about the town in illuminated motor-cars, with jeweled wives and daughters, they are compensated for the loss by the knowledge that, thanks to the equitable distribution of such wealth as the country possesses, crime and robbery are virtually unknown. Education and common sense have broken down the barriers of pride of purse and pride of rank, which separate man and man in other countries, and the king himself is simply the first among equals.

When the Norwegian people determined that the industrial and commercial life of the country should no longer be

hampered by Sweden, and declared their independence, they placed a king at the head of the state. They were clever enough to see that the country would have more prestige in the eyes of Europe as a monarchy than as a republic, and they were wise enough to give the king no power. Possibly they thought that a prince who, if the expression be allowed me, was born to the business would make a more effective figurehead than a commoner, and they might have considered that the peaceful succession of hereditary monarchs is less agitating to the nerves of the nation than recurring presidential elections. However this may be, their king is to them what their flag is—a symbol of national unity. Both are saluted with respect, but neither one nor the other is invested with power.

King Haakon's fine figure and handsome face make him look the part he has to play. He is a man of great tact and kindness, and has the simple tastes characteristic of the Danish royal family. To these advantages the king adds the supreme one of having a clever queen, who helps him wisely and loyally in his work. Their son, little Prince Olaf, is utterly charming and, despite being an only child, not the least spoiled.

I had not seen Queen Maud in her kingdom until I went to Norway something over a year ago, and I wondered whether her rise from the rank of a mere royal Highness to that of a Majesty would have altered or spoiled her. She was staying at a little château near Christiania when I arrived in the city, and she asked me to come out and have luncheon with her. When a royal carriage arrived at my hotel to take me to the country, and I noticed that the servants wore plain, dark liveries instead of the regal scarlet, I began to feel that the charming Maud had not changed. Half-an-hour's drive brought me to the château, and as the queen welcomed me, I felt ashamed of the suspicions I had entertained, and realized that she remains the same simple and unaffected girl I used to know in England.

"I 'm so glad you 've come," she said,

and as she spoke I heard in her voice and saw in her manner the charm she has inherited from her mother, Queen Alexandra.

The château was a small house of one story, standing in a public park. A plot of ground has been railed off round the house, so that the king and queen may have a garden in which they can enjoy privacy. Not that they are annoyed, like most kings and queens, with demonstrative manifestations of loyalty. The Norwegians contrive to make life agreeable for the royal family by allowing them to go about the country-side or through the streets of the capital as freely as ordinary citizens. Queen Maud revels in her new liberty.

"I find it so nice to be able to go out shopping without any fuss," she said, and told me that she could go into a shop in Christiania without anybody taking any notice of her, buy what she wants, and leave, with her parcels tucked under her arm, to walk back to the palace.

I could understand her delight better than most people, for in Madrid I have experienced the misery of knowing that I cannot get in or out of a carriage without attracting a small crowd. To find oneself a public show is beyond words exasperating.

Queen Maud's court consists of two ladies-in-waiting and a grand mistress, a suite which is no larger than that of the least important of the numerous Austrian archduchesses. Moreover, these ladies do not make deferential curtsies to her Majesty. The queen shakes hands with them when she meets them, and treats them not as glorified servants, but as friends. The point may appear trivial, but it is worth mentioning, for it shows with what tact a princess, accustomed to the etiquette and the splendor of the English court, has adapted herself to the spirit of a democratic people.

"You were perfectly right," she said to me, "in what you used to tell me about the happiness of simplicity."

"Of course I was right," I said, "and I do not believe you would care to go back to the old court life."



"Bound hand and foot by etiquette and galling restrictions"

"I am much happier in this life," she said, and then it was that she told me how glad she was to be queen of a country in which everybody loves simplicity.

It was obvious to me that both the king and queen adore the fascinating little Olaf, but I noticed that he has been very well brought up and is very obedient. He is being educated with Norwegian boys of his own age and leads a healthy out-of-door life.

"I want you to see Olaf driving the motor-car his grandmother has sent him," said the queen; and Queen Alexandra's present, the tiniest and most dainty little car imaginable, was brought round to the door of the château. The little prince made a splendid chauffeur, and evidently thoroughly enjoyed rushing round the park in his car.

I left the château feeling that I had had a glimpse of ideal family life, and thoroughly convinced that the democratic Norwegian court is the nicest in Europe.

I do not in the least mind confessing that when I advocate democratic principles I have the interests of royal personages at heart as well as those of their peoples. There are plenty of princes and princesses, bound hand and foot by eti-

quette and galling restrictions, who, whatever their present views may be, will welcome the liberty democracy will bring them. Happy King Haakon and Queen Maud! Although they are addressed as your Majesties, they are allowed to live in a tiny red bungalow, up in the mountains at Holm Kelm, when winter comes, and there they and Prince Olaf dart about on skis, talking to everybody, making every one happy, happy themselves in being three Norwegian citizens.

And beyond the circle of the court the constitution of Norwegian society is utterly different to that of society in the most powerful European countries. Both the law and society regard woman as in every respect the equal of man. Women have the same civic rights as men, and use them. At the last parliamentary elections, in 1913, seventy-five per cent. of the women of the towns who had the right to vote used it; indeed, the proportion of women who did their duty as citizens and recorded their votes was higher than that of men. All the higher professions are open to women, and at the present time the most important of the professors at the university is a woman, and the leading lawyer connected with the supreme tribu-

nal is also a woman. The Norwegians refuse to tolerate cheap female labor; if a woman does the same work as a man, she gets the same pay. Society is equally just. It does not apply one standard of morals to man and another to woman. Both are judged by the same standard, and a girl does not lose her position in society for conduct which in other countries is blamed in a woman and condoned in a man. Some Norwegian couples prefer to contract free unions instead of legal marriages, and now that the influence of Lutheranism on the life of the country is virtually dead, society does not look at such unions askance. Married and unmarried couples live in peace and associate freely. In a country where everybody works there is little time or opportunity for the development of *crimes passionnels*, so, if a couple finds that they have made a mistake and that life in common is too difficult, they just part without quarreling, and build up their lives anew.

The happy relations existing between the men and women of Norway are, I am convinced, largely due to the fact that they are educated together at school and in the university. The equality of male and female students at the university seems to be symbolized by the wearing of identical caps of the same gay colors. From childhood they grow up together and become good comrades, understanding each other thoroughly and without *arrière pensée*, having the same moral code and the same views of life. In most countries boys and girls are segregated apart, and allowed to meet only under the supervision of their elders. The system is not a good one. Indeed, I have often thought that nothing gives a girl's brain such a wrong twist as

the false view given her at school about the companionship of men. Why perpetually dread man and see in him only the seducer? By doing so I believe you very often awake in him instincts that might otherwise lie dormant.

And the education the girls and boys receive together is an excellent one. Norwegians understand the importance of acquiring foreign languages, which they require in commerce and for dealing with the numerous foreign tourists who make their beautiful fiords and mountains a holiday playground. Hence both English and German are taught in all the schools, and the instruction given is so good that the children actually learn to converse in these languages. More than once I was

astonished to find that a cabman could answer me in English or German.

The Norwegians are a vigorous and hardy race. In their veins flows the blood of vikings, and they are determined that the nation shall not deteriorate physically. With this end in view the law provides for the protection of the mother during her time of expectation and for her support and comfort during the six weeks following the birth of her child. Moreover, careful provision is made for the upbringing of children born outside wedlock, and neither father nor mother is allowed to shirk the responsibility of parentage.

The separation of Norway and Sweden was due to the desire of the Norwegians, whose merchant fleet is twice the size of the

Swedish, to have their commercial interests abroad properly looked after by an independent consular service. This was the formal cause of separation, but undoubtedly the marked difference between



"Equality of male and female"





"Why perpetually dread man and see in him only the seducer?"

the social organization of the two countries facilitated the unloosing of the bonds that held them together. Sweden still has an aristocracy, and the nobles who sit in the Upper House of the Swedish parliament are able to check in some degree the advance of democracy. Yet in their love of simplicity the two nations are alike. This was made clear to me in rather an amusing way soon after my arrival in Stockholm during my autumn tour. I was going to the theater with a friend, and when she arrived to fetch me, I was getting into an evening gown.

"Is your royal Highness going to wear a low dress?" she said in a manner that made me feel I was doing something thoroughly unconventional.

"Ought n't I to?" I asked.

"We do not go in evening dress to the theater," she said.

"Then what am I to wear?" I asked.

"Just a skirt and blouse," she said.

And accordingly in a skirt and blouse I went. It was rather a pretty blouse,—I confess that I love pretty things,—and

when I got into the theater I felt just a trifle overdressed.

"What sensible people you Swedish women are!" I said to my friend when I looked round the theater and saw how simply the women were dressed. "You save hours and hours which women in London and Paris fritter away at their toilet-tables."

In point of fact, the Swedish woman has not usually either the time or money required to turn herself into a woman of fashion. And even if she had, she is too sensible to make her appearance the absorbing care of life. Careers which are closed to women in other lands are open to her, and she prefers to be independent and to earn her living. At the present time the Swedish women have not been granted electoral rights, but there can be no doubt that they will obtain the same right as men in the course of time. The Conservative party in the Upper House shrinks from yielding to the demands of the women, fearing that their votes will strengthen the Socialists in the Lower

House. But the nobles are certain to do justice to women sooner or later, and at the present time there is only a majority of twelve in the Upper House against the granting of the suffrage to women.

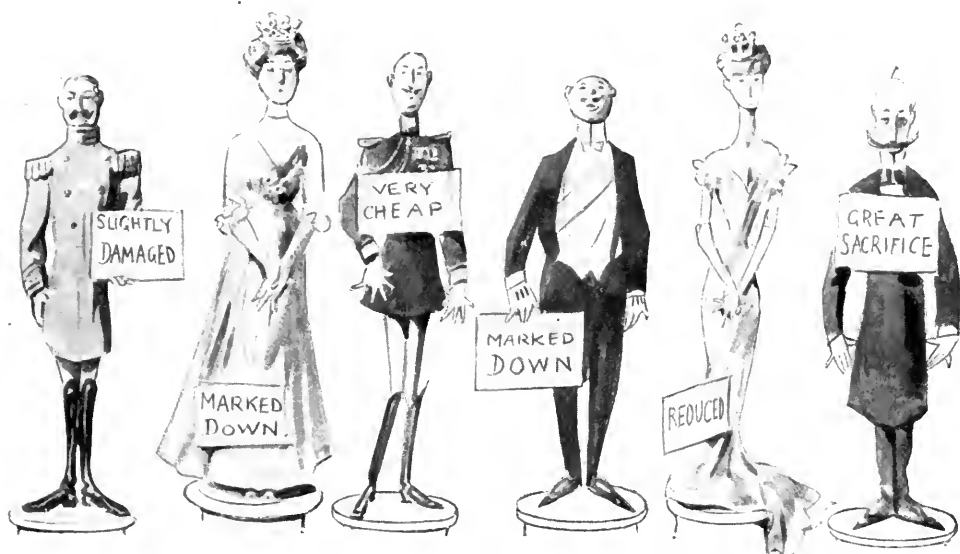
As it is, that Upper House puts too strong a brake on the wheels of progress. At one Swedish railway-station I saw a number of emigrants who were starting for America. They did not display the least sorrow at leaving their native land; on the contrary, they were bearing wreaths of flowers and singing joyfully, as if they were only too thankful to get away from Sweden. It was a sad and eloquent testimony to the evils that still mar the social structure of Sweden. Indeed, the stream of emigrants who cross the Atlantic to enrich the life of America with their work is so great and so constant that a royal commission has been endeavoring to find out its causes. In their report the commissioners state that the principal cause of

emigration is the failure of the Government to accelerate legislation for the improvement of the conditions of the working-classes. In the circumstances, it is only natural that there should be a powerful Socialist party in the country. The crown prince is clever enough to see that this party is one which will increase in power with the lapse of time, but his efforts to establish friendly relations with its leaders have not been well received. He talks good-humoredly and shakes hands with prominent Socialists, but the party appears to see in these little attentions nothing more than a symptom of the future king's fear of the rising power of the working-classes.

The court of Sweden is, however, characterized by Scandinavian simplicity, although this is naturally not so strongly marked as at the ideal court of King Haakon and Queen Maud. The Queen of Sweden's health is too bad to allow her to



"Only a majority of twelve . . . against the granting of the suffrage"



"The market value of princes and princesses has enormously decreased"

appear in public, and her mother-in-law, Queen Sophie, lives in a retirement dictated by her advanced age and personal tastes. Hence the principal figure at court, apart from the king, is the crown princess, before her marriage Princess Margaret of Connaught, and she has contrived to give to it just a touch of the elegance of the Court of St. James. I lunched with her when I was in Stockholm, and she told me how much she loves her Swedish life. Her marriage is a very happy one and in striking contrast to that of Prince William, whose Russian wife has deserted him to amuse herself in Paris. An attempt has been most unjustly made to place the blame for this escapade on the prince. As a matter of fact, he is a charming boy, and did his utmost to make his wife happy in Sweden. King Gustav has inherited from his father a great charm of manner and a fine figure, which devotion to tennis helps him to keep. He is fond of all sorts of sport and is an excellent shot.

I used to see a good deal of the late King Oscar. His French ancestry and his personal charm made him very popular in France, a country he loved, and during his numerous visits to Paris I had the opportunity of getting to know him well, and I became very fond of him. I was in Sweden in 1897, traveling incognito, and I remember sitting down to rest one day

within sight of Sophie Rue, King Oscar's Norman villa, and, as I looked at the peaceful home of my old friend, I hoped that his last years would not be embittered by the dissolution of the union between Sweden and Norway. But the blow came to the "poet king," whose spirit seemed to live above the dull realities of life, and it came when he was old and broken down with the illness which at last caused his death. Kings must yield to the imperious will of democracy, and I look forward to the time when Sweden will have the advantages enjoyed by the sister kingdom.

I visited Denmark as well as Norway and Sweden at that time, and there also I remarked the growth of democratic ideas. It is a restful country, and the souls of the people seem as clear as their blue eyes. The Danes are a kind, industrious, and simple race, and if they strike one as being less hardy and vigorous than the other Scandinavians, they certainly have the same courteous manners as the Swedes and Norwegians.

The first time that I visited Denmark, King Christian, the father of Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie, was reigning, and the castle, in which his large family used to assemble for those reunions which he loved, was looked on by the Danes with a sort of reverence. But I remember that once, when I was traveling

incognito, I drove past the castle in a cab, and the friendly driver, anxious to oblige a tourist, told me that a great family gathering was taking place there. He reeled off the names of the world-famous personages who had gathered round the king, and he did so with as much indifference as a London cabman displayed when he pointed out Madame Tussaud's to me the first time I was in London, and casually explained that wax figures were kept there. The attitude of the Danish cabman toward the royal family, which seemed to me curious years ago, appears to be that of most Danes at the present time. They have ceased to take any particular interest in the doings of their sovereign and his relatives. Nothing strikes me more, as I go about Europe, than the fact that, if I may be allowed the expression, the market value of princes and princesses has enormously decreased.

I went to an hotel in Copenhagen, and I had not been long in the capital before a card, inscribed with a single Danish word, was brought to me. I stared at it, not recognizing the name, and wondering who it was who had been to see me. Then it suddenly dawned on me that the word on the card was simply the Danish for queen. Her Majesty had been to see me, and of course I went to see her.

The royal family appears now to live in retirement, and its members form a small caste, penned off from the rest of mankind by their rank. Their chief amusement seems to be paying calls on one another. Most of them live at their country villas and châteaux, and in these pleasant homes there is a constant succession of cousinly meetings; when family news is exchanged, and, while the children play, the elders take a stroll in the park surrounding the house at which the family gathering is taking place. The king displays that peculiar form of wit which I have often noticed is characteristic of crowned heads who have lived much in retirement. With them the gaiety of childhood seems, with the passing of the years, to turn into a curious spirit of mockery. Trifles create shouts of laughter, enlivening the family

circle and confusing those who are unacquainted with the type of witticisms which goes down in royal circles.

Beyond the tranquil inclosures of the royal parks the Danish people is moving surely and steadily toward a broader and more democratic life than it has hitherto enjoyed. And women are in the forefront of the movement. The Danish women are perhaps the most fascinating of the women of Scandinavia. Many of them are beautiful, and although they refuse to be slaves of fashion, they display a certain charming coquetry in their dress. Numbers of them earn their own living, and are thus independent of men. This is the sure road for women to take if they desire to have the same rights and privileges as men. As it is, the Danish woman has established for herself a position which her Latin sisters may well envy, and the law secures her independence. She will, I am convinced, be given electoral rights, and she will have no need to resort to militant methods to obtain them.

On the road between Copenhagen and Helsingfors a milk-white villa stands out against the faint-blue background of the Northern sky. There it was that I passed the happiest moments of my stay in Denmark, and there I found at last two crowned heads who have remained human despite the crushing weight of the crowns they have worn for many years. The Italian villa is the home of Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie, and the two sisters, who adore each other, are absolutely happy in each other's society and in the simplicity of the life they lead. They welcomed me with enthusiasm, kissed me, and were quite excited to have somebody to whom they could show their little house. In the sitting-room they share they both wanted to show me their special corners at the same time.

"Come and see my writing-table," said the empress, pulling me to her end of the room.

"No," cried Queen Alexandra, gaily, pulling me in the opposite direction, "come and see my writing-table."

How we all laughed!

"This is my chair," said the laughing empress, showing me one in her own corner of the room.

"And this is my chair," echoed the queen, calling my attention to the favorite chair in her corner.

I had to see everything and admire everything. The two sisters seemed particularly proud of their kitchen garden and seemed to be delighted to find that I knew something about growing vegetables. I have a kitchen garden of my own in Normandy, where I have a little house, and we were able to compare notes.

And after we had inspected flowers and vegetables, we went through an underground passage which their Majesties have had cut beneath the road that divides the garden of the villa from the sea, and I found myself in a little Norwegian cottage by the seashore, a tiny stretch of which has been walled off, so that the empress and the queen may enjoy it undisturbed. When we were inside the cottage, the empress offered me a thin Russian cigarette, and lit one herself. Then Queen Alexandra showed me their tea-kettle, and the little kitchen in which they make their own cakes and brew their tea.

"This is where I make my tea," cried the queen.

"And this is where I cut the bread and butter," said the empress.

They were as happy as two school-girls, reveling in the simple life of a home where they can live like two ordinary women,

untrammelled by court etiquette and without even a single lady-in-waiting to attend them.

After visiting the Norwegian cottage I had to see a new marvel. We went down to the beach, and the two sisters explained to me that it was a splendid place for picking up bits of amber. I had seen so much amber in

the Castle of Rosenberg and in the shops of Copenhagen that it seemed improbable that there could be any more in the Baltic. Nevertheless, there appears to be plenty left, for both the empress and the queen showed me the boxes in which they store the treasure they find on the shore. The empress is luckier in finding amber than the queen, and her box contained more than her sister's.

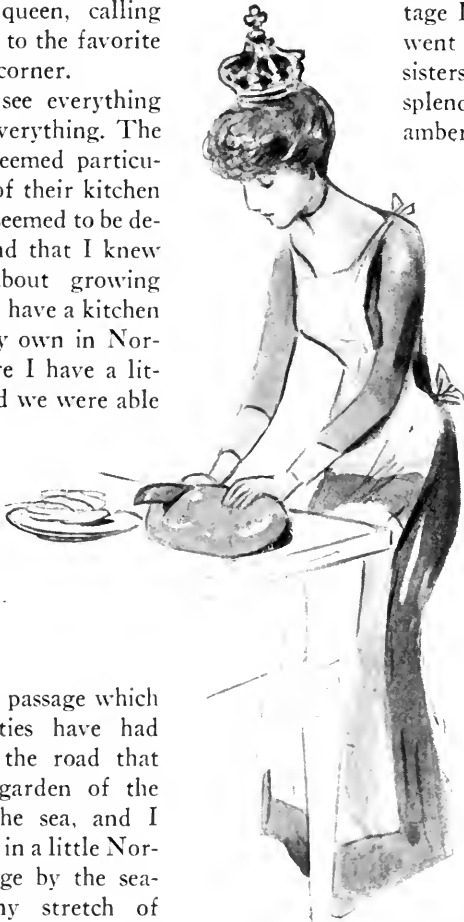
"It is most unfair," said the queen, gaily.

"I always pick up more than you do," said the empress, triumphantly.

We searched for amber until it was time for me to go, and we enjoyed ourselves like children.

Both the empress and the queen have played the great parts they have had to fill on the stage of life with dig-

nity and distinction; but they are Danes, and they have never lost the love of simplicity which is the most notable characteristic of the peoples of Scandinavia. Now that they can live their lives as they like, they deliberately leave their palaces and spend a great part of their time more simply than many commoners. To see their happiness made me happier myself, and, indeed, my tour in Scandinavia has given me new courage. All that I saw and heard made me feel that the time will come when democracy will make many of the crooked things of this life straight.



"Now they can live their lives as they like"



## Southwestern June

By BADGER CLARK

**L**AZY little hawse, it 's noon,  
And we 've wasted saddle leather;  
But the mornin's slip so soon  
When we drift around together  
In this lazy, shinin' weather—  
Sunny, easy-goin' June!

Who would study shamblin' herds—  
How they calve or die or wander—  
When the bridegroom mockin'-birds,  
Singin' here and there and yonder,  
Trill that June 's too bright to ponder  
And that life 's too gay for words?

Down the desert's hazy blue  
See the tall, gray whirlwinds farin',  
Slow, contented sort of crew  
Trailin' 'cross the sunny barren,  
Headed nowhere and not carin',  
Just the same as me and you.

From a world of unfenced room  
Just a breath of breeze is strayin',  
Triflin' through the yucca bloom  
Till its waxy bells are swayin',  
On my cheek soft kisses layin',  
Soft as touch of ostrich plume.

When the July lightnin' gleams  
This brown range will start to workin',  
Hills be green and twinklin' streams  
Down each dim arroyo lurkin'.  
Now the sleepy land is shirkin',  
Drowsin', smilin' in her dreams.

Steppin' little hawse, it 's noon.  
Turquoise blue the far hills glimmer,  
"Sun! sun! sun!" the mockers croon  
Where the yellow range lands shimmer,  
And our sparklin' spirits simmer  
For we 're young yet, and it 's June.





The early morning bath

## The Summer Camp

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

THE summer camp movement, which about thirty years ago made its first appeal to parents as providing a beneficial vacation for their sons, has finally become an established and permanent factor in our social organizations. Every summer it has increased in popularity with young people, and proved to parents the wisdom of sending their children away for a few weeks of open-air life under careful supervision. To-day hundreds of these summer institutions may be found in secluded spots along the New England lakes and hillsides and even farther west.

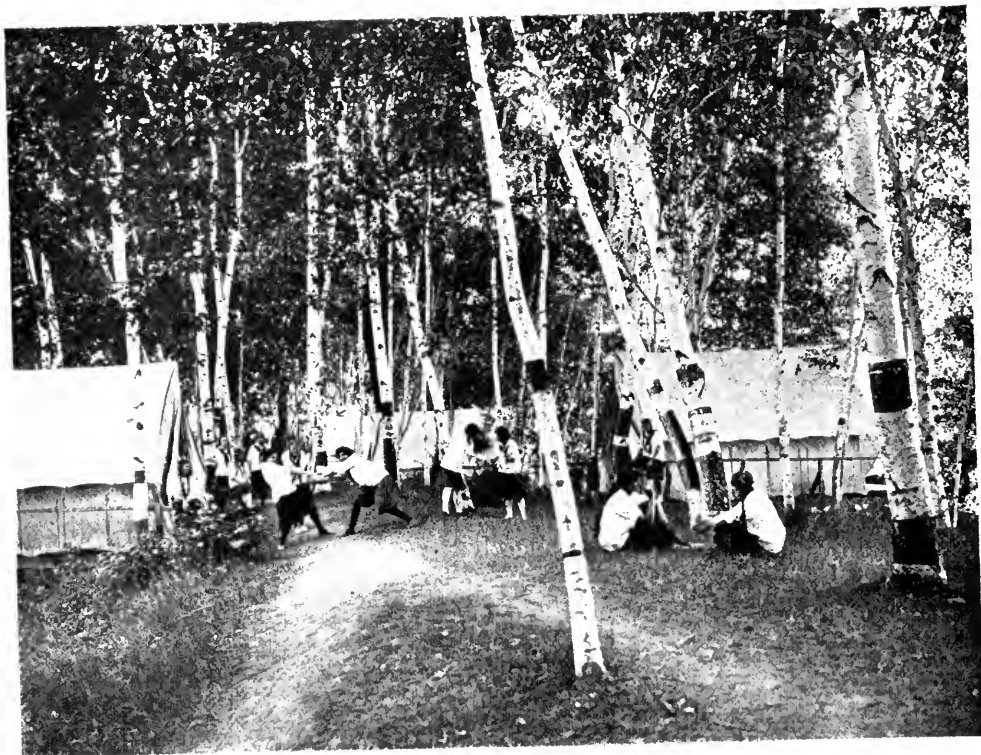
Although boys' camps are the oldest, girls' camps have rapidly gained in number and favor. Every camp is conducted by a director who shoulders the entire responsibility of his charges. Wherever there are very young boys or girls, a camp mother is generally employed to look after their interests, enter into their confidences, and guard their health. There are also counselors, usually one to every four children, many of whom are

college undergraduates desiring to earn a small salary as well as a vacation.

Most of the camps have picturesque locations, some in the heart of the woods, others in the open, but all are sufficiently near water to provide aquatic sports.

In camps for older boys athletics, camping-trips, and horseback riding are the most popular diversions. There is plenty of competition in sports; teams are organized which hold matches not only among themselves, but with rival camps. The spirit of competition is very keen in exuberant youth; it forgets the rules of the game in the desire to rank first. In the best camps this feeling is carefully watched and controlled; the principles of good sportsmanship are instilled, and the child is taught how to win and how to lose.

Systematic physical training is an important factor in the life, and drills and exercises form part of the routine of the day. There is nothing that both boys and girls like better than trips away from camp, and especially the long tramps that



Waiting for dinner



Making raffia under the trees

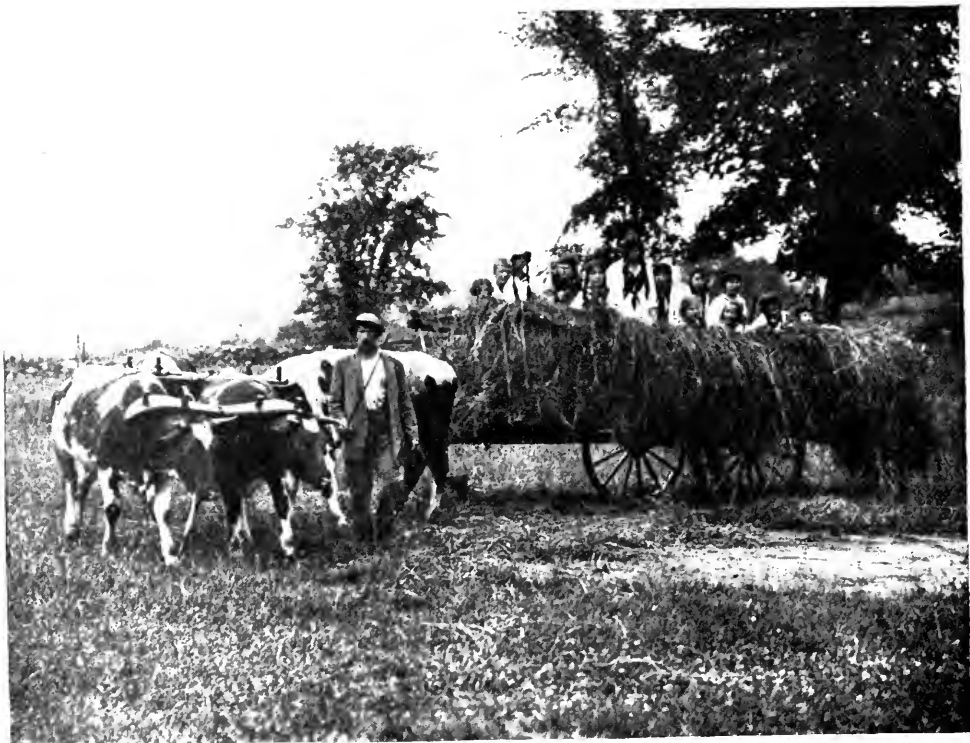




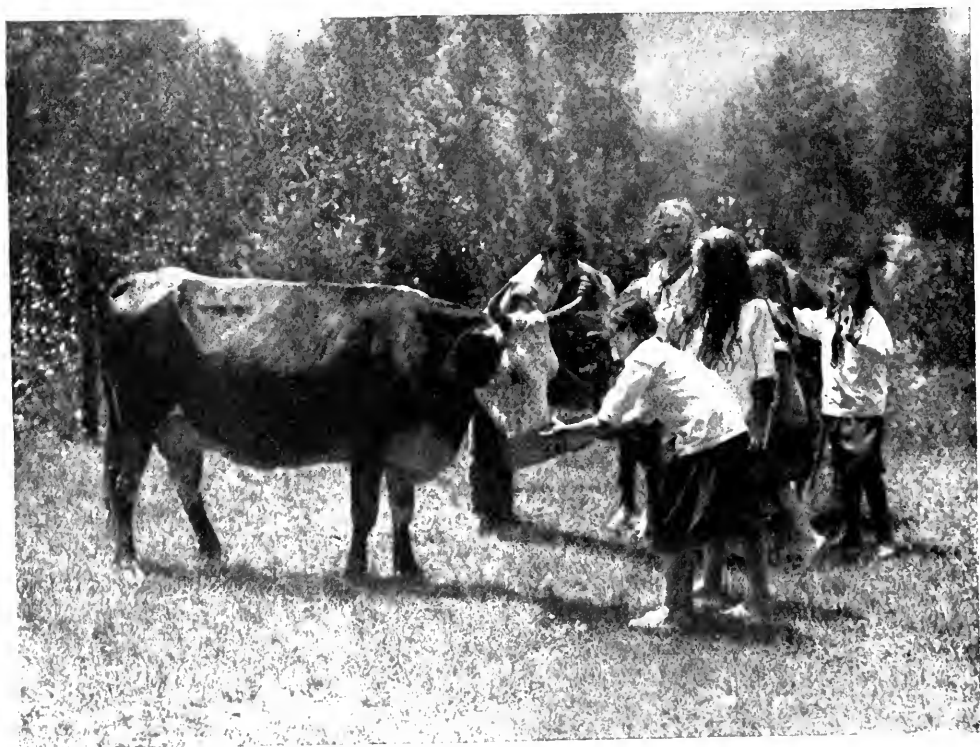
Off for a mountain ride



A frolic



Coming from the hay-field



Getting acquainted with the cows



• Off for a ride



Around the camp-fire

mean a night spent under the open sky. Preparations are made the night before, as they start early in the morning. With ponchos slung over their shoulders and canteens and knapsacks filled with suitable provisions hung at their side, they grasp their Alpine stocks and start off at a brisk pace. The trail through the woods is often hard to climb, but with frequent stops by the roadside to rest or to hunt for wild flowers, the time is only too short until they come out into the clearing on the crest of the mountain, and build the camp-fire over which their supper is to be cooked. Spending the night out of doors, rolled in a blanket, sleeping under the stars, is an experience that is seldom forgotten.

Frequently a canoe trip is planned. The canoes are assembled, packed with provisions and blankets, the expert paddlers embark, and the fleet is swiftly lost to sight up the stream. As darkness comes on, the canoes are dragged upon a sandy beach, a fire is kindled, and, after cooking and eating supper, the campers roll themselves up in their blankets.

Canoeing is one of the sports in almost all camps. The boys and girls are taught to handle the paddle and balance the canoe; but before they are allowed to go out on the water, every paddler must pass the swimming test.

Manual training is often taken up and the workers become ambitious to try their skill in fashioning artistic products for the exhibitions held at the end of the season. Instruction in woodwork, carving, and carpentry, metal working, jewelry, and many other branches is given on the open verandas or in the regular workshops fitted up under the trees.

"First Aid to the Injured" is an important part of the instruction in camp-life. The campers are taught how to treat cuts, burns, and sprains, how to make a litter and carry a wounded person, so as to save jarring him. All these things are valuable in after-life and are entered into with an eager interest that makes them permanent knowledge.

The Camp-Fire Girls' movement has

been introduced into many of the girls' camps. They wear the regulation costume, and are instructed in the different forms of the order, learning a great many beneficial things. They are taught to build fires, distinguish trails, paddle a canoe, swim, ride, and accomplish many feats of the forest and stream.

There is no better place for nature study than in the woods, and the daily object-lessons are more valuable than years of study from books. The younger boys particularly are interested in the nature study through Indian life. As they learn to blaze and follow trails, they are shown how to observe the wild life of the forest. Soon they become familiar with the notes and colorings and habits of different birds; with the names and haunts of woodland flowers; from bark and leaf they learn to recognize the trees and shrubs; signs of the weather become easy to read. On their return from such expeditions, they learn to describe and to discuss intelligently the things they have seen.

For those musically inclined there is generally a glee or mandolin club formed, so they can strum and practise songs about the piano or the big open fireplace on cool evenings. Song after song rings out over the still country-side, mingling with the laughter of others who are dancing all the latest steps to the musical accompaniment.

It is these good times, intermixed with healthy training, that do much to add to the value as well as the popularity of the summer camp. There is no doubt that it has proved an important influence for good in the formation of young people's lives. Many a selfish and spoiled child has learned here his first lesson in self-control and consideration for others; the companionship accomplishes what parents are often unable to do. Many a weakling has become strong through the careful attention that has been given to his physical condition. Children who were on the point of a nervous breakdown have returned home glowing with health, strong in muscle, and with a knowledge more valuable than that obtained from books.



Portrait of Katharine Harris Barrymore

From a painting by James Montgomery Flagg



“And like some villainous jack-in-box . . . there emerged the  
bloody head of Bishop Jehan de la Balue”

Drawing by  
Arthur E. Becher





# The Ninety Black Boxes of Bishop Balue

An Anjou Night's Entertainment, with Master François Villon, Knight of Loges and Knight-Errant

By GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

Author of "The Oublette," "The Higher Law," etc.

Illustration by Arthur E. Becher

THE orange-trees were golden-green, their fruit bright gilded balls. Spring sunshine fluted the red and yellow flagstones of the loggia with bars of black and gold. It shimmered on crystal cups and silver flagons. It danced on the tips of the jeweled sword-hilts of King René's seigniors, found the gems on the long, white fingers of his troubadours, blazoned bright the golden lilies on the banner of white samite hung behind the lofty seat from which the king had risen.

Master François Villon thought he had never seen the world more beautiful than on this invitation to quit it; for the young knight Ferrand de Breuil had also risen, and had hurled his embroidered gauntlet at Master Villon's feet.

Villon had not come to Blois under that name, but with all the pomp that was the Sieur des Loges's right. For was he not a knight by the hand of Louis the king, and privately engaged upon the public business?

This same business had required him to discover whether or not King René was trafficking with Burgundy and England, as Jehan de la Balue, Bishop of Angers, would have Louis believe.

Uncrowned King of Sicily and Naples, unhappy Duke of Anjou and Lorraine, undesired Count of Piedmont, and unheeded ruler of all his domains save only

his beloved Provence, King René was yet as wise a man as any even in those Renaissance days; for in his sunny Southern principality, he strove to restore to art and letters some semblance of the regard in which the ancients had held them. And to do this in a principality, he had given up kingdoms and duchies; had forfeited with them all save nominal power. Hence he was forced to yield both France and Burgundy fair promises, else one or the other would despoil his one remaining province.

But his promises to France were fair in more than words; to Burgundy they were but tact, as Villon had discovered since tarrying at Blois. Being himself sufficiently acquainted with larceny, Villon had long known Jehan de la Balue for what he was. But so utterly did the bishop have King Louis's trust, that he exercised almost royal authority in unhappy Anjou.

Now having determined that Balue had lied about King René's falseness, the poet had striven eagerly to make good the excuse that had brought him to the king's court. Annually upon his journeys north into Anjou, René assembled many noble nightingales and humbler, though sweeter-singing, thrushes—rhymers, minstrels, and troubadours. A famous lot; but Villon had outsung them all.

Half an hour before the gauntlet of her liege lord was hurled at Villon's feet, Anise de Breuil had discarded him for Villon, and she a bride. Knowing that every morsel choked her apoplectic spouse, she had fed Villon sweetmeats from her comfit-box. Now that she and the other women were gone, Breuil had found another excuse—a very little one—to hurl challenges at the offending poet's head, that glove at his feet.

"*Beau Sire*, my lords," he cried hotly to the assembled company, "this stranger has only now affronted me most grossly. Therefore, if he be true knight, he knows his reck. Bating which, he is coward and recreant. Give his gilt spurs to the first clown, his banderole to the first bawd. There lies my game."

The kindly old king turned a troubled look toward Villon, who met his gaze unflinchingly, though secretly he was all dismay. To accept the challenge meant to don some few hundredweight of coat and hose and helmet, all of iron; steel shirt and gauntlet besides. Also to keep a firm seat on a horse, poising the while another half-hundredweight of young ash-tree known as a lance.

And Villon knew that even if skilled hands hoisted him to the saddle thus accoutred, it needed only a brisk canter to tumble him tailward, with all the clash and clatter of a tinsmith's stumbling donkey.

"The knight of Loges seems at a loss," mocked Ferrand de Breuil. "Otho, convey my gauntlet to his lordship."

But Villon was before the esquire; and before any could interfere, he whipped his own embroidered glove across Breuil's face.

"Body of God!"

Roaring, and foaming at the mouth, Breuil had torn sword from scabbard; but immediately his dexter arm was pinioned by Hericault, while another, Stephen, the Taster, twisted the wrist upward and plucked the blade away.

"My Lord Count, King René, sire," gurgled Breuil.

"Oh, fie!" said Triboulet, the dwarf,

and leaping down from the table, imitated the knight's offended majesty of mien, striking himself severely on the chest, and drawing his tiny sword.

But King René did not laugh.

"Breuil," he said and mighty sternly, too, "you have shown naked steel in the presence of your liege, and forced a quarrel on a gallant knight and accomplished poet. I grieve that you are liegeman of mine. But what is done is done—"

He nodded to Hericault. Others arose to assist in arranging the usual details following a challenge. Villon's dissent went unheard in the babble of voices that arose.

"No, *beau Sire*," quoth he again and in a louder tone. "Who is this man that I should endanger my life for him?" A murmuring arose, amazed, incredulous. "What, must I meet in mortal combat every donkey whose fair one would have him jealous and makes of me her stalking-horse? Should I not rather assist such thick wits to those fields where thistles grow the thickest?"

He flicked his gold-mounted willow wand with a certain significance.

Young Breuil's eyes were those of a madman as he sprang at Villon.

"Back, moon-calf," said the poet, coldly, "or I lay this riding-switch across your shoulders. My Lord Duke and Sire, protection ere I break a solemn vow." Villon paused the better to heighten the effect; then, his voice low, told of an imaginary imbroglio.

"Two years ago," quoth he, "I slew Philippe de Charmoy. And his bride, who was with child, the last of Charmoy's line. And I swore to atone for these three by saving other lives in sore scathe. Some knightly deed that will preserve, not drive forth, God's greatest boon."

King René's eyes lighted, and Villon flicked a finger at Ferrand de Breuil. He, swaying with rage that now was only impotence, sat, hiding his face within his palms. Such a silence fell that hands outstretched for goblets remained unclasped about their crystal stems.

"On your head be it, Sir Knight," said René suddenly, and into his kind old



eyes came a look that caused Master Francis suddenly to shiver. "But if you would redeem your vow I know the way."

For the moment the poet stared at the king in shocked surprise; then he cursed his ready wit and fatal fluency. In his artist's way he had again overdone his excuse. It had been such an authentic and moving bit of drama, that it had not only convinced, but had stirred a sympathetic desire to assist in salving an uneasy soul. Mute with helpless fury, Villon was yet sufficiently the artist to simulate a sort of mechanical rapture.

And now the kingly eyes were sparkling.

"These modernists who claim that romance is dead! Not even a knight of Arthur's court went forth to free more dolorous captives. Not even from dragons and enchanters! No giant was ever more parlous than Jehan de la Balue, Bishop of Angers, no enchanter more wicked. And since Breuil's quarrel has brought it about, he shall share your glorious quest."

"Nay, my liege, not if it be to pit us against him of Angers," cried Breuil, shrilly, his rage forgotten in the fear that froze his vitals. "'T is only to doom us to a like living death. The king has given all Anjou into his hands. Recall your rede."

The terror on his face was mirrored on others. And Ferrand de Breuil brave almost to foolhardiness! Villon felt a certain chilliness attack his spine.

"You who would risk two lives so joyously in a game of pointed steel and painted lances, go to! You shall, or else *you* are the recreant you dubbed *him*, and your sword and shield shall be split in twain and dragged about the town by the common hangman's cart, a shame for all true men to see. And you shall be a stench in men's nostrils. That is my rede."

This time Ferrand de Breuil had good reason to hold his head. A shuddering convulsed him. He turned away his face, and clutched at it with shaking, white fingers.

King René's chin rested on his clenched fist.

"There, I do not blame you. Ah, God, that men made in His image should so despitely use and persecute one another!"

"I will not go," cried Ferrand de Breuil. "I will not go, my liege. Call me coward and recreant if you will, but not until you find another who will do what I refuse."

"I will," said Master Francis Villon.

## II

JEHAN DE LA BALUE, Bishop of Angers, had a secret sin so terrible that those seven called deadly seemed but venial in its company. It was an ungovernable cruelty. Sent to far Cathay at an early age to convert "the heathen," he saw cruelty exalted into a spectacle of state, grave scholars debating the most delectable disposition of the law's victims, and great mandarins rejoicing in preliminary experiments to decide for how long each prisoner might endure the "grand torture" of the public ceremonies.

Having tasted blood, this most Christian emissary gave way as drunkards do, and at public tortures young Father Balue laughed at the writhing of those poor wretches who must pay with an hour of agony for the blessed privilege of death—laughed and lusted.

Back in Christendom, he had therefore sought office as an Inquisitor, but was adjudged ineligible because of his youth. So he must satisfy his sin in secret until he won the temporal power that would cloak it with the semblance of authority.

Behold him, then, having accomplished this, thin and purple of lips; a hawk's beak for nose; eyes that lurked deep within the caverns of his mitred skull; and plump fingers fastened about a piece of the episcopal plate, a silver cup meant for the sacrament, but sacrosanct no longer, while he sat convulsed with silent laughter at François Villon's sprightly tale-telling. Had he known it concerned his guest's own misfortune, he might not have lent so merry an ear; for of all the

strong emotions that had mastered Francis during the score and three quarter years of his span, none equaled his hatred for Jacques Aussigny, another bishop, him of Orleans, clept Jovial Jock by the profane. This Aussigny had once prisoned the poet where daylight never penetrated.

The point of the jest was that at high tide the river gurgled in and climbed to the prisoner's vitals. After hard labor, Villon had chipped him a foothold in the solid rock of the dungeon. This had so delighted the Bishop of Orleans that every day he brought a long pole, and driving the wind suddenly out of Master Villon, plunged him over backward, to come up kicking and bubbling. The gentle japer's laughter had rung out loudly from the trap-door above; but no more loudly than that of his brother of Angers now rang from the carved chair on the opposite side of the table.

The Orleans experience was one that Villon would fain not have recalled had he known of any nearly so well suited to his purpose, and to tell of it as a joyous jest required more mumming than he had in ordinary. But over the bishop's wine and walnuts there had been discussion of a mort of subjects, though none of prisons and prisoners, and this tale would featly bridge the moat betwixt the roaring jests of the Decameron and those dark and dismal dungeon-cells below.

Villon stretched his limbs negligently and yawned.

"The which reminds me of my errand here," he said.

He tossed upon the table a key to the innermost recesses of the Hôtel Angers—a ring curiously shaped. Its carved jewel flew back at the bishop's touch, and revealed the royal arms beneath, a duplicate of Louis's privy seal.

The poet had been unable to resist the moment offered him when Ferrand de Breuil refused to accept René's rede, but he had been none so rash as his dramatic acceptance of cue and situation had seemed. Had he been Ferrand de Breuil, he would have merited all awe and admiration, for Ferrand could have done no

more than send his challenge to the bishop; whereat the bishop's champion, the sinister Sir Ranulph of St. John, would have slain him, or had him borne in, wounded, and consigned to that living grave where were the majority of all those still alive who had matched themselves against the great Balue.

But he was a very small Balue, very meek and humble, in the matter of his master's will. For eager obedience, Louis had none to match him.

He raised that monarch's signet to his lips and made a deep obeisance.

"What you will, Sir Knight," he said, folding fat, white hands. All authority in Angers had passed from him to this stranger.

Villon nodded graciously, as one accustomed to superseding princes of the church.

"It concerns certain prisoners in your lordship's cells," he said.

The ecclesiastic had been expecting this; but, even so, could not restrain an increase of his pallor.

"Pestilential rogues, the very worst in France," he croaked hoarsely. "Traitors, every one; Burgundian agents, English spies."

His fat, white fingers, trembling with excitement, curled like claws.

"Treason is a foul brew, and silver cups and golden bowls are not for such. No receptacle is too filthy, say I, say you, and says he, our seignior," said Master Francis Villon, reassuringly. The poet knew that if within the bishop's bosom no sigh was heaved, it had a counterpart within the bishop's brain. Villon did not doubt but Balue existed in ever-present fear that some proof of the needlessness of his infamous cruelty would reach the royal ears, to his entire undoing. "But King Louis has had word of a certain notorious rogue, my lord, one Francis Villon, called the poet, a *coquillard*, a macer, and a spy. This Villon has certain privy information that our liege desires to share. I have here the wherewithal to reward him for it." He tapped a well-filled pouch. "But now it seems

that I shall save the state the cash, for I have tracked this Villon to your grace's door. In short,"—he tapped a downward-pointing finger on the oaken table,—"I think your grace will not refuse to set the knave at liberty should his information warrant it?"

Villon could have sworn a scowl had creased the bishop's brows. The thought of freeing even so unimportant a victim aroused an emotion so strong that it mastered him, willy-nilly.

"Verily," thought the poet, "this venture is more perilous than I had thought. I have heard of men who find in the infliction of pain the ecstasies that others discover in debauchery; but I had not believed it."

The bishop arose, master of himself.

"Whatever his Majesty wills," he said smoothly, and led the way to the palace prison-cells.

In a low, vaulted room shaped like a coffin, and ranged in long rows, with alleys between, stood the black teak cages of the bishop's prisoners, ninety in number. From each a human head protruded.

The poet had been prepared for horrors; but when the iron door of this dungeon had swung open, when there were added to the echoes of its shrill squeak and hollow boom such sounds as seemed to come from hell's bottomless pit, all courage fled him. Cold sweat trickled into his eyes; a shrill scream was frozen in his throat.

"Here are the filthy knaves."

The sound of Balue's hateful voice thawed the frozen spell, and Villon was again the perilous plotter. He waved toward the halberdier indolently.

"His Majesty has no mind that any save yourself shall know of this gutter-poet's chicanery," he said, and bade the soldier wait without, closing the heavy door behind him.

"Now, pray you find this fellow for me," he added. "I misdoubt he will answer to his name; but if your lordship will cry out the descriptions and crimes of your rascals, I shall soon have *mine*."

He was watching the bishop under

half-closed lids. John Balue had turned away lest red lust show in his eyes. Now he must be content with thrusting the flaming torch into their faces, the pretext of close examination serving, and the smell of singed flesh was added to the other unwholesome odors of the dungeon.

The wails and groans that followed were sweeter to Balue than the singing of some celestial choir. In his venomous hatred it was hard to speak in calm, judicial tones.

"Saladin, the Palliard, Egyptian, spy of Gaston, Count of Foix." A feeble denial went unheard; Balue had raised his voice to drown it.

"Pepin, the Jongleur, who slew the Bailiff of Arondé, stout rogue and rebel." The wizen little wretch mumbled that Heaven was his witness he had but protected his wife from a drunken scoundrel.

"A foreign rogue calling himself Madi-gan; mumper, malevolent mischief-maker, preacher of Hussite heresy."

The bishop's voice could not drown this protester. Loud and clear, echo-awakening, the Hibernian called upon the Lord of Hosts to send down fire from heaven.

"Here is a Paris rascal," the bishop hastily proclaimed. "Fouly did he appropriate into his rascal self two episcopal rabbits and gave them lewd burial in his intemperate belly."

"Oh, good Sir Bishop," said the cony-catcher, weakly, "God knows I thought the rabbits wild. And I was sore a-hungred from a long day's journey."

"Peace, knave!" said the bishop. "He is a spy, besides, Messire Agent. Papers were found upon him from Philip le Bon, that foul badger of Burgundy. Be still!" the bishop thundered ere the amazed man could deny. But in him Villon had found one who would serve his purpose. He put a hand upon the bishop's arm and drew him back toward the door.

"This is he I seek," he said abruptly. "He is indeed a most excellent dissimul-ator, this Villon. Those were the very papers with which he cozened the Lord Constable of Plessis. I beg you remain

apart to give him confidence in me. Of all the insects that infest France, this Francis has the longest nose, the sharpest sting."

The bishop's eyes were luminous in the semi-darkness.

"I know not how he may be set free," he said sullenly, harking back to Villon's hint that the information might be sought in vain unless paid for with freedom; "there are no keys to these locks."

"Mayhap there will be no need," Villon returned softly. "If the fellow tells me all I wish to know, where is the excuse for freeing a traitor? That is, if your Reverence will absolve me." Villon winked.

Balue, ceasing to glower, grasped his hand. Here was a man of parts, one of his own kidney, one who should go high.

"Is it Dickon Dufrenoy you seek, good Messire Agent?" piped the poacher in his weak voice. "Has the good duke sent his faithful servant aid?"

"I know that voice well enough," thought Villon. "The worst duck-thief Paris moat ever knew." He groped his way to the fellow, muttering a mort of imprecations. "So, fellow, you have cozened this kind churchman merely into caging you, have you, blackbird? Oh, base and notorious Villon! Illest of all the rats of Paris, what new mischief are you hatching here?"

He checked the other's flood of protests with a hand laid gently on the man's head, and began softly to chant his own "Counsel to All Flash Coves":<sup>1</sup>

"Fiddle and fence and mace and mack,  
And Moskoneer and flash the drag,  
Rattle the tats and mark the spot,  
Dead lurk a crib and chuck a fag—  
You cannot bank a single stag—  
Booze and the blowens cop the lot!"

"A gentry cove!" gasped the other.

"You can say that, yet have never heard of François Villon! Another chaunter would leave you here to rot. O, Fame! Baggage! Hussy!" quoth our poet of the picklocks.

<sup>1</sup> A la Henley.

Two of such unlawful bits of hardware had flashed out, for all the reproach in his tones, the most notorious pair in all France. But never before had they rested within so famous or so richly embroidered a doublet.

"Talk, fool!" Villon whispered. "Say you will tell me nothing until I set you free. Say it loudly. I have need for noise, much noise. Forcing yonder lock is work for deaf jailers. *Peste!* how the accursed thing squeaks!"

The duck-thief seemed dumb-stricken by the squeaking aforesaid; Balue had stirred in his chair; Villon must prod his victim with a picklock.

"Ass!" he whispered fiercely. "You would end your days here, would you? And have me for a neighbor? This bishop believes me cozening you with proffered freedom. Answer accordingly. Hast forgot how to curse? Hast forgot the Court of Miracles?"

A torrent of oaths ensued. Under their cover the curiously curved steel prong in Villon's palm explored the inner machinery of the lock. Anon another such followed and brought about a leverage and a snapping, and the lock collapsed.

Only Colin de Cayeulx had been his master at this game, and when Colin had been haled off to be hanged, he had seen to it that the famous tools had been duly conveyed to Villon upon his release from the prison of Jovial Jock Aussigny. Master Francis, while playing spy for Louis, had found frequent use for them, so kept them always on his person.

Laughing softly, he assaulted the third lock, the second having gone the way of the first.

He had intended to leave Balue behind in one of his own boxes; trusting to the powers that had made him a poet to defend himself with the king when relating his exploit as a rare jest, first, however, arousing Louis's pity by giving him sight of some particular sufferer maimed for life. But that was before he had known that Balue's defense of his atrocious cruelty was the punishment of treason.

"One live traitor meaneth a hundred

peaceful husbandmen hanging to their own doorways, a hundred homes made desolate. No severity be too ruthless for such ill-begotten knaves." Thus Louis's favorite rede. Small wonder he had not distrained upon the bishop and his Chinese torture; and it behooved Villon to keep from him all knowledge of his own success in freeing such supposed spies. Louis, who had not spared his brother's life when the Duke of Berri's vanity threatened to plunge the country into bloody war, would hardly hesitate over an ungrateful poet.

It was very evident, then, that one life must be lost over this night's work, and that was why Villon had laughed softly. It was pleasant to have so good an excuse for making an end to such a monster as Balue. Meanwhile he worked fiercely, the prisoner railing at him with the words Villon himself first whispered.

A jingling on the stone floor suddenly caused each separate hair on the poet's head to tremble toward erectness; the third lock had snapped only when all his strength had gone into the leverage; some bits of brass had fallen wide of the outspread kerchief. The bishop, brooding by the door, started up from his stool; but, for all his fright, Villon's wits did not forsake him.

"Here are fifty golden angels, bethink you," he cried, seeming to repeat in rising tones some reasonable offer unreasonably refused. He chinked the coins musically. "Say no!" he whispered.

"No!" the prisoner shouted, while Villon tried the prison lid. It yielded. "I want none of your money; it is freedom or nothing," he prompted. The man ripped out the rejection, garnished with divers oaths, meanwhile inclining his ear.

"You are free, Master Dickon," said Villon, though in the same breath bidding the man continue steadily to swear. "When I whistle, rise up and help me if your cramped limbs permit." But he knew, were they palsied, the man's hatred would give him strength to wriggle along upon his belly if he might aid in hurting John Balue.

"A pox on such pestilential vermin!" said Villon, turning away, and with his long, swinging stride stamping angrily toward the vermin-catcher at the door. "He will have neither my purse nor my promises, Monseigneur. Bitter the pill may be, but for the nonce there is nought to do save free him. Summon Jack Armorer, since there be no keys to fit these boxes." He swung open the heavy nail-studded door and beckoned in the bishop's halberdier. In that moment, with his heart fluttering like an escaping bird within his weasand,—Balue's darkling brows might mean that he suspected,—there was but one thing to do—to carry all before him with a high hand.

"Monseigneur, you delay his Majesty's business," he said shortly. "I must be on the Paris road to-night. Your worthy wine and worthier wit have made me dilatory enough. These be grave affairs of state to interrupt, my Lord."

Unnerved by so much restraint, John Balue was unable, at this fresh onset, to mask a most unmanly fright. Like one who has forged the very sword with which life is threatened, therefore knows its deadly keenness, the bishop lived in terror lest Louis's cold, malevolent hatred of trust-betrayers be some day turned against himself.

"Why had you not said so at first, mesire?" he stammered. "I had not thought you in haste. Get you speedily to Little Noel," he told the halberdier. "Bid him bring his tools. And, hark you! Hasten him here, and you shall have this for yourself." He had hurriedly fished up a golden coin. "Begone!"

Across the courtyard a straggling line of huts, half-shops half-houses, had been pushed up about the lofty palace like toadstools about a towering pine. On the oaken door of one of these, the halberdier beat lustily. A nightcapped head thrust forth from above; the soldier explained in a single breath. Feet in slippers, body in untrussed gear, and still nightcapped, the armorer came hurrying down; and two shadows flitted across blocks of moonlight and shade.

None interposed. It was late. A single sentinel paced the outer arches, another the stone gallery. Both knew better than to stay their master's bodyguard when upon expeditious business.

The armorer was a rotund man and never made for speed. But he did well enough until they came to the last steep flight. Here one foot was suddenly unshod by the slimy stones, and Little Noel went crashing down after a flying slipper, the fifty untied leather laces of his hose and jerkin standing out behind him like quills upon a porcupine. The halberdier caught up a flaming cresset from its scone and followed, picking up his companion's scattered tools. Little Noel himself, bouncing against the dungeon door at the foot of the stairs, burst it open and went rolling in.

"Here be the tools, my Lord," called the halberdier, shivering at so unseemly an entrance.

Yet when the door swung open for the second time, he was, mumchance, persuaded to approach that same dread presence sprawling, then to lie supine. A stout cord had been stretched a few inches above the floor. As he would have scrambled up, this cord was swiftly bound about his arms and fastened tight. When the first shock therefrom had passed, he saw soberly what seemed a drunkard's fantasy.

A gruesome gathering, alack! Of those whom Villon had released, all save Dickon, the duck-thief, were misshapen. Their closely confined condition had forced upward one man's shoulder until it was upon a level with his ear. Another's leg was shortened an inch. The arm of a third was withered; his hand hanging like a claw. A fourth was so completely bent that he stood as simians do, his finger-tips touching the ground. Well for all that John Balue had ruled in Angers only a year, else there would have been horrors of which none might tell.

"Bespeed you, armorer. Knock off the locks of yonder boxes. Quickly, or you take a place in one of them, like your princely master." The halberdier knew

the voice—that of the bishop's erstwhile companion.

Villon was seated upon the box that had been Dickon's; three of the misshapen men were groveling before him, kissing his hands.

"Remember you are men again," said Villon, shuddering, and drawing his hands away. "And, if any can, bestir yourselves! Assist yonder puff-ball of an armorer to free your friends." He made note of the stare of the bepuzzled halberdier. "Nay, good fellow. Your master is not slain—not yet. Prick the surly beast for me, Master Dickon. Bid him look out."

The earlier occupant of the box gritted his teeth. Taking up the halberdier's weapon, he thrust it through the hole,—the hole that for a fortnight had served him for air and light. Small wonder he twisted the steel point viciously.

"Out, badger. Out, ferret! Out, serpent!" he snarled; and like some villainous jack-in-box meant to affright children with its fearsomeness, there emerged the bloody head of Bishop Jehan de la Balue.

### III

MIDNIGHT had sped when Villon's army of scarecrows, armed with spades and mattocks, crowbars, clubs, and rusty weapons generally, crept out of the episcopal courtyard. It was too early for priests' orisons, too late for soldiers' orgies, and it had been simple enough to surprise the two sentinels.

Villon and Dickon acted as deployers, bringing down each man before he could make an outcry. As for sleepy Brother Anselm at the portcullis, awakened to let down the bridge, he had suspected nothing; for had not the bishop's own armorer said this service was for their lord? And then, the very knife that had compelled the armorer's complaisance was turned upon the porter, the rope of the tocsin-bell was cut, and the porter bound and gagged; as was Brother Ambrose, the wicket-porter beyond.

Thus the ragged army passed forth, bearing in its midst the bishop's box. And

while Angers slept, these tatterdemalions crept along the streets until they came to the Poitou gate, and there were halted by the deep tones of the guard. One hand held the lighted match of his arquebus, the other was upon the rope of the alarm-bell that would bring the sleeping soldiers buzzing about them like smoked-out hornets.

"Who may they be?" answered Villon, completely at his ease. "A party of Egyptians, as you see—Gipsies, Romanies, what you will; I have scoured your town to rid you of them—and with this authority." He flashed the king's signet under the soldier's nose, pressed the spring, and revealed the royal arms. "His Majesty has given orders that his cities shall be rid of all such vermin. But, by his celebrated clemency, they are permitted still to infest the open, whither I now conduct them. Way for the king's justice, fellow! Way, way!"

His sword flashed up in stern salute, his visage became suddenly forbidding. The guard, knowing that the signet's owner had a short way with those who questioned his royal authority, hurriedly executed his agent's behest, and the supposed Egyptians filed out of the town of Angers.

Beyond, swinging with the tide, a cog of great beam, used for the transport of war-horses and their weighty accoutrements, rocked lightly on the moonlit Loire; the very vessel that had brought Villon from Blois only yestereven. Its master seemed to be expecting something in the nature of a troop, for he had let down a triple plank. Over this the erstwhile prisoners swarmed. And then they hove up the anchor and set the great safron sail; and with the night breeze and the flowing tide to aid, the vessel's gilded prow rippled the river's shining waves.

But Master Francis Villon sat in the stern insensible to the night's beauties; he was regretting now that at the outset he had not permitted the infuriated Dickon to slay the imprisoned bishop.

Now, staring at the cage, Villon saw it was like to prove his own undoing. Al-

ready the sailors were gathering about a curious box from which a human head protruded. Once allow the bishop private word with one of them, and the reward he would promise would be equivalent to his instant release. And so it would be with a jailor put in charge. Moreover, he knew of no safe place of concealment.

The risk was much too great. Once free, his hatred heightened to the highest power, the bishop would soon be able to cry the poet quits. Villon would not only cease to serve the king, but haply would undergo a similar confinement for treason. He shuddered and got to his feet. He must end this matter now, before these gaping shipmen knew whom the curious box contained. Villon advanced amidships, the moonlight transmuting his naked blade to silver, to where lay the stoutly corded chest. The bishop's eyes rolled up to meet his enemy's until only the whites thereof could be seen. At the sight of the drawn sword and the poet's grim smile, the eyes stared forth starkly from their sockets, and in that ghostly light seemed turned to stone.

The shipmen gave way. The erstwhile prisoners staggered up from the decks and hobbled near, grinning. Villon thrust at Balue's writhing throat. With a cry, the bishop withdrew his head and the poet stood uncertainly, eying his sword. Suddenly he sheathed it.

"I cannot do it," he said in impotent anger—"to hack and stab at a defenseless man. Open the box!" But when Dickon would have unknotted the stout cords, Villon put him aside with an impatient oath and bore down upon the knots with his dudgeon dagger. The strands snapped. He threw the lid back, seized the bishop's scruff, hauled him over the edge as if he were a sack of coals, and hurled him sprawling to the deck.

"Back!" Villon warned the motley horde that would have rushed at the prostrate body. "Give him your blade, good Master Shipman. He shall have his chance. Come, John Balue!"

He was having some ado to hold the

bishop's victims back. The master shipman had drawn his sword and now he clasped it within Balue's nerveless fingers, having first raised him to his feet. But the bishop staggered, and the shipman's sword clattered to the deck. Once feeling the vessel's rail at his back, however, Balue's entire demeanor altered: his limbs straightened; his face was lit up by a most unholy triumph. Villon rushed at him. But the bishop was too quick.

"Until we meet in Paris, good fool!" he said, and with a mighty spring launched himself toward the Angers shore.

At Villon's maddened cries, the master shipman leaped to the tiller and brought the ship about. Dickon seized a shipman's crossbow and made ready a bolt; but when the swimmer's head came up, it was for so short a space that the weapon had hardly twanged before the head disappeared.

With wind and tide against her, the cog drifted toward the sandy shoals so far from the wily bishop's course that though a dozen bolts were discharged at him when next he reappeared, only Dickon's drove home, the others rippling the moonlit waters like mighty raindrops.

Balue leaped up, whimpering with pain, a clenched hand thrown high, then sank again; but such was his iron will that he went grimly on. They next saw him crawling out of the shallows like some wounded sea-monster, and heard his mad bellowing as he tugged at Dickon's arrow, which had bitten deep into his shoulder. But before another could be discharged, a fringe of hemlocks hid him from view.

"Bring the ship about," said Villon, wearily, "and make what speed you may,

good Master Shipman. We shall have need if he reach Angers before we pass the Anjou border-line."

THERE is no history of those times, no matter how humble, that does not chronicle Bishop Balue's betrayal of King Louis to Burgundy. Escaping from this only after the slaughter of many honest burghers of Liège and the destruction of most of that fair city, Louis had permitted the treacherous bishop for many months to believe himself unsuspected. Meanwhile the messenger despatched by Louis for Master François Villon had found that gentleman in Rome, and had handed over letters patent that made him Seigneur de Montcorbier, "as some slight manner of atonement for our unjust suspicions and our trusty servant's two years of exile," the accompanying missive had read in part.

Hurrying speedily back to Paris, the poet found his first task a demand from King Louis as to what punishment should be laid on the bishop.

Mindful of what he had seen, Master Francis had gladly suggested imprisonment in one of his own black boxes. "But, no," quoth Louis; "it is of no service to shut up so costly a bird in a box. He should have a more fitting and public dwelling, where all may behold his antics."

Therefore it came about that soon after that the outside of the castle of Onzain was ornamented with a huge iron cage, wherein for half a score and one years the bishop hung, a boon to the jovial spirits of the community, who were wont to set aside over-ripe fruit and eggs for careful marksmanship on Sabbaths and holy days.







Peasant women spinning at the potato market

## Bulgaria's Dream of Empire

By T. LOTHROP STODDARD

IN current discussions as to the attitude of neutral powers to the European War, Bulgaria generally plays a minor part. We hear a great deal about Italy and Rumania and much concerning Greece, but Bulgaria is usually put quite in the background. The main reason for this seems to be the prevailing idea that Bulgaria was "crushed" in the Second Balkan War—so crushed as henceforth to be disregarded as a relatively negligible quantity. However, as a matter of fact, this "crushing" of Bulgaria was one of the cleverest hoaxes ever perpetrated upon an unsuspecting world, and Bulgaria to-day holds the key to the eastern European situation. Such being the case, it would seem of vital importance to ascertain the true condition of things, and to

deduce therefrom Bulgaria's probable course of action.

First, as to the Second Balkan War. As soon as it broke out, Bulgaria, by her mere geographical situation, was at once cut off from the outside world. Her enemies controlled the wires, and forthwith proceeded to give the world that story of the struggle which has ever since remained the accepted version. This story ran briefly as follows: the Bulgarians made a sudden attack upon the unsuspecting Servian and Greek troops, but were ignominiously routed, and the phantom of Bulgarian invincibility having thus been dissipated, first Rumania and then Turkey flung themselves upon the tempting prey. At the Peace of Bucharest Bulgaria emerged discredited, ruined.

Such is the accepted version. Now let us examine the facts. A few weeks before General Savoff's famous "surprise attack" upon the Servian lines on June 29, 1913, the Bulgarian army had begun a secret concentration toward Macedonia. This movement was in full swing when the Czar of Russia sent his mediation telegram. Not daring to flout Russia by an immediate attack, Ferdinand of Bulgaria halted military operations for a considerable time, and, when resumed, these operations were rather political than strategic in character, Ferdinand's aim apparently having been to seize the disputed territories and then resume negotiations with all the trumps in his hand. However, by this time Serbia and Greece had learned what was up, and had begun counter-preparations. When Savoff finally made his attack,—on necessarily unsound strategic lines,—the Servians repulsed him, while the Greeks fell upon the weak Bulgarian garrisons of the south and drove them from the Ægean coastlands. Then something very extraordinary took place. Despite a vicious preliminary concentration and serious initial reverses, the Bulgarians reformed on sound strategic lines and soon quite reversed the situation. Checking the Servian counter-attack, the Bulgarians broke through the Servian lines farther to the north and struck savagely for Nish, the key to the Servian lines of communication, on which hung the very life of the Servian armies in Macedonia. Farther south the Bulgarians were in even better case. A Greek army 50,000 strong was trapped in the rugged defiles of the Struma and appeared doomed to certain destruction.

It was at this moment, when Bulgaria seemed to have both Greece and Serbia strategically beaten, that the blow from behind fell. Furious at Bulgaria's defiance and determined to save her Servian protégés, Russia incited Rumania to fall upon the Bulgarian rear, and Rumanian armies were soon sweeping over the Bulgarian plains, entirely denuded of troops. Terrible as was this sudden blow to their

high hopes, however, both Ferdinand and his people recognized that the game was up. No vain struggle against hopeless odds was attempted, and Bulgaria stoically took her bitter medicine at the Peace of Bucharest. As Ferdinand announced in his proclamation to the army, "Exhausted, but not vanquished, we have had to furl our glorious standards in order to wait for better days."

This is not bombast; it is a plain statement of fact. Diplomatically speaking, there had been a collapse; militarily, there had not been even a disaster. From the crisis the Bulgarian army emerged intact, with unbroken spirit and in possession of its artillery and other material of war. In other words, Bulgaria had not been "crushed," and was quite capable of again "unfurling her standards" on the advent of "better days."

That Bulgaria would try to tear up the Treaty of Bucharest as soon as she possibly could, all the world knows and has known from the first. The Bulgarians themselves, from Ferdinand down to the humblest of his subjects, have made no secret of their intentions. The Treaty of Bucharest means far more than the lost territories and populations of the statistical tables; it lays down principles which cut at the deepest well-springs of the Bulgarian race soul, and to overthrow these fatal principles the Bulgarian people is willing to risk its very existence. The reason for this attitude is revealed by an analysis of Bulgaria's past and of her future aspirations.

Modern Bulgaria is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of human history. Less than forty years ago the Bulgarians were wretched serfs, exploited to the limit of human endurance and triply enslaved—slaves of Turkish militarism, Greek ecclesiasticism, and Russian Pan-slavism. The Russo-Turkish War of 1877 broke the Turkish yoke, and though the Berlin Congress handed back the Macedonian Bulgars to Ottoman rule, the bulk of the race was definitely freed from Turkish dominion. Nevertheless, the Bulgarians were as yet by no means

masters in their own house. At the time of the Turkish conquest, five centuries before, the Bulgarians had fallen under the spiritual domination of the Greek Patriarchs of Constantinople, and since the patriarchate was as zealous for Greek nationalism as it was for Christian propaganda, it made every possible effort to Hellenize the Bulgarians by implanting the Greek language and Greek ideas. All the higher ecclesiastics in Bulgaria were either Greeks or Hellenized Slavs, to whom everything Bulgarian was a menace to civilization—that is, Hellenism. Any one who knows what a vital part religion plays in all eastern European national questions can appreciate the necessity for a truly Bulgarian church in any Bulgarian national revival. This was finally accomplished by the creation of the Bulgarian exarchate, which gave the Bulgarian race a national clergy from top to bottom. True, the Greek Patriarch was obdurate, and promptly excommunicated the new exarch and all his adherents; but this merely added the fury of religious schism to the fires of race hatred. In Macedonia, where the two stocks were inextricably intermingled, chronic warfare began, the Bulgar-feeling population seceding to the exarchate, the Greeks and Hellenized Slavs cleaving to the Patriarch of Constantinople. In Bulgaria proper, however, the victory was decisive, and save for a few Greek town colonies, Hellenism was quickly eradicated.

During this same epoch the Bulgarians were freeing themselves from the third obstacle to their national development—Russian Pan Slavism. No one should minimize that generous enthusiasm of the Russian people for the liberation of the "Little Brothers of the South" which fired the Russian armies with crusading fervor in the Russo-Turkish War. The Russian Government, however, looked at things from a far less idealistic point of view. Not dreaming that these down-trodden peasants could, after five centuries of combined Turkish and Hellenic domination, possess an intense national

consciousness, official Russia saw in the Bulgarians only an amorphous Slav mass easily moldable into "neo-Russians," faithful marchmen of the empire, much as the Cossacks had once been. It was for this reason that Russia mapped out the "Big Bulgaria" of the Peace of San Stephano, and it was for this same reason that England never rested until she had broken "Big Bulgaria" to pieces at the Congress of Berlin.

The Bulgarians soon showed the world the fallacy of the neo-Russian idea, based as this was upon utter ignorance of both their historic past and their ethnic composition. During the Middle Ages the Bulgarians had cut a prominent figure on the Balkan stage, building up a powerful empire that threatened even Greek Constantinople. Of course this was long ago, and it is not surprising that a world which had almost forgotten the Byzantine Empire should have entirely forgotten the Bulgarian one. Nevertheless, in the retentive minds of the Bulgarian peasants the memories of their old tzars lived fresh and green, and when the hour of liberation struck, the glories of the medieval Bulgarian Empire were trumpeted forth over the land, rousing the folk like a clarion-call to a great destiny.

This was much, but there was more behind. The Bulgarians are normally classed as Slavs. So they are—partly. Yet the world too often forgets that the primitive Bulgarians were not Slavs at all, but an Asiatic people of Turanian stock who in the seventh century burst upon the primitive Slavs recently migrated south of the Danube, and settled down as masters. Less numerous than their subjects, the conquerors were soon absorbed, losing their speech and peculiar identity. Nevertheless, the blood was a potent one, for these Turanian Bulgars left behind far more than their name: they stamped upon the new folk traits which set it distinctly apart in the category of Slav peoples. A moment's analysis will clearly prove this. Your typical Slav, whether he dwell on the Russian

plains or the Servian hills, is an idealist, prone to lose sight of hard facts in day-dreams. Capable of great accomplishment when under the stimuli of his enthusiasms, in ordinary times the Slav is an easy-going, improvident, open-handed person, essentially likable, but lacking that practical characteristic, efficiency. How different the Bulgarian! Restrained, sober, dour; with occasional outbursts of passion, but usually taking even his pleasures sadly; intensely practical and hard-headed; without a trace of mysticism; frugal to the point of avarice; so solicitous about the future that this frequently becomes an obsession; above all, possessed of a dogged, plodding, almost ferocious energy translating itself normally into unremitting labor—such is the folk. "The Bulgar on his ox-cart," says the national proverb, "pursues the hare, and overtakes it."

With such basic facts it is not strange that the neo-Russian dream soon ended in a rough awakening. Those Russian officers sent to mold the infant state according to Muscovite plans suddenly saw arise from this land, still smoking from the torches of bashi-bazouks and the fire of pitched battles, a nation aware of itself, jealous of its rights, grimly resolved upon its future. Russian bullying merely roused fierce resentment. These half-articulate peasants promptly produced a leader, Stambuloff, who roundly defied Russia and, turning to the Muscovite's arch-rival, Austria, took for Bulgaria's sovereign that Ferdinand who still sits upon the throne. Russia learned once and for all that the "Little Brothers of the South" cared not a fig for Panslavism except in so far as it smoothed their path of destiny.

And that destiny? It was, first, the reunion of the whole Bulgarian race from the Black Sea to the Albanian mountains, and from the Danube to the Ægean. Then, strong in its dominant central position, this "Big Bulgaria" would force the other Balkan peoples to acknowledge its hegemony. Finally, a united Balkan Christendom would expel the Turk from

Europe, and a new Bulgarian Empire seat itself at Constantinople, always significantly known to Bulgarians as "Tzarigrad," the "City of the Tzars." Grandiose almost to absurdity appeared this ideal of the devastated little peasant state created by the Congress of Berlin. But, if Bulgaria's dreams were great, her waking hours were long, and all were given up to strenuous endeavor and rigid self-denial. These high hopes became part of the national consciousness. They braced every Bulgar to gigantic efforts. Before long a whole series of startling successes showed this folk to be possessed of a somber power and reckless courage which undoubtedly made the goal seem less impracticable.

The Berlin Congress had split the race into three parts: Bulgaria proper, Eastern Rumelia, and Macedonia. The first, save for a shadowy vassalage to the sultan, was independent; the second was an autonomous Ottoman dependency; the third was under absolute Turkish rule. In 1885, Bulgaria took advantage of a favorable moment to seize Eastern Rumelia. Serbia, already alarmed at her rising neighbor, interfered, but was promptly beaten by the raw Bulgarian army, which here earned its reputation. At one blow Bulgaria had become the largest and most powerful of all the Christian Balkan States. But there was no resting upon her laurels. The whole energy of the nation was thrown into fresh preparations. At home production was increased, railways were built, an army was created, which, for its size, was the most formidable in the world. Abroad the Macedonian Bulgars were lavishly supported against their Greek and Turkish enemies, while Ferdinand's clever diplomacy coquetted alternately with rival Austria and Russia and extracted favors from both. The Young-Turk Revolution of 1908 gave Ferdinand the chance to renounce his shadowy vassalage to the sultan and declare Bulgaria's independence. His assumption of the proud title of tzar went much further: it proclaimed to the entire world Bulgaria's will to empire.

The Young-Turk political bankruptcy and the Italian stroke at Tripoli sounded Bulgaria's hour. Early in 1912 she formed the "Balkan League," and before the year was out the spoils of European Turkey lay at the leaguers' feet. Then came the quarrel, the Second Balkan War, and the Peace of Bucharest.

This peace is, as we have already seen, utterly intolerable to Bulgaria from every point of view. Its salient features are of course the condemnation of Bulgarian Macedonia—the "irreducible minimum" of Bulgaria's whole national evolution—to ruthless Greek and Servian rule, and the growth of these rivals to territorial equality in place of their marked inferiority previous to the Balkan wars. But it is the dicta laid down in this treaty that are most intolerable to Bulgaria. These dicta are the principle of Balkan equilibrium and the assertion of Rumania's right to a voice in the settlement of all Balkan questions. At first sight these pronouncements do not look very formidable, but a closer view shows that they are absolutely fatal not only to Bulgaria's dream of empire, but even to her hopes of ever reuniting the Macedonian brethren. "Balkan equilibrium" means in practice that when one Balkan State gains, all the others must gain too. This cuts like a scythe, mowing down any head rising above the dead level of Balkan equality. Obviously there is here no place for hegemony, no room for the mighty tzardom of Bulgaria's dreams. Furthermore, now that Rumania claims the right to Balkan compensation, Bulgaria could purchase Macedonia only by cessions of more home provinces to her northern neighbor, since Rumania, by her geographical situation, can expand Balkanward only at Bulgaria's expense. In the light of all this it is easy to see that the Bulgarian people will risk anything rather than permanent submission to a status which robs them of the fruits of all their past sacrifices and which ruins every future hope.

Given this key to Bulgaria's policy, we can judge more accurately both her diplomatic manœuvres since the autumn of

1913 and her attitude toward the present and the immediate future. On the morrow of the Bucharest Treaty Bulgaria's prospects were not over bright. Her three despoilers, Rumania, Servia, and Greece, realized that the recent settlement would last only as long as Bulgaria feared to break it. Accordingly, community of interest led them into a close understanding which held their vengeful adversary as in an invisible net of steel. Ferdinand, it is true, tried a flirtation with Rumania; but the Bucharest statesmen knew that their recent action had roused in the breasts of the Bulgarian people a malevolent hatred of truly frightful intensity. Wherefore, however sincerely a cool-headed diplomat like Ferdinand might renounce the lost Silistrian province for Macedonian gains, Rumania's statesmen felt that if they abandoned Greece and Servia to Bulgarian vengeance, their own turn would soon come. Seeing the impossibility of moving Rumania, Ferdinand turned to the one other possible Balkan ally. Incongruous enough this ally at first sight appeared, it being none other than Turkey, not merely the hereditary foe, but the recent ravisher of Adrianople, Bulgaria's chief prize in the First Balkan War. Nevertheless, it was not Moslem Adrianople, but Bulgarian Macedonia, for which Bulgaria had fought that conflict, and since Turkey hated the Greeks as cordially as did the Bulgarians themselves, the alliance of the despoiled against the spoilers was soon constituted.

Whether Bulgaria would have joined Turkey in an attack on Greece if last year's Greco-Turkish crisis had ended in war is impossible to say. Bulgaria had even by that time accomplished marvels in army reorganization, but her new strategic railways are scarcely begun and cannot be completed under two years. The European War undoubtedly came too soon for Bulgaria, a fact having much to do with her present reserved attitude. Still, it is plain that in this titanic struggle, which may settle the Balkan status for generations to come, Bulgaria must be prepared to grasp her opportunity. The

question now remains, On which side does Bulgaria stand? This can be made clear by a brief survey of her relations with the warring great powers, which in practice means her relations with Russia and Austria.

Down to the Second Balkan War these relations, at least outwardly, had been a policy of balance, leaning first toward one and then toward the other, while extracting favors from both. However, beneath all this diplomatic coquetry there lay the enduring fact that Bulgaria's ultimate aims might be furthered by Austria, but could never be favored by Russia. Austria and Russia have long coveted the Balkan Peninsula. The reason why they have not fought over it till now is because up to a generation ago they thought it divisible between them. Russia's Balkan goal has always been Constantinople; Austria's, Saloniki. The famous "Interview of Reichstadt" preceding the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 was really a partition agreement by which Russia granted Austria Bosnia-Herzegovina, with further recognition of the whole western Balkan as her sphere of influence, while Austria gave Russia a free hand to the east.

The Berlin Congress, however, ended in an immense Russian disaster. A strong non-Slav state, "Latin" Rumania, barred Russia's march to Constantinople, and this barrier became unbreakable when Bulgaria, Russia's destined outpost, flouted her protector and displayed imperialistic aspirations of her own. On the other hand, Austria still remained in direct touch with Turkey, and only weak and anarchic Servia stood between Austria and Saloniki, her heart's desire. It is from this moment that the irreconcilable Austro-Russian feud begins. Realizing that her own Balkan dream was over, Russia determined that Austria's should never come to pass. Whence Russia's sudden interest in Servia, till then indifferently abandoned to Austria's tender mercies. This, however, merely added another link in the chain binding Bulgaria to Austria. We have already seen the necessary base for Bulgarian imperialism to be the

absorption of Macedonia, the dominating point of the Balkans. Now, the Macedonian Slavs are a much-disputed ethnic quantity, claimed by both Bulgars and Serbs for race brethren. As a matter of fact, they seem a mixture of both, and while most of them to-day appear to feel themselves Bulgarians, there can be little doubt that fifty years of either Bulgar or Serb rule, accompanied by wholesale expulsions of refractory elements such as are now taking place, would settle the question for good and all. Knowing this, as soon as Russia began to back the Serb rival, Bulgaria took alarm, and since Servia was the common enemy of both Bulgaria and Austria, community of interest drew the two still closer together.

For what was true of Macedonia was even truer as regards Bulgaria's ultimate aspirations. Now that Russia's path was blocked, Bulgaria substituted herself as residuary legatee to Constantinople. But Russia could never willingly see a great Bulgarian tzardom seated beside the Golden Horn, whereas Austria might witness such an eventuality with perfect equanimity, since Bulgaria could never defy her and Russia at the same time. Accordingly, an Austro-Bulgarian *entente* for the delimitation of spheres of influence, perhaps even for a territorial partition of the Balkans, was for years in the air. Even the "Balkan League" of 1912, with its high-sounding formula, "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples," was not the radical breach with the past which was generally supposed. We now know that there never was a genuine league; only a military coalition, with no thoroughgoing political agreements for the future. All the contracting parties had their diplomatic mental reservations, and certain significant evidence, particularly Austria's famous "Berchtold Proposal," made shortly before the First Balkan War, shows that the wily Ferdinand had a trump-card up his sleeve. Turkey's collapse in that conflict should not blind us to the fact that this was by no means an expected event. In case of defeat, Ferdinand had provided a really masterly



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Tzar Ferdinand of Bulgaria



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Monument to Tzar Alexandria in Sofia, Bulgaria



second string. Austria was to have intervened as mediator, insisting on an autonomous Macedonia and Albania. Under the conditions then existing, this would have meant a Macedonia under virtual Bulgarian tutelage, and Bulgaria in return would have seen to it that Austria got the free use of the commercial routes to Saloniki. Thus Austria and Bulgaria would have controlled the Balkans, with Russia checkmated, and Serbia so isolated and encircled that she would have had to give up politics and cultivate her material interests by entering Austria's economic sphere. Of course this scheme was immediately nullified by subsequent events; nevertheless, it throws an illuminating side-light on the closeness of Bulgaria's relations with Austria.

And these relations have undoubtedly become much closer since the Second Balkan War. Bulgaria knows that it was Russia who loosed Rumania upon her in that supreme hour, and outspoken hatred of Russia is wide-spread in Bulgaria today. Never was Pan Slavism at such a discount. "Call us Huns, Turks, Tatars, but not Slavs," exclaimed a prominent Bulgarian shortly after the Peace of Bucharest. The feud has lately been envenomed by tactless Russian press utterances since the outbreak of the European War threatening Bulgaria with nothing less than extinction if she fails the Slav cause in its hour of peril. "I have begotten thee: I will kill thee!" recently exclaimed that leading Russian organ "Novoye Vremya," quoting the phrase of the Tolstoyan hero. This is, however, scarcely the proper language to employ toward a dour, stubborn folk like the Bulgarians; it merely increases their fears of a future cramped between a victorious Russia seated at Constantinople and a Greater Serbia, Russia's obedient protégé. The big Austro-German loans to Bulgaria show both her close understanding with the Teutonic powers and her thoroughgoing preparations for future eventualities.

Of course English, French, and Russian diplomacy have made strenuous endeavors

to change Bulgaria's attitude; but all these efforts have been shipwrecked on that jagged rock, Macedonia. It is possible that if Bulgaria could get Macedonia, she might sever her Teutonic connections and pass over to the Allies' camp; but the more one examines the problem, the more impossible appears any such solution. Macedonia now belongs to Serbia and Greece, and both regard its cession as unthinkable. They look upon these territories as genuine Serb and Hellenic ground, and the abandonment of their Macedonian race brethren to Bulgarian vengeance would to them be as intolerable as the present fate of the Macedonian Bulgars now is to the Bulgarians. We must not forget all the bloodshed, massacres, and persecutions of the last two years, with their horrid legacies of unslaked hatred and revenge, when we dally with clever compensation schemes of Austrian provinces for Serbia or Greek acquisitions in Asia Minor, particularly when such compensations are still firmly held by powerful and unconquered enemies. How impossible are any amicable readjustments of Macedonian borderlines appears from the fate of a recent "feeler" put out by Allied diplomacy providing for Serbia's cession of those purely Bulgarian districts lying between the present Bulgarian border and the Vardar river in return for Bulgaria's adhesion to the Allied cause. Leaving aside the probability that these districts are far too unimportant to induce Bulgaria to reverse her entire foreign policy, we should note that Serbia immediately declared the scheme impracticable, on the ground that Bulgaria would then dominate the Vardar valley and its railroad, Serbia's life-line to Saloniki and the outer world. Indeed, both Serbia and Greece openly regret the fact that at one point (the Strumitza district) Bulgaria already approaches dangerously near to the Vardar, and hint that their common safety might demand Bulgaria's ceding Strumitza rather than any further Bulgarian advance in the opposite direction.

Such being the case, it seems a practical

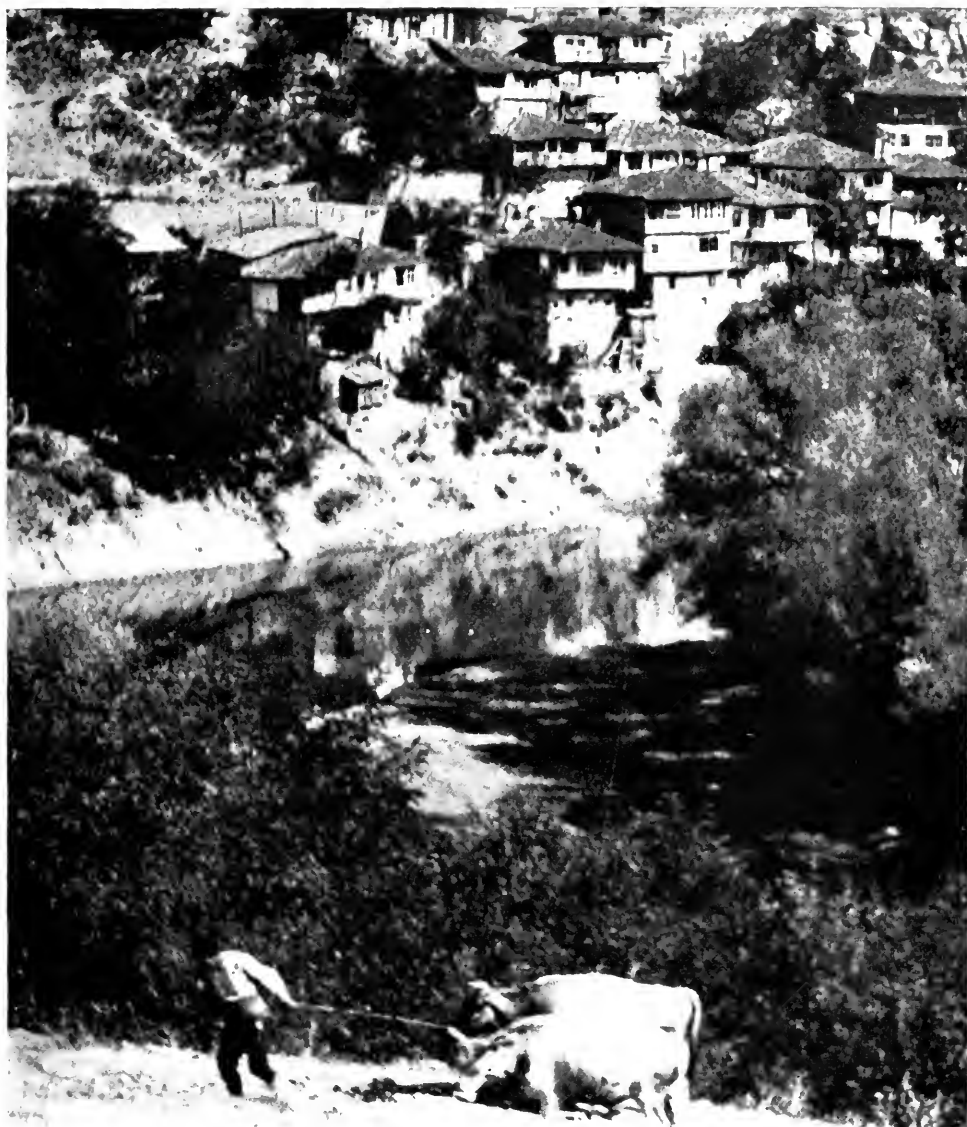
certainty that if a new Balkan conflagration breaks out, Bulgaria will strike in on the side of the Teutonic powers. She will obtain powerful aid from Turkey, who has four picked army corps echeloned over Thrace in anticipation of just this event. As to the strength of the Bulgarian army, we have already seen that it is far more powerful than is generally supposed. Unbroken by the late Balkan conflicts, still possessed of that formidable artillery which did good service at Kirk Kilissé and Lulé Burgas, its chief deficiency in 1913 (lack of ammunition) has undoubtedly been long since repaired, while gaps in the ranks have been mostly filled from the hosts of Macedonian refugees burning with fanatic hatred of the Greek and Serb despoilers of their former homes. The internal condition of Bulgaria is excellent; like France after 1870, thrifty, frugal Bulgaria has displayed reserves of economic strength which have astonished every foreign visitor since the Peace of Bucharest. The government finances were, it is true, considerably involved at that time, but the \$45,000,000 of German money received or en route, together with still larger sums pledged in the near future, have relieved pressing necessities, while the latent wealth of a patriotic population makes possible the floating of large domestic loans.

Supposing that Bulgaria enters the war, who will be her opponents and what their effective strength? Serbia and Greece she will fight as a matter of course. Serbia, however, has been so bled and exhausted by the terrible struggle against Austria that she is only the shadow of her former self. The outbreak of war in the Balkans would undoubtedly mean a fresh Austrian invasion of Serbia, this time probably stiffened by German troops, while the recent Albanian raid shows the danger of a diversion of Serbia's western flank, which the Albanians' high fighting qualities and their numerous colonies settled in the new Servian territories would render a serious matter. Furthermore, a Bulgarian invasion of Macedonia would inevitably be followed by a general rising of its Bulgar

population. Of course Greece would exert all her energies to save Serbia from collapse, and on paper Greece seems to-day about as powerful as Bulgaria. Nevertheless, Greece's new provinces are so wasted by war and contain so many hostile race elements that they are by no means the sources of strength indicated by territorial statistics or a glance at the map. Against a combined Turco-Bulgarian attack, Greece would, if unsupported, probably succumb.

The crux of the matter would be the attitude of Rumania. We have seen that immediately after the Peace of Bucharest, Rumania, Serbia, and Greece formed a general understanding against a Bulgarian attempt to upset the status then laid down, and in a straight-out Balkan conflict Rumania would undoubtedly strike Bulgaria at the first move against Serbia or Greece. The European War has, however, introduced so many conflicting elements that Rumania's attitude toward a fresh Balkan conflagration is to-day by no means a foregone conclusion. A Rumanian attack on Bulgaria would automatically provoke war with Austria and Germany. Now, even if we disregard certain political considerations indisposing Rumania to a conflict with the Teutonic powers, this would mean that Rumania could not exert her full military strength against Bulgaria. Austrian Transylvania, like a huge mountain fortress, dominates every portion of the Rumanian plain, and unless the Russians succeed far better than they have thus far done, Rumania would not dare to send any large portion of her armies southward. In fact, should Russia suffer any really crippling defeats, Rumania would probably have to let Balkan events take their course, no matter how distasteful these might be, since to provoke a victorious Austro-Germany would be to imperil her very existence.

So stands Bulgaria at this fateful hour. Despite cruel humiliation and heavy loss, the tough fiber of the race is still unimpaired. If ever her day dawns, she will strike savagely for the fulfilment of her ambitious dreams.



A typical Bulgarian town

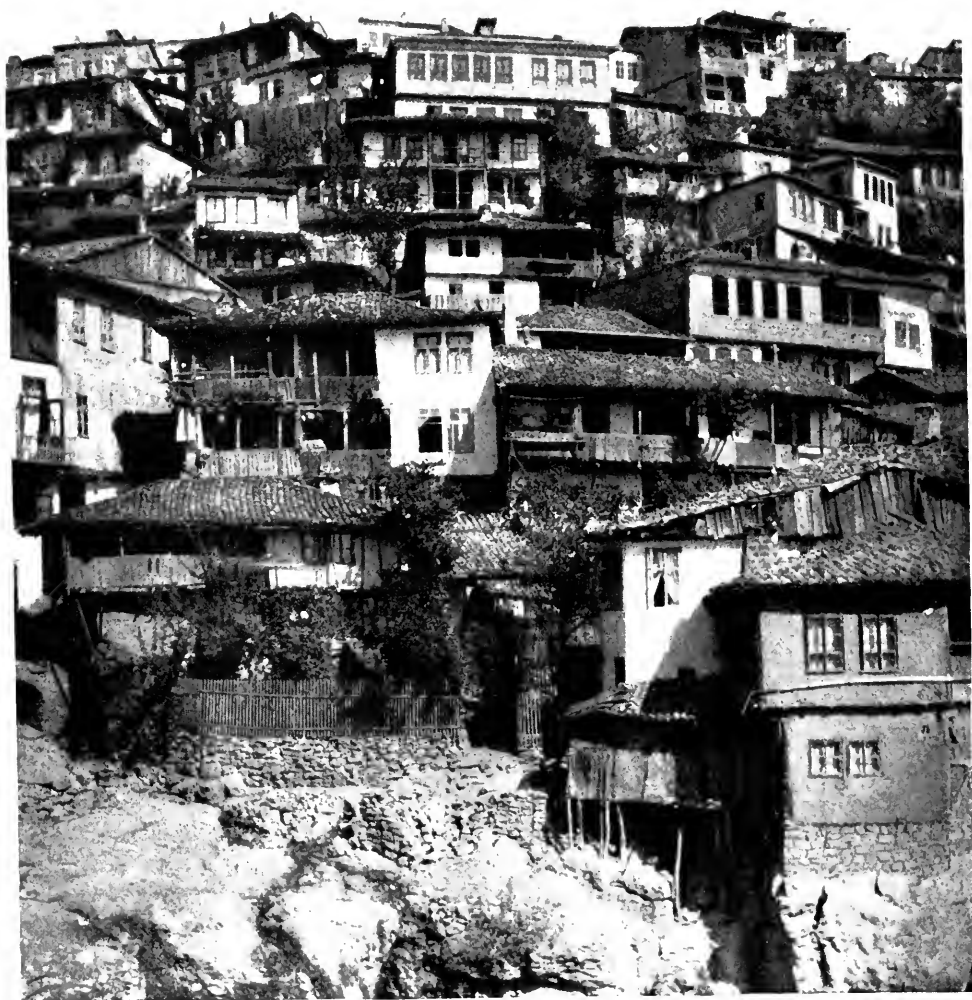
## Scenes in Bulgaria

Photographed by

W. T. BENDA



A cattle-market in Tirnovo, the ancient capital of Bulgaria



A scene in Tirnovo



Group of Mohammedans at a market in Tirnovo



Bulgarian peasants at the vegetable market of Rustchuk



A market in Tirnovo



A priest in the market





A group of Bulgarians and Turks



Bulgarian peasant women spin even when at the market



“ Terence, . . . when — when we get ould, and when—I 'm a widdy, *you 'll* not—be after—”





“Then she turned her head and eyed me reproachful”

## Wings for a Day

By SYDNEY PRESTON

Illustrations by Walter J. Enright

**I**F ever there was a distracting man to talk with when he wanted to avoid giving a straight answer, it was old Barney Mulloy; and if ever a lad had good reason to demand one, it was Terence O'Byrne. Now, Barney was a widower with only one daughter, and when young Terence came courting her, the course of true love ran smoothly until he spoke of the wedding, and then it ran into a bog. Barney would discourse by the hour on the state of the crops and the country or of love and marriage in general, but whenever Terence broached the subject of most importance to him, he would answer neither one thing nor the other, and the most that Terence could get him to say was, “L’ave it be for a bit.”

“Look at Jacob,” argued Barney, one day when Terence pressed for an answer. “Seven years did he wait, and never a whisht out of him.”

“I’ve looked at him many a time hung up in me Aunt McGivern’s parlor,” replied Terence, with warmth. “He’s a hook-nosed ould spalpeen tendin’ sheep,

with a beard like a billy-goat and a gown like a bedspread—a hundred and fifty, if a day, when the pictur’ was took. What’s seven years to a man that counts them by hundreds, would you tell me?”

“He’s hung in your Aunt McGivern’s parlor, is he?” asked Barney, with sudden interest. “I don’t mind his pictur’, but, then, never a foot have I set in her house since poor Tim,—God rest his sowl!—was laid in his grave. ’T is grievin’ she is for him yet?” he added in a casual way.

“Grievin’, indeed!” smiled Terence, a thought creeping into his mind. “’T is herself that’s fair distracted with men.”

“Men!” exclaimed Barney. “And it’s not yet a year since Tim died!”

“With hired men, I mean,” explained Terence, eying him keenly. “’T was but yesterday she said to me that a farm is no place for a widdy to run.”

“I’m one with her there,” responded Barney, a queer, dreaming look coming into his eyes. “Terence,” he asked, lowering his voice, “would you think by this time she’d begin to take notice?”

"Notice enough," replied Terence, with an innocent smile; "there 's nothin' escapes her. 'All men are liars,' she says to me, 'and the rest of them fools.' "

"Tare an' ages!" ejaculated Barney, crestfallen.

"Hired men, I take ut," explained Terence; "for at the time she said it she was after l'avin' the churn to drive cows out of the garden. 'I do be vexed,' says she to me, 'by a thousand and one things a day that a man could look after.' "

Without saying more, Terence hurried away, a plan to gain his own ends leaping into his mind. The next morning he rose early, dressed himself in his best, drove to Rockmore, bought a license to marry Norah Mulloy, and an hour later stepped out at the gate of the Widow McGivern's farm-house with his heart thumping excitedly under the document in his breast pocket. Presently he was chatting sociably with his aunt in her parlor, listening with an appearance of sympathetic concern as she poured forth a tale of her petty trials.

"Ochone!" she ejaculated at length, with a sigh, "'t is terrible hard to be a widdy."

"I've no doubt it is," returned Terence, with a shake of his head. "And is n't it quare to think there 'd never be widdies or widdiers if there never was weddin's?"

"Sure, nayther there would," she reflected, looking surprised.

"And stranger," went on Terence, reflectively, "that the remedy in each case is the same as the cause."

"Why, how can that be, would you tell me?" she inquired.

"Faix! don't you see?" replied Terence, with guileless, wide-open eyes. "Me wife could n't be a widdy if I was n't her man, and I could n't be a widdier if she was n't me wife. Likewise, if me wife was a widdy, and meself was a widdier, and each of us took another, 't would illustrate me contention."

"Did anny one ever!" exclaimed the Widow McGivern, shaking with laughter. "Terence, you 're takin' l'ave of your senses! Don't you see that yez *both* would be dead?"

Terence's jaw dropped; he stared at the picture of Jacob with a puzzled frown, and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Bedad! you 're right!" he shouted at length. "Of course we 'd be dead, sure enough. But hould on for a minute," he added, his face lighting up. "I have it. 'T was a poor illustration, and here 's a better one. Barney Mulloy is a widdier —d' you see that, now?"

"I do," she assented, her eyes twinkling with mirth. "'T is aisy enough, Terence, if you don't marry him after he 's dead."

"Barney 's a widdier," repeated Terence, solemnly, "as I know to me sorrow, for that 's why he 's houldin' back on Norah and me, and her too tender-hearted to l'ave him, the darlin'! Barney 's a widdier, and you," he added, with a pitying break in his voice—"you are a widdy."

"That I am," she sighed, "and it 's me that knows it. Poor Tim!"

"That bein' the case," continued Terence, rolling his eyes uneasily, "you 'd nayther of you be one or the other if both of yez—I mean, each of yez would n't be both—merciful Hivens! what do I mean, annyway!"

"Whatever you mean," snapped his aunt, her face growing redder, "you 'd better mean somethin' different, I 'd have you to know. It 's my opinion, Terence," she added, "you 've been takin' a drop."

"Divil the one this month back; but me wits is wool-gatherin', there 's no doubt at all. Betwixt one thing and another, and what Barney Mulloy let out to me yesterday, I 'm fair bewildered."

"What 's that?" she queried expectantly.

Terence lowered his voice.

"He 's in love," he replied.

"He 's never! And who would she be?"

"Whisht! I must n't let out her name. But he tould me himself that me and Norah could marry to-morrow if—"

"If what?" she demanded, giving him a nudge.

"You 'd be vexed if I tould you."

"More like if you did n't. Go on, Terence dear."

"Me and Norah could marry to-mor-



... 'T is herself that 's fair distracted with men' "

row if the one Barney wants would have him."

"Hivens above! who would she be?"

"She 's a widdy, I 'll tell you that

much," said Terence, with a smile and a wink.

"A widdy," she cried, looking flustered, "and me none the wiser. Why, lad, you 've

drove all the way from Rockmore, and I never bid you step into the kitchen for a cup of tay and a herrin'. Come, now, and draw up; the pot 's on the fire, and 't is yourself that looks a bit fagged."

"'T is no wonder," said Terence, as he seated himself at the table, "for with what 's on me mind, I could nayther slape last night nor eat this mornin'. There 's a dale before me this day."

"And the first thing is to tell me the name of the widdy."

"Then you must never let on that I tould," said Terence, between two bites of a herring. "'T is yourself, and no other."

"Glory be to the saints!" she cried, trying not to look flattered, "if ever I heard of the likes! Sure, Terence, Barney Mulloy never gave me as much as a word or a look of the kind."

"I know it," replied Terence, "for he tould me as much. All the same, he 's distracted with love, and the r'ason he locks it up in his breast is as plain as the eyes of a 'tatie that has n't got sprouted. It 's a dilicate matter to mention, and I 've tould more than I meant, so it 's meself had better be goin'."

"Not a step will you take from this house without tellin' the rest," she declared, whisking a little brown jug out of the cupboard and placing it on the table. "A little drop of the crathur' to top off with?" she coaxed him. "'T was your poor Uncle Tim's."

"God rest his sowl!" said Terence, smacking his lips. "'T was himself that knew the rale stuff."

"That he did," she returned, beaming with pride, "and him never the worse in his legs. And if his tongue got a small trifle loose, 't was always the pleasantest kind of discourse."

Terence set the little jug down on the table, leaned back in his chair, and regarded it with smiling intentness. "'T is a quare fancy," he said musingly, "that just popped into me mind. Uncle Tim, I mind, had ever an eye for a skirt. I 'm wonderin'," he debated, half closing his eyes, with his head on one side, "if, where he is, he 's a widdier still."

The Widow McGivern tipped over her cup with a splash. "Saints above!" she ejaculated, "you may well call it a quare fancy to spake of a corpse as a widdier."

"It 's plain to me mind," said Terence, slipping lower in the chair and raising his voice, "that if a man's wife is his widdy, her man 's her widdier, body and sowl. And if Uncle Tim has the luck to rache hiven to-day, by to-morrow, ten to one, he 'll be makin' up to the best-lookin' angel around him. Bedad!" he went on, closing his eyes, with his head thrown back, "a day up there is the same as a year, and I 'm took with a vision this minute. I can see him as plain as the jug on the table, the rogue! He 's lookin' right now at a young one that looks as if she spent seven days of the week in preenin' her feathers."

The Widow McGivern grabbed the brown jug, and slammed it into the cupboard. "I 'll tache you," she cried wrathfully. "The likes of a lad like you to have visions! Take *that*!" And she smote him a hearty slap on the ear.

Terence opened his eyes and sat up with a jerk, staring about the room in bewilderment. "Where am I?" he asked, staring harder and rubbing his eyes. "Is that me own Aunt McGivern? Sure, I seem to be wakin' out of a slape or a trance; but now I mind you axed me to have a cup of tay. That I will, and with pleasure."

"Musha!" cried his aunt, "the drink 's gone to his head!"

"Drink!" echoed Terence, leaping out of his chair. "Where is it? I see none."

"Heaven help us! his mind 's breakin' loose! Of course you don't see it, Terence dear, but try to remember. Look at them herrin' bones. Don't you mind pickin' *them*?"

Terence scanned the plate she held out. "I 'd never take me oath that I did," he replied, with a dubious frown, "nor yet that I did n't, not bein' one to treasure up relics. If you say them was mine, I 'll belave you, and if you say they was n't, I 'll do the same, provided you don't tell me both at wanst. But 't is the first time I ever was presented with the bones of a herrin'. Belike," he added, "you could spare the l'aves of the tay-pot as well."



"He 's lookin' right now at a young one that looks as if she spent seven days of the week in preenin' her feathers'"

The Widow McGivern could no longer hold back her laughter, and presently Terence was repeating his breakfast of herring and tea, while she pledged herself never to reveal anything he might deign to tell her about Barney Mulloy.

"It 's this way," said Terence, giving

in: "he 's distracted with love, but there 's a dilicate question houldin' him back from sp'akin' his mind. Do what he will, it 's beyond him to remember if 't was the week before Uncle Tim was took off, or the week after, that he kilt the black sow. Not a word, now, or I 'll drop the end of



"Straight as the flight of a bee she kept on her way to the Widow McGivern's"

the thread, and it 's a dale aisier to lose than to hould. If he knowed the black sow was kilt the week after Uncle Tim, his mind would be aisy; but if 't was the week before, then he 's a sinner; for 't was while he was dressin' black Bridget it come on him strong that he loved you. Indade,

his mind went into a kind of a trance while he scraped off the bristles, and what he saw was himself on his knees axin' you to have him, then both of yez standin' up for the weddin', him and you startin' off honeymoonin' in iligant style, him in his best and yourself resplindent in silks and

satins. What troubled him after was the fear that love struck him when you was a wife instead of a widdy. 'Terence,' says he to me only yesterday, 'I 'm houldin' on to meself till a year from the day Tim was laid in the grave; then,' says he, 'I 'll be free to ax her the question.' "

The Widow McGivern's eyes opened wide, but her mouth opened wider. "Never have I heard a tale to bate that!" she exclaimed. "For Barney's a dale more sensible in his talk than yourself. Is it the truth you're after tellin', Terence?" she demanded suspiciously.

"That it is n't," he replied airily. "There's a word here and there, belike, to be bettered, for me memory's poor, and 't is hard to grasp hould of such a dilicate point; but if it was me, divil the bit would I care when Bridget was kilt."

"You would n't?"

"That I would n't," declared Terence, with a glance at the cupboard. "No more than takin' a drop of the crathur' to top off the herrin'."

"Troth, then," said she, with a toss of her head, "that's out of the question, for there's not as much as a drop within rache."

"Tare an' ages!" ejaculated Terence, astounded. "I 'll take me oath that the little brown jug—"

"*What* little brown jug?"

"Uncle Tim's. Don't you mind—"

"I remember a trance," she said sharply, and for as much as a minute Terence was dumb.

"I 'll be goin'," he remarked, pushing back his chair; then he drew from his pocket the document he bought in Rockmore and passed it over to his aunt.

"The license to wed!" she exclaimed in amazement. "And when is the weddin'?"

"Hiven knows," responded Terence, "but not me, except for a sign that come to me drivin' down from Rockmore. I was wonderin' what possessed me to buy a license before the time was fixed, and I said to meself out loud, 'It may be a year,' I says, and all of a suddent the mare give a snort and stood still in her tracks, then she turned her head and eyed me reproach-



ful', and says she, as plain as a person, 'It may be a day.' I was that took aback by the words in her whinny that 't was full half a minute before I could speak; then I says, 'A day is it, Molly?' And you'd scarcely belave me, but she bobbed her head twice and went on contented."

"Did anny one ever!" laughed the Widow McGivern. "To think of a mare sayin' words!"

"She said them but once, and a horse may be gifted with talk as well as an ass; but whether it's true or not, me mind is made up that not a day longer will I wait for the weddin'. And if you 'll have Barney, I 'm thinkin' he 'll want to be wedded no later than me."

"Hiven help me!" she protested, breathing hard, "but it's terrible suddent!"

"That it is," agreed Terence; "it's sudden whenever it comes, like death and the rint."

"Och, wirra!" she wailed, "last year's bunnit's ould-fashioned, and me new one's all black for poor Tim. Of coorse there's me hat with the green silk trimmin' and the red ostrich feather, but it's a trifle young for me age, don't you think, Terence?"

"Young for your age!" laughed Terence. "Faix, there's few would belave you've turned thirty, and ould Barney—"

"Ould Barney, indade!" she clipped in. "I'd have you to know there's a good twenty years ahead of him still."

"Thirty, more like," declared Terence;



"for once wedded to you 't is younger he 'll get every day."

"Sure I feel like a gomerai," she smiled, "to talk about weddin', and him never sayin' so much as a word."

"He 'll be after axin' you in less than an hour," Terence asserted, rising, "for I 'm off to tell him you 'll have him."

"You 'll never," she protested, "or I won't. You may say, if you like, that I told you 't was the week after Tim died, God bless him! that Bridget was kilt, for well I mind the squealin' I took for a banshee till Pat Keely come by."

"I 'll tell him that much, then," said Terence, as he hastened away.

The Widow McGivern's house stands on a hill, two miles by the road from Barney Mulloy's, though straight across country the distance is much shorter; and as Terence speeded his mare down the hill he fervently prayed that his tongue might be as nimble with Barney as with his aunt.

"'T is inspired that I am," he said to himself, with a chuckle; "and divil a lie am I tellin', but just givin' wings to me fancy. A rale lie, I take it, is mostly set over night to rise and baked in the oven of sin. I 'm a vessel, a mouthpiece, not knowin' one minute what 's comin' the next. Annyway, I 'll confess and do penance, if need be; but for this day there 's nothin' I 'll stop at."

But when he got to Barney Mulloy's, it looked as if he 'd never begin, for Barney's mind was far from the Widow McGivern. There he stood in the barn-yard, deep in thought beside a pen, while the red-and-white heifer inside leaped and pranced as if to show off her agility. Up she went with a snort, coming down with her four legs spread out like a saw-horse, then stood staring at the two men, awaiting applause.

"Terence," said Barney, "she 's got to come out of that pen and into the crate, or I 'll be late for the market at Rockmore and be losin' the sale of her. I mind the time when I 'd have tucked the likes of her under one arm, but what with her capers and the plumbagy in the small of me back, I 'm thinkin' that four hands 'll be better than two."

"I 'll help you, with pleasure," said Terence, rather taken aback, but instantly planning to prevent the trip to Rockmore. "But first I 'd have a few words—"

Barney frowned. "I 've no time to waste this mornin'," he snapped. "'T was but yesterday I told you to l'ave it be for a while, and here you be at it again. Grab hould of the baste, and stop blatherin'."

The words were scarcely spoken when Terence, in a quick flash of temper, leaped into the pen.

"Aisy, now, Terence!" cried Barney, mistrusting the gleam of his eye; but the words were unheeded. "Be *gintle*!" he shouted. "For God's sake! be aisy!" But round the pen went Terence, while Barney implored him to stop, with the calf in a frenzy of terror eluding his grasp. At last he jumped out of the pen and stepped up to Barney, his eyes flashing.

"'Be aisy!'" he quoted wrathfully. "Is it 'gintle' you want me to be? What am I but *aisy* and *gintle*? You bid me grab hould of the baste, and then you kape shoutin' to stop."

"'T would take the divil himself to tell which of the two of yez was tryin' to grab hould of the other. You mane well enough, Terence, me boy, but you don't allow for the narves of the baste. Whisht now, spake lower, and don't move so sudden, or the both of us won't kape her from runnin' amuck."

"Whatever is that?" inquired Terence, suddenly calm.

"Look at her now!" exclaimed Barney. "Mother of Hiven, I see by the cock of her eye and the lift of her tail there 's trouble ahead if we don't use her gintle. But runnin' amuck? Let me see, it 's somethin' like this: a notion, we 'll say, sazies you to do somethin' to-day you could n't do yesterday and would n't to-morrow."

"I see," said Terence, thinking hard.

"And when the notion is strong," went on Barney, "it works like a meracle. That calf, now, if I 'm not desaved, once she got started, would le'p over the fences and off like a deer."

"In that case," said Terence, sitting



down on the crate, "we 'll take every precaution, and I've her a bit till she gets over the fright. In the meantime, I 've a few words to say."

"You 're at it again," sighed Barney, shaking his head. "Terence," he went on, as he settled down and drew out his pipe, "'t is hard to be ould and a widdier."

"And harder," said Terence, breathing hard, "to be a widdy; and worse to be single, with no chance of bein' one or the other."

"Hiven above!" ejaculated Barney, puffing away at his pipe. "What does a lad like you know about widdies?"

"This much," replied Terence, nodding sagely: "a widdy may die for love of a man that does n't ax her to have him."

"The divil!" cried Barney, amazed.

"But a widdier, now," Terence reflected, "has the remedy right at his elbow as aisy as drinkin' a drop of the crathur'. One taste 's good enough, but another is better. 'T is a poor sort of sowl that 's nayther single or double, with a world full of fine-lookin' iligible widdies like me own Aunt McGivern."

Barney took his pipe from his mouth and stared dumbly.

"'T was a mere illustration," said Terence, with an airy wave of his hand.

"An illustration!" burst forth Barney, at length, and he drew a long breath. "'T is a peep-show, a panamorry, no less. Would you think now, Terence, me boy, she 'd look twice at me?"

"I should n't be tellin'," returned Terence, with a shake of his head, "but 't is yourself she would have."

Barney gasped. "Sure, she never give me as much as a look!"

"'T is her pride," Terence explained, "and the way of the sex. The harder the best of them love, the less will they show it, when the one they would have passes them by. They 're not like us men, God bless 'em!"

"She 's an iligant woman," said Barney, his face beaming, "and I never dr'amed she 'd look twice at me after Tim McGivern."

"There 's no accountin' for the fancies

of women, but me aunt was took suddent, that she was."

"Took suddent with what?"

"With love," answered Terence, solemnly. "'T was after mass one Sunday it struck her. Her heart gave a le'p and a flutter, and then all was over."

"Tare an' ages!" cried Barney. "'T is most amazin'."

"No more than for a tame and sensible baste to be took with a notion to le'p like a deer."

"Begorra!" ejaculated Barney, with a start. "I clane forgot the heifer. Come along; and we 'll get her into the crate."

"If 't was me," said Terence, holding back, "I 'd l'ave her be for to-day, and I 'd off to the Widdy McGivern's."

"And lose the sale of me calf!"

"I 'd lose the sale of me sowl for a woman, the right one," returned Terence.

"'T is terrible suddent," said Barney, wavering; then being by nature a little contrary, he declared he must go to Rockmore.

Terence knew better than to argue the question, but he wore a grim smile as he followed Barney into the pen and helped him to corner the calf.

"Aisy, now, Terence," said Barney, "and we 'll lade her out gintle. With me houldin' her ear and you steerin' behind, she 'll come like a lamb. Won't you, mavourneen? Step out now, me girl."

"Aisy 's the word," responded Terence, but at that moment he gave a twist to the tail of the calf that was the one touch of art, so to speak, between the spark and the powder. There was a sudden upheaval, and with ears flat to her head and uplifted tail the calf sped away like the wind, while Barney and Terence picked themselves up and stared after her. Off she went across country, leaping fences and ditches and wriggling through hedges, while Terence held his breath, hardly daring to trust to his senses, for straight as the flight of a bee she kept on her way to the Widow McGivern's. A mile and a quarter she covered in less than six minutes, looking no larger than a rabbit as they watched her scramble through the last of the hedges.

"The baste is possessed of the divil," Barney muttered, turning pale as she vanished.

"No," said Terence, sternly. "'T is plain it 's the will of the saints. Go!" he commanded, extending his arm.

Barney wavered.

"Yesterday," said he, "I could n't."

"And to-morrow," added Terence, "like enough you would n't."

"But to-day," went on Barney, a gleam in his eyes, "I 'll not be bate by a calf."

THE rest was easy for Terence. When he stepped into the dairy, there was Norah, as fresh as a rose and as sweet as her butter.

"Norah," said he, with a choke in his voice—"Norah, me *darlin'!*" Then he kissed her, and she, stepping back from her butter, tripped fair into his arms, blushing and smiling.

"What is it?" she asked in a whisper. "Och, Terence, there 's tears in your eyes!"

"They come from me heart; 't is swimmin' with joy. Norah," he said, holding her closer, "we 'll not be parted again. Your father—"

"Me father!" she cried, freeing herself from his arms. "Och, Terence, he 's not kilt or hurted?"

"That he is n't," declared Terence, "but him and the red-and-white heifer is runnin' amuck."

"Glory be to the saints! Whatever it that?"

"It depinds," returned Terence, his eyes twinkling, "somewhat on the runner, and on the kind of notion that sazes a crathur'. An iliphant, now, likes to pull houses over, drink wells dry with his trunk, and throw people inside to drown; a prize-fighter 'll perhaps turn into a parson; a praste to a heretic; a saint to a

sinner; a lad fall in love with his grandmother's cousin; the most pious, respectable, dacent ould gintlemen will fling over the traces and cut up the divil; ould ladies 'll lose their heads over lads; and—"

"But the red-and-white heifer?" broke in Norah.

"She give a le'p and a jump, kicked over me and your father, and away over fences and ditches she went like the wind."

"But me father—he 's never hurted?"

"Excipit in his heart; that 's softened. He picked himself up, and, begorra! he was distracted with love for me own Aunt McGivern."

"He never told me," pouted Norah. "Not a day will I live with a stepmother."

"Not an hour, for that matter," declared Terence. "But, to give him his due, he had n't the time, it took him that suddent. His heart gave a le'p, turned twice to the front and once to the back, and then all was over. Off he went like a steeplechaser over the fields to ax me aunt would she have him."

"Mercy on us! I 'd never have thought it of father."

"And then," went on Terence, "what he took from the calf, I caught from him, and I knew it was in me to do wonderful things if I did n't hould back."

"Och, wirra!" cried Norah, a smile on her lips, "I don't want you to turn into a saint or a sinner."

"But love rolled all the wonderful things into one," said Terence, "and the notion that sazed me was this: not a day longer would I l'ave off the weddin'."

"Terence," whispered Norah, between smiles and tears, her head on his shoulder, "when—when we get ould, and when—I 'm a widdy, *you* 'll not—be after—"

"That I won't," responded Terence, his voice trembling. "Never but one for me."





# Me

## A Book of Remembrance

(Begun in April)

xv

MY type-writing was practised under difficulties, for girls kept coming in and out of my room, and Lolly, who was there nearly every evening, taught me. By this time I was getting acquainted with a great many of the girls in the house, and for some reason or other I was popular. The "good" girls wanted me to join this or that Christian Society or Endeavor Club, and the "bad" girls—alleged by the good ones to be bad—were always urging me to "come on out and have a good time."

In those days Lolly was my chum. We were always together, much to Estelle's disgust. Every evening Lolly would come into my room unless she had an engagement, and, heavens! men came after Lolly like flies to the honey-pot. With a box of cigarettes and a magazine or one of my own stories, all of which she was revising for me, she would curl up on my bed while I worked. Sometimes I practised till ten o'clock, when the lights would go out.

After a long, if not hard, day in the yards—and even if one did not work at all, the incessant movement and buzz of the great work factory was exhausting—and two or three hours of type-writing practice at night, you may be sure I was pretty tired when finally I crept into bed.

Then for some time thereafter I would lie wide awake. Like a kaleidoscopic panorama, the scenes of my day's work would slide in and out of my mind, then slowly pass away, like the figures in a strange dance. Visions would then come to me—the wavering, quaint persons and plots of the stories I would write. Dreams, too,

came of the days when I would be famous and rich, and all my dear people would be lifted up from want. My poems would be on every one's tongue, my books in every home. And I saw myself facing a great audience, and bowing in acknowledgment of their praise of my successful play.

A few years later, when the name of a play of mine flashed in electric letters on Broadway, and the city was papered with great posters of the play, I went up and down before that electric sign, just to see if I could call up even one of the fine thrills I had felt in anticipation. Alas! I was aware only of a sad excitement, a sense of disappointment and despair. I realized that what as an ignorant little girl I had thought was fame was something very different. What then I ardently believed to be the divine spark of genius, I now perceived to be nothing but a mediocre talent that could never carry me far. My success was founded upon a cheap and popular device, and that jumble of sentimental moonshine that they called my play seemed to me the pathetic stamp of my inefficiency. Oh, I had sold my birthright for a mess of pottage!

We arrive at a stage of philosophic despair when we calmly recognize our limitations; but long before we know them, what wild dreams are those that thrill, enthrall, and torment us! Well, the dreams at least were well worth while.

I was now part of a vast, moving world of work, and, strangely enough, I was, in a way, contented. It takes very little to make the average normal girl contented. Take the girls who worked as I

did. Given fair salaries and tolerable conditions under which to work, they were for the most part light-hearted and happy. You had only to look at groups of them about the Y. W. C. A. to realize that. Not that most of us did not have some little burden to carry; a few of us cherished wistful ambitions beyond our sphere, and all of us, I think, had our romances.

In the yards there was probably one girl to every three or four hundred men. They were obliged to pay good salaries, moreover, as many girls hesitated to go away out there to work, and the aristocrats of our profession balked at the sights and smells of the yards. Anyhow, the firm for which I worked treated us well. Special busses brought us to and from the yards. Excellent dressing-rooms and luncheon-rooms were assigned to us, and we were always treated with courtesy.

We girls were all appraised when we entered, and then assigned certain places in the estimation of the men of the yards. That is to say, a girl was "good," "bad," a "worker," a "frost," or a "peach."

The "good" girls were treated with respect; the "bad" girls made "dates" for dinners with the various "bosses," had fine clothes, jewels, were loud, and had privileges; the "frosts" were given a wide berth. They were the girls who were always on the defensive with the men, expecting and looking for insults and taking umbrage on the slightest provocation. The "workers" were of course the backbone of our profession. They received high salaries and rose to positions almost as good as the men's. Boys and men stepped lively for them, and took their orders unblinkingly. Finally, the title of "peach" was bestowed upon the girls whom the men decided were pretty and approved of in other ways. If one was in the "peach" class, she was persistently courted by all well-meaning or bad-meaning men who could get near her. She was a belle of the yards.

Under which head I came, I never knew. I think I was the strange gosling that had sprung up somehow in this nest,

and no one knew quite where I should be assigned. There was a wavering disposition at first to put me in the "peach" class, but I rather think I degenerated within a few weeks to the "worker" class, for Fred O'Brien early acquired the habit of leaving most of the details of our department entirely to me.

Twenty-four men asked me to "go out" with them the first week I was there. I kept a note of this, just to amuse myself and O'Brien, who was vastly interested in the sensation he fatuously believed I was creating. He took a comical pride in my "success"! Ah, dear Fred! No one, not even I, was ever prouder of my later success than he. Every day he would ask me, "Well, who's asking you out to-night?" and I would show him my "mash" notes, most of which he confiscated, later, I suspect, to torment their authors.

The men out here did not ask if they could call upon a girl. Their way of becoming better acquainted, or "going after" a girl, as they called it, was to invite her to "go out" with them, meaning for a ride, to the theaters, the parks, restaurants, or other places of amusement. I never "went out" with any of the men of the yards except O'Brien and Hermann, who had been acting like a clown for my special benefit by coming over to our department every day, and talking a lot of nonsense, telling jokes, and sending me countless foolish notes, until at last O'Brien took pity on him, and said they would call upon me one night.

That was an illuminating occasion. "Fellows" were few and far between who called at the Y. W. C. A., and every girl who possessed a "steady" was marked. Whenever a new "fellow" appeared there, he was the object of the united curiosity of a score of girls, who hung about the halls and the parlors to get a look at him.

Now, Hermann called upon me in great state. Much to my surprise and Lolly's hilarious joy, he came in silk hat and frock-coat, with a gold-topped cane. I hardly knew him when I descended in my own best, a white polka-dotted Swiss

dress, with a pink sash, and found him sitting erect and with evident discomfort on the edge of a sofa in the parlor, the admired target of a score of eyes, all feminine. He was making a manful effort to appear at his ease and as if unaware of the sensation he had made. Men with silk hats, you must know, do not call every day upon girls at the Y. W. C. A. It was plain to be seen that the poor fellow was suffering a species of delicious torture. In the hall, within direct sight of that sofa, Lolly was leaning against the wall, and looking her wickedest and prettiest.

Hermann rose gallantly as I entered, and he bowed, as I did not know he could bow, over my hand, shaking it in the then approved and fashionable high manner; but I could not resist a little giggle as I heard Lolly chokingly cough in the hall, and I knew she was taking it all in.

"O'Brien's waiting for us outside," said Hermann. "Would n't come in. Acted just like a man with a sore tooth. Ever seen a man with a sore tooth, Miss Ascough?"

No, I had never had that pleasure, I told him.

"Well," said Hermann, "the man with a sore tooth groans all day and night, and makes every one about him suffer. Then first thing in the A.M. he hikes off to the nearest dentist. He gives one look at the sign on the dentist's door, and that's enough for him: he's cured. Christian Science, you see. Now, that's how it is with O'Brien to-night. He was dead stuck on coming along, but got stage-fright when he saw the girls.

"You were n't afraid of us, were you, Mr. Hermann?" said I, admiringly and flatteringly.

"Me? What, me afraid of girls? Sa-ay, I like that!" and Hermann laughed at the idea as if it amused him vastly. "Tell you what you do. Get another girl; there's a peach looking in at us now—don't look up. She's the blonde, with the teeth. What do you say to our all going over to the S—— Gardens for a lobster supper, huh?"

Now, the peach, of course, was Lolly, who, with her dimples all at play and her fine white teeth showing, was plainly on view at the door, and had already worked havoc in the breast of the sentimental Hermann.

O'Brien did n't like the idea of the S—— Gardens. He said it was "too swift" for *me*, though he brutally averred it might do for Hermann and Lolly. Lolly and he sparred all the time, just as did Lolly and Estelle. He said, moreover, that it would not do at all for us to be seen together, and we would be sure to run across some yards people at the S—— Gardens. If he was seen out with his stenographer, every tongue in the office would be wagging about it next day.

So he suggested that we take a long car ride, and get off at L—— Park, where there was a good restaurant, and we could get something to eat and drink there. Fred and I paired off together, and Hermann, who had been utterly won away from me by Lolly, who was flirting with him and teasing him outrageously, brought up behind us as we started for the cars. After he had explained to me why we should not be seen together, O'Brien said, with an air of great carelessness:

"Now, look a-here, girl, I don't want you to get it into your head that I'm stuck on you, for I'm not; but I like you, and if you don't pull my leg too hard, I'll take you out with me all you want."

"Pull your leg!" I repeated, shocked. I had never heard that expression before. American slang was still a source of mystification, delight, and wonder to me. Lolly heard my horrified exclamation, and moved up, laughing her merriest.

"Limb's the polite term," she corrected Fred.

"Eh?" said he. Then as he saw I did not really understand, he explained to me what he meant.

"Oh," said I, "you need n't worry about me. If you don't believe that I care nothing about money, look at this."

There were a few coins in my pocket-book. I poured them into my hand, and

deliberately and impulsively I tossed them out into the road. I am sure I don't know why I did such a senseless thing as that. It was just the impulse of a silly moment.

The subjects we two girls and boys discussed were varied and many, but always by persistent degrees they seemed to swing back to the yards, wherein of course the interests of our escorts naturally centered. The boys entertained us with tales of the men and even cattle of this "city," as they called it. There was a black sheep called "Judas Iscariot" who led the other sheep to slaughter, and was always rewarded with a special bit or dainty. There was a big black pig that wandered about the offices of a neighboring firm, and was the mascot of that office.

There was a man who had been born in the yards, married in the yards, and whose heir had recently been born there. And so forth.

I got into trouble at the Y. W. C. A. for the first time that night. We had forgotten to ask permission to be out after ten, and it was after eleven by the time we got back. The door girl let us in, but took our names, and we were reported next day. I was let off with a reprimand from the secretary, but Lolly had a stormy time of it with this unpleasant personage, upon whom, I am happy to say, she never failed to inflict deserved punishment. It seems Lolly was an old offender, and she was accused of "leading Miss Ascough astray." I, by the way, was now in high favor with the secretary, though I never liked her, and I never forgave her for that first day. Also I had seen many girls turned away, sometimes because they did not have the money to pay in advance, and sometimes because they had no references. My heart used to go out to them, as with drooping shoulders these forlorn little waifs who had applied for shelter were turned from the very doors that should have opened for them.

That night as we felt our way in the dark through the unlighted halls to our rooms, Lolly swearing audibly and picturesquely, said she was "darned tired" of this "old pious prison," and as she

now had all the "dope" she wanted upon the place, she was going to get out, and she asked me to go with her. I said that I would.



## XVI

I WORKED for five weeks in the stock-yards before I could make up the deficit in my hundred dollars caused by those first three weeks of idleness and the consequent expenses of my board. I am very bad at figures. I still calculate with my fingers. Every night, however, I counted my little hoard, and I had it all reckoned up on paper how soon I would have that hundred intact again.

Out of my fifteen a week I had to allow five dollars for my board and so much for luncheon, car-fare, and the little articles I added to my wardrobe. I used about eight dollars a week on myself and I sent home two. That left me only five a week, and as I had used twenty-five of the hundred before I got my position, it took me over five weeks to make it up. As each week my little pile grew larger, the more excited I became in anticipation of that moment when I could write.

I would lie awake composing the wonderful letter that would accompany that hundred dollars, but when the sixth Saturday (pay-day) actually came, and I had at last the money, I found myself unable to pen the glowing letter of my dreams. This was the letter I finally sent, and unless he read between the lines, goodness knows it was a model of businesslike brevity, showing the undoubted influence of the Smith & Co. approved type of correspondence:

Y. W. C. A.

Chicago, Ills., Aug. 8-19.

Roger Avery Hamilton, Esq.

*Dear Sir:*

I send you herewith inclosed the sum of one hundred dollars, being in full the amount recently lent by you to,

Very faithfully yours,

NORA ASCOUGH.

It was with a bursting heart that I folded that cold and brief epistle. Then I laid it on top of that eloquent pile of bills—"dirty money." Just before I did up the package, the ache within me grew so intense that I wrote on the envelop:

"Please come to see me now."

I made a tight little package of the money and letter, and I sent it off by registered mail. I knew nothing about post-office orders or checks. So the money went to him just like that.

Now my life really changed. On the surface things went on as ever. I progressed with my type-writing. I "made good" at the office. The routine of the daily work in the yards was brightened by various little humorous incidents that occurred there. For instance, one of the firm, a darling old man of seventy, took a great fancy to me, and every day he would come down the main aisle of the office with a fresh flower in his hand, and lay it on my desk as he passed. Not bad for an old "pork-packer," was it? Every one teased me about him, and so did he himself. He called me "black-eyes," and said I was his "girl." Other men gave me flowers, too, but I prized that one of Mr. Smith's more than the others. Also I had enough candy given to me, upon my word, to feed me, and I could have "gone out" every night in the week, had I wanted to; but, as I have said, this was only part of my life now—my outer life. The life that I conjured up within me was about to come to reality, and no one knew anything about it, not even Lolly.

She had been very much engaged in "educating" Hermann, who was madly in love with her. Lolly accepted his adoration with amused delight. She considered him a "character," but she never took him seriously.

As the days passed away, the fever within me never waned. Though I went about my work as ever, my mind was away, and I was like one whose ear is to the ground, waiting, waiting.

But he did not come, and the weeks rolled away, and two months passed.

One night a man from Lolly's home

came to call upon her. His name was Marshall Chambers. He was one of those big-shouldered, smooth-faced, athletic-looking men who make a powerful impression upon girls. According to Lolly, he was a wealthy banker whom she had known during her father's administration as mayor of her home town. I knew as soon as I saw them together that my poor Lolly was deeply in love with him, and I felt at once a sense of overwhelming antagonism and dislike toward him. I cannot explain this, for he was specially attentive to me, and although Lolly and he had not seen each other for some time, he insisted that I should accompany them to dinner at R——'s.

When we went to our rooms to dress, Lolly asked me what I thought of this man, and I said honestly:

"I like Hermann better. *He's* honest."

That remark in ordinary circumstances would have sent Lolly into one of her merry peals of laughter,—she always laughed about Hermann,—but she gave me a queer look now, her cigarette suspended in her hand. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were so brilliant they looked like turquoises.

"You 're dead right," she said solemnly.

But a moment later she was her old light self again. I was putting on a little white dress when Lolly swung me round and examined me.

"Here, you can't go to R——'s in duds like these," she said. "Wait a minute."

She disappeared into her own room, and came back with her arms full of dresses; Lolly had beautiful clothes. I suppose her tailored suits would have looked ludicrous, as she was much larger than I, but a little cream-colored chiffon frock, trimmed with pearl beads, was very becoming to me. She also lent me an evening cape, and a red rose (artificial) for my waist.

"Now look at yourself," said she, "and after this don't let me catch you mooning in your room at night. Get out and show yourself. You 'll only be young once."

Lolly was in blue, the color of her eyes, and she looked, as always, "stunning." Beside her, I'm afraid, I appeared very insignificant, for Lolly was a real beauty. I never went anywhere with her but people—men and women, too—would stare at her, and turn around for a second look. People stared at me, too, but in a different sort of way, as if I interested them or they were puzzled to know my nationality. I would have given anything to look less foreign. My darkness marked and crushed me, I who loved blondness like the sun.

Mr. Chambers did everything very splendidly. He had a carriage to take us to dinner, and he was extremely gallant in his manner to both Lolly and me, just as attentive, I thought wistfully, as if we were society girls, and not poor girls of the Y. W. C. A. Lolly and he talked a good deal in an undertone, and although they did not ignore me, I was left out of most of their conversation. I did not mind this. I was happy to lean back in that carriage, and indulge in my own fine dreams.

I should have enjoyed that dinner more if our host had been some one other than this man Chambers. He made me uncomfortable and secretly angry by looking at me in a meaning sort of way when Lolly did not see him. I felt as if he were trying to establish some sort of intimacy with me behind Lolly's back. He sat beside Lolly, and I opposite them, and he would lean back in his seat, inclined toward Lolly, and over her shoulder he would make his bold eyes at me. No, I did not like that Marshall Chambers, and I avoided his glances as much as I could. But Lolly, my poor Lolly, seemed infatuated with him, and all her pretty banter and chaff had departed. She scarcely ate anything, but played nervously with her food, and she would look at him in such a way that I wanted both to shake her and to cry for her.

But this is my story, not Lolly's, though hers perhaps would make a better tale than mine.

Chambers said he could tell one's for-

tune from one's palm, and that he would like to see mine. Lolly said:

"Nora carries her fortune in her head."

"And you," I said, "in your face."

He reached over the table for my hands, and Lolly said:

"Let him, Nora. Sometimes he makes pretty good guesses."

Chambers began to reel off a fine fairy-story, which he said was to be my fortune. We were all laughing, Lolly leaning over, and making merry and mocking interpolations, and I eagerly drinking in every word, and, though I laughed, believing most of it, when suddenly I had a queer, nervous feeling that some one other than ourselves was listening to us and was watching my face. There is something in telepathy. I was afraid to look up, and my heart began to beat in a frightened way, for I knew, even before I had turned my head, that *he* was somewhere there in the room with us. And then I saw him directly behind Marshall Chambers. Their chairs, back to back, were almost touching, but he had turned about in his seat, so that he was looking directly at me, and I shall never forget the expression of his face. It was as though he had made some discovery that aroused both his amusement and contempt.

What had I done that he should look at me like that? I wanted to go to him, to beg him to speak to me; but some one with him—a woman, I think, for curiously enough, I was capable of seeing only him, and noted not at all his companions—said something to him, and he moved his chair till his back was turned toward me. I felt like some dumb thing unjustly punished.

Lolly said:

"What's the matter, Nora? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

I suppose my face had blanched, for I was shivering, and I wanted to cover my face with my hands and to cry and cry.

"Oh, Lolly," I said, "I want to go home!"

Chambers took me by the arm, and we passed, like people in a dream, between the tables—ah! past where he was sit-



ting, and out into the street and then home!

THE following morning I was passing languidly by the secretary's desk, in the main office, when she called to me:

"Miss Ascough, you will have to ask your men visitors to call earlier in the evening if they wish to see you. You know our rules."

"My men visitors?" I repeated stupidly.

"Yes," she returned sharply; "a gentleman called here last night at nearly nine-thirty. Of course we refused to permit him to see you."

"Oh," I said faintly, for before I had looked at that little card I knew who had at last come to see me. I went out with his card held blindly in my hand, and all that day, whenever my work paused or slackened, I found myself vaguely wondering why he had called so late, and I felt a dumb sense of helpless rage toward that hateful secretary who had turned him away.



## XVII

LOLLY came flying into my room just a little while before eight that evening, with her cheeks red and her eyes sparkling. She had dined down town with Marshall Chambers, and they had come back to get me to go to the theater with them.

"Hurry up, Nora!" she cried. "Get dressed! Marshall has seats for Sothern and Harned in 'The Sunken Bell.'"

Up to this time I had never been inside a theater. I had come to America in late May. It was now the beginning of September, and the theaters were just opening. Of course I had never been to a play of any sort at home, except some little church affairs. So, unhappy as I was, I dressed in Lolly's pretty chiffon dress, and we went down to join Mr. Chambers, who was waiting for us in the parlor. On the way down in the elevator, Lolly had handed me a number of advertisements of rooms and flats that she had cut

from the papers, and while she was drawing on her gloves in the lower hall and I was glancing through these, a page called my name, and said a gentleman was waiting for me inside.

As I went into the parlor, Marshall Chambers stood up, held out his hand, and said something to me; but I scarcely saw him, and I know I did not answer him. I saw, in fact, nothing in the world save Roger Hamilton, who had come across the room to me, and, with an odd air almost of proprietorship, had taken me quietly from Chambers.

Without saying a word to each other, we sat there in the Y. W. C. A. parlor, with girls coming and going. I glanced only once at his face, and then I looked away, for I could not bear his expression. It was like that of the previous night. It was as if he examined me critically, cruelly, not only my face, but even my clothes and my gloved hands. Presently he said in a low voice:

"There are too many people here. We shall have to go out somewhere."

I found myself walking with him down Michigan Avenue. We said nothing as we walked, but presently we came to a little park, and found a bench facing the lake, and there we sat, I staring out at the water, and he looking at me. After a while he said:

"Who was your friend of last night?"

I said:

"Her name is Lolly Hope."

"I mean the *man*."

"He is her friend," I said. "I never met him till last night."

It was pretty dark, and I could not see his face, but insensibly I felt him lean toward me to look at mine; and then he said in a low voice:

"Are you sure of that?"

"Why, yes," I said. "I don't know the man at all. Did you think that I did?" He did not answer me, and I added, "Was it because of *him* you did not speak to me last night?"

"I did bow to you," he said, and then added reluctantly, "though I can't say I admired the looks of your party."

I said:

"I did n't even see the people with *you*, and it would n't have made any difference to me who they were."

He put his arm along the back of the bench behind me, but not touching me.

"Where did you get the clothes you had on—the dress you 're wearing now?" he asked in a strained voice.

"Lolly lent them to me," I said. "She said mine were not fine enough."

After a pause he moved nearer to me, and I thought he was going to put his arm about me, but he did not. He said in a low voice:

"You can have all the fine clothes you want."

"I wish I could," I returned, sighing; "but one can't dress very beautifully on the salary I get."

"What do you get?" he asked, and I told him. Then he wanted me to tell him all about myself—just what I had been doing, whom I had met, what men, and to leave out nothing. I don't know why, but he seemed to think something extraordinary had happened to me, for he repeated several times:

"Tell me *everything*, every detail. I want to know."

So I did.

I told him of the Y. W. C. A. woman who had met me; of my failure with the newspaper offices; of my long hunt for work; of the insults and propositions men had made me; of my work at the yards; and of O'Brien, my "boss," who had taken me on trust and had been so good to me.

He never interrupted me once, nor asked me a single question, but let me tell him everything in my own way. Then when I was through, he took his arm down, put his hands together, and leaned over, with his elbows on his knees, staring out before him. After a while he said:

"Do you mean to tell me you *like* living at this—er—Y. W. C. A.?"

I nodded.

"And you are contented to work at the Union Stock Yards?"

"No, I don't say that; but it's a stepping-stone to better things, don't you see? It's a living for me for the present, and perhaps by and by I'll sell some of my poems and stories, and then I'll be able to leave the yards."

He turned sharply in his seat, and I felt him staring at me.

"When on earth do you get *time* to write, if you work all day from nine till five-thirty?"

"Sometimes I get up very early," I said, "at five or six, and then I write a bit; and unless the girls bother me at night, I have a chance then, too, though I wish the lights did n't go out at ten."

"But you will kill yourself working in that way."

"No, I won't," I declared eagerly. "I'm awfully strong, and, then, writing is n't work, don't you see? It's a real pleasure; after what I've had to do all day, really it is, a sort of balm almost."

"But you can't keep that up. I don't want you to. I want you to go to school, to begin all over again. If you can, you must forget these days. I want you to blot them out from your mind altogether."

I thought of that question he had asked me on the train when I had read to him my poem: "Would n't you like to go to school?" Now, indeed, neither my pride nor my vanity was piqued. I could even smile at his tone of authority. He was so sure I would obey him; but I was not going to let him do anything in the world for me unless he could say to me what I was able to say to him.

"Well?" after a moment he prompted me.

"No, Mr. Hamilton," I said, "I am not going to school. I cannot afford to."

"I will send you," he said.

"You cannot do that if I refuse to go."

"Why should you refuse?" he said.

"Because it would cost you money—dirty money," I said.

"Nonsense!" He said that angrily now. "I want you to go."

"Thank you; but, nevertheless, I am not going."

He sat up stiffly, and I could feel his frown upon me. He shot out his words at me as if he wished each one to hit me hard:

"You are an ignorant, untrained, undisciplined girl. If you wish to accomplish the big things you plan, you will have to be educated. Here is your chance."

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to get along the best way I can."

"You are stubborn, pig-headed, foolish. Don't you *want* to be educated? Are you satisfied with your present illiterate condition?"

"I can't afford to be," I said.

"But if I am willing—"

I broke in:

"I took nearly six weeks to earn the money to pay you back. I told you I'd never take another cent from you, and I never will."

"Why not?"

"Because I want you to know that I care nothing, nothing at all—nothing, nothing, about your money, that you said every one else wanted. I only care for *you*. I do."

I had run along headlong with my speech, and now I was afraid of what I had said.

He did not say a word after that, and presently I added shakily:

"Don't you see that I can't let you help me again unless you care for me as I do for you? Don't you see that?"

He poked at the gravel with his cane, and after a moment he said very gently:

"I see that you are a very foolish little girl."

"You mean because I—care for you?" I asked.

"Because you've made yourself believe you do," he said.

"I *do*," I said earnestly. "I have n't thought of anything else except you."

"Nonsense! You must n't get sentimental about me. Let's talk of something else. Have you been writing anything lately?"

I told him of the stories I was writing about my mother's land, and he said:

"But you've never been there, child."

"I know," I said; "but, then, I have an instinctive feeling about that country. A blind man can find his way over paths that he intuitively feels. And so with me. I feel as if I knew everything about that land, and when I sit down to write—why, things just come pouring to me, and I can write *anything* then."

I could feel his slow smile, and then he said:

"I believe you can. I don't doubt that you will accomplish all that you hope to. You are a *wonderful* girl."

He stood up, and held out his hand to help me, saying we had better be returning now, as he expected to take a train at eleven. My heart sank to think that his visit was to be so short, and I felt a passionate regret that there was nothing I could do or say that would keep him longer.

As we were walking down the avenue, he put the hand nearest me behind his back, and with the other swung his cane slightly. He seemed to be thinking all the time.

I asked him whether he was going to come and see me again, and he said quickly:

"If you do what I tell you."

"You mean about the school?" I asked.

"No-o. We'll let that go for the present; but you've got to get out of both that er—institution—"

"The Y. W. C. A.?" I queried, surprised.

"Yes, your precious Y. W. C. A."

He was talking in a low and rather guarded voice, as if anxious that no one passing should hear us.

"I want you to get bright, pretty rooms. You'll feel better and work better in attractive surroundings."

"I did intend to move, anyway," I said. "Lolly and I were planning to look for rooms to-morrow."

He said quickly:

"I would n't go with her. Get a place of your own."

"Well, but, you see, together we can get a better room for less money," I explained.

He made an impatient sound, as if the discussion of expense provoked him.

"Get as nice a place as you can, child," he said, and added growlingly, "if you don't, I 'll not come to see you at all."

"All right," I said; "I 'll get a nice place."

"And now about your position—"

"It 's not bad," I asseverated. "Fred 's awfully good to me."

"Fred?"

"Yes; he 's my boss—Fred O'Brien."

"You call him Fred?"

"Yes; every one does at the yards."

"Humph! I think it would be an excellent plan for you to leave those yards just about as expeditiously as you can."

"But I can't. Why, I might not be able to get another position. Just look how I tramped about for weeks before I got that."

He stopped abruptly in the street.

"Don't you know, if you stay in a place like that, every bit of poetry and—er—charm—and fineness in you, and every other worth-while quality that you possess, will be literally beaten out of you? Why, that is no place for a girl like you. Now you get a pretty room—several, if you wish—and then go to work and write—write your poetry and stories and anything you want."

"But, Mr. Hamilton, I can't afford to do that."

He switched his cane with a sort of savage impatience.

"Nonsense!" he said. "You can afford to have anything you want. I 'll give you anything—anything you want."

He repeated this sweepingly, almost angrily, and after a moment I said:

"Well, why should you do this for me?"

I was saying to myself that I would let him do anything for me if he did it because he cared for me. If not, I could take nothing from him. I waited in a sort of agony for his answer. It came slowly, as if he were carefully choosing his words:

"I want to do it," he said, "because I am interested in you; because it pleases me

to help a girl like you; because I believe you are, as I have said, a wonderful girl, an exceptionally gifted girl, and I want to give you a chance to prove it."

"Oh!" I tried to speak lightly, but I wanted to sob. His belief in my talent gave me no pride. I vastly preferred him to care for me personally. "Thank you," I said, "but I can't let you give me a room and support me any more than I can let you send me to school."

We had now reached the Y. W. C. A. I could see the door girl watching us through the glass. It was after ten, and I had to go in. I held out my hand, and he took it reluctantly and immediately let it go. His manner plainly showed that I had offended him.

"Don't think," I said, "because I can't let you help me that I 'm not grateful to you, for I am."

"Gratitude be damned!" he said.

Estelle and I had a little stock of candles, and when the lights went out before we were in bed, we used to light one. I had trouble finding one in the dark that night, and I tripped over the rocking-chair and hurt my ankle. Estelle sat up in petulant wrath.

"Say, what 's biting you lately, anyhow?" she demanded. "Getting gay in your old age, are you?" she inquired.

"You shut up!" I said crossly, nursing my ankle. "I believe you hide those candles, anyway."

"I sure do," retorted Estelle. "If you think I 'm going to let your swell friend burn my little glimmers, you 've got one more guess coming."

By my "swell friend" she meant Lolly.

She got out of bed, however, felt under the bureau, and produced and lighted a candle. Then she examined and rubbed my ankle, and, grumbling and muttering things about Lolly, helped me undress and into bed. When I supposed she had dropped off asleep, she sat up suddenly in bed.

"Say, I 'd like to ask you something. Have you got a steady?" she said.

"No, Estelle; I wish I had," I replied mournfully.

"Well," said Estelle, "you sure are going the way about *nit* to get one. You let them swell guys alone that come nosing around you. Say, do you know I thought you were in for a nice, steady fellow for fair when I seen Pop-eyes"—Pop-eyes was her term for Hermann—"hanging round here. Then I seen *Miss Hope*"—with a sneer—"had cut you out. Say, I 'd 'a' like' to have handed her one for that. Who was the swell took you out last night?"

"His name 's Chambers. He 's Lolly's friend."

"And who was the man to see you to-night? Looked to me as if *he* were stuck on you."

I sat up in bed excitedly.

"Oh, Estelle, did it?"

"Humph! I was right there next to you, on the next sofa with Albert, but, gee! you did n't see nothing but him, and he was looking at you like he 'd eat you up if you give him half a chance."

I sighed.

"I gave him a chance all right," I said mournfully.

"And nothing doing?" asked Estelle, sympathetically.

"No—nothing doing, Estelle," I said.

"Well, what do you care?" said my room-mate, determined to comfort me. "Say, what does any girl want with an old grand-pop like him, anyway?"

I laughed, I don't know why. Somehow, I was *glad* that Mr. Hamilton was old. Oh, yes, forty seems old to seventeen.



# XVIII

I DON'T know whether it was the effect of Mr. Hamilton's visit or not, but I was not so contented after that. Things about the Y. W. C. A. that I had not noticed before now irritated me.

A great many unjust requirements were made of the girls. It was not fair to make us attend certain sermons. Goodness knows, we were tired enough when we got home, and most of us just wanted to go to our rooms; and if we did desire

entertainment or relaxation, we wanted to choose it for ourselves. I believe some of these old rules are not enforced to-day.

Then that ten o'clock rule! Really it *was* a shame! Just fancy writing feverishly upon some beautiful (to me it was beautiful) story or poem, and all of a sudden the lights going out! That was maddening, and sometimes I swore as Lolly did, and I cried once when I had reached a place in my story that I simply *had* to finish, and I tried to do it in the dark.

So I was determined to move, and Lolly went about looking for rooms for us. I told her I 'd like anything she got.

Meanwhile life in the yards began to "get upon my nerves." I never before knew that I *had* nerves; but I knew it now. No one, not even a girl of the abounding health and spirits I then enjoyed, could work eight hours a day at a type-writer and two or three hours writing at night, and be in love besides, and not feel some sort of strain.

And I *was* in love. I don't suppose any girl was ever more utterly and hopelessly in love than I was then. No matter what I was doing or where I was,—even when I wrote my stories,—he was always back there in my mind. It was almost as though he had hypnotized me.

Loving is, I suppose, a sort of bliss. One can get a certain amount of real joy and excitement out of loving; but it 's pretty woeful when one must love alone, and that was my case. You see, though I knew I had made a kind of impression upon Mr. Hamilton, or, as he himself put it, he was "interested" in me, still, he certainly was not in love with me, and I had little or no hope now of making him care for me.

I realized that he belonged to a different social sphere. He was a rich, powerful man, of one of the greatest families in America, and I—I was a working-girl, a stenographer of the stock-yards. Only in novels or a few sensational newspaper stories did millionaires fall in love with and marry poor, ignorant working-girls, and then the working-girl was sure to be

a beauty. I was not a beauty. Some people said I was pretty, but I don't think I was even that. I had simply the fresh prettiness that goes hand in hand with youth, and youth gallops away from us like a race-horse, eager to reach the final goal. No, I was not pretty. I looked odd, and when I began to wear fine clothes, I must have appeared very well, for I had all sorts of compliments paid to me. I was told that I looked picturesque, interesting, fascinating, distinguished, lovely, and even more flattering things that were not true. It showed what clothes will do.

I was not, however, wearing fine clothes at this time. My clothes were of the simplest—sailor shirt-waist, navy-blue cloth skirt, and a blue sailor hat with a rolled-up brim. That was how I dressed until the night Lolly lent me some of her finery.

My only hope lay in pulling myself up by my talent. If I achieved fame, that, perhaps, I felt, would put me on a level with this man. But fame seemed as elusive and as far away as the stars above me.

Then, his insistence that I should be educated and his statement that I was illiterate made me pause in my thought to take reckoning of myself. If, indeed, my ignorance was so patent that it was revealed in my mere speech, how, then, could I hope to achieve anything? I felt very badly about that, and when I read over some of my beloved poems, instead of their giving me the former pride and delight, I felt, instead, a deep-seated grief and dissatisfaction, so that I tore them up, and then wept just as if I had destroyed some living thing.

Yes, I was very unhappy. I kept at my work, doing it efficiently; but the place now appeared hideous and abhorrent to me, and every day I asked myself:

"How much longer can I bear it?"

I remember leaving my desk one day, going to the girls' dressing-room, and just sitting down alone and crying, without knowing just what I was crying about—I who cried so little!

I suppose things would have gone from bad to worse for me but for two things that happened to distract me.

We moved, Lolly and I. I can't say that our rooms were as attractive and clean-looking as the ones we had at the Y. W. C. A., and of course they cost more. Still, they were not bad. We had two small rooms. Originally one large room, a partition had made it into two. By putting a couch in the outer room, we made a sitting-room, and were allowed to have our company there. Whichever one was up the last with company was to sleep on the couch.

Lolly made the rooms very attractive by putting pretty covers over the couch and table, and college flags that some men gave her on the wall, with a lot of pictures and photographs. The place looked very cozy, especially at night, but somehow I missed the cleanly order of my room of the Y. W. C. A.

I wrote a letter to Mr. Hamilton and gave him our new address. I could not resist telling him that I had been very unhappy; that I realized he was right, and that I could never go very far when my equipment in life was so pitifully small. However, I added hopefully that I intended to read a lot that winter, and Lolly and I were going to join the library. I could take a book with me to work. There were many intervals during the day when I could read if I wished to; in the luncheon hour, for instance, and on the cars going to and from work. One could always snatch a moment. Did n't he think I would improve myself much by reading?

He did not answer me, but a few days later three large boxes of books came to the house for me.

Lolly and I were overjoyed. We had a great time getting shelves for the books and setting them up. We had Balzac, Dumas, Flaubert, Gautier, Maupassant, Carlyle's "French Revolution," and the standard works of the English authors. Also we had the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I was so happy about those books that my depression dropped from me in a mo-

ment. I felt that if my little arms could have embraced the world, I should have encircled it. It was not merely the delight of possessing books for the first time in my life, but because *he* had chosen and sent them to me.

The second thing that came up to divert me from a tendency to melancholia at this time happened at the yards immediately after that.

One day O'Brien did not come to work till about five in the afternoon. As soon as he came in I noticed that there was something wrong with him. His hat was tipped over one eye, and his mouth had a crooked slant as he moved his cigar from side to side. Without noticing me, he took his seat, and slightly turned his back toward me. I chanced just then to catch Hermann's eye. He made a sign to me. I could not understand at first what he meant till he lifted an empty glass from his desk, held it to his lips, and then pretended to drain it. Then I knew: Fred had been drinking.

I suppose I ought not to have spoken to a man in his condition, but I think for the first time in my life there swept over me a great wave of maternal feeling toward this big uncouth boy who had been so good to me. I said:

"Fred!"

He turned around slightly, and looked at me through bleary eyes. His lips were dirty and stained with tobacco, and the odor that came from him made me feel ill. His voice, however, was steady, and he had it under control.

"Nora," he said, "I 'm soused."

"You 'd better go home," I whispered, for I was afraid he would get into trouble if one of the firm was to see him. "I 'll finish your work for you. I know just how."

"I 'm not going home till *you* do," said Fred. "I 'm going with you. You 'll take care of me, won't you, Nora?"

"O Fred," I said, "please do go home!"

"I tell you I 'm going with you. I want to tell you all about myself. I never told you before. Got to tell you to-night."

"I 'd rather hear it to-morrow night."

"Don't care what you 'd rather. I 'm going to tell you to-night," persisted Fred, with the irritable querulousness of a child.

"But I go out on the bus with the girls," I said.

"Tha' 's true," said Fred. "Tell you what I 'll do. I 'll start off now, and I 'll meet you at the end of the yards when the bus comes out. See?"

I nodded. Fred settled his hat more crookedly on his head, and, with an unlighted cigar twisting loosely in his mouth, went staggering down the aisle.

Hermann came over to my desk, and when I told him what Fred had said, he advised me to slip off the bus quickly and make a run for the nearest car. He said if Fred "got a grip" on me, he 'd never let go "till he had sobered up."

I asked Hermann how long that would take, and he said:

"Well, sometimes he goes on a long drunk, for weeks at a time. It depends on who is with him. If he can get any one to drink with him, he 'll keep on and on, once he 's started. Once a prize-fighter just got a hold of him and punched him into sensibility, and he did n't touch a drop for a year afterward. He can, if he tries, sober up in a few hours. He goes months without touching a thing, and then all of a sudden he reverts."

Hermann then told me that Fred had once been jilted by a girl in Milwaukee, and that that had started him drinking.

As the bus took us through the yards, I thought how terrible and sad it was for a man who was in such a condition to be left to his own devices. It was just as if one left a helpless baby to mind himself, or threw a poor sick person out upon the street, expecting him to be cured without treatment. What was drink but a disease, anyhow? And I said to myself that I wished I were a prize-fighter. Fred had been good to me. I come of a race, on my mother's side, which does not easily forget kindnesses, and somehow I could think of nothing save how Fred had treated me that first day, and had given me a chance when no one else would.

So when I stepped from the bus, and Fred came lurching toward me, I simply had not the heart to break away from him. All the girls were watching us, and some of the men tried to draw Fred aside by the arm.

He became wildly excited, and said he could "lick any son of a gun in the Union Stock-Yards."

One of the men told me to "beat it" while they took care of Fred; but Fred did look so helpless and so inexpressibly childish as he cried out his defiance, and I was so mortally afraid that they might get fighting among themselves, and, anyhow, though drunk, he was not offensive, that I said:

"I'll take him home. I'm not afraid of him."

Some of them laughed, and some protested; but I did n't care anything about any of them except Fred, and I helped him on an open car that went near our house.

I took him to our rooms, and there Lolly tried to sober him by making him black coffee, and Hermann, who came, too,—he had kept right up with Fred and me,—said he'd take care of Fred while Lolly and I got our dinner. We took our meals out.

When we got back,—it was about eight then,—there was Fred sitting on the doorstep. Hermann was trying to drag him to his feet, but he would n't move, and he kept saying: "Nora's going to take care of me. S-she's m' stenographer, you know."

Hermann explained that our landlady had ordered them out, as Fred had begun to sing after we went. Hermann wanted Lolly and me to go into the house, and he said he'd take care of Fred, even if he had to "land him in a cell" to do it. He said that in such a nasty way that poor Fred began to cry that he had n't a friend in the world, and that made me feel so badly that I told him that I was his friend, and that I'd take good care that Hermann did n't put him in a cell. Then I had an inspiration.

I suggested that we all take a long

street-car ride and that the open air might clear his head, and if it did n't, we could get off at some park and walk around. Fred exclaimed that walking was the one thing that always "woke" him up.

Lolly said:

"Not for mine!" and went into the house.

So Hermann and I, with Fred between us, made for the nearest car. I got in first, then Fred, and then as Hermann was getting on, Fred seized his hat and threw it out into the road. A wind caught it, and Hermann had to chase after it. While he was doing this, Fred pulled the bell-rope, and the car started.

We rode to the end of the line, Fred behaving very well. Here we got off, and we went into the park. I asked Fred how he was feeling, and he said "tip-top," and that he would be all right after walking about a bit.

*We walked!*

At first Fred was garrulous in a wandering sort of way, and he tried to tell me about the girl who had jilted him. He said he had never liked a girl since except me, and then he pulled himself up abruptly and said:

"But don't think I'm stuck on you, because I ain't. I got stuck on one girl in my life, and that was enough for mine."

"Of course you're not," I said soothingly, "and I'm not stuck on you, either. We're just good pals, are n't we?"

"Best ever," said Fred, drowsily.

Then for a long time—my! it seemed hours and hours—we just tramped about the park. Curiously enough, I did n't feel a bit tired; but by and by I could tell by the way he walked that Fred was just about ready to drop from exhaustion. He had been up drinking all the previous night and all the day. So presently I found a bench under a big tree, and I tried to make him sit down; but nothing would do but that he must lie down at full length on the bench, with his head on my lap. He dropped off almost immediately into a sound sleep or stupor, breathing heavily and noisily.

I don't know how long we were there.



I grew numb with the weight of his heavy head upon my knee. A policeman came along and asked me what we were doing. I told him truthfully that Fred had been drinking, and was now asleep, and I asked him please not to wake him. He called Fred my "man," and said we could stay there. We did stay there. Nothing I believe could have awakened Fred. As for me, well, I made up my mind that I was "in for it." I thought of trying to go to sleep with my head against the back of the seat, but it was too low. So I had to sit up straight.

It was a still, warm night in September, with scarcely a breeze stirring. I could see the giant branches of the trees on all sides of us. They shot up like ghostly sentinels. Even the whispering leaves seemed scarcely to stir.

I saw the stars in a wide silver sky, staring and winking down upon us all through that long night. I looked up at them, and thought of my father, and I thought of that great ancestor of mine who had been an astronomer, and had given to the world some of its chief knowledge of the heavens above us. It would be strange, I whimsically thought, if somewhere up there among the stars he was peering down at me now on this microscopic earth; for it was microscopic in the great scheme of the universe, my father had once said.

To sit up all night long in a quiet, beautiful park, under a star-spotted sky, with a drunken man asleep on your lap, after all, that is not the worst of fates. I know, because I have done it, and I tell you there have been less happy nights than that in my life.

As we rush along in the whirligig of life, we girls who must work so hard for our daily bread, we get so little time in which to *think*. For one cannot think, save disjointedly, while working. Now I had a long chance for all my thoughts, and they came crowding upon me. I thought of my little brothers and sisters, and I wistfully longed that I might see them again while they were still little. I thought of my sister Marion, whom I

had left in Boston. Had she fared as well as I? She had written me two or three times, and her letters were cheerful enough, but just as I told her in my letters nothing of my struggles, so she told me nothing of hers. Yet I read between the lines, and I *knew*—it made my heart ache, that knowledge—that Marion was having an even more grim combat with Fate than I; I was better equipped than she to earn my living. For one's mere physical beauty is, after all, a poor and dangerous asset. And Marion was earning her living by her beauty. She was a professional model, getting fifty cents an hour.

I thought of other sisters, one of whom had passed through a tragic experience, and another—the eldest, a girl with more real talent than I—who had been a pitiful invalid all her days. She is dead now, that dear big sister of mine, and a monument marks her grave in commemoration of work she did for my mother's country.

It seemed as if our heritage had been all struggle. None of us had yet attained what the world calls success. We were all straining and leaping up frantically at the stars of our ancestor; but they still stared aloofly at us, like the impenetrable Sphinx.

It seemed a great pity that I was not, after all, to be the savior of the family, and that my dreams of the fame and fortune that not alone should lift me up, but all my people, were built upon a substance as shifting as sand and as shadowy as mist. For, if what Mr. Hamilton had said was true, there was, alas! no hope in me. Perhaps I was doomed to be the wife of a man like the fat, blond clerk at the yards, or even of Fred. To think now of Mr. Hamilton as a possible husband was to do so with a cynical jeer at my own past ingenuousness. Since that visit of his, I had been awakened, as it were, to the clear knowledge that this man could never be to me what I had so fondly dreamed. Well!

I don't know when the stars began to fade. They just seemed to wink out one by one in the sky, and it grew gray and

haggard, as it does just before the dawn. Even in the dark the birds began to call to one another, and when the first pale streak from the slowly rising sun crept stealthily out of the east, these winged little creatures dropped to earth in search of food, and a small, soft, inquiring-eyed squirrel jumped right in the path before me, and stood with uplifted tail and pricked-up head, as if to question my presence there.

Perhaps it was the whistling chatter of the birds that awoke Fred. He said I called to him, but he was mistaken.

He was lying on his back, his head upturned on my lap, and suddenly he opened his eyes and stared up at me. Then slowly he sat up, and he leaned forward on the bench and covered his face with his hands. I thought he was crying, but presently he said to me in a low, husky voice:

"How long have we been here?"

"All night, Fred," I said.

"Nora Ascough, you 're a dead-game sport!" he answered.



# XIX

It may sound strange, but I really felt very little the worse for that long night's vigil. I went home, took a cold bath, had breakfast in a near-by restaurant (one of those ten, twenty, twenty-five-cent places), and went to work just the same as ever. What is more, I had a specially hard day at the yards, for of course Fred was not there, and I had to do a good part of his work.

Frank Hermann wanted to know just how I got away from Fred, and I told him just what had happened. He said admiringly:

"Gee! you 're one corker, Nora!"

"Fred gave me my job," I said, but I may as well add that I felt rather proud. Not every girl can be called a "dead-game sport" and a "corker."

Hermann said he had told the men about the place who had seen me go home with Fred that he had joined us, and

later had himself taken Fred home. I felt grateful to Hermann for that. Personally I cared very little what these stock-yard people thought of me. Still, it was good of Frank to undertake to protect me. He was a good sort, I must say.

One of the girls in the bus said as we were going home that evening that I looked "fagged out," so I suppose I had begun to show the effects of the night; but I was not aware of any great fatigue until I got on the street car. All the seats were taken, and I had to stand in a crush all the way home, holding to a strap. I was glad enough to get home, I can tell you.

I thought Lolly was in when I saw the light in my room, and that surprised me, because her hours were very irregular. She seldom came home for dinner, and often worked at night.

I suppose it was the surprise and shock of finding him there, and, of course, my real state of weakness, but I nearly fainted when I saw Mr. Hamilton in my room. His back was turned to the door when I went in, as he was looking at the books he had sent me. Then he turned around and said:

"Well, how 's the wonderful girl?"

I could n't answer him, and I must have looked very badly, for he came over to me quickly, took both my hands, and drew me down to the couch beside him. Then he said roughly:

"You see, you can't stand work like this. You 're all trembling and pale."

I said hysterically:

"I 'm trembling because you are here, and I 'm pale because I 'm tired, and I 'm tired because I 've been up all night long."

"What!" he exclaimed.

I nodded.

"Oh, yes. Fred was drunk, and he wanted me with him; so I walked with him in L—— Park, and then he fell asleep on a bench with his head on my lap."

He jumped to his feet, and looking up, I saw his face. It was so black with astounded fury that I thought he was go-

ing to strike me; but I was not afraid of him. I felt only a sudden sense of wonder and pain. His voice, though low, had a curious sound of suppressed rage.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have been out all night with that man?"

I looked into his face, and then I nodded, without speaking. He gave me a hard look, and then he laughed shortly, brutally.

"So you are *that* sort, are you?" he said.

"Yes," I returned defiantly, "I am that sort. Fred was good to me. He took me on trust. If I had left him last night, he might have gone on drinking, or a policeman would have arrested him. You can't imagine the state he was in—just like a helpless child."

While I was speaking he kept staring at me. It made me so nervous that I wrenched my hands together. And then I saw his face change, just as if it were broken, and in place of that hard, sneering expression there came that beautiful look that I had seen on his face that day on the train when he had asked me if I would like to go to school.

He came over and sat down again beside me on the couch. He took my hands in his, and held them as if he were warming them. Then I put my face against his arm and began to cry. He did n't say a word to me for the longest time. Then he asked me very gently to tell him all over again just what happened. So I did. He wanted to know if Fred had said anything offensive to me, or if he had been familiar or tried to kiss me. I said, "No; Fred is not that kind." If he had been, he asked me, what would I have done? I did n't know, I told him.

"You 'd have permitted him to?" he demanded sharply, and I said I did n't think I would; but then, of course, one could n't tell what a drunken man might do. He said that that was the whole point of the matter, and that I could see for myself that I had done a very foolish and dangerous thing.

By this time he was walking up and down. After a while, when he had got-

ten over his excitement and wrath about Fred, he shook up all the sofa pillows on the couch, and made me lie down. When I sat up, he lifted up my feet, and put them on the couch, too. So I had to lie down, and I was so tired and happy that he was there, and *cared*, that I would have done anything he ordered me to. Then he drew up a chair beside me, and began to talk again on the subject of my going to school. Goodness! I had thought that matter was settled. But, no; he had the persistency of a bull-dog in matters about which he cared.

He said it was nonsense for me to be expending my strength like this, when I ought to be studying and developing myself. He said association at my age meant everything; that I had the impressionable temperament of the artist, and was bound either to be benefited or hurt by the people with whom I associated.

I let him go on, because I loved to hear him talk, anyway, even though he was so cross about it. He kept frowning at me, as if he were administering a scolding, and driving the fist of his right hand into the palm of his left in a way he had when talking. When he was through, I said:

"If I go to school, will you come to see me, like this?"

"Of course I 'll come to see you," he said. "Not—like this exactly; but I shall make it a point of coming to see you."

"Well, would I be alone with you ever?" I asked.

He said yes, sometimes, but that I ought to know what boarding-schools were like. I smiled up at him at that, and he frowned down at me, and I said:

"I 'd rather live like this, with all my besotted ignorance, and have you come to see me, and be with me all alone, just like this, than go to the finest boarding-school in the world."

He said, "Nonsense!" but he was touched, for he did n't say anything more about my going to school then. Instead, he began to urge me to leave my position at the yards. When I said I could n't do that, he grew really angry with me. I think he would have gone then, for he

picked up his hat; but I told him I had n't had any dinner. Neither, of course, had he, as I had come in about six-thirty. So then I made him wait while I dressed, and he took me out to dinner.

There were a number of restaurants near where I lived, but he knew of a better place down-town; so we went there, by carriage, instead. On the way he asked me where I got the suit I had on, and I told him. Then he wanted to know what I paid for it, and I told him \$12. It was a good little blue serge suit, and I had a smart hat to go with it. In fact, I was beginning to dress better, and more like American girls. I asked him if he liked my suit. He said roughly:

"No," and then he added, "it 's too thin." After a moment he said:

"I 'm going to buy you decent clothes first of all."

I had a queer feeling that so long as I took nothing from this man, I should retain his respect. It was a stubborn, persistent idea. I could not efface from my mind his bitter words of that day on the train, and I wanted above all things to prove to him that I cared for him only for himself and not for the things I knew he could give me and wanted to give me. I never knew a man so anxious to give a woman things as was Mr. Hamilton to do things for me from the very first. So now I told him that I could n't let him get clothes for me. That made him angrier than ever, and he would n't speak to me all the rest of the way. While we were having dinner (he had ordered the meal without reference to me at all, but just as if he knew what I should like), he said in that rough way he often assumed to me when he was bent upon having his way about something:

"You want me to take you with me when I come to Chicago, don't you—to dinner, theaters, and other places?"

I nodded. I *did* want to go with him, and I was tremendously proud to think that he wanted to take me.

"Very well, then," he said; "you 'll have to dress properly."

I could n't find any answer to that,

but I inwardly vowed that I would spend every cent I made above my board on clothes.

I think he was sorry for having spoken unkindly to me, because he ceased to urge me about the school, my position, my lodgings, which he did not like at all, and now my clothes. He made me tell him all over again for the third or fourth time about last night. He kept asking me about Fred, almost as if he were trying to trap me with questions, till finally I grew so hurt by some of his questions that I would n't answer him. Then again he changed the subject, and wanted to know what I had been writing. That was a subject on which he knew I would chatter fluently, and I told him how I had actually dared to submit my latest to a mighty magazine in New York City. He said he wished he were the editor. I said:

"Would you take my stories?"

"You better believe I would," he said.

"Why?"

"Well, why do you suppose?"

"Because you think my stories are good or because you like me—which?"

He laughed, and told me to finish my coffee.

I said:

"You must like me *some*, else you would n't have cared about Fred."

He tried to frown at me for that, but instead laughed outright, and said if it gave me any satisfaction to believe that, to go on believing it.

My happiness was dashed when he said he had to return to Richmond on the eleven o'clock train. I had been secretly hoping he would remain in Chicago a few days. When I faltered out this hope, he said rather shortly:

"I can run down here only occasionally for a day or a few hours at a time. My affairs keep me in Richmond."

Little things exhilarate me and make me happy, and little things depress me and make me sad. So while I was light-hearted a moment before, I felt blue at the thought of his going. I said to myself that this was how it would always be. He would always come, and he would

always go, and I wondered if a day would ever come when he would ask me to go with him.

He saw that I was depressed, and began to talk teasingly:

"Do you know," he said—we were now at the steps of my boarding-house—"that you are a very fickle little person?"

"I? Why I 'm foolishly faithful," I declared.

"I say you are fickle," he asserted with mock seriousness. "Now I know one chap that you used to think the world and all about, but whom you have completely forgotten. The poor little fellow came to me, and told me all about it himself."

I could n't think whom in the world he could mean, and thought he was just joking, when he said:

"So you 've forgotten all about your little dog, have you?"

"Verley!"

"Yes, Verley."

"Oh, you 've seen him?"

I think it gave him all kinds of satisfaction to answer me as he did.

"I 've got him. He 's mine now—ours, shall we say?"

"Oh, did Dr. Manning give him to you?"

He laughed.

"Not much. He *sold* him to me."

"He had no right to do that. Verley was my dog."

"But you owed Dr. Manning for your fare from Boston."

"That 's true. Did he tell you that?"

"No, but I knew it, and I did n't like the idea of your owing anything to any one except—me," and he gave me one of his warmest smiles when he said that. "I did not see the doctor myself, but a friend arranged the matter for me. By the way; he owes you a considerable little sum over the amount he paid for your fare from Boston, though we are not going to bother collecting it. We 'll let it go."

"What do you mean?"

"It seems he considered the dog a very expensive article. I paid him three hun-

dred dollars for Verley, whose high-bred ancestry I very much doubt."

"Three hundred dollars! Oh, what a shame! He was n't worth anything like that," I cried.

He said after a moment, during which he looked at me very steadily:

"Yes, he was worth that to me: he was —*yours*."

I caught my breath, I was so happy when he said that.

"Now I know you do like me," I said, "else you would n't say things like that."

"Nonsense!" he said.

"Why do you bother about me at all, then?" I asked.

He had put the key in the lock now. He did n't look up when he answered that, but kept twisting the key.

"I told you why. I 'm interested in you—that 's all," he said.

"Is that—*really*—all?" I asked tremulously.

"Yes," he said in a rough whisper; "that is really all, little girl."

"Well, anyway," I said, "even if you don't love me, I love you. You don't mind my doing that, do you?"

I could *feel* his smile in the darkness of that little porch as he said:

"No, don't stop doing *that*, whatever happens. That would be a calamity hard to bear—now."

It 's not much to have permission to love a person who does n't love you, but it was a happy girl who slept on the couch that night. Lolly came in after I did, but I made her sleep inside. She wanted to know why on earth I had all the pillows on the couch. I did n't answer. How could I tell her that I wanted them about me because *he* had put them there?

In the morning, on the table, I found half a cigar that he had smoked. I rolled it up in tissue-paper and put it in the drawer where I kept only my most cherished treasures.



Now that the lights no longer went out at ten, I did considerable writing at night.

I had to work, however, under difficulties, for Lolly had no end of men callers. She had discouraged men calling on her at the Y. W. C. A., but now that we had a place of our own, she liked them to come. As she gaily put it to me one day: "Beaux make great meal-tickets, Nora."

And then, too, she liked men. She told me once I was the only girl chum she had ever had, though she had had scores of men chums who were not necessarily her admirers as well.

Lolly was a born flirt. Hermann was her slave and her shadow now, and so were several newspaper men and editors who seemed entirely devoted to her. There was only one man, however, for whom she cared a button, so she told me, and that was Marshall Chambers; and yet she quarreled with him constantly, and never trusted him.

Lolly's men friends were kind to me, too. They tried many devices to entrap me to go with them. It was all I could do to work at night, for even when I shut myself into the inner room, Lolly was always coming in with this or that message and joke, and to urge me to "come on out, like a good fellow, just for to-night." Though, to do Lolly justice, many a time, when she thought the story I was working on was worth while, she would try to protect me from being disturbed, and sometimes she'd say:

"Clear out, the whole bunch of you! Nora's in the throes of creation again."

However, I really don't know how I managed to write at all there. Hermann came nearly every night in those days, and even when Lolly was out he used to sit in that outer room and wait, poor fellow, for her to return. He never reproached Lolly, though he certainly knew she did not return his love. Hermann just waited, with a sort of untiring German patience and determination to win in the end. He was no longer the gay and flippant "lady-killer." In a way I was glad to have Hermann there at night, for I was afraid of Chambers. Whenever he found me alone, he would try to make love to me, and tell me he

was mad about me, and other foolish things.

I asked him once what he would do if I told Lolly. He replied, with an ugly smile, that he guessed Lolly would take his word before mine.

That marked him as unprincipled, and I hated him more than ever. Of course I never told him I disliked him. On the contrary, I was always very civil and joking with him. It's queer, but I have a good streak of the "Dr. Fell" feeling in me. It's hard to explain. Hermann and I once talked over Marshall Chambers and his efforts to make love to me. Hermann said that that was one of the reasons he was going to be there when he could. He said that some day Lolly was going to find out, and he (Hermann) wanted to be there to take care of her when that day came. Such was his dog-like affection for Lolly, that, although he knew she loved this man, he was prepared to take her when she was done with the other.

Occasionally Fred, too, came to see me in the evening, but if I was writing, he would go away at once. My writing to Fred loomed as something very important. He believed in me. Hamilton had called me a wonderful girl, but Fred believed I was an inspired genius. He let me copy all my stories on the type-writer at the office, and would literally steal time for me in which to do it, making Red Top do work I should have done.

Fred was "in bad" at the yards. It seems that his last "drunk" had completely exasperated certain heads of the firm, and there was a general opinion, so Hermann told me, that Fred's head might "come off" any day now.

I was so worried about this that I tried to warn him. He stuck his tongue in one cheek and winked at me. Then he said:

"Nora, I have an A No. 1 pull with old man Smith, and there ain't nobody going to get my job here; but I'm working them for the New York job. I want to go east."

That made me feel just as badly, for, if Fred was transferred to the New York

branch, what would become of me? I could not go, too, and I disliked the thought of working under another.

I felt so badly about it that I wrote to Mr. Hamilton, who had not been to see me for three weeks. I suppose if I had not been working so hard, I should have felt worse about that, because I had thought he would be sure to come and see me again soon. But he did not; nor did he even write to me, though I wrote him four letters. My first letter was a very foolish one. It was this: "I know you do not love me, but I do you."

I felt ashamed of that letter after I mailed it. So then I sent another to say I did n't mean it, and then I sent another immediately to say that I did.

Then for a time, as I received no answers, I did n't write to him, but tried to forget him in my writing. It's a fact that I was fairly successful. Once I started upon a story, my mind centered upon nothing else; but as soon as I was through with it, I would begin to think about him again, and I suppose he really was in my mind all the time.

But to get back to Fred. I wrote Mr. Hamilton that Fred was likely to be transferred to the New York office, and in that event he would take me with him. Of course it would be a fine opportunity for me, as all the best publishing houses and magazines were in New York, and I would have a chance to submit my work directly to the editors. Then, too, if Fred was placed in charge of the New York offices, it would be much pleasanter than in the stock-yards, since there would be merely a handful of clerks. He never answered that letter, either. I wondered why he never wrote to me. His silence made me blue and then reckless.

Lolly, who by this time knew all about Mr. Hamilton, offered me her usual consolation and advice. The consolation was a cigarette, but I did n't care for it at all. Cigarettes choked me every time I tried to smoke them, and I could n't for the life of me understand why she liked them. She must have smoked a dozen packages a day, for she smoked constantly. Her

pretty fingers were nicotine-stained, and I've known her even in the night to get up and smoke. So I could not accept Lolly's consolatory cigarette. I did, however, follow her advice in a way. She said:

"Nora, the only way to forget one man is to interest yourself in another—or many others."

So toward the end of the month I began to go about with some of Lolly's friends.

They took me to dinners, theaters, and some social and Bohemian clubs and dances. At one of these clubs I met Margaret Kingston, a woman lawyer, who became my lifelong friend. I don't know how old she was, but to me then she seemed very "grown-up." I dare say she was no more than forty or forty-five, though her hair was gray. She was a big woman physically, mentally, and of heart. Good-humored, full of sentiment, and with a fine, clear brain, I could not but be attracted to her at once. She was talented, too. She wrote, she painted, she was a fine musician, and a good orator. She was a socialist, and when very much excited, declared she was also an anarchist. With all her talents, possibly because of a certain impractical and sort of vagabond streak in her, she was always poor, hard up, and scraping about to make both ends meet.

She came over to the table where I was sitting with Lolly and Hermann and a newspaper man, and she said she wanted to know the "little girl with the black eyes." That was I. We liked each other at once, just as Lolly and I had liked each other. I form attachments that way, quickly and instinctively, and I told her much about myself, my writing, etc., so that she became at once interested in me and invited me to her house. She said she "kept house" with another "old girl."

I went to see her the very next night. They had a pretty house on Groveland Avenue. She took me through the place. I suppose I looked so longingly at those lovely rooms that she asked me if I would n't like to come and live with them. She

said she needed a couple of "roomers" to help with the expenses, and offered me a dear little room—so dainty and cozy!—for only seven dollars a week, with board. There were to be no other boarders, so she said; but there was a suite of two rooms and a bath in front, and these she intended to rent without board. She laughingly said that as these rooms were so specially fine, she 'd "soak the affluent person who took them" enough to carry our expenses. I wanted badly to move in at once, but I was afraid Lolly would be offended, so I said I 'd see about it.

On that very first visit to Mrs. Kingston, who asked me, by the way, to call her "Margaret,"—she said she felt younger when people called her that; and if it did n't sound so ugly, she would even like to be called "Mag,"—I met Dick Laurence, a newspaper reporter. He was an Ohioan whose father had once owned a Cincinnati paper.

One never knows why one person falls in love with another. See how I loved Hamilton despite his frankly telling me he was only "interested" in me. Dick Laurence fell in love with me, and just as Hermann was Lolly's shadow, so Dick became mine. He was as ambitious as I, and quite as impractical and visionary. He wrote astonishingly clever things, but never stuck at anything long enough to succeed finally. He was a born wanderer, just like my father, and although still in his early twenties, had been well over the world. At this time the woes of Cuba occupied the attention of the American press, and Laurence was trying to get out there to investigate conditions. This was just prior to the war.

I never really thought he would go, and was much astonished when only two weeks after I met him he turned up one night for "two purposes," as he said. The first was to tell me that he loved me, and the second to bid me good-by. Some newspaper syndicate was sending him to Cuba. Dick asked me if I would marry him. I liked him much; he carried me away with his eloquent stories of what he was going to do. Then I was so sorry to think

of his going out to hot and fever-wracked Cuba, among those supposedly fiendish Spaniards, and he also reminded me of Verley Marchmont, that I could not help accepting him. You see, I had given up all hope of hearing from Mr. Hamilton again. He had not answered my letters. I was terribly lonesome and hungry for some one to care for me. Dick was a big, wholesome, splendid-looking boy, and his tastes were similar to mine. Then he said he 'd "move mountains," if only I 'd become engaged to him. He appeared to me a romantic figure as I pictured him starting upon that perilous journey.

The long and short of it is that I said, "All right." Whereupon Dick gave me a ring—not a costly one, for he was not rich—and then, yes, he kissed me several times. I won't deny that I liked those kisses. I would have given anything in the world to have Mr. Hamilton kiss me; but, as I said, I had reached a reckless stage, where I believed I should not see him again, and next to being kissed by the man you love, it 's pleasant to be kissed by a man who loves you. However, with his strong young arms about me and his fervent declaration that he loved me, I felt comforted and important.

Meanwhile Lolly came in soon after we were engaged, and she had a party of men with her. Dick made me promise to tell no one. He sailed the next morning for Cuba. I never saw him again.

When I told Lolly about my engagement she laughed, and told me to "forget it." She said Dick had been on her paper a while, and she knew him well. She said he never took girls seriously, and although he did seem "hard hit" by me, he 'd soon get over it once he got among the pretty Cuban and Spanish *señoritas*. That was a dubious outlook for me, I must say. Just the same, I liked to wear his ring, and I felt a new dignity.

It 's queer, but in thinking of Mr. Hamilton at this time I felt a vindictive sort of satisfaction that I was now engaged. It was good to know that even if he did n't love me enough to answer my letters, some one did.



One day Fred came in very late from luncheon. I thought at first from something strange in his attitude that he had been drinking again, but he suddenly swung around in his seat and said:

"Do you know Mott?"

"No. Who is he?"

"Manager of the ——— Department."

"I don't know him by name," I said.

"Point him out to me."

Fred said ominously:

"That 's him; but he 's not looking quite his usual handsome self."

I saw a man several departments off who even from that distance looked as if his face and nose were swollen and cut.

"Then you never went out with him?" demanded Fred.

"Why, of course not," I declared.

"I 've never been out with any yards men except you and Hermann. You know that."

"I thought so. Now look a-here," and he showed me his fists. The skin was off the knuckles, and they had an otherwise battered look.

"That son of a blank," said Fred, "boasted that you had been out with him. I knew that he lied, for no decent girl would be seen with the likes of him; so I soaked him such a swig in the nose that he 'll not blow it again for a month."

I tell this incident because it seems to be a characteristic example of what certain contemptible men say about girls whom they do not even know. I have heard of men who deliberately boasted of favors from girls who despised them, and who assailed the character of girls who

had snubbed them. This was my first experience, and my only one of this kind. That a man I had never known existed would talk lightly about me in a bar-room full of men seemed to me a shameful and cruel thing. That a man who did know me had defended me with his fists thrilled and moved me. At that moment I almost loved Fred.

This incident, however, thoroughly disgusted me with everything connected with the yards. I made up my mind that I would go with Fred to New York. We talked it over, and he said that even if the firm would not send me, he himself would engage me after he was settled there. So I began to plan to leave Chicago, though when I paused to think of Mr. Hamilton I grew miserable. Still, the thought of the change excited me. Lolly said I 'd soon forget him—I knew I would n't—and that there was nothing like a change of scene to cure one of an infatuation of that kind. She always called my love for Hamilton "infatuation," and pretended never to regard it as anything serious. She said I was a hero-worshiper, and made idols of unworthy clay and endowed them with impossible attributes and virtues. She said girls like me never really loved a man at all. We loved an image that we ourselves created.

I knew better. In my love I was simply a woman and nothing else, and as a woman, not an idealist, I loved Hamilton. I never pretended he was perfect. Indeed, I saw his faults from the first, but despite his faults, not because of them, I loved him.

(To be continued)

## Actors

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

THE play is over. Still they stand embraced,  
 Lips upon lips and fingers interlaced;  
 Against her shaken bosom beats his heart.  
 Yet each unto the other's face is blind:  
 Their passion is a madness of the mind,  
 Drunken with Dionysiac grapes of art.



# The Well of English, and the Bucket

By BURGESS JOHNSON

Author of "Pleasant Tragedies of Childhood," "Rhymes of Little Folk," etc.

IN the building of this nation, brawn and "horse sense" were at a premium, and the refinements of education at a discount. So for generations our national ideas have been popularly measured by their practical results, and ideals by their expediency. When the continent-wide structure was fully reared, and there came a time for the polishing progress to begin, we seized upon higher education as the instrument. Until that time it had been a class affair, confined to the few, and used as a training for the "unpractical" profession. The many ignored or tolerated, or even in some cases venerated, it, but seldom criticized; why should they? But as the popular mind came gradually to recognize the utility of this higher education, it began to scrutinize through unfamiliar eyes the means for attaining it, testing those means in the light of expediency and practical results. Widespread criticism resulted, much of it hasty, unsympathetic, and ill-advised.

Those who directed the affairs of our colleges met this sudden attack in various fashions. Some hastened more than half-way to meet what they thought must be a settled public opinion. Others stubbornly closed their ears to popular criticism, refusing even to consider and classify it, and shuddering at the very word "vocational"; still others, and let us believe a goodly number, listened discriminatingly, studying how to attain to the highest degree of usefulness; and in general it was their confident belief that this higher education might be made to serve the life of to-day without any betrayal of pure learning or any cheapening of culture.

To us it would seem that in one field of college activity all of these various groups might meet and work in harmony. The study of English expression might be so conducted as to serve the life of to-day without any betrayal of pure learning. And yet, strangely enough, in this very field the old cultural college and the new vocational university alike are weakest. This is particularly strange because the vulnerable point is such an obvious one. Achilles kicks up his heel in the very face of the enemy! College students as a general thing are not taught to write, and the fact flaunts itself abroad, earning for the college, even among thinking people, a discredit that it does not wholly deserve.

We of the outside world are constantly having called to our attention the weaknesses in the practical English work of college-trained young men and young women. The college throws the burden for this weakness back upon the high school, and any teacher of English in any of our American colleges will be able to present an amusing array of exhibits to prove that the high-school graduate enters the college unable to express himself clearly or even intelligently in writing. Such an exhibit was compiled and published by a Harvard instructor some time ago from the papers that came to his attention in the course of his routine work, and the exhibit was least surprising to those who were most familiar with undergraduate material.

But it is not sufficient for the colleges to throw blame back upon the high schools. That involves another question that should be answered in its own time

and place. Surely no excuse could justify the fact that colleges are conferring their degrees upon young men and young women inadequately trained in the use of English.

It seems to be the case that in very few of the faculties of our universities and colleges is there any one whose time is devoted to the business of teaching students to write letters, to spell correctly, to express themselves simply and directly in the various ways that will be expected of them when they enter upon the activities of outside life. The average professor of English will probably say that such work should be done by the high school. He will admit that seventy-five per cent. of the examination-papers in his own course show lamentable abilities in these directions, but it is not for him to spend a large proportion of his time in undertaking work that should have been done long before. His duties relate to the development of good taste in the selection of literature, or analytical consideration of classic examples, or the development of kindred matters along cultural lines. If his work calls for the preparation of essays or "themes," or other literary output on the part of his students, he soon comes to feel that a certain percentage of the class never can write and never will, that their abilities lie along other lines and that he must handle them according to his best judgment, either passing them on to get rid of them or forcing them into other classroom activities; so far as he is concerned they are the "submerged tenth," as one professor has dubbed them, a hopeless fraction of the class, dulling the edge of the professor's own enthusiasm and gaining nothing for themselves.

These men go out from college, along with many others who have shown some aptitude in appreciation and criticism of literature, utterly unable to write a good business letter or to present in a clear and businesslike way in writing any statement that from time to time they may be called upon to set forth.

What are colleges doing to train students to meet this practical test in their

English composition work when they are graduated? This question was put to an eminent professor in one of the largest Eastern universities. He replied: "What you suggest is vocational training for literature. . . . Now, this is something new; it is not yet given anywhere. In fact, it is only within the last decade that we have given vocational training for journalism. At — we have never considered the advisability of vocational training for literary workers. Indeed, we are a little inclined to fight shy of any kind of vocational training."

Chesterton, in one of his essays, says that it is a tendency of these lazy times to let others do our thinking for us. We let some one else coin a phrase, and we get aboard that phrase as though it were a train of cars and ride on it to its destination. To those who have always believed that the attainment of a general culture should be the aim of an undergraduate four years, the phrase "vocational training" has come to have an alarming ring to it; it seems to stand for all those popular influences that menace the cultural ideal. So that in the phrasing of his reply our eminent English instructor dealt a benumbing blow.

But, after all, why be alarmed by a phrase? If the business of writing so well that the result will stand the commercial test is a vocation, it is one in which every student after graduation should engage at one time or another. Public spirit may call upon him to write a clear and concise letter to some newspaper; his own business may require him to set forth in a brief the peculiar qualities of his particular stock in trade; his professional associates may call upon him for a paper, and his progress may be largely influenced by his ability to meet this demand; and in any case he must write effective business letters. The training to meet this particular commercial test must surely be an essential part of a broad, general culture; for it is safe to say that the college which does not supply such training is sending out graduates unfitted for life.

Life's activities are drawing up this indictment against the colleges, and surely it is giving the colleges every advantage if we seek testimony from publishers and editors, for toward them are turning selected college graduates who feel that they have an inclination toward literary activities. A few years ago the head of one of our large publishing houses, himself a man of broad culture and scholarly achievement, said, "I do not want a graduate of — University in my employ because I find it hard to make a master carpenter out of a man who has not learned the use of the plane." And yet that university was making a special claim to effectiveness in its English courses. But there is no need to single out any particular institution for attack. One need only examine the correspondence of any business house which deals in some way with college students. For instance, many publishing houses offering subscription sets of books endeavor to secure student agents to work among fellow-students, or to secure young graduate students who will return to the localities where they are acquainted. The bulk of correspondence with candidates for such work is all the support to these assertions that is necessary. Go a little further, however, and consult with the men who conduct graduate schools. Surely students who have planned to go from college into the study of law or medicine or theology or journalism are men who already must have felt some inclination to gain ability in writing that will stand the test. Nevertheless, just as the college complains of the high school, so does the graduate school complain of the college. It needs only that life should complain of the graduate school, and the blame-shifting procession is complete so far as mortal knowledge goes. And, behold, a morning paper fills in the gap; for the news is prominently displayed that a committee of the New York State Bar Association in a certain report places on two classes of lawyers—the incompetent ones and the tricksters—the responsibility for failure to prevent much of the litigation which now clutters

court calendars. The incompetents form by far the larger class, and it is largely because they cannot write "clear and unmistakable English" that a great mass of legal actions come about.

Conditions being as they are in the high schools, how is such college training to be effectively provided? In the first place, the college must admit the need and be prepared to say: "We will supply this training to our students even though we must devote time to spelling and composition and letter forms and language work that the high school and grade school have failed to provide. We must do it even at the sacrifice of the dignity of those who conduct the English work upon our college faculties. To the doctor of literature who feels that he could not properly lower his estate to that of a doctor of spelling and composition and letter forms, this work certainly does not belong. He should continue to school his students in the fine distinctions of the Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan styles. Surely no one could effectively teach that which he feels it beneath him to teach.

The fact is, the college faculties as a general thing do not now possess men ready and fitted to train students in the vocational work of composition. Undoubtedly, as the result of sheer accident, some do. But the method of selection lessens the likelihood of such an occurrence. Perhaps the day is going by when it could be said that the preparation of a thesis upon some justly forgotten fragment of the literature of another period was a prerequisite for such selection. Let us add hastily that we would not be unjust to a scholastic honor representing not merely a thesis, but several years of intensive work under careful guidance amid scholarly surroundings. Yet if such a degree stands for nothing that could equip a man to teach the essentials of a certain vocation, and if in addition it does not even represent the possession of that intangible essential, an ability to transfer ideas to the mind of another, and if it does not stand for sympathy or morality or manhood, which of course it

does not, then what in the name of Tom Taylor is its justification as a prerequisite for teaching that particular vocation?

Let us agree for the moment that this particular form of vocational training should find place in all of the colleges. Who, then, is to teach it? We quote the words of the director of a famous graduate school, who testifies to the woeful lack of this training in the colleges that supply him with students. "Writing," he says, "is the only art that is taught by men who cannot practise it. You would not think of sending your son or daughter to study the violin under a teacher who could not play, or to study singing under a teacher who had never been able to sing, or sculpture under some one who had never modeled. And yet such effort as there is to teach the art of composition is largely in the hands of men who have had no practical experience in the art." This of course does not mean that in the speaker's opinion there was no place for the man who should teach theory and criticism and thereby develop understanding and appreciation. The finest critic need not be a composer. An English faculty made up wholly of men chosen because of their own practical achievement in the field of composition would be a one-sided faculty and much weaker in one way than it is now in another. Work in practice and in theory must go hand in hand, and surely they could best be taught by masters of practice and masters of theory working in conjunction.

In some colleges to-day the need of more practical English work has been vaguely recognized, and courses are offered under titles that suggest at once the most definite vocational training. "Short-story writing," "daily themes," and titles of similar import may be found written in a few of the catalogues. The existence of such courses is evidence of a real belief that some such practical demand must be met, but there have been drawn into the work men selected with other activities in view. An interesting by-product of result from this fact is the output of text-books written by theorists upon various forms of

the art of practical writing. It is safe to say that there is no technical bibliography so inadequate as a whole, no group of books on the subject of any art so widely ignored or condemned by the successful practitioners of that art, as this group of books. The only comforting thought in connection with them is that it never would have occurred to their authors to write them had not the exigencies of the college situation forced them into a field where they did not belong. They have found the students greedy for such courses; they have found no text-books ready to hand; and, human nature being as it is, who can blame them?

There is no quarrel here with the motives and methods, in general, of our cultural colleges, or, indeed, with their attitude toward vocational training as a whole. There is only an expressed belief that one most essential study—the practical use of good present-day English—is being inadequately taught. The selection of teachers is only one cause of the trouble; a greater difficulty lies in the attitude of the college itself toward work in English composition.

"I have two quarrels with college English," says the director of a large and successful institution that trains boys in mechanics. "One is the English style which my own classical training in college left with me. It is hampered by the effect of classic standards, and I use too many *whereas's* and *nevertheless's* and *inasmuch's*. I did not learn vigorous colloquial English to use for present-day needs. My second complaint is that I cannot get from the colleges a young man to teach my boys English. The college-trained teachers that I have secured are unsatisfactory because they insist upon following certain conventional methods in building an English department, and those methods do not lead to the acquisition of good English to meet the demands of present-day life. I am trying the experiment of drawing a teacher from the business field rather than from the academic field. I hope I have found a young man with the instinct for teaching, who knows from his business

experience the needs of the life of to-day. I am watching to see whether he can do for me what the man of purely academic training cannot."

To such testimony as that from a teacher might be added the personal recollections of many students not far enough away from the influence of college life to have injured the value of their assertions. "The most definite encouragement I ever received in college," says one of them, "to gain any ability in practical writing came not from any member of the faculty, but from the literary activities of the students themselves, and those literary activities, instead of being encouraged by the English teachers of my day, were frowned upon and curbed."

Of course he refers to work in connection with undergraduate publications—the literary magazine, the student newspaper, and the like. This opens up a field for discussion by no means new, and presents a problem that is faced earnestly by every thoughtful English instructor in any college. We are told that the experiment has been tried of utilizing these student undertakings to give strength to college English work, and that the result was satisfactory neither to the activities inside the classroom nor to those outside. In a recent article on student activities by a college president who is facing earnestly many new problems, the following paragraph is of interest in this connection.

"But now I shall be asked, 'Would you substitute these activities for the studies, give up the classroom for the lounging-room and the union?' Of course not. The very excellence of these activities is that fundamentally they are the fruits of the classroom. But the point is that by these fruits the work of the classroom shall be known. We need not forget that these activities are only accidental and that the real value lies in the studies and the teaching. But none the less, it is true that these activities reveal to us far better than any examinations can do the success or failure of the classroom itself. They are, as it were, mirrors in which we can see ourselves and our work. If we

want to know the effect of what we are doing in the classroom, let us look to see what the students are doing outside of it, when they are free to follow their own desires. If they do not on their own initiative carry on activities springing out of their studies, then you may count on it, however well the tests are met, that the studies are of little value."

Here, then, an authoritative representative of the colleges suggests a test of the efficiency of work in English composition. If the college literary magazine is the result of a wide-spread effort on the part of the students to produce a creditable exhibit, then the practical English work in the classroom is effective. But bear in mind that it is not the quality of a student publication that is the test, for that quality will depend upon the accidental talent of half a dozen students in the college at any given time. The test must lie in some equation that represents enthusiastic support of the periodical by the bulk of the student body, the percentage of the total number of students who offer contributions to its pages, plus the general average of merit. Is it an exaggeration to assert that in any of our colleges of, say, five hundred students, the literary magazine publishes contributions from no more than fifty different students during the entire course of the year? If we said twenty-five we might be nearer right, and yet presumably the business for which these five hundred students have come together is directly in line with such individual endeavor as the sending of contributions to their own publication.

Three generations ago Amherst College took the initiative in requiring physical exercises as a part of a well-balanced college course, and built upon its campus the first college gymnasium. Out of that wholesome beginning grew the whole problem of college athletics, and the same college that had first recognized the need for attention to athletics was prompt to recognize afterward the dangers attached to their growth. Those in authority determined that there was something wrong in a system that demanded of a

student body financial support and provided the services of an expert teacher more highly paid than any recognized member of the faculty, and then applied those funds and that teaching skill to the super-development of a small selected squad of students. Without upsetting any beloved traditions, therefore, and without any great stir, they built up a new system which should provide skilled training in all of the recognized athletic sports to every member of the student body; they provided athletic fields enough to make this possible, and a system that would bring in all of the essential elements of rivalry and competition; and then they required of every student that he should take some part in one or another of these activities, and even made the mastery of the art of swimming essential to graduation.

Every one applauds the development of this policy. It has been, or is being, worked out in many other colleges, and the day will come when it will be as generally accepted as is the necessity for a gymnasium upon the campus.

And yet with this parallel before their eyes, the faculties of these colleges view with complacency or indifference the fact that a dozen or so students are being super-trained in their efforts to maintain certain college publications up to an accepted standard. The student body is being urged for motives of patriotism to maintain financially these institutions, conducted solely for the benefit of a small group. The result is that neither the college nor the small group does benefit, because the burden upon the very few becomes very great. It is incumbent upon them to maintain the standards that they deem worthy of the fame of their college, and lacking adequate support, they must do so much work themselves that they have too little time for the classroom.

It seems reasonable to believe that if the same intelligence might be applied to the solution of this problem that was applied to the solution of its parallel in athletics, a result might be gained that would help to solve two or three different ques-

tions which are now puzzling the minds of conscientious college presidents.

Some little part of the remedy, then, in our opinion, lies in the proper answer to the question, How may we utilize undergraduate publications in training students in practical English work? But a far more important step toward the remedy lies in a readjustment of the balance in the entire department of English. Our students are placing too much emphasis upon the literatures of another day, and too little upon the best standards of present-day practice. It seems to be a very natural evolution which has brought about the present college methods of teaching English. When higher education began, there was only one exact science, mathematics, and the only languages with a body of literature to serve as the basis for study were dead languages. The planning of the curriculum was a simple matter for those pioneer faculties. To-day when several other exact sciences have come into existence, two or three of them far more intimate in their human relationship, mathematics still holds the center of the stage; and as for language, while Latin and Greek have retreated a little in the face of severe attacks, the only methods by which they could be taught have determined the methods of teaching English. Their best standards were dead standards, and so we are accustomed to value dead standards of English style beyond their deserts. Their grammatical constructions were fixed and immutable; so we learned to appreciate the beauties of a dead form by studying its bones. This terrible tradition has its dead hand upon the English work even in our schools, and little children learn syntax and parse a verb, and so are able to analyze the perfection of *Thanatopsis*!

In a recent number of "Education" there is an article by a high-school teacher who paints this vivid picture of certain high-school work in English:

"The pupil first,—the one who has repeatedly been called hopeless! He has supposedly been taught penmanship, spell-

ing, and grammar in the Elementary Schools; he has written compositions of some sort since he was in the primary grades; he has had various sorts of language work. In the Secondary Schools he has studied rhetoric, sentence-structure, and has written compositions which have been duly corrected. His errors have been pointed out to him. At the end of the first, second, third, or even in his graduating year, he is unable to write a sentence. I do not mean a good sentence or even a grammatical sentence, but I mean that he will write as complete sentences, in his compositions, phrases, such as 'of beautiful trees'; clauses, such as 'although he came'; and still more frequently will he put several unconnected sentences, simple or otherwise, into one mess; or have his whole composition an incoherent string of words beginning with a capital letter,—and ending with a period, if he does not forget it. I think the schools are few, indeed, where such pupils do not exist in considerable numbers, and that the kind of pupil who does this sort of writing is unmistakable to any earnest teacher of English."

It is true that the pupils described by this writer are of the "submerged tenth," and are assigned to him as a special teacher; yet he later testifies to the fact that they all can be saved by special attention and taught to write the English language. Your child or mine might be among them, normal mentally, but hopelessly confused by the terminology of a science unrelated to life, and brought to feel that what he writes for his teacher and what he says freely for himself are in different tongues.

This is at the root of the whole matter. No red-blooded child in grammar school ever enjoyed grammar, and yet that was the collective term to cover his study of English speech; and he ran forth from the classroom to chatter his own language in the streets, unaffected by the dry bones of syntax, which had rattled in his ears only a minute before. High school did little more for him, and he found himself in

college unable to speak and write with simple and lucid directness, and with no one there among his instructors who had the time to labor over such elementary details.

A great responsibility rests upon the colleges. If there is something lacking in the elementary training of students, then the college must immediately secure teachers of proved efficiency in teaching more elementary things. Moreover, if you will agree that an art can best be taught by those who can themselves practise it, other requirements of a good teacher being equal, then have that in mind in selecting instructors. With the practical literary adviser upon a university faculty, it is even possible that the thesis might be forced to stand for something even more than an evidence of specific research; it might be forced to represent ability in the practical application of a knowledge of English style, and then there would be greater reason for making the degree which rests upon that thesis a prerequisite for a professorship in the art of English expression.

"A greater part of the thousands of manuscripts submitted to us annually," says the editor of a leading review, "are by college professors, and thirty per cent. of these cannot even be considered because they are so badly written." Surely this fact in itself indicates one point at which the strengthening process might begin.

"What you suggest is vocational training for literature," I am told. In this English-speaking land of ours, where a great annual inflow of foreign speech is constantly dashing its waves against the bulwarks of our language, what should our colleges be if not great technical schools for the business of using English? Granted that the cultural college does not aim to turn out a student equipped for architecture or engineering or the ministry or the law, yet it should turn out artisans, if not artists, in English, competent to handle the most essential tool in the world's workshop—their own language. This it does not at present do.





## Hopi Indian Types

Photographs by  
Carl N. Werntz



Tipa

Half-tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson



Isho

Half-tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson



Dawaunici

Half-tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson



## Galway Intrudes

By FREDERICK STUART GREENE

"I NEVER met you before, did I, Keenan?" The politician looked sharply at the man standing before his desk.

"No; but I come with good credentials: I'm sent up from the Street. May I see you alone?" Keenan glanced at the servant. The weasel eyes of the political boss sank deeper beneath his fat forehead.

"Katy, I'm having business with this gentleman; you can go to bed. Now, Keenan, what can I do for you?"

"I was told to hand you this." From a pocket Keenan drew a bundle of yellow bills, and laid them on the flat-topped desk. "There are my credentials—one hundred one-thousand-dollar bills. The 'Big Train' appreciates what you did in the matter of that franchise."

"It was n't none too easy." The mask of the politician changed in no line as his eyes measured the pile of bills. "The public is getting wised up these days. The board gave trouble, but my boys all come across, and pulled two of the opposition, enough for the majority. These reform aldermen ain't got much political sense."

"Will you count the bills, please? And after, if you will sign this receipt, my business will be finished."

The politician looked sharply at Keenan.

"Receipt"—his voice became hard as tool steel—"I don't sign no receipts. They'll be after sending checks next."

"This receipt is non-committal." Keenan's mouth drew to a twisted smile. "It's wanted as a check on me; the 'Big Train's' secretary will destroy it to-morrow." He laid upon the desk a type-written paper:

Received from Ernest Keenan  
100,000 shares Gold-Frog Mining.

The politician hesitated, grunted, and finally scrawled one word across the paper. It satisfied Keenan. That name before now had made or unmade more than one man; mayors of the greatest city in the Western World, governors of its greatest State, had owed their offices to its power.

The politician reached for the bills. Without emotion of any kind he began dealing them off one by one; deliberately, silently, he counted the pile to its end, the watching eyes of Keenan growing the while brighter and smaller and colder. His mind registered a feeling of contempt as he caught the flash of a diamond from one of the boss's gross fingers. Near the clumsily moving hands lay a writing-pad. Keenan was vaguely aware that there were words scrawled across the middle of the yellow page; otherwise his mind seemed frozen in concentration as he watched the fortune told off.

"It's O. K., Keenan; I'll put it away and let you out." The politician rose heavily, and moved toward the safe. His labored breathing, the ticking of the desk clock, made the only sounds in the silent room.

As the boss reached the safe, Keenan's lips had drawn to a white streak across his face.

The lever knob clicked sharply in the stillness; the safe door swung open. Lowering himself to one knee, the politician unlocked the metal door to an inner compartment. Keenan remained standing at the desk, every line of his figure relaxed, his eyes alert. As the smaller door an-

swered to the key, Keenan's body jerked tense; one noiseless glide carried him to the safe. He towered above the kneeling politician. His right hand rose and descended with a flashing stroke; the eighteen inches of pipe it held landed at the base of the brain, just above the upper roll of fat on the politician's neck. The force of the blow made the soft lead wrap itself about the close-cropped head. Keenan felt the skull crush in; the pipe sank almost out of sight in the folds of flesh. The big frame of the politician stiffened; his teeth closed with an audible click; then all the man became limp. Keenan caught the swaying body and lowered it without a sound to the floor.

Then Keenan worked swiftly. Without a tremor he took from the dead hand the package of bills. Into the fingers he thrust a bit of torn cloth, with a button attached—cloth of a loud pattern such as the well-dressed Mr. Keenan never wore. Taking a firm hold on his victim's collar, he gave it a sudden wrench, tearing the shirt open. Using all his strength, he raised the heavy body from the floor, and brought its head smashing down against the steel edges of the safe door. Thus did Keenan manufacture the evidences of violence which his carefully planned crime required.

In the small compartment of the safe there was also money. To reach this, Keenan was forced to stand astride the body. "About four thousand three hundred," he counted rapidly—"chicken-feed to me now," and laughed softly above the battered dead face lying between his feet.

Keenan went to the desk. The clock, part of an elaborate inkstand, showed twenty-two minutes past eleven. He slipped it from its casing, moved the hands to 11:57, gave the clock a sudden, dropping jerk, listened, and being certain of its silence, replaced it in its frame. He laid the inkstand, with the clock face up, on the floor ten feet from the desk, spilling the ink in a trail, careful that none of it should stain his gloved hands. The few articles on the desk he dropped noiselessly to the floor. As he lifted the writing-pad,

he was again vaguely aware of the words written across its yellow page. The desk was laid on its side, and a chair overthrown.

Pausing at the door, Keenan looked steadily into the staring eyes of the dead mass by the safe. He turned, and leaving the light shining full upon the ghastly face, closed the door, and went swiftly down the stairs.

He passed through the inner door to the vestibule, and closed the outer doors, shutting himself in the narrow space. From the hall a dim glow filtered through the side-lights. Keenan pressed a piece of putty against one of the small panes, then with a glass-cutter he drew a circle about the putty; he gave the glass a sharp blow, and the part within the circle came loose. Before laying the piece of glass on the floor, Keenan took from his pocket the plaster cast of a human thumb, and pressed it lightly into the putty.

His work finished, Keenan turned to go. With hand on the outer door he paused. "Better make sure of the distance," he thought. Returning, he passed his hand through the hole in the glass, and assured himself that he could reach the latch on the inside. He had cut to a nicety; the opening was just large enough to allow his hand and arm to pass through with some squeezing.

Boldly he stepped through the door, descended to the sidewalk of East Fifty-fifth Street, and turned and walked without haste toward Lexington Avenue. The street was all but deserted. A car passed up the avenue just before he reached the corner. A policeman was on fixed post at the Fifty-sixth Street crossing. Keenan walked rapidly south. At the Fifty-fourth Street corner, with a quick jerk he shied the lead pipe through an opening of the storm-sewer. Two short blocks, and into the next sewer-opening went the glass-cutter and the plaster thumb.

A passing taxi landed Keenan at his bachelor quarters in West Forty-fourth Street at 11:45 by his watch.

The elevator was up, and the one boy on duty with it. Keenan stepped into the

attendant's alcove, and taking the cheap clock from the telephone switch-board, moved the minute hand back to 11:34. The elevator descended. With a nod to the boy in charge, Keenan stepped in.

"Oh, by the way, George, what time is it? My watch has stopped."

George sped to the alcove, to return with, "Twenty-five minutes to twelve, Mr. Keenan."

"Twenty-five minutes to twelve," repeated Keenan, slowly, distinctly; "I did n't know it was so late."

THERE is in New York a certain class of men who, as a rule, have one-room offices in the lower part of the town and no family apparent in any part of the world. These gentlemen, well dressed, may be seen in the lobbies of the large hotels, at "first nights," and at other public places where those who pay are welcomed. As they stroll the crowded walks of life they bow to, and their bow is returned by, men who count for something in the community. But seldom are they known by the women-folk belonging to these men. In its way this small group fills a useful place in affairs. In a government of and by the people there are persons who find ways of blocking the wheels of enterprise set in motion by the "men who count." To lubricate these clogged wheels specialists are employed that the "men who count" may not soil their hands by contact with the machinery.

Of these Mr. Ernest Keenan was the master oiler. Wall Street, Broadway, and Fifth Avenue had known him these fifteen years. Each year found him a trifle more bitter and much more lonely, for he was utterly without friends. This man who had wrapped eighteen inches of lead pipe about the neck of the political boss was neither by taste nor instinct a criminal. His one driving ambition, which during the years had grown to a passionate longing, was to gain a footing of equality with the men among whom he was thrown. The frigid imitation of friendship received from those who employed him cut into his pride with a razor edge. To cease being

the go-between, to abandon forever his shady occupation, had become all but a mania with him. Through money only, according to Ernest Keenan's way of thinking, could his end be gained. Tonight the chance had come, and though over the gate to his highway was written "Murder," with cold deliberation he had set his hand to the task of opening that gate. It should not be done clumsily; there must not be the smallest sound from the hinge; not one drop from the word written in blood above that gate must smear his well-kept person. And he had succeeded.

Looking with steady eyes at himself in the glass, he thought: "I'd go through it all again. The end is worth the risk." He began to remove his coat. "Murder will out?" Keenan smiled. "Not in this case. Just one thing would have quered the game—if that fool Secretary had taken the number of those bills. But he did n't; I asked him myself. But he did n't. No, this is the one time when a really big killing will go unsolved."

He reached to hang up his coat, and stopped, his arm outstretched, rigid. His face turned white, his eyes stared at his shirt-cuff. It was not closed; one button of the link was gone. Slowly his extended eyeballs contracted, slowly the color came again to his face.

"Well, even if I dropped it in the room, even if it is clutched now in his dead hand, what 's the odds? It 's the wrong half." Keenan actually laughed as he took the remaining button from his sleeve. It was an oval of gold, engraved with the letters E. K. With steady fingers he took the other link, with its two buttons, from the left sleeve; on one was engraved E. K., on the other C. A.

"Poor Clara!" He looked at the links regretfully. "Safe—I must play safe."

A few minutes later Keenan was sleeping as peacefully as a kitten.

At breakfast Keenan searched the papers. They contained no account of the unpleasant incident of the night before. Half an hour later, as he left the subway at Wall

Street, he listened, but with no uneasiness, for the cries of "Extra" which he knew would soon be called through all the streets of the town. But as yet only the usual city noises jangled the air.

A minute's brisk walk brought Keenan to the building which housed the business operations of the most powerful traction magnate of the Western World. He was immediately shown into the office of the great man's secretary, surrendered his receipt, and received for his services a bill of large denomination.

As he walked the short half-mile to his own office there came to Keenan a feeling almost of elation. "It is far easier than I had imagined," he thought. He took a deep breath of October air. "I have n't the faintest trace of fear. In a few moments the news will burst, but I am ready; I have discounted every possible emergency."

Five minutes later Keenan was comfortably seated at his office window overlooking City Hall Park. High above Newspaper Row the "Tribune" clock pointed to fifteen minutes after ten. As yet nothing unusual was on foot in the street below.

"It comes slowly," thought Keenan. "Either the servant overslept or the police are holding out on the papers."

The minute-hand of the clock crawled to twenty, then to twenty-five minutes past the hour. At last there was action. Motor-trucks hurriedly loaded with papers began to move; following the trucks came an avalanche of boys and men, all with papers under their arms; in another instant the storm had broken.

"Extra! Extra! Murder! All about the big murder!" The cries rode high on the crisp autumn air, to fill the whole world with the ugly word.

Keenan rose leisurely, stepped into the hallway, and rang for the elevator.

"Charlie, get me one of those extras," he said in his usual voice. "I suppose it's another one of their fakes."

The first accounts were meager; the head-lines, giving the name of the politician, followed by the one word "Mur-

dered," told all the actual news that the papers had. This was followed by a few paragraphs describing how the body had been found that morning between eight and nine o'clock by the maid, who had heard no unusual sounds in the house during the night. One paper hazarded the statement that some disgruntled henchman of the boss had killed him. Another suggested robbery as the motive. The early editions had neither material nor time for more than the first bare fact of the crime.

Keenan took down the receiver of his telephone. Among his acquaintances was an assistant district attorney.

"Hello, Harrison. This is Ernest Keenan. Have you heard of the murder? The extra is just out. Well, if I'm not mistaken, I can give something to the police; but I don't know any one in the department. Can you go around there with me? All right; I'll be right over."

A few minutes later, accompanied by the assistant district attorney, Keenan passed through the grim doors of police headquarters without the tightening of a single nerve. They were shown into the office of the commissioner himself.

Keenan acknowledged introductions to the commissioner, his secretary, the chief of police, and the chief of the detective bureau. The two officers were in uniform. "What undue importance these city hirelings give to the death of that grafting vulgarian!" he thought, seeing the solemn faces of the men gathered to meet him.

The commissioner opened in a friendly manner the third-degree proceedings which Keenan had staged for himself.

"Mr. Harrison 'phoned us that you think you have some information regarding the murder of last night that may be of use to us. What have you to tell, Mr. Keenan?"

Though Keenan was not instinctively a criminal, he possessed the most efficient tool with which the kit of a professional swindler can be furnished—a pair of clear brown eyes that he could direct straight into the eyes of any man or woman on earth.



"I was with the boss at a late hour last night. In fact, except for the murderer, I must have been the last person to see him alive. At the beginning of our interview he sent the servant to bed, and when our business was finished, he let me out of the house himself."

"What time was this?" asked the detective.

"Let 's see," replied Keenan, looking straight at his questioner. "My appointment was for eleven o'clock, and, if anything, I got to the house a minute or two before eleven. Our interview lasted not more than fifteen or twenty minutes." He turned with a frank smile to the commissioner. "You may know, sir, that the boss was not given to long conversations."

"Can you fix the time of your leaving any more definitely than that?" asked the detective.

Again Keenan looked full at him. "No, I don't believe I can. Yes, we might work back to it, for I remember now that I reached my rooms in West Forty-fourth Street at twenty-five minutes to twelve."

Further questions brought out in detail the elevator-boy incident, to Keenan's entire satisfaction.

"His name?"

George was the only name Keenan had for him.

An attendant left the room, to return after a brief space.

After leaving the house, Keenan continued, he had walked for two, not more than three, blocks when he had caught a passing taxi, and was landed at his door, as stated, at about 11:35.

A hasty calculation of time and distance traveled showed that his arrival checked with the time of his leaving the boss's house, which was fixed at 11:20.

"Mr. Keenan,"—the detective spoke with more haste,—“why did you go to see the murdered man at eleven o'clock at night?"

"That," said Keenan, with just the right hesitation, "is rather a business secret; but I think the circumstances are so grave that I am justified in telling you." He turned a frank gaze full on the com-

missioner. "I went to pay the boss a large sum of money."

"In cash?" asked the detective.

"Yes, in bills."

The telephone sounded.

"For you, Mr. Commissioner," said the secretary.

"I 'm busy and can't be disturbed."

"But, Mr. Commissioner, this is a call from the office of the 'Big Train.'"

The commissioner took the telephone.

"This is the commissioner. Yes, there is a Mr. Keenan here; but please be brief. We are in the midst of an important conference."

"Yes, I am Mr. Keenan. Yes, I have told them. No, not what it was for. I suppose so; that is, if a representative of your office will come up here. Otherwise I feel it my duty to tell everything I know. What, the old man himself?" There was surprise in Keenan's voice. "Well, that will undoubtedly be best. I 'll tell the commissioner. Good-by."

"Mr. Commissioner," said Keenan, "I 'd rather you would n't ask me further about the money just now. The 'Big Train' is coming here to see you himself." There was a perceptible stir in the room.

"Mr. Keenan," resumed the detective, "to get back to the subject, it was twenty-five minutes past twelve when you reached home?"

"No," replied Keenan, innocently, "it was twenty-five minutes *before* twelve when I was inside the elevator."

"Oh, yes; my mistake. Now please tell us in detail just what happened after you reached the house—the boss's house, I mean."

"I was let in by a maid, who took me up to the boss's room. I told him that I had been sent up on confidential business. He sent the girl to bed."

"What time was that?"

"About eleven; possibly two or three minutes after."

"Was there a clock in the room?"

"If there was, I did n't notice it."

"Did you go back of the boss's desk—to the side on which he was sitting?"

"No; all the time I was in the room,

which was n't long, I was in front of the desk."

"Yes; go ahead."

"Well, I said I had some money for him, and asked him to count it, which he did, and it took him several minutes. We talked for some time longer, and then he came down-stairs with me, and let me out the front door."

"Did he close the doors of the vestibule?"

"No, I don't believe he did. No; I remember now that he closed the inner door behind me before I had quite left the vestibule."

"Sure of that, because it's important?"

"Yes, positive."

"Now, Mr. Keenan, was there a safe in the room?"

"Yes, I noticed one."

"Was the safe door open during your conversation?"

"No, closed."

"Did the boss put the money in the safe before he went down-stairs with you?"

"No, he left it on his desk."

"Did you notice any one in the street when you left the house?"

"No, there was no one on the block. But now, when I come to think over every detail, I do remember hearing footsteps behind me when I turned toward Lexington Avenue. But I did not look back."

During these questions Keenan maintained an admirable demeanor. Entirely at his ease, his bearing was that of one wholly anxious to give what aid he could. His eyes were turned innocently now on one official, now straight at another. The man gloried in his acting and took a keen enjoyment in the game. The big trump he wished to play was finally dealt to him; he received it as a past-master of poker might take from the table a fourth ace to add to the three already held. The chief of detectives dealt him this card with some hesitation.

"Mr. Keenan, there is a little formality we should like to go through—would you mind,—understand it will not be kept as a permanent record,—but would you mind letting us have your finger-print?"

Keenan raised his eyebrows to just the right angle of surprise. A shade of hurt reluctance passed across his face.

"We can take them here," the detective added, "you will not be at all inconvenienced."

Then with a smile of perfect good nature Keenan answered:

"Certainly, gentlemen; I have no objections."

As the imprints were being taken, a mild commotion was heard in the hallway; quick steps were approaching, then a loud voice.

"You need n't announce me. The commissioner knows who I am, and that I am coming by appointment," it said.

The door opened, and through it, followed by his secretary, strode the "Big Train," the traction king. Every one in the room rose at his coming.

"How do you do, Commissioner," he thundered, his eyebrows snapping together above his cold blue eyes. He nodded to the two officers, and shot Keenan through with one glance.

"A most damnable affair!" he continued. "I hear that Keenan has told you that he was sent by my office to the boss last night with a considerable sum of money. Well, that's true. But that must not come out. This money had nothing to do with the murder. Nothing, do you hear? It was money owed for services rendered—an entirely regular business proposition. No word of this must reach the papers." He glanced about the room, fixing for an instant every one present.

"But, sir, suppose some one knew of this large sum, and, let us say, followed Mr. Keenan to the house, gained admittance shortly after he left, killed, and robbed the boss? In fact, sir, that at present is our theory."

"Fiddlesticks!" roared the big man. "Except Keenan, my secretary, and myself, no one knew. Keenan I have known for years; my secretary spent the night at my house. It was common talk that the boss kept large sums about him; any ward politician will tell you that on the day before elections—'dough day,' I believe they

call it—he would have as much cash in his house as a national bank usually carries. This thing was done by a professional cracksman. I wonder it was not done sooner." The man stormed on, using the method which had won for him the name "Big Train." He ran over everything and everybody that stood in his way. Whole boards of directors had before now been ground to submission beneath the ruthless wheels of his desire.

"Now, Mr. Commissioner, here 's the point," he continued. "If news of this payment gets out, it will cause no end of useless trouble, particularly at this time, when every politician at Washington is engaged in one investigation after another. If it would lead to the detection of the murderer, I would be the first to come forward with the information; but it can't help in the smallest degree, so I trust you will respect my confidence, and see that no word of this money gets beyond the door of this room."

There was no possible opposition to bring against the man; his force rolled from him like a tidal wave, submerging completely every other personality in the room. Had the most ardent socialist alive been present, he would have understood why this man had been able to get and hold his allotment of the world's wealth.

His glance swept the room again, and every head bowed in assent.

"Very well," he said in a voice of finality, "we will consider that part of the affair closed. Good day, gentlemen." He wheeled, and stalked from the room, to the visible relief of every one. At the door the detective checked the secretary.

"Did you take the numbers of those bills?"

"No," whispered the secretary, and sped out in the wake of the great man.

This visit was an unexpected bolt of safety to the closed gate of Keenan's highway. The power of money, the power of this man, none knew better than he. It was certain now that the department would keep from the papers all mention of the transaction, and the name of the agent as well.

"Gentlemen," said Keenan, when the atmosphere had cleared, "is there any more I can do for you?"

"No; but wait a moment longer," answered the detective. "You will be glad to know that we are checking up every detail of your story so that we shall not have to trouble you again." The attendant left the room to return with a memorandum. The detective read:

"Finger-prints O.K. No resemblance."

Keenan's hours of delicate labor with plaster and engraver's tool had come to a useful result.

"Jim is back, sir," said the attendant to his chief.

"Tell him to come in. Well, Jim, see your party?"

"Yes, sir. Shall I speak before him?" Jim nodded toward Keenan. "Well, sir, the boy says he remembers Mr. Keenan coming in last night, and asking what time it was, and he went to the clock and seen that it was twenty-five minutes to twelve."

"Mr. Keenan,"—it was the detective who spoke,—"we are glad to say that every part of your story checks out; there is not the slightest trace of suspicion connected with your actions last night. We have pretty well fixed the time of the murder, and know that the job was done after you got back home."

Late in the afternoon Keenan returned to his apartments; he dressed always for dinner. As he opened a drawer, he stopped short. Only a precise man would have noticed anything amiss. He smiled grimly at what he saw, and began a deliberate round of the rooms; one after another every drawer and closet was opened. Keenan's smile broadened. He telephoned for the manager.

"Mr. Nielsen, was any one in my rooms to-day?"

"Why, no, Mr. Keenan; certainly not."

"Mr. Nielsen, how many men searched this room to-day?"

"Why, sir, what—"

"How many men, Nielsen, searched this room to-day?" Keenan's words fell like icicles on frozen ground.

Nielsen withered.

"Two, sir. But they showed their badges, and—"

"What time was this?"

"About noon, sir."

"The same two who questioned George?"

"Yes, sir. I hope, Mr. Keenan—"

"You did exactly right, Mr. Nielsen. Thank you. That's all."

The manager's information pleased Keenan. Going to the bath-room he dropped to his knees, reached into a far corner, and with a knife-blade pried one of the tiles from the wall. In the partition block back of the tile a hole had been broken. In the hollow lay the pile of yellow bills, and on them rested the cuff-links.

Into Keenan's make-up nature had built one of those unaccountable contrasts so often planned for our amazement. Within this man whose every aim was toward self-gratification, whose view of right ended at the horizon of personal advancement, whose heart was made from a combination of steel filings and flint chips, lay hidden one slender vein of softness. In years gone by there had been a woman, the only being in all the world who had ever loved him; the memory of her was the one thing for which Keenan held reverence. It was of her he was thinking as he looked at the whole and broken link, all that now remained of her last gift to him.

"Clara," he said, "not the slightest trace of suspicion." For a few moments he stood silent. Then he spoke again, almost softly. "No," he said, "I don't think I can throw these away."

From below in the street there floated to him the faint cry: "Extra! Extra! All about the big murder!"

Keenan smiled a confident, satisfied smile, and went out in search of light and life and a good dinner.

It was Christmas eve, and Keenan was at Monte Carlo. The gaiety, the luxury, the ease with which acquaintances are made endeared the disgraced principality

to a person of his attainments. Here for six weeks he had lived in full measure, and this added to his satisfaction—here he was able with safety to round out the business begun early in October in East Fifty-fifth Street. For to any one except the owner of a faro bank or a book-maker one hundred thousand dollars in large bills, acquired through the aid of a lead pipe, might easily turn out an awkward blessing. The careful Keenan had been specially cautious in placing his fortune. In a few savings-banks where cash only is taken he had made deposits. He dared not repeat this too often. But at Monte Carlo, where money flows across the green tables in unquestioned streams, his task of changing currency into checks which he could safely deposit in his own bank, was both easy and pleasant.

As the weeks passed, he sent draft after draft back to New York. With the third one he inclosed a note to the cashier, one of his numerous acquaintances, telling of his luck at the tables. Nor was this wholly fiction, for Fortune recognized Keenan as one of the bold, and smiled broadly upon him.

An inventory of results this Christmas eve showed him rid of the last of those embarrassing bills, and also that he had won, in making the exchange, twenty thousand francs additional. He had shaken off the taint of the go-between, had met men worth while, and these men had presented the well-mannered Mr. Keenan to their women-folk.

"I'll send myself a little gift," he smiled; "but first for comfort." He got into a smoking-jacket and slippers, lighted a cigar, and drew up to the writing-desk. Before him lay the last of those homeward-bound drafts. He started writing with the conventional:

Dear Sir: Inclosed please find draft.

He paused and fell to dreaming. The comfort of his surroundings, the aroma of his Havana, the music of a distant orchestra, combined to make this man feel complete physical and mental content. Not one cloud now shadowed his path; so

Keenan sat and dreamed. The orchestra ceased. Keenan came to himself with a pleasant consciousness of his satisfactory state of being. He turned again to the letter; a look of mild surprise came into his eyes. Taking up the paper, he stared at it in wonder; the look of surprise deepened, and his brows drew together in a frown of inquiry. Then he laughed.

"Well, I 'll be damned!" he said, still looking at the letter. Beneath the formal beginning, written again and again in a straight, precise column, was the name James A. Galway. As Keenan looked, laugh though he might, that name seemed to face him with a menace.

"Who the devil is James A. Galway?" He held the paper a moment longer; his smile had altogether gone.

"I can't remember that I ever knew such a person, nor ever heard the name."

Keenan tore the paper to small pieces, relighted his cigar, wrote a second letter to its conclusion, and giving up his plan for a quiet evening in his room, got again into his coat, and sought the lights and companionship of the crowded foyer.

A FEW days after the strange writing Keenan moved on to Paris, where life again greeted him with extended hands. Some of the people met at Monte Carlo had drifted into the French capital. He sought among these the ones he considered worth a delicate cultivation. Keenan made progress. At last came real triumph. On a memorable night he had been host when a titled Englishman with his wife, their daughter, the Honorable Miss So-and-So, and the first secretary of the American legation had been guests. The dinner was ordered with a skill to satisfy the most fastidious; the wines were of a vintage hard to find even in Paris. The evening had come to a triumphant end with a supper at his own apartment in the best and newest hotel of the city. The guests had left at a late hour, and at leaving had paid the crowning tribute to Keenan's ambition: he had been asked to visit early in March the country home of the English nobleman.

The last guest gone, Keenan threw himself into an easy-chair to think over the events of the successful evening. Life's tide was at the flood. He mused pleasantly, at peace with all the world and himself. The clock striking two ended his reverie.

He became aware that his hand was not empty. He looked; his smile became a distorted opening of the lips: his fingers held a pen. Upon the desk at his elbow lay a sheet of paper. On this, written not once, but from top to bottom of the page, was the name James A. Galway.

Slowly the open mouth of the man drew to a hard, straight line.

"What the hell is this? That damned name again!" He drew his handkerchief across his forehead; it came away damp. He rose and walked rapidly, crossing and recrossing the room. Finally he strode to the desk, snatched up the paper and, without looking at the writing, tore it to bits.

THE early days of March found a change in Keenan. His gaze now held a look not so much of uneasiness as of unrest, perhaps. He seemed ever to expect something—something not altogether pleasant. Several times during abstracted moments since the night of the party he had come to full reality to find that his subconscious mind had forced his hand to its strange task of writing and rewriting the name of James A. Galway. Each repetition had left its mark even more indelibly upon his mind than upon the paper. He had sought systematically a reason for the vagary. The writing was in itself strange enough, but why the feeling of dread? A hundred times he assured himself that he had neither remorse nor fear for the occurrence in East Fifty-fifth Street. With great pains he searched out the names of even the most obscure New York politician; none even sounded like James A. Galway. After days of work and thought, he convinced himself that the mysterious name belonged neither to friend nor foe of the boss. Logically, therefore, he decided that who or whatever James A. Galway might be, the name was in no way connected with that

affair. Further he could not go; every path of reason ended at a barricade through which no opening could be forced. He tried to clear his mind of the haunting question, but ever it called to him: "Who is James A. Galway? How does this man touch your life? Why does the writing of this accursed name fill you with shaking dread until now you start at the mere sight of white paper?"

The time came for Keenan's desired visit to his English friends. He reached their place after the tea-hour had passed. There was only time for a hasty greeting from his host before dressing for dinner. Keenan found, on descending, that the drawing-room was yet empty of guests. He turned into the library and lighted a cigarette. Afterward, he remembered having sat for a moment near a great oak table. The cheery voice of his host called him from the room. Later that night, with several of the men, he returned to the library for a final smoke. Keenan was sitting in a far corner, deep in conversation with an army man, when he heard his host call out:

"Who is this devil of an Irishman who is so proud of his name that he has written it all over the place? Do any of you know James A. Galway?"

"I say, man,"—it was the officer speaking to Keenan,—“are n't you feeling well? Here, have a sip of brandy.”

That night Keenan walked in his room until the day had come.

It was the last day of September. Keenan had booked passage for the States, and was to sail the next morning. By this time he judged it safe to place at better interest the money left in the banks at home. This added source of revenue would permit Mr. Keenan to return for an indefinite stay in Europe, where no reminder of his former shady occupation would rise to dull the edge of his content.

Once more he was almost at peace with himself; his stay in England had measured up to his best wishes. He now counted several good families as among his growing list of friends; besides,—and this was

the vital point,—he had shaken off James A. Galway. Not since the unnerving occurrence in the library had his unconscious hand again played its cruel trick. For six months he had been spared a reminder from the unknown.

On this last night in London, Keenan went early to his rooms. By half-past ten he was ready for bed, or almost ready; he had not as yet attended to the writing-desk. There was now no real need, of course; that unbidden writing was a dead incident at which he could laugh. Indeed, he did laugh, if in a somewhat strained manner, as he swept the sheets of white paper into a drawer and closed it.

By seven the next morning he was awake, and went to his bath humming. "I never felt more fit in my life," he thought as he stepped back into the room. Then Mr. Keenan stopped still, all his blood standing stagnant about his heart, his eyes stared toward the writing-table. On it lay a single sheet of paper. With an oath Keenan sprang to it, tore the paper to fragments, threw them to the floor, and in frenzy stamped upon them. His breath came in gasps through gritting teeth.

A sight of his distorted face, caught in the glass, steadied him for a moment.

He staggered to the bed, and threw himself face down upon it. For long minutes the knobs of the head-board rattled against the wall. After a time he got his nerve in hand. He forced his brain back to calmness. In the end he rose, and dressed in frantic haste. His leaving had become a flight from the torn bits of paper scattered on the floor.

FOR six weeks Keenan had been in New York—six weeks of unrest and misery. The unbidden writing of the dreaded name had increased in frequency with the passing days. Again and again, he had caught himself at the uncanny practice. At each new writing Keenan felt his nerve slipping from him, like fragments from a wave-washed shore. He knew the breaking-point was near at hand; each fresh occurrence left him weak and terrified.

Terrified at what? His methodical reason crumbled before the unanswerable question. He felt now only a necessity for flight, but flight from what? Flight to where? In Monaco, in France, in England, on the sea, and most of all here in his own land, this thing had been done. Were the stretches of the earth great enough to hold a place where this unknown thing could not follow? At any odds, he could try. He could no longer stand and wait until madness should catch up. He had arranged to begin his flight on the morrow.

Above all, he now shunned solitude, knowing that should his mind wander for an instant, his hand would be driven to its wretched work.

His one relief during these miserable weeks had been a friend, one, though new in the making, still a real friend. This man, Robert McDonald, had from the first seemed to like him, and Keenan, thirsting for human sympathy, had given him every chance to show it. This the new friend had done in that awkward masculine way where little said stands for much understood.

Keenan counted much upon the comfort of this companionship for his last night at home. He was awaiting now, in the old rooms in West Forty-fourth Street, a message from McDonald. At last the telephone sounded.

"Is that you, Bob?" asked Keenan, anxiously. "What 's that? You can't meet me until after dinner? Why?" Then after a pause: "Oh, nonsense! Come right on up here; I 'm not going to dress." Another anxious pause. "Clean collar? That makes no difference, I can lend you a dozen; mine will fit." A longer pause, and then Keenan, with relieved voice, "That 's all right, old man; come right up." He sank back with a deep-drawn breath. For twenty minutes he had been expecting that call, an age of time for Keenan to wait in these days.

McDonald received a hearty welcome on his first visit to Keenan's rooms.

"Come right in, old man. I did n't know that you were fussy about dress."

"You can't call this fussy," said the visitor, pointing to his mud bespattered collar. "Compliments of a passing motor."

"It is pretty far gone," Keenan replied. "Make yourself at home, Bob. Take off your coat and have a wash-up."

"Now for that collar you promised me," said McDonald, coming from the bathroom later.

"In the top drawer over there; help yourself."

Keenan's friend selected a collar from a leather traveling-case.

"I see you are about packed and ready for your trip," he said, squaring himself before the glass.

"Yes, I sail at ten to-morrow," answered Keenan, from his chair across the room. "We 'll have a farewell blow-out to-night. I 've got tickets—"

"Damn!" interrupted McDonald.

"What 's wrong?"

"I 've broken my collar button," said Keenan's friend.

"Just look in that box on the right-hand side; you 'll find two or three there."

McDonald raised the lid of a small jewel-box, and with swift fingers fished among an odd lot of buttons.

"Here 's just the thing, a bone one; so I won't be robbing you of much."

"Go as far as you like," cheerfully answered Keenan.

"I say, Keenan,"—from McDonald's position Keenan's face was clearly reflected in the glass,—"you were on this side when the big boss got his last year, were n't you?"

"Well, I should say I was!" replied Keenan, naturally. The reference in no wise disturbed him. Many times he had gone through similar ordeals in the first weeks after the crime, and practice had perfected his replies.

McDonald leisurely adjusted the new button.

"Well, it always struck me as odd that any one could make a clean get-away with a big job like that."

"They never found a clue, I believe," replied Keenan, lighting a cigar with steady hand.

"So they say," continued his friend. "I am told that detectives swarmed all over the old man's house for a week."

"But found nothing," said Keenan, to fill in the pause.

"Almost nothing," said the friend.

Keenan stopped smoking.

"On the third day of the search a new man got in on the job. After this fellow had ransacked the place, and about given up, he noticed an umbrella-stand in the hall. He was going to look through this when the man in charge stopped him, saying the thing had been turned upside down a dozen times. So this new man hauled off for a bit."

Keenan's cigar had gone out.

"But that stand was just below a hole in one of the side-lights that the murderer was supposed to have cut. As soon as his superior got out of sight, this chap went back to those umbrellas. One of them had a broken rib which sagged out." McDonald slowly adjusted the borrowed collar. Keenan was now quivering with attention. "Well, this cub detective took out first one umbrella and then another; the bottom of the stand was as bare as an empty soup-plate; so he put them back again, and moved off."

Keenan's tense expression relaxed.

"But something," continued his friend, "kept pulling that man back to those umbrellas. At last he took up the broken one,"—Keenan became rigid once more,— "and opened it."

McDonald paused. Keenan tried to speak once, twice, then, "Yes," he gasped in a voice as dry as dust.

"Well," said McDonald, slowly, "half a sleeve-link fell out of that old umbrella."

Keenan felt the vitals within him draw to a cold knot, then fear flowed through all his veins; for the first time this man knew the sickening intensity of its icy grip. His heart seemed to die within his breast, to come alive again behind his temples, where it pounded as if seeking to break through and escape.

"This new man put that cuff-button in his pocket and kept quiet. He knew that

button belonged to the man who had cut the hole in the glass, and the man who cut that hole killed the boss." In the mirror Keenan's face showed as white as plaster.

"There was one thing queer about the case that I,—that this new man could not make out. Headquarters worked on the job, but they muffled it. After a while word got around that though there would be no money reward offered, the man who could land the murderer might look for some pretty quick promotion. So this new man went to the chief one afternoon, and asked if he could go special on the case. He got assigned all right, but he could n't make any headway. Finally, this cub went to the chief again. It was rumored that something had happened in the commissioner's office the day after the murder, but the chief would n't spill any news about that. The cub had to give it up, and for six months there was nothing doing."

Keenan made a desperate effort to get hold of himself. He strained painfully to piece together the fragments of his former nerve, shattered now by a written name.

"But one evening an idea came to him," McDonald's voice went smoothly on, "simple enough, too. 'The hole in the glass,' he reasoned, 'might have been cut just as easily after the murder as before.' Do you get me—*inside* job? This new slant on the case hit him so hard that he chased right around to the chief's house. He found the old man in an after-dinner mood, and he tackled him hard. The chief loosened up a bit, and admitted that a man had been questioned, but had told a straight story, and, besides, he insisted all the evidence pointed to an outside job. But in the end the cub got what he was after: the chief told him the man's name."

Keenan fell back in his chair, a mass of limp fear.

"Then the new man got busy for fair. They let him look over the record and examine the finger-prints."

"They lied!" whispered Keenan. "They said the record would not be kept."

"The two prints," continued Keenan's friend, ignoring the interruption, "were



about as different as two thumbs could have made. But at last the strongest glass of the department showed him something interesting in the faint impression on the putty. You know, finger-lines never touch. Well, just at one point, and only for about the thousandth part of an inch, two of these lines came together. I tell you, the man who did that carving had a keen eye and a steady hand."

All this time McDonald had stood with his back to Keenan, studying in the glass the stricken face of his victim. Abruptly he turned, and said grimly:

"Well, Keenan, do you want to hear any more? Or are you ready to go with me now?" There was the glimmer of gold in his outstretched palm. "Your broken set is at last complete."

"Who the hell *are* you?" gasped Keenan.

"Robert McDonald of the police department," coldly answered his friend.

"You lie, you sneaking rat!" screamed Keenan. "You are James A. Galway!"

"What do you know about James A. Galway?" McDonald shot out the question.

"I know that he is a hound who has been slinking in my shadow. I know that he is a cur who has had food and drink and friendship from me so that in the end he might cheat me out of my life under the name of Robert McDonald."

"Wrong, Keenan; but it is queer you should hit on the only part of the job I could n't clean up." McDonald's words reached through a mist of fear and rage to Keenan's brain. "It was only a name written on a yellow pad, found in the boss's room. None of us could ever figure out just who James A. Galway was."



## The Great Man

By EUNICE TIETJENS

I CANNOT always feel his greatness.  
 Sometimes he walks beside me, step by step,  
 And paces slowly in the ways—  
 The simple, wingless ways  
 That my thoughts tread. He gossips with me then,  
 And finds it good;  
 Not as an eagle might, his great wings folded, be content  
 To walk a little, knowing it his choice,  
 But as a simple man,  
 My friend.  
 And I forget.

Then suddenly a call floats down  
 From the clear airy spaces,  
 The great keen, lonely heights of being.  
 And he who was my comrade hears the call  
 And rises from my side, and soars,  
 Deep-chanting, to the heights.  
 Then I remember.  
 And my upward gaze goes with him, and I see  
 Far off against the sky  
 The glint of golden sunlight on his wings.

# CURRENT COMMENT

## Literature and Life

(After reading James Stephens's "The Old Woman's Money" in *THE CENTURY* for May)

IT is one of the philosophical weaknesses of the human mind that, in seeking the cause of an effect, we are most proud of our conclusions if we can find one sole cause. A confusion of causes does not satisfy us. And James Stephens, in arguing that all the ills of American literature come from the attempt to write for "the old woman's money," is surely more human than exact. The truth of the situation is not so simple.

Pure literature in England does not pay its devotees any better than it does in America, since its audience is no larger there than it is with us; but the cost of living is much lower for an English author, and he can live on sales that would starve a writer here. Among the English classes of leisured independence there are more literary men who do not have to support themselves on the earnings of their ink-wells; they can write pure literature, detached and uncommercial, for the love of it. The English universities are more classic in their traditions, and drill their students in a more literary course of knowledge. There are plenty of eddies and back-waters in the life of England in which an author of small income and "select" fame can live happily, out of competition with commercial success, in a self-respecting modesty of means.

There are no such conditions in America. Our civilization is still predominately commercial. We all dress, we all live, in competition with the well-to-do. And the American painter or the American musician, no less than the American author, imitates the successful man of practical affairs in personal appearance as well as in manner of life. An American writer must be a man of very strong character if he is to endure the indignity of poverty and the reproach of failure in order to sacrifice himself—and his family, if he has any—to the unlucrative practice

of an uncommercial art. The English or the Continental writer may make such a sacrifice out of mere weakness of will. The American has no social tradition to sustain him. The social tradition is all the other way: he must be a commercial success or he is a recognized failure; for, in a country where it is a disgrace not to do some useful work to justify one's existence, it is equally a disgrace not to make one's work justify itself by providing a living as good as one's neighbor's. The writer in London, like the artist in Paris, can be proud of his straitened means as one of the distinctions of his rank among the socially superior brotherhood of the unworldly.

It is harder for the American author to get the meditative leisure needed for the production of withdrawn and classic art. Life presses in upon him more than it does abroad not only financially, but spiritually. He has neither an English governing class nor an English serving class to relieve him of the duty of public as well as private annoyance. He has less time to settle down in peace and let his cream rise for the skimming.

But in the field where literary work is more journalistic—in the magazines—the American author is admittedly superior to his foreign rivals. Our short stories are, in the mass, worlds beyond theirs, because the American author, if he has less leisure, has a less narrow experience of life, draws his materials from a more diversified *milieu*, and expresses himself less traditionally and more potently in the nervous style of what the painters call *premier coup*. Our despised muck-rakers, in their articles on social problems, have done a work that in point of effectiveness puts to shame the best efforts of the most famous of the English novelists with a purpose. And though they are less literary, they are nearer life.

It is true that our literature is more devoted to winning "the old woman's money," but it is also more devoted to winning the money of numerous other classes of readers whom the English writer never tries to reach. If it is not literature in the noble sense of appealing most loftily to the readers who best appreciate the sublime and the philosophical, it has the advantage of being more vital to the strug-

gle of American life, less of an exercise in derived thought, less professional and self-conscious, more rough-and-ready, but more alive. And, after all, life is greater than literature, and the writer who devotes his literature to life, instead of devoting his life to literature, may find in the judgment of posterity that he has done more for his art than if he had kept himself a sacrosanct and cloistered devotee.

## James Montgomery Flagg's Portrait of Katharine Harris Barrymore

WHETHER or not it be an accepted canon of art criticism, the artist knows that the painting of a portrait is the crux of his craftsmanship. In portraiture every artistic quality finds its highest embodiment, and all problems of pencil and palette are presented in their most difficult forms. Drawing here is in its most abstract and yet in its most definite form. Color and light are most subtle in their manifestations, most elusive of rendition. Composition must lay aside all tricks, and yet control and dominate without obtrusion.

Mr. Flagg's picture of Katharine Barrymore, of which a photograph is here reproduced, loses in this presentation not only color, but true values, and thus is not really fairly presented as a painting.

But to the appreciative eye certain merits of the painting are evident even in the photographic record. One cannot fail to be delighted by that first of artistic virtues, the simplicity of the rendering, which many most judicial critics have ranked as the highest of artistic qualities. In composition, in pose, in breadth of vision, in concentration upon essentials, with suppression of distracting detail, the portrait leaves little or nothing to be desired. It faces the problems of its making without an avoidance of their difficulties, or a substitution of what is artistically easy in place of what calls for the highest powers. Every stroke of the brush has gone to the portrayal of the woman, and she is presented without calling to the art-

ist's aid those material symbols of femininity that are too often relied upon where what they symbolize is lacking.

We meet a woman in whom we have reason to be interested, and as her personality is presented to our consciousness, so this portrait presents Katharine Barrymore. Such vision is that of the true artist, simple, direct, complete.

And is it not also true that, with one such seeing, the chief qualities of the person seen are, in proportion to our power to read character, conveyed to us so strongly as to remain impressed indelibly? To imprint itself as positively, to carry its message as certainly, is the triumph of the successful portrait.

That this painting is successful in delivering its message cannot be denied. We know from it the graceful, refined type of woman it depicts, we can place the type racially, and, so far as these qualities can be expressed in outward seeming, we are directed unerringly as to temperament and character.

But beyond all this, something of which the mere draftsman or copyist can convey, is the suggestion of life and mobility, and of the expression these would seek in the living original of the portrait. The pose is not mere quiescence; it is arrested motion. The figure is not merely limned; it is placed not amid paint, but permeable air. Indeed, in Shakspeare's phrase, we can say:

Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

To sum all up, this is not only the likeness of a woman who has an interest for those who know the original, but it is as well a picture that would retain its high value to a future day when possible vicis-

situdes might leave it to its own intrinsic worth, to be adjudged as we to-day adjudge portraits without consideration of aught but the canvas and the message it records.

## James Montgomery Flagg

THE first entry of achievement under the name of Mr. Flagg in the current volume of "Who's Who in America" records that he was an illustrator of "St. Nicholas" in 1890, which date our old friend the Lightning Calculator will almost instantly inform us is a quarter century in the past.

Now, to subtract a round twenty-five years from Mr. Flagg's far from lengthy sojourn with mankind leaves a minuend that does not entitle the youthful artist to long trousers, and puts him into short jackets; and thereby hangs a tale.

The year 1890 beheld the artist J. M. Flagg about to enter the art world and his teens. In March of that year, on a Saturday afternoon, Jimmy Flagg, armed only with a few pencil sketches he had made in Central Park, overcame a boy's awe of the editorial Olympians, and presented himself in the office of "St. Nicholas" and asked to see one of the editors. The writer of these lines was told to receive the young caller, and after a few words set himself to examine the boy's drawings.

There was something in those easy, unstudied lines that breathed ability and capacity so great that words of praise and encouragement seemed only a duty. They were strong and sincere words, and, as Mr. Flagg said recently, sent him away "walking on air."

The editorial praise was duly reported at home, and led to another visit from the young artist, this time to ask if the editor would repeat to the boy's mother the praise already given to the boy's work. And soon afterward came the mother, to whom even more was said than could be properly put in talking to a boy of twelve

—something of what unusual promise for the future seemed to be in the sketches shown. A plea was made that the rarity of the boy's gift entitled him to give his life to art work. The plea was the stronger that it came from one who in boyhood had wished to be an artist, and who to this day regrets that the wish was never carried out.

An invitation to visit the boy's father was given, and within a few days the writer found himself invited to dine and afterward to take part in a family council. It was not a matter of combating parental opposition, but of strengthening parental faith, and changing passive willingness into an active purpose to further a wise ambition.

After that talk, Mr. Flagg's visits to the editorial office became frequent, and the young illustrator was always assured of a warm welcome and of a keen interest in his work, some of which the magazine published, though of course the drawings of that time had in them more of promise than of fulfilment.

Art teaching was sought, and the native skill was trained and developed chiefly under the wise guidance of the Art Students' League, where the artist was able to prove his ability in competition with his fellows. In the outer world also was found a demand for the forceful pencil of the capable student, and before long frequent checks proved that even from the commercial point of view an art career was to be worth while.

To-day we do not need to give readers a list of his works with pen, brush, and pencil to entitle James Montgomery Flagg to his place in the sun or in the exhibitions. But The Century Co. is

glad to put on record the story of whatever part in the boy's early work may have been played by the welcome he received when he brought his first sketches to the office of "St. Nicholas," and there

found a welcome and a sympathy which did something for his future. That in the case of Mr. Flagg the encouragement was sure to be met with at some period does not lessen the value of early recognition.

## "Peace and Disarmament"

60 Victoria St., Toronto.

26th. Jany. 1915.

Sir:—

Mr. W. Morgan Shuster in his article on "Peace and Disarmament" in your February number gravely misstates (page 506, column 2) the views of the late Mr. J. A. Cramb. The following is a quotation from "Germany and England" (page 44 John Murray 1914 edition):

Do we imagine that the other Powers of the Continent see England exactly as England sees itself—England! the successful burglar who, an immense fortune amassed, has retired from business, and having broken every law, human and divine, violated every instinct of honour and fidelity on every sea and on every continent, desires now the protection of the police! . . . So long as England, the great robber-State, retains her booty, the spoils of a world, what right has she to expect peace from the nations?

and the following is Mr. Shuster's observation thereon,—

Although his (Mr. Cramb's) lectures have been quoted by the hasty as an answer to Bernhardt, there are passages in his work which place British policy in no enviable light. Surely an Englishman is not biased when he states, in the same breath with which he warns his countrymen (1913), that war with Germany is inevitable:

Even a cursory perusal of the quotation from the Lectures in the light of the context makes it quite apparent that Mr. Cramb was but tersely putting the attitude of men of the type of Eisenhart, Bley and, above all, Treitschke, and not even remotely indicating his own views.

On pages 13 and 14 of the Lectures the antagonism to England of these thinkers

and writers is referred to at greater length, but to say that Mr. Cramb agreed with them or their criticisms is a very grave error which finds no support in the Lectures themselves.

Since Mr. Shuster's appointment as Treasurer-General of Persia in the Spring of 1911 I have taken a lively interest in his writings and reported speeches and from them have formed a high opinion of his intellectual honesty. It would therefore seem clear to me that his mistaken interpretation of the passage above referred to is attributable to hasty—I had almost used his own word "feverish"—reading of the Lectures, rather than to an emulation of the curious controversial methods of Herr Bernhard Dernburg.

As an old reader of *THE CENTURY* I know that it has always had a sound and yet nice regard for accuracy, and mindful of this I am emboldened to request a correction of Mr. Shuster's statement in your March number.

Yours faithfully,

E. PERCEVAL BROWN.

The Editor "*THE CENTURY*,"

The Century Co.,

Union Square, New York, N. Y.,

U. S. A.

60 Victoria St., Toronto.

4th. March, 1915.

Sir:

I thank you for your letter of the 10th. ult. enclosing a copy of Mr. W. Morgan Shuster's letter to you of that date in reply to my letter of the 26th. of January last and I had deferred replying to it until I heard from Mr. A. C. Bradley, who, you will remember, wrote the preface to the Murray Edition of "Germany and England."

I have read with interest Mr. Shuster's adroit, but to me unconvincing, letter. Mr. Cramb in his earlier (1900) lectures on "The Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain," recently reprinted, proclaimed eloquently that the Empire's Mission had been and was to combine "Imperium et libertas" and passionately justified and supported the incorporation of the Boer Republics in the Empire. At page 219 of the Musson Book Company's 1915 Edition of the lectures, subtitle "Britain's World Mission," appears the following:

The higher freedom of man in the world of action, and reverie in the domain of thought, are but two aspects of the idea which Imperial Britain incarnates, just as Greek freedom and beauty were aspects of the idea incarnate in Hellas.

Similarly at page 20 of the same book, subtitle "The Mandate of Destiny" he avers that "the Imperialism of Britain has for its end the larger freedom, the higher justice whose root is in the soul not of the ruler but of the race"; so too in his "Germany and England" (Murray Edition) at page 125 he speaks of England's divinely appointed mission to spread liberty of thought and to encourage the pursuit of an ever higher justice and larger freedom throughout the world. In view of this high conception of the Empire's past and future it is difficult to sanely imagine him turning to the ladies in attendance at his lectures and describing England as a successful burglar, one who had broken every law human and divine and violated every instinct of honour and fidelity—the suggestion borders close on absurdity.

If it be remembered that the book is merely a reconstruction from notes of lectures and if the passage quoted by Mr. Shuster be read with discriminating and intelligent imagination, Mr. Shuster's construction of it will at once be seen to be forced, unnatural and incorrect.

Mr. Bradley under date the 10th. inst. in reply to my letter says in part as follows:

It is strange that Mr. Shuster should

have fallen into such a mistake,—more strange than the fact that numbers of incompetent readers in England should take Mr. Cramb's exposition of Bernhardt's views for a declaration of his own. There is so much evidence of this that I believe the publisher intends to insert a note after the preface in a new edition to guard against such absurd misunderstandings.

Mr. Shuster is not given, I know, to "speaking green words before they are ripe" but that he has erred in hastily attributing to Mr. Cramb opinions unentered by him I am quite clear.

In view of the large circulation of *THE CENTURY* and the lively interest with which your contributors' articles are read throughout your country and Canada I think it only fair that my objection should be noted in the magazine.

Yours faithfully,

E. PERCEVAL BROWN.

Editor "*THE CENTURY*,"

353 Fourth Avenue,

New York City, U. S. A.

In conclusion, the Editor of *THE CENTURY* sent to the writer the following copy of a letter written by Mr. Shuster, containing Mr. Shuster's final word on the subject:

March 30, 1915.

Dear Sir:

I have your letter of March 18. It is never a trouble, and always a pleasure, to discuss a subject with the writer of a courteous letter such as yours to me of the above date. As you seem to have more than a passing interest in this question, I venture to suggest to you that you obtain the edition of "Germany and England" by J. A. Cramb, M.A., with an introduction by the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, published in New York by E. P. Dutton & Co., 1914.

On p. 46 begins Lecture II, Peace and War—1. I have read and re-read many, many times, with the utmost care and attention, every word from the beginning of

that chapter to the end of the first part, on page 52, and I challenge any other reasonable interpretation of Professor Cramb's language than the one set forth in my article in *THE CENTURY*.

For Englishmen or others to attempt to twist his plain statements into irony, without textual or contextual justification, smacks of narrowness. In the very paragraph following the one from which I quoted, Professor Cramb undertakes to express, and does make clear, that here he is giving the German view of this same subject. He says, "*Similarly Germany retorts when England, under her hypocritical or anxious dread, proposes to disarm,*" etc.

Will it be claimed next that the characterizations "hypocritical" and "anxious" are not Cramb's, but are again some form of sublimated irony!

Cramb was not of the pacifists. He was seeking to ridicule their theories, because he believed that they endangered the British Empire, and to strengthen his arguments he was willing to call a spade a spade—even his own country.

Cramb was a very great English patriot, but he was a still greater historian and student of men. Did his patriotism prevent him from styling the head of the British Foreign Office and his colleagues "not even second-rate statesmen"? (p. 75, same edition). Was this, too, irony?

That you may appreciate some of the humors of attempting to write in a neutral vein on this war, I may say that I have seen a four-page letter from a London surgeon charging me with being pro-German because of this article, and at the same time a two-page letter from Olympia, Washington, charging me, *on the same evidence*, with being pro-British. Is that not some evidence of neutrality?

The editor of *THE CENTURY* has received a letter in which this occurs:

Mr. Bradley [A. C. Bradley, who is stated in the letter to have written the preface to the Murray Edition of "Germany and England"] under date the 10th instant, in reply to my letter says in part as follows:

"It is strange that Mr. Shuster should have fallen into such a mistake,—more strange than the fact that *numbers of incompetent readers* in England should take Mr. Cramb's exposition of Bernhardt's views for a declaration of his own. *There is so much evidence of this* that I believe the publisher intends to insert a note after the preface in a new edition *to guard against* such absurd misunderstandings."

I permit myself the following comments:

(1) The italics are mine.

(2) Why are Americans and Englishmen who read Cramb's language as it is written necessarily incompetent?

(3) If there is *so much* evidence of this "mistake," may the mistake not be on the other side?

(4) Why should the English publisher insert a note explaining that Cramb *did not mean* what he said, if to think so is such an "absurd misunderstanding"?

(5) Is the English censorship to be extended to messages antedating the war?

If you think that your friends of the Hartford "Courant" would be interested in reading this letter, I should be entirely willing to have you send it to them.

I thank you for your courteous and friendly interest in my article.

Very truly yours,

W. MORGAN SHUSTER.

Martin Welles, Esq.

#### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS OF "ME"

NORA ASCOUGH, a girl of seventeen, goes from Quebec to Jamaica, West Indies, to engage in newspaper work. She succeeds, but, in a moment of disgust, resigns to become the private secretary of a physician in Richmond, Virginia. Going thither, she meets on the train a man named Hamilton, for whom she forms a sudden attachment. To him she goes for assistance on learning that her new employer is untrustworthy. Hamilton lends her money to go to Chicago, where, failing in obtaining literary employment, she accepts a position in the stock-yards.

## Heart and Head

ONE continually meets scholastic students of human affairs who lament, with H. G. Wells in one of his least inspired passages, that social problems go unsolved while scientific problems are being rapidly mastered. And in their lamentations they reprehend the appeal to passion, the emotional bias, the sympathetic point of view, the interference of "the heart" in problems where "the head" alone should govern. They look forward to a government of experts, ruling by the exercise of pure intellect, who shall make the administration of commonwealths as scientific as the direction of model dairies.

They seem to be victims of the delusion that there are two organs of thought in the human body, the brain and the heart, of which the first thinks clearly and the other in an emotional confusion. They think emotion is the origin of thought,

that the cold mind is the smaller mind, that the man who has not sympathy and imagination and emotion and the qualities that we call "large-hearted" has the smaller mental equipment because he lacks these faculties. We do not need to go to a philosopher like Bergson for the statements that "the intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life. . . . Instinct is sympathy. . . . There are things that intelligence alone is able to seek, but which, by itself, it will never find. These things instinct alone could find; but it will never seek them." It was the greatness and the success of Lincoln that he continually used his sympathy, his "heart," his instinct, on problems that could never have been solved by intellect alone. And in our present problems it will not be through the scientific theorist that our salvation will come through popular leaders.

## A Confidential Letter from the Front

*Cher Citoyen:*

The war is now gone six months, and my opinion of its instigator, the merits of the Allies and Germany's cause, the probable result, and its effect on America, have changed several times. Abhor the military cult of Germany as much as you will, deplore Belgium's crushing, grit your teeth at *Deutschland über Alles* and the boast of German culture governing the world, the fact remains that Germany had to, and has to, expand, and that England intended not to allow her to do so if possible; that Russia sees big chances to gain and nothing to lose except a million or so Moujiovskys who can well be dispensed with, all the hotheads and radicals rushing to the front, and the peaceful, oxlike Ivanovitchs staying by the plow and samovar. I do not want to see Germany triumph, hold Belgium, or crush France or England, but I do not care to have Russia dominate Germany.

The great loss is in the manhood of the nations, in the pictures painted on the minds of the growing generation, and in

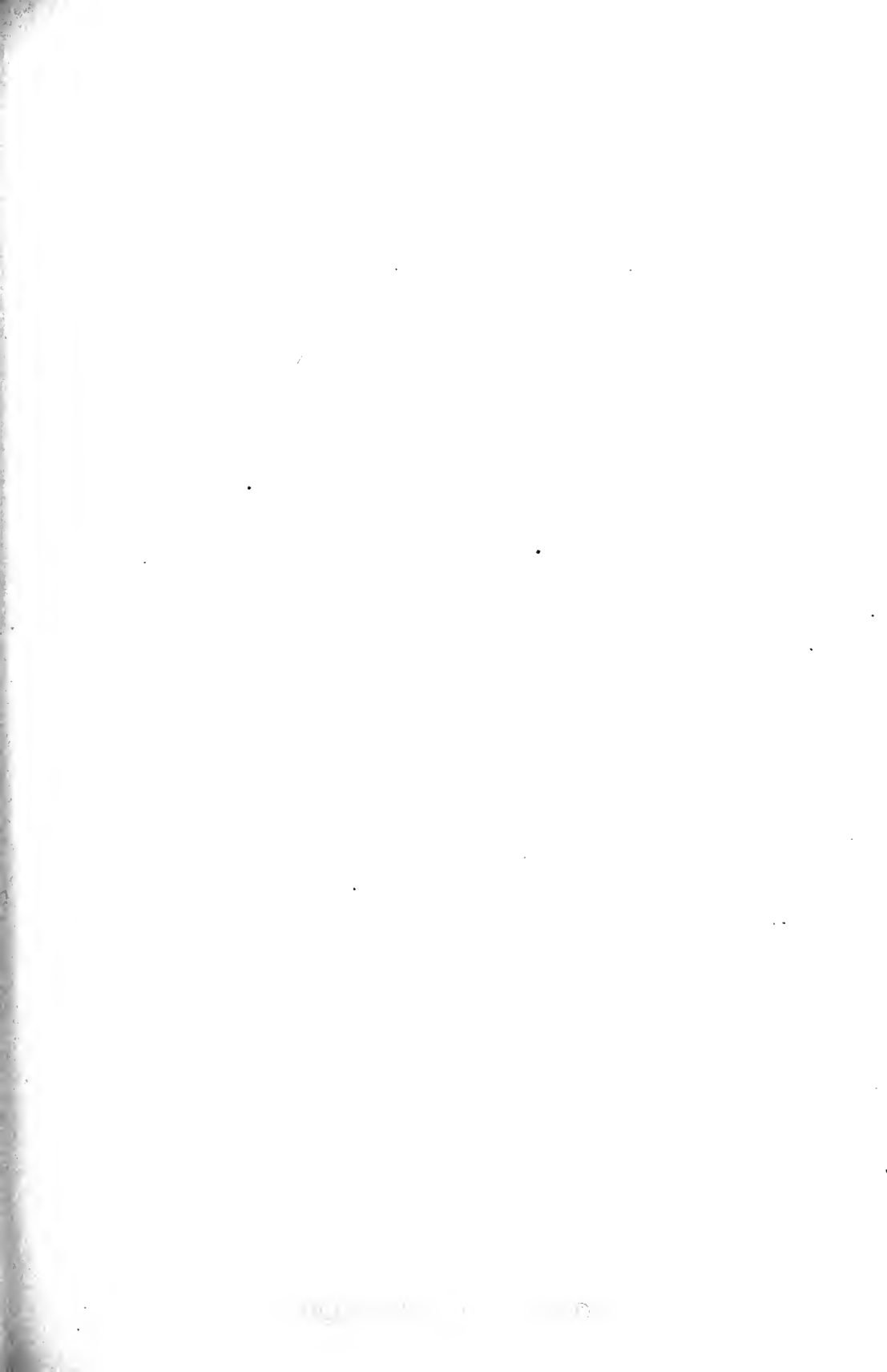
the setting back of the swing of international amity. We have to endure all over again the twenty or thirty years of hate that we saw follow our Civil War, only to be forgotten when the spectators are old, the issues moldy, the bloody shirt in shreds. The tall men, the strong men are being killed; the runts will breed to make Frenchmen smaller and Germans fatter. England will have an economic shaking up within a decade that will break up the estates, smash the peerage, and plant the golf-links and deer forests.

For us, we must rid ourselves of the Philippines, as I think you believe right—right to the Filipinos, and canny of us. With the change of politics in our country we can never pursue a single policy there, nor keep in office experienced men.

### CORRECTION

THE photograph, entitled "Desert Invocation," facing page 488 of THE CENTURY for February, was attributed to Carl N. Werntz. It should have been ascribed to Edward S. Curtis.—THE EDITOR.







PLACE VENDÔME

The Place Vendôme from the Rue de la Paix

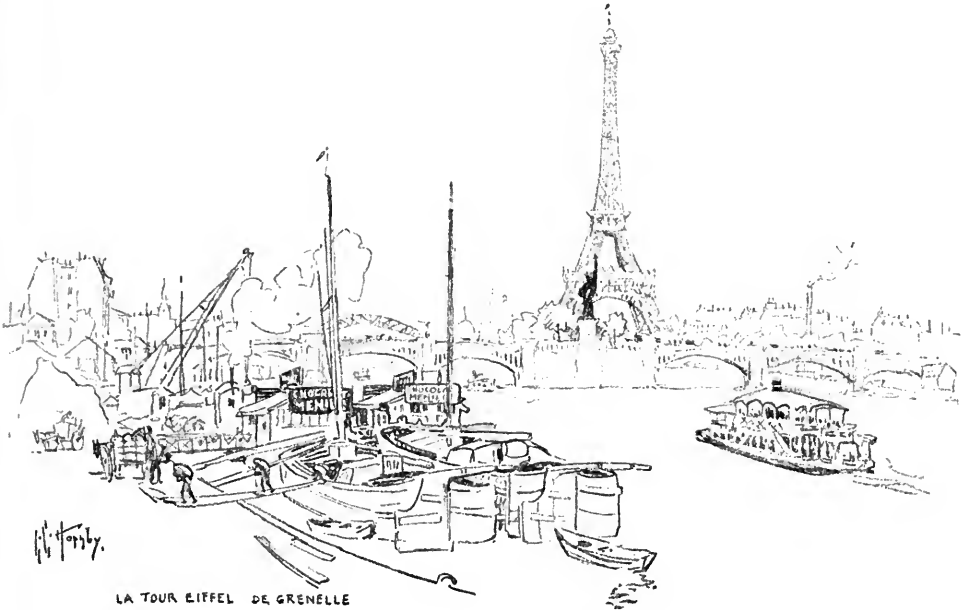
Drawing  
by  
L. G. Hornby

# THE CENTURY

Vol. 90

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No. 3



LA TOUR EIFFEL DE GRENELLE

## Paris: Red and Black—and Gold

By ESTELLE LOOMIS

Author of "That Day" in Paris," etc.

With drawings by L. G. Hornby

"PARIS is gayer now," says the stranger: "the shops, the theaters are opening; life is beginning again. Paris is red."

"Ah, not so," says the Parisian. "Little you know what is happening behind those closed doors. It's little you see of what the war has done to us. Paris is black."

But the prophet, the seer, might he not shake his head and smile, might he not smile and say, "Paris is gold"?

A great splash, and the ripples, we watched them circle wider, wider, wider; watched them until—where are the ripples now? Eight months have passed, eight long, anxious, dreary months, since war was hurled like a rock into the placid

waters of Parisian life; and now those vibrations outwardly have ceased. Paris is brave, Paris is calm. Yes, to-day, Paris is almost cheerful again; and yet, unseen beneath the surface, are not those troubled currents still eddying with secret sorrow?

Sorrow, sorrow everywhere. In the morning sorrow, at the great markets of the Halles, where all Paris swarms among the acres of flowers and potatoes and fish and cheeses. Oh, no, those women were n't beggars I saw picking up cabbage leaves and bruised carrots to take home for soup. There are paupers in sables to-day in Paris.

At noon sorrow in the garden of the Tuileries, for instance. I wish you might

see him, a grandfatherly looking old gentleman he is, handsome (his only son "missing" since September), sitting there every pleasant day, slowly throwing pebble after pebble after pebble into the flower-beds. Just throwing pebbles, and thinking.

Sorrow at night; come with me to see Annette, five flights up under the roof. A little damp room, a little sick boy, and a little pot of beans on the cook-stove; a franc twenty-five for the soldier's wife, and ten sous more for the baby—thirty-five cents a day!

Yes, Paris is gayer now. No longer do I walk down the echoing, deserted rue de Seine as through an empty corridor, every shop front shuttered.

"What 's that crowd doing over there?" I wondered one morning in October. Amazed at their attitude,—as if they were viewing the ruins of Jericho,—I elbowed my way in, too, and stood and marveled with the rest: just a few silver spoons in a window! And day after day, as more shutters went up, I would stop and try to think: "Why, was *that* open yesterday, that dye shop? And is n't that another familiar friend over there?" How glad one was to see even a piratical old curiosity-dealer's place reopened!

Then one day a flutter of women went by. How I stared! Think of seeing really modishly dressed women in *Paris*! Oh, yes, I remembered then: the Government had returned. Why, these must be the frivolous fashionables who flew in panic to Bordeaux last August. How curiously bright they seemed, like tropical birds! Full, short, round skirts! Yes, we had heard dimly that they were coming in; but for so many, many months in Paris any old skirt would do—so long as it was black.

But the costumes we gazed at with most interest were not those that had returned from Nice or Biarritz; they had come from the bloody fields of the Marne and the muddy trenches of the Aisne. And when the hospitals began to release their first victims of victory, nothing in Paris seemed quite so smart as a head

swathed in antiseptic gauze, or a limp, or a crutch, or a patch over a lost eye. And among these new fashions in bandages it was hard to know which moved one most. Of course the jaunty black silk sling that supported the captain's broken arm was fetching; but, on the whole, I preferred the wrapping, fat and clumsy, of soiled white cotton that transformed the commonplace, slouchy, cigarette-smoking *piou-piou* into a hero who turned every head on the sidewalk as he limped by.

Yes, Paris is reviving; more life, more *mouvement*. Women, women, women! Again we push and jostle in the department-store aisles; but it is n't at the tables full of those exquisite, wickedly reduced waists that we fight and clamor for a saleswoman. No, the crowd is quarreling only over the balls of gray yarn, and men's underwear, and stockings, plastrons, flannel belts, rubber coats, mufflers, paper shoes—anything that twists back through a husband soldier's needs to the one absorbing topic, war. Cuirasses or chocolate or fountain-pens—war!

Try to escape from it outdoors, and it's "Seven sous apiece, Monsieur!" A huckster selling lead soldiers, Allies and Germans at the same price. Whistles, ten cents apiece for the wounded soldier on the battle-field, to call and call for help. "Only fifty centimes a package, Madame!" It is a push-cart, filled with mourning stationery, the widest, blackest borders you ever saw.

It's gayer, too, at the cafés, is n't it? The big uniformed negro at *Ciro's* is back, with his big red umbrella, opening automobile doors for giddy-minded idlers; but he does n't stay there long. "Think of it, with our loved ones fighting for France only fifty miles away!" letter-writers protest in "*L'Intransigeant*." One day I saw two ladies enter, and sit down for tea. The orchestra started up a tango strain. They gave a shocked glance, paid the waiter, and walked out.

Other women, too, have appeared, or at least those strange creatures they call women in Paris who look up shocked when you enter a café with a naked face.

But, though we scan them out of the corner of our eyes with a re-awakened curiosity, it does not prevent our noticing in that corner the wounded soldier who sits and sips his glass. A pathetic victim of the war? No such thing: a celebrity, dominating the room! Once you see him, you simply can't take your eyes off him. He is an aristocrat; he is of the new nobility of suffering.

Paris is safe now, and, like an invalid just out of danger, is able to sit up and see a few friends. The Folies Bergères! How like old times! Surely you won't be able to help laughing *there!* In that slim and preoccupied audience there is a dry laugh or two occasionally, but mostly they dream at the ceiling. Comedy scenes go for pathos, and pathos—men rise, yawn, and walk out. Is this a dress rehearsal, college boys' theatricals, or what? The house drifts further and further away until suddenly—"La Marseillaise!" and the crowd is on its feet, electrified, joining in the chorus, shouting "*Vive la France!*" With the waving tricolor for a spur the show picks up for a while until a shudder runs through the spectators—oh, that fancy bayonet drill by the chorus! And now the women leave; their faces are a little white.

No, the city has little appetite for gaiety; it is gripping realities. A myriad poignant needs keep Paris busy. And as the trained nurse in the operating-room does not laugh or ask questions, but silently passes the instruments, so anxious, obedient Paris is straining every nerve to assist the surgeon, and has no thought for anything but war. And, stimulated by its great peril, that thought has been so concentrated by suffering, by sacrifice, and service, that Paris has been lifted into a new order of being. It has gone on, it has gone up.

New York! Ah, it seemed far enough away before the war; how immeasurably farther now! Dancing, bridge, matinées, dolls, jumping-jacks, and tops! Why, from Paris I see little difference between New York and East Waverly, Pennsylvania!

Mme. Bertrix and I were sitting one evening in the writing-room of the *pen-sion*—it was the nineteenth of January—when I heard loud talking, unusually loud, I thought, in the court. Windows were going up, people were calling out. My companion jumped up, and was looking out, when Mme. Coizarde, our landlady, burst into the room, gesticulating excitedly. "Come, come, hurry!" she cried to us, and, exclaiming something about my room, she ran up-stairs, and I after her. By the ever increasing tumult I thought there must be something on fire.

Now, my curtains had been removed to be cleaned, but I had been protected well enough, I thought, by the blinds. Why they should so hysterically be dragging the heavy comforters off my bed and stretching them over the curtain-poles I could n't, through their jabbering French, quite understand. Appealing to Mme. Coizarde again and again, I finally got the ejaculations "Zeppelins!" and "*agent de police*" mixed up with the command to Mme. Bertrix to "pin up that other end there quick!" Then out of the window went her head and she called down to some one in the garden.

"That 'll do," was the reply. "The others now, *tout de suite!*" And the women flew.

And I flew, too, down-stairs out into the garden.

"No, *more!* I can see a little light yet. That 'll do. *Bon!*" Such a gruff voice I never heard; and finally that tall, important policeman in swinging cape made a majestic exit to the street.

I got my hat and went out. Every lamp-post was extinguished, and it was so dark I could hardly see my way down the rue de Tournon. High up in some buildings there still remained a few squares of pale orange light; but even as I looked they vanished one by one.

Dark and darker it grew; I bumped and jostled into the passers-by, making for the boulevard, running into blundering gropers at every corner, till I came to the little "Street of the Four Winds." Half-

way down the block I saw another policeman arguing heatedly with a cobbler.

"But I've got to work," he was protesting. "Why should I put out my light? Nobody else does."

"Come out and see. Military orders." And *rat-tat-tat!* on the next door.

The cobbler, bareheaded, wondering, came out upon the sidewalk and looked. Without a word he reëntered his shop, and out went his gas, too.

On went the flapping cape and the voice of authority, and the *rat-tat-tat!* on the doors. "All lights out!" *Rat-tat-tat!* leaving gloom behind him all over the quarter.

Crash went a military automobile into a taxicab. Matches were lit, squeals and oaths were heard everywhere, as stumblers disappeared like shadows, fell off curbstones, and ran into benches. I had to give up my exploration, and cautiously groped my way home, to find that, after all, it was only a rehearsal. Or was it? A Zeppelin had been seen, or had n't it?

But there came a night two months later when we were unanimous. We had grown used to the shop shutters half down and the lamp-posts half out and the occasional visit of a policeman to demand that curtain drawn closer, when, rousing us at two o'clock, "*Garde à vous!*" the bugles called through the night:



"Oh, you are English?"  
 "No, I 'm an American."  
 "Oh."

How often I have heard that disappointed, disdainful "*Oh*"! How often it made me feel as if, to the French, I were only a kind of mongrel; one who, though speaking English, yet was *not* English.

Fluttering over the doorways the colors of France, Russia, England, Belgium, Servia, but no stars and stripes! What a guilty feeling I have had every time I passed those clustered, friendly flags! Only a looker-on at their life-and-death struggle, I have felt that in this crisis I was not wanted in Paris; I was actually in the way.

Perhaps I only fancied it, however, because at my own *pension* I did feel it unmistakably. But they had to be polite to me, I was necessary; I was one who helped to pay the rent of the nineteen unoccupied rooms during these lean and desperate days of war.

And so at the *pension* table, when she gazed across at me as she pulled off bits of bread and munched meditatively, she looked at me as one might watch some curious exotic animal at the zoo, thinking, perhaps: "Oh, an American! So *that* 's what they 're like, is it?" And then, after a few minutes' dreamy perusal of some soldier's letter she was always re-reading, she would look up again deliberately and give me another long stare. "Intelligent, though; I wonder if it would bite."

Yes, I suppose she *was* good-looking—that is, she was "interesting" or "paintable" or whatever it was those two artists said about her; but if she had a "wonderful" face, I confess I could n't see it. A young Chippewa squaw was what she looked like to me, with her straight nose and her sleek black hair and her exasperating imperturbability. People did look at her in the shops and on the street, sometimes, I admit. She had a kind of aristocratic poise, too, in a way, but, oh, so sullen and sleepy-looking!

And all this, mind you, added up, made only seventeen! Detestable age! You

know how tantalizing a miss of seventeen can be sometimes. Well, a *mademoiselle* can be ten times more so; calm and cool and confident, as if she had experienced all that life had to offer, and had her own superior opinion of it.

Her name was Jeanne Coizarde. "Nini" they called her. Such a silly name, Nini! It sounded to me, somehow, like a paper of pins. *Nini!* Say it over to yourself, and see if you don't get as exasperated as I did.

With that languid, relaxed air of hers, she had a sort of abandon that always made me feel that she was going to drop something or knock something over. But she never dropped anything and she never knocked anything over. I was always expecting her to slip—she never did slip—or stumble. Never! Always too slow, and yet always on time. She would start to eat an orange when she got good and ready, and would finish—oh, those little blood-oranges!—exactly when the others did. In fact, she was so bafflingly detached and distant and French that often and often I wanted to take her and shake her until I got some sort of human, American reaction out of her.

Yes, I 'll have to admit it; I detested Nini; and she irritated me the more because there indubitably was a certain magnetism about the girl. I found myself always watching her, working for her attention, listening and smiling away like an actress to cover my dislike—actually trying to impress her! Why, she became an obsession! But not for one moment, try my hardest, did I ever succeed in changing the placid stolidity of *her* face. It exasperated me so that I would have left the *pension* if it had n't been for her French.

Nini's French! How I loved it, how I hated it!

"*Bonjour, Madame!*" (Can't you hear her say it?) Oh, the confidence, the music, the exquisite smooth accent and inflection of her voice, and the maddening precision of her pronunciation! It was enough to discourage any one from ever trying to learn the language. But once,

in a moment of lost admiration, ambitious to evade my ban of birth, I had asked Nini impulsively to correct my faults in French. It was fatal. She assented, without a smile, accepting the authority. From that moment she became the mother, and I the child. Every word I spoke, or tried to speak, was calmly re-proved, and firmly sent back to have its face washed and a clean collar; then re-inspected critically, and not allowed to cross the threshold of my lips until Nini judged it perfect. Needless to say, it never *was* perfect.

Did I ask for a glass of water at the table? I got as far as "*Vouslez-vous*," sometimes I got as far as "*donner*"; but I never got the water—not, at least, from Nini. I had to depend upon some less exigent, pitying friend to quench my thirst, while I struggled with the differences between "*de l'eau*" and "*l'eau*" and "*d'eau*."

Oh, that day when she went over my "*meilleur*" and "*mieux*" seven distinctly disapproving times, and finally, giving me up as hopeless, returned to her everlasting blood-orange! Furiously, to prove that there were other languages, I burst into an exhibition of tricky English tongue-twisters; and when I had finished "*Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter*," I noticed with pride that the knives and forks had stopped clattering. At the end of "*Peter Prangle, the prangly, prickly-pear-picker*," I looked in anxious expectation at Nini. Nini favored me with a momentary cow-like glance, then calmly turned to crack a walnut.

That walnut settled it. My one ambition now was to crack her self-satisfied superiority with the same relaxed serenity; but how was I ever to do it? It seemed like beating Napoleon all over again.

"Say, who *is* that girl sits at the end of the table?" asked an elderly maiden from Minneapolis one day. "Oh; is that so? Well, I asked her for the *du pang*,—about as far as I go in this French,—and she only just looked at me with no more

expression than a brick wall. Funny thing, though, you can't seem to help watching her, somehow, can you?"

It was about this time, I remember, I went one afternoon to visit Poiret's dress-making establishment, a big house off the Champs-Élysées.

No, there were no wonderfully marked-down models for sale; after all; but, by good luck, Poiret himself was there, back from the front on a two-days' leave. Think of it, Poiret, the glass of fashion and the mold of form, now a simple private fighting in the trenches, with his uniform there to prove it, wrinkled, wet, and mud-stained, thrown so recklessly across a settee that one trembled for the exquisite white satin ball-gown beside it!

As I spoke of what he had done for the poor of his quarter, those keen blue eyes brightened, his tears came.

"*Merci*," he said. "Oh, but there's so *much* to do!" And he gazed thoughtfully at the rows and rows of gowns hanging, like Bluebeard's wives, wrapped in sheets, with twists of lace for heads.

He seemed like a ghost returned, to find things strange. He was not really in that hall at all; he was still with his regiment. As he fingered a piece of gold lace curiously, it was as if—yes, it *was* lace, he could remember that; but, with his friends killed, the business at a standstill, and all France fighting—think of ever being interested in lace!

"That's where the customers used to come in," he said. He smiled listlessly, then suddenly awakened to himself. "But would n't you like to see the *ouvrirs*? My girls are all working for the soldiers, you know, now that the business has stopped."

Past the little door where his startlingly clad manikins once appeared sensationally, like dolls out of a box, up the great winding, gilded staircase, no amazing evening toilets now floating down in visions of delight, and then he opened a pair of double doors.

Life again! But it was n't the mere human interest of that roomful of sewing-girls gossiping over their work that at-



tracted me; it was n't even the admiring way they looked at him, the artist, the master who every day loaded his tables with free luncheons: it was the sight of a little book—one of those English self-taught pamphlets—on a table, and the way they all looked at me when I spoke to him in English.

"Oh, yes," he said, "they study English *tout le monde*—English and Spanish now. Oh, no, no, no, *Madame*—*jamais de la vie*. No more German! *C'est fini!*"

As we were about to leave, I noticed one curly-haired girl there who had been particularly smiling at me, and as I leaned against the table I felt something slip into my hand. It was "The Merchant of Venice" in English, and she was saying timidly, "S'il vous plaît, Madame, voulez-vous lire un peu?"

At Poiret's smile, I read a few lines aloud, and before long chairs were being hitched nearer, and smiles were coming at the unknown words and new intonations. Then when I heard one of them whisper, "Oh, if *I* could only speak English like that!" I felt myself going higher and higher. I felt like a queen at last restored to her throne.

Oh, if I seem conceited, forgive me at least that one moment; for, after my struggles and defeats, I confess that I was fired and inspired by the fluid freedom of my own tongue. And on those faces, oh, that familiar, helpless look, that same look that must so often have lingered on mine while listening despairingly to French! And then,—oh, what *was* it?—why, all those girls seemed to fade and vanish, and like a moving-picture before me came the face of Nini! Nini, listening! Oh, to see that look on *her* stolid face! Think of it, Nini, admiring *me*!

The thought engrossed me, and as I went abstractedly down the stairs I was only vaguely aware that Poiret was expressing a warm hope that the Americans were for the Allies; and when I said good-by and the big gate clicked me out of those beautiful gardens, I am ashamed to say that, grateful though I was for his extraordinary kindness, my sweet, too-

sweet smile was not for Monsieur Poiret at all. It was for Nini. "Nini," I said to myself, "I've got you now!"

All the way down the Champs-Élysées, the broad sidewalks dotted with wounded officers under the trees, the streets rattling with a long mule-train of camp kitchens on their way to the front; past auxiliary hospitals flying the Red-Cross flag; across the wide, bustling Place de la Concorde, waiting, preoccupied, for a column of young soldiers in the new blue-gray to march by to the music of singing bugles; past the boys drilling and skirmishing in the garden of the Tuileries; over the Seine, with never a glance up at the *aéroplane* every one else was watching in the western sky; along the quay, where swift lead-gray military supply-cars whirled to and from the stations, thinking, thinking, "Until *I* say *you* are perfect! 'Nini, you are going to learn English; and now I am going to watch *you* struggle!"

So, as I walked, I prepared my material, too, for *my* little war. Let's see: scores of French people studying English at the School of Languages; more "English-Spoken" signs in the shop windows every day; that clerk at the Bon Marché who told me about their smashing all their German goods; the increasing number of English in Paris; and the flood of tourists that would come; and the newspapers, crowded with notices like this:

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Angl., O f. 50 l'h. English Professor 14-16 pl. Clichy.

Angl. Leç., trad. Miss Pratt, 25, r. Amsterdam.

Leç. d'angl. et conv. p. dame. —Roberty, bur. 1.

Angl. exp. d. leç. Px. mod. Hubert, 9, rue St.-Didier.

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Reaching home, I manufactured, after some study, a sentence that I thought was pretty good. I practised it, and tried it on all my friends until I received enough approval to give me courage. And then—

Well, I found her one morning in the corridor stroking a tiger cat. My heart sank at her consummate self-possession and her bland *bonjour*. Her hair seemed specially sleek and black that day. Oh, it was one thing to plan a brave attack, and another to execute it in the face of such an enemy!

Excited, tense, I watched those long slim hands move lazily back and forth while I tried to get hold of myself and match her poise. Well, I thought, desperately, if *she* can stroke that cat, why can't I, and, thus stroking, attain her calm? I stroked the cat, therefore; I stroked it slowly, more slowly, until my blood grew cool. Then deliberately I fired.

"Mademoiselle, voulez-vous apprendre—"

At my first nasal, Nini charged in with a correction. "Apprendre—apprendre, Madame!" I tried to advance, make another attack; I hesitated, and the battle was lost. The spirits oozed out of me, and I collapsed, like those little "dying pig" Kaiser Wilhelms they sell on the boulevards. And as I fled up-stairs, routed, Nini, all undisturbed, quietly turned back to her tiger cat, and went on stroking.

What next? Was I to let a little chit like that defeat me? I pondered. Then, the times, I knew, were hard and getting harder. Nini, I knew, had no *dot*; she would have to work for her living. It came back to me how one day Mme. Coizarde had lamented her poverty, all the young men of France being killed, and "What would Nini do?" Ah, *there* was the place to strike! So forthwith to Madame I went.

I spoke sweetly of Nini's intelligence and her future. Absorbed, Madame listened; there was no breaking in with corrections *this* time. She understood my French perfectly. I have often observed that in France those who take your money have little difficulty in understanding you. Then when I remarked how necessary it was for a *vendeuse* in any Paris shop to speak English, especially nowadays, and how delighted I should be to—she suddenly grasped my wrist with both her hands.

"English, Madame?" Her face was radiant, really lovely. "You mean you will teach Nini English? Oh, I have wanted it *so* much, but I would never have dared ask you!" Prettily she hesi-

tated, afraid of offending me. "You—you are different, you know, Madame; well, you're American, and—oh, but you are *so* kind!"

She went on to say fondly that, yes, Nini *was* intelligent, and Nini was deep, very deep; she felt things *so* intensely; and so on until, as I watched the mother's face, trusting, devoted, I felt—well, for a moment almost like letting Nini off, after all. But, no; one sight of her face at dinner made me firm.

The next morning, while I was at the window, watching the smart Republican Guard clatter-clatter by on horseback, there came a calm, phlegmatic knock at the door—a knock that bade me buckle on my armor. Yes, there she was, without a smile, without a frown, stoical, Frenchly polite, and mechanically amiable.

By the open fire our school started. Having agreed to exchange lessons, Nini began with her half-hour of French. If she had corrected my *trois* and my *très* seven times at the table, now, in my salon, she corrected them seventy times seven and without a trace of impatience. In some subtle way she seemed to scent that I was after her, and apparently she had determined to cow me thoroughly in advance. "*Trois! trois! trois!*"

But, oh, when *my* time came, and I fired the first English word into that sullen French brain! I looked up to see how *she* would act when *I* was arbiter. Defeated? Why, there on that face I saw only a kind of supercilious sneer at the absurdity of calling a *chaise* a "chair." She repeated the word resentfully, "shaire," but only after elaborate shruggings and eyebrow-raising. It was quite evident that she did n't really believe chair, never would believe chair, and consented to make a fool of herself with chair only because her mother had demanded it. She was so incredulous in her attitude that I almost began to doubt chair myself, and the only thing that sustained me was the memory of Webster and Worcester and the Century Dictionary.

At the end of an hour the result of the conflict was virtually a draw, with the

advantage, of course, slightly in Nini's favor. In the armistice that followed she gazed, bored, out of the window over the roofs and chimney-pots.

"Just look at that mist!" she said lackadaisically. "Oh, is n't Paris beautiful?"

"No," I replied, "it is not. It is dull and sad and cold and rainy. New York is beautiful, yes; and Chicago and Niagara Falls. So is Society Hill, South Carolina. But Paris certainly is *not* beautiful. Good morning."

She stared at me, expressionless, expressive.

"*Bonjour, Madame,*" said Nini, with her exquisite singing cadence, and she left in the manner of a drowsy queen.

Now one does n't easily forget an enemy, and Nini soon acquired such a spite for English words that, after a dozen or so lessons, she was able to vent her scornful English upon everything in the room. She glibly insulted not only chair, but couch, carpet, and ceiling. She sneered (still in English) at hall and stairway. Wherefore we sought other battle-fields, out of doors.

The only time Nini and I had ever been out together before was when a party of us had gone to the Porte Maillot. It was at the time of the alarm in September, when the Germans were only forty miles away, and still advancing on Paris.

Now, as we walked along the boulevard, and I caught sidelong glimpses of that sleek black hair, with its inevitable black taffeta bow, I recalled how, that Sunday, Nini had stolidly regarded the men frantically digging ditches across the road to connect the fortifications, and building barricades, and blowing up buildings and chopping down poplars to clear the way for gun-fire. "Oh, is n't it exciting!" I had exclaimed. I had n't particularly noticed at that time how Nini looked at me, then turned away, and shrugged her shoulders; but now it came back to me. Too often had I seen that same look since; I saw it now on her face. Then, of course, she had scorned me for an American—a neutral, safe enough, whatever happened to Paris, and quite

unable to understand the Parisian's loathing of the enemy, and the degradation should ever the Prussians march under the Arc de Triomphe.

Well, if we had been strangers then, every day since had increased the estrangement; now, after months together, we were immeasurably further apart. And to-day our walk did n't bring us any nearer together.

Our first skirmish was over the word "*rue*," which is, next to "*trois*," the most impossible word to pronounce in the French language. It is the word the coachmen know you by, though you have lived in Paris for twenty years. How she had fired it at me! "*Rue! rue! rue!*" Now at every street she kept it going, that throaty French "*Rue! No, rue! rue! No, rue! rue! rue!*" until in despair, infuriated, I flung an English taunt at her—the simple little easy word "*the*."

"No, not *ze*, the!" I retorted. "No, no, not *ze*! The! the! the! the! the! No, not *ze*, not *ze*! The! the! the! *The* soldier, *the* crutches, *the* officer, *the* salute, *the* Red-Cross nurse, *the* ambulance, *the* Prussian helmet, *the* battle-picture, in *the* window, *the* funeral, *the* Turco, *the* Zouave, *the* flags, *the* woman in crape, *the* little girl, *the* dolls in mourning, *the* woman chauffeur, *the* woman tram-conductor!" For by this time, I remember, we had turned into the Boulevard Montparnasse, where *the* crowd stopped our lesson short and sent us, too, worming our way in among the admiring spectators.

Have you ever heard the expression, "Looks as if it had been through the war"? Well, you should have seen that once smart limousine, now a battle-gray veteran, back from the front! With mud splattered over the broken windows, mud on the crumpled fenders, and lamps askew, mud caking the running-board piled with dirty petrol-tins; mud being picked by inquisitive fingers out of the four actual bullet-holes on its wounded side. Mud, too, on the swearing, sweating Cockney toiling at the crank, whose sarcastic, "Tyke yer letter up to Soissons! Wot d' yer fancy I'm pyde fer?" to the frowzy English girl

who crowded in was, apparently, to Nini and the rest of those chattering, chattering Frenchmen the mysterious speech of some Olympian god. It was English, the language of the noble ally!

It was such a drop for Nini, evidently, when we walked on, from this young hero of the little army that had saved her Paris to mere me, that the moment I stopped talking she was off in a world of her own. I did n't mind that so much,—I had things to think of, too,—it was the insolent way she had always, after such absent-minded intervals, of coming half-way out of her reverie,—as if she had vaguely remembered that it was her turn to say something,—with a perfunctory remark, anything, like, "Is n't Paris beautiful?"

To-day her tone was so detached, so oblivious of me, that I completely lost my temper.

"But think of even *dolls* in crape!" I said.

And Nini, already far away again, neither knew nor cared that she had not been answered. *Oh*, that black bow on that black hair!

When was our next spat, I wonder. Oh, yes; the first *Matinée Nationale* at the Sorbonne.

What a day! Why, that doleful Sabbath atmosphere had subdued Paris for so long that the news of a real concert was like the circus coming to town. To be sure, it *was* rather on the Chautauqua order, a "Literary and Musical Entertainment," but after four months without a "show" in town—well, I immediately bought two reserved seats and invited Nini. Lessons must go on.

It was a Sunday afternoon that they took the "lid" off Paris for a couple of hours and let a little patriotic steam escape. Bottled up so long after the victory of the Marne, enthusiasm was hot for a chance to explode. Cheers and tears, which won? I watched a second violinist in that immense orchestra, the tears dripping from his eyes so fast that he could n't read his notes. But luckily he did n't need to read them, nor did the others who were vibrating with him: it was "La

Marseillaise!" With the chills of emotion running up and down my spine, I looked at Nini. There she sat, apparently unmoved, while all about her, shouting, mopped their eyes. When the whole house thrilled with the pathos of Belgium as "La Brabançonne" was played thrice over, Nini's face was set. Of course she had neither father, husband, nor son at the front, like most of the weeping women about us. Why should I have expected anything of her? But I did, and that was Nini's fascination.

"*En avant! En avant! En avant!*" thundered Mounet-Sully. It was the perfect French of the *Comédie Française*, the last word in the technic of declamation. But what was the frenzy of applause it brought compared with the thunders that greeted that thin, embarrassed, clumsily bowing English officer who was brought to the platform, almost dragged there like a frightened school-boy? The English khaki! Again idolatry! It was nature *versus* art.

A little amused, I confess, by the too-famous theatrical reciters, a vague whiff of my opinion rekindled Nini's scorn. How *could* I criticize mere rendition at such a time! But only by the way she corrected my pronunciation, the next moment, did I realize the depth of her disgust. "Funérailles! Funérailles!"

We were passing—a common sight nowadays in Paris—a pitiful little funeral of the "seventh class," a simple black pall over the coffin in a hearse, with its cocked-hat driver, no carriages, and only a wan procession, scarce a dozen mourners, walking sadly on behind in the rain.

"Funérailles!" she insisted icily. But the word was too much for me, as the forlorn scene itself had almost been, and we walked on morosely for a while.

"Has Mr. Reedy a good accent?" I asked plaintively at last.

Decidedly:

"Oh, no, Madame."

"Has Mrs. Melle?"

"Oh, no, Madame."

I was a little nettled, I suppose, by her loftiness.

"Has Sarah Bernhardt a good accent?" I demanded.

"Ah, oui, Madame."

"Is *your* accent as good as Bernhardt's?"

"Mais, oui, Madame." She thought it over. "Indeed, I think it is better. Madame Bernhardt has tricks of speech; she jerks her words."

And that was Nini. *Now* do you wonder that we clashed? And do you see how, nevertheless, she kept me still striving for her approving "*très bien*"?

LET  $x$  equal Nini's "real" age; then, if  $F$  is the French temperament, and  $A$  the American, and  $n$  stands for Nini's character, then

$$17 F^n = Ax \therefore x = \frac{17 F^n}{A}$$

an equation which it took me many months to solve; though I may as well tell you the answer is 71.

For several months now I had been going out walking alone—that is, without Nini. The evasive answers received to my invitations had piqued me not a little; but, baffled so often by the slippery French politeness, I also had learned to smile as mysteriously and to ask no further explanations.

It was the intermediate stage of the war. The deadlock with the enemy was set; France had settled down to fighting on business principles. Paris, too, had settled down to the first of her problems, the unemployed. On little, tucked-away streets, on boulevards and avenues, I often came across the *ouvroirs* of the "Union des Femmes de France," and caught sight of girls round-shouldering over their work, smiling, always smiling, at the curious spectators who continually pressed noses against the panes.

One day I pressed mine, too, against the plate-glass windows of an *ouvroir* established in a bare, vacated store on the Boulevard Saint Michel; and after inspecting the amateur display of dolls, pen-wipers, mufflers, underwear, and knitted socks, I went in to buy some of those

large and impressive-looking Red-Cross stamps.

As I was going out, something in a far-off corner claimed my attention for a second; and irresistibly drawn over in that direction, I was greeted with a lukewarm "*Bonjour, Madame.*"

I don't know why I, too, could n't have acted as if we had never met before. But, no; I had to blurt out: "Why, *Mademoiselle*! Are you working here? Why did n't you tell me?"

An ineffable shrug, and then Nini consented to inform me that she was one of the volunteers who directed the work of the girls. As I looked about at the mothers in shawls, the bepowdered women, old ladies in spectacles, and scores of whispering shop-girls, Mademoiselle Nini explained that these were only the lucky ones who had come in ahead of the ever-lengthening waiting-list of women who, now that almost every factory and workshop in Paris was closed, were looking for, begging for, a chance to earn a franc a day.

"Oh, what types!" I said. "Is n't it interesting!"

"Interesting!" she repeated; but I had left the *ouvroir* and gone several blocks before I began to smart at her irony. And it was many a day after that before I could get that insolent look and inflection out of my mind.

Was it some slight coolness in my manner, I wondered, that aroused Mme. Coizard's fears of losing a *pensionnaire*? Or was it really that "Nini was making *such* progress!" and "It was *such* an opportunity!"

Well, it did n't matter; I was still in search of my "*très bien*," and so the next Sunday, Belgian Flag day it was, as be-ribboned boys and girls rattled their white enameled cash-boxes in our faces, and flags were pinned upon us by insistent maidens, Nini and I went French-Englishing our way again down the *rue* until our lesson was suddenly interrupted by a fervent confession we heard behind us.

"Je t'aime, ma chérie," said a man to a maid.

"Does n't that sound silly and weak, that '*je t'aime*'?" I said to Nini. "'I love you' is so much stronger and deeper; it's more sincere."

Nini shook her black head.

"*Mais non, Madame.* 'I love you' is so harsh and abrupt! '*Je t'aime*' is much more beautiful."

The discussion ended in one of Nini's silent spells. How I dreaded them! I grew more and more nervous, fearing she would end, like that inevitable drop of water you know must fall, by saying, "Is n't Paris beautiful?"

Ah, me, it came, and right in front of the most uninteresting church in Paris, facing the even less-interesting Seminary of St. Sulpice, for which we had started that afternoon to visit the Belgian refugees.

"Is n't it ugly!" I replied, looking up at the great dingy stone building.

"That's where the Archbishop of Paris went to school; and now he's a cardinal!" said Nini.

I believe I said it served him right, or something like that, and peevishly we passed into a square somber old stone hall, where Nini's exquisite French soon produced a short, fat, bouncing specimen of politeness in a red shirt; and as I was observing his black, curly, oily bullet head, he pushed open a temporary door with a hoarse "*Par ici*," and we entered a grimy colonnaded cloister surrounding a dreary, drab, homesick court. Old, old, and strong, a court that seemed to whisper, "Don't you try to be comfortable *here*! Or clean or happy! Forbidden!"

While I walked past those pock-marked walls, fearing at every step to turn my ankle on the holes in the worn flagging, Nini moved serenely on, following our guide, who, flinging open a dark door at the right, announced, like a brakeman, "*Cuisine*," which station was a mysterious, dim place, like a haunted sawmill, with shadows in white cooking things in the gloom, and a long, long loaf of bread. At the left, "*Réfectoire*." *What* a place to eat! I saw gaunt benches and melancholy tables and more gloom. Then, as we followed on dimly, I could barely dis-

cern our guide rising higher, and Nini seemed to get higher, too, and I concluded they must be going up-stairs, so I groped with my foot, and took hold of her coat, not daring to touch the clammy stone walls, and then I found myself going higher, too, and round, and higher and higher until at last—"Voilà!" he announced.

"Voilà" was a smell like a steerage, and a sound of multitudinous clicking wooden shoes upon stone pavements, and a sort of long, long tunnel-like corridor, uncertainly lighted with one, only one little, lamp for the hundreds of Belgians, and no windows, but many, many doors opening out along on each side, doors open and half open, showing smoky, lamp-lit, cell-like rooms where the ascetic priests once lived; and there were children playing in the obscurity, and blank women with babies huddling about a stove in the middle of the gray alley. A fat country stove it was, with screens of clothes drying about it, and a little pot on top where somebody was stirring soaked bread in water, with others flitting about it.

Double, double toil and trouble—

Were these indistinct forms really Belgians—the Belgians we have all pitied so much, who had fled from sunlit homes and flowers and thrifty farms, or were they witches from "*Macbeth*," lost out of the world?

Double, double toil and trouble—

Chatter of French and jargon French, Flemish, Walloon, crying youngsters—how long had I been watching them? God, what a place! And where was Nini?

I stumbled through the murk, past refugees waiting and waiting for a chance to sit on that one bench, and they peeped at me and peered at me till I remembered that I had bought chocolate to distribute.

I opened my package, and slid a tinfoil-wrapped piece into the hands of a serious little creature who was passing. In that light, in that place, she seemed doubly foreign; I wondered what she would do.

One bite transformed her into just an ordinary little girl, and it made me happy, I remember, to see her run, calling out something in Flemish. And, lo! a boy appeared, not a troll, a real boy, crying, "Ah, pour moi, Madame, s'il vous plaît! Pour moi!" and in a few minutes I was surrounded with smiles and outstretched hands "*pour le bébé*" and "*pour ma femme*," and my pound package went, two pieces, three, at a time, and seemed to go for nothing. How pathetically grateful they were! I could n't stand it; they seemed too pleased for such a little, little thing! And one little girl was just too late, and cried so that I pacified her with a fresh handkerchief I had, and a pulling boy at my sleeve got a lead pencil, until I had to escape, and hurried up another flight of stone stairs, cold, damp, to another floor, and more Belgians and more misery and more corridors and another stove. Oh, what a fate!

Double, double toil and trouble—

And off in the distance—was that Nini?

Yes, in the middle of a crowd of sad, stunned, bundled-up, Dutch-looking faces, mostly men, there she was, passing out cigarettes—Nini, all unperturbed. And after a while, when we found our guide again, we passed through limbos of drifting loiterers, down-stairs, round corners, opening and shutting doors, until we came across a secluded window in an arcade, where, upon a bench, a yellow-haired girl was sitting all alone.

I recall once, during a rehearsal of "Peer Gynt," hearing an actress criticized on the reading of a scene. The lines, I think, were something like this:

The worst was leaving my little sister—no, parting from father was worse. The worst was parting from her at whose breast I was born. No, God forgive me, the worst was leaving them *all*!

How strange, eight years after that rehearsal, to have virtually that same scene played before me at St. Sulpice! And when, in answer to Nini's questions about Belgium, and what had been left and lost,

that girl from Termonde, blank-faced, told simply, without a tear, without a gesture, of father, mother, and husband and child—all dead, and broke on that word "*all*," I am sure that neither Henrik Ibsen nor Richard Mansfield could have imagined a rendition equal to that. What can I say? Why, even Nini had to turn away her head.

"All!" Oh, how many faces I saw with that "all" upon them, and yet could smile, as if they had found God among the ruins! Thankful even for St. Sulpice! There to me was the pathos of the Belgian refugees, not in what they had suffered and lost, but that they could be thankful—thankful, because, instead of being harried from town to town, they had beds to sleep on, and little cell-like chambers with little lamps, and modest meals to eat, sitting upon the benches, safe at last.

As we came out, I was almost shocked by the afternoon's bright sunshine. I stopped in the square. Was that a jet of water playing in the fountain? How fresh the air was! Think of air being fresh! What was that bright yellow over there? A florist—chrysanthemums! And violets! And lilacs!

I looked back at the grim bulk of the seminary where those simple country people now were cooped. Chocolate and cigarettes—how ridiculously inadequate! Oh, if I could have given goats and dandelions! A big green tree—green, green, anything green! Oh, if I could have smashed open those walls and let the sun pour in!

I had forgotten all about Nini; and now, looking at her, she seemed to have forgotten all about me. But I had nothing to say—or too much; and she said nothing. Something in our relation seemed changed. Were we nearer or farther apart? I could not tell. We walked home together in silence.

And we sat together in silence the next Sunday we went out. It was at the Cirque de Paris, that first generous answer to the question, "What shall we do with them?" in the last week of August

when thousands of Belgians, homeless and penniless, poured daily out of the Gare du Nord.

Think of living in a moving-picture theater! But the moving-pictures Nini and I watched that afternoon were not those thrown upon the screen. They were behind us, where balcony above balcony was filled with refugees who stiffened at sight of burning villages, and cheered when the Red-Cross provision ship sailed across before their eyes, where they leaned over the railing, watching and counting the paying spectators as they entered, franc by franc, to aid the relief fund.

We had gone through the great dormitory, with its rows of beds for the women and children, and Nini's placid gaze had never changed. We looked in at the kitchens and the dining-room and the infirmary. At the *vestiaire* my attention was attracted to a pretty white-clad Red-Cross girl who was sorting coats and trousers for distribution, when, looking round—why was Nini studying me?

"Did you know that they had sent a ship full of clothes for the Belgians from America?" she asked.

I admitted that I had read about it in the papers.

She gave me a long, long, puzzled stare, and again we walked home in silence.

I don't know what Nini was thinking of, but my mind was on a little girl we had met in the corridor who asked us if we had seen her mama. No, we had n't seen her; nobody had since last August. They had been separated in the village of Nazareth, near Ghent.

Yet it is a strange thing, too, how, in the midst of so much sadness, you are too stunned to realize the enormity, the cruelty, of it all, and take away only some little heartache to remember, like a flower from a grave. That heartache I felt at another refuge for Belgians we visited, Nini and I, another Sunday—the American Hostel for Refugees, in the rue Taitbout. After St. Sulpice and the Cirque de Paris, how bright and cheery it did seem! Nini was enchanted by the sunny, wholesome, club-like place. It seemed so

hospitable to her, so friendly. Well, so it did to me; but Nini said, "Why, it's almost like a home!" Yes, *almost*; that was where I felt the pain.

Pretty girl on the stairway, with those beautiful furs in which you escaped from Lisle, and that lovely, lovely last summer's hat, and your worn cotton gloves with the finger-tips out, and those awful charity shoes, I wonder if the expression I saw in your eyes meant that the big house furnished and supported by such devoted, such generous friends of Belgium was "almost a home"? Ah, with all their money, with all their time and thought, with all their love, how little those friends could ever really do for you! No, to me you seemed waiting, waiting to go home.

While I was talking with one of the committee in the modest writing-room, Nini picked up a circular from the table. When I had finished, I saw her still wonderingly studying it.

"American Hostel for Refugees!" she said, incredulously, looking up; and then she gazed about the place anew, as if it had suddenly changed from blue to red.

*Samedi, 16 Janvier: Rainy.* Just found out Mme. Bertrix is Nini's godmother. N. calls her "marraine" all the time, too! Never knew what it meant! Two sons, one shot in Alsace two days after war began. Other at the front. Artillery? Marraine grabs "La Presse" every night. Pores over official communiqués. Fine Roman nose; white hair. Sad. Why not "de Bertrix"? Looks the part. Veal as usual, and that chocolate soup they're so proud of. Walnuts. N. and I working irreg. verbs. Bed at 12:30.

The next day, Sunday, on our way to the Invalides to see the war trophies, Nini and I stopped in the garden of the Luxembourg, to watch the boys drilling. Already the class of 1915 (those, that is, who will be twenty, this year) had been called out, and the class of 1916 would soon take their places in the military depots. These boys were being instructed by a special volunteer committee. There



was plenty of chance yet for them, too, to see the trenches.

Beside us I heard a woman in crape, with a sneer on her thin lips, mutter. I translated it, "All that work, just to be shot down!" Presently I noticed a familiar figure coming toward us, with downcast eyes, evidently oblivious of everything. It was Nini's godmother, Mme. Bertrix. Suddenly, at a loud command "*En avant!*" she looked up; the boys were charging. Abruptly she turned round and walked away.

Nini was watching her *marraine* fixedly. Finally she rose.

"I suppose she can't stand it," she said; "let 's go. *C'est triste!*"

As we came up the Esplanade of the Invalides we saw more drilling—hundreds of new recruits this time—and more women watching and crying. After we had left the church, inside, where with the rest of the crowd we had silently gazed at those eight newly captured German flags projecting from the balcony, we looked at the shells and rifles and things, and passed into the great Court of Honor. I did n't mind the *aéroplanes* so much,—I was even faintly interested, they having flown over us so often,—but when she lingered so long beside the rows of lean, long, gray German cannon, I suppose I was rather impatient with my, "Oh, *do* come along, Mademoiselle!"

"I have a friend at the front who has written me so much about these guns," she said. "The shells are terrible, terrible. I was trying to imagine— Of course you are not interested, Madame; but—"

Yes, it was true enough. Heart and soul though I was for the Allies, I had no friends at the front, and I would suffer the same whichever man the shells from such muzzles as these might ever hit. What was it to me, when so many must fall? But as we walked homeward I began to wonder just what was it to Nini.

I wondered more a week later, when, on coming down to veal—otherwise known as luncheon—Mme. Bertrix introduced me to her son Emil, an attractive,

tired-looking young soldier back from the trenches on some hurried official errand. From the excruciating handshake he gave me, he might have been capturing a German. He talked so fast that I could n't understand a word he said except *bosche* and *poilu* and *marmite* and other war-slang I had been taught; I could n't even understand the Battle of the Marne, which he fought all over the table-cloth, gesticulating hotly, except that the Germans were probably those toothpicks defending the *carafe*, and the French army must be matches, hopping in and out of lumps-of-sugar trenches.

That was the only time I ever saw Emil Bertrix; but more than once, after that, the interesting face of that ardent young soldier came back to me. He had kept us all laughing and crying so that for once I had forgotten Nini at the table and had not watched her face; but now it occurred to me that perhaps those letters she was continually reading might have come from him. Her mother had said Nini was deep, very deep. Had Mademoiselle Sphinx a little romance? I wondered.

Well, she had at least enough interest in Emil, I found out, to wish to visit a friend of his who was wounded and now at the American Ambulance (the military annex of the American Hospital at Neuilly), and would I like to go with her?

Now I have to stop and remember that, after all, there *are* hospitals in other cities, for it almost seems to me that no one outside the war can possibly know what a hospital is like. What is the difference between these and those? Well, if you have a friend at Roosevelt or Johns Hopkins, you know at least how he got there; you know he has typhoid or appendicitis or cancer or something definite. But when you stand in the waiting-room of a great war hospital like Val de Grâce, the place is full of whispers.

"My God! what has happened to him? Will he live till I see him?" That day when I was drawn in (through curiosity, I confess, following two distracted wo-

men), the faces I saw were nervous with agonizing suspense. A woman in a corner spoke to me.

"I can't bear to wait!" she said. "My sister has just gone up. She got a telegram this noon. It's her husband and she's only been married since June!" And she began to cry.

Merely a glimpse that day, but enough, I confess, to make me both long and dread to see more. And so when, the very day Nini and I were preparing to visit Emil's friend, an unexpected and especially privileged opportunity suddenly came for being shown over the military hospital at the Grand Palais, it was n't many minutes after that telephone was hung up before we were seated in the doctor's car.

As we sped across the bridge of Alexander III, with its great gilded statues, and saw before us the pompous domes and colonnades and ornate portals of the palace, again my usual thrill at sight of those inspiring quadrigas—horses and chariots and goddesses springing up into the sky! But below in the court were modern chariots quite as spirited, dashing in and hurrying out; and indeed, when the military salutes greeted us at Entrance "B," I realized with excitement that we were actually in one ourselves.

"Oh!" said Nini, and I said "Oh!" She looked at me; I looked at her. Of course you've been there, and you know that the word "palace" is not used in Europe as it is in America for a barber shop or a commercial hotel. A palace is a palace, one of those places you read about in fairy-tales. Spacious halls, long reaches of columns, high vaulted ceilings, arches, galleries, and corridors—stone, all stone.

The Grand Palais! All my life I had read of, dreamed of, the Paris Salon; but little did I ever expect to be there to see the most wonderful exhibition that ever has been, or ever will be, held in that famous building, the Salon of 1914-15.

For when last you passed between the velvet portières of those archways, you saw long halls lined with pictures, tier on tier, in gilded frames, blazing in color. Lights, lights, lights! You walked on

carpets. Pretty women, distinguished men, costumes, music, perfumes, palms, tea-tables, and gaiety—that was your impression of the Salon, was n't it?

But now the corridors were cold and vacant; and when in one of those boarded-up archways a door was opened to us, "*Mon Dieu!*" cried Nini, "look at the beds!" Beds and beds and beds, all along the walls and through the middle, in between, everywhere; and in and on those tan-covered beds, close together in rows and rows, and all about, were the wounded soldiers, talking, smoking, reading, or sitting in chairs with bowls of broth, or playing checkers, or hobbling slowly up and down on crutches. Hundreds of them! Cot No. 34, away off, all alone, was cautiously trying his knee-joint under the covers. No. 127, with a nurse in a long violet head-dress beside him at the squeezed-in table, next to 128, asleep, was having his arm massaged.

And on almost every face, clearly or faintly, the same expression: I can call it only a sort of smile behind a smile, as if they were subtly enjoying the thought of forces that had been called out in them to an unknown limit, but which in the rest of us, the uninitiated, had never been brought into action.

There was a bare back being rubbed by an orderly. Nini stole past on tiptoe. "A hundred and fifty patients in this room," announced the doctor; two hundred and ten in another; two hundred and seventy-three; then three hundred. So door after door opened into ward after ward until we stood at the top of a grandiose sweeping staircase and looked down into a vast open area, roofed with glass, murmuring with many voices. Once it was the hall of sculptures, the doctor told us. Now it was a barracks for the marines, and we watched rows of men lined up with their bags ready to start for Belgium. As we stood there a bugle call echoed and re-echoed through the galleries and arches; a strong smell of coffee came up from below. A bandaged Zouave head and a pair of crutches painfully, slowly, cautiously descended the giant staircase.



At a news-kiosk on a boulevard. Buying the latest communiqué

And we came into what at first I thought was a long factory, and I stopped at the strangest instruments I shall ever see; for the men were not operating the machines: the machines were operating the men! With a foot attached to a complicated arrangement of wheels and levers, one was having his ankle slowly rotated; another's arm fastened to a moving pendulum was having its elbow-joint rocked accurately, steadily. Men on seats riding scissors-sharpeners, apparently,—no, more

like tricycles,—and men having their wrists scientifically twisted by machinery and their hips exercised and even their thumbs wiggled by elaborate mechanism—harnessed in a dozen strange, helpful ways to curious apparatus. And the stillness charged with pain! Each man, lost in concentration, with that look that comes only from the consciousness of a broken bone or a dislocated joint, was turning a little adjusting crank, guardedly, notch by notch, gently increasing the pressure,

opening the joint a little wider, watching, watching, tears dropping, watching, mouth drawn tight, watching absorbed. Never a one looked up as we went by. And Nini watching, watching, watching, till I had to pull her out of the room.

And out of another room, and another, and another, till we found that young sandy-haired, smiling lieutenant of marines, with the coveted *médaille militaire* upon his breast. And he talked with Nini. When the doctor, drawing me aside, told me how that medal had been won, I wondered if the modest smile I saw had n't been upon his face even while he held that bridge alone against the Germans. Electrotherapy for bayonet-wounds at twenty-one! He shook hands with his stiff arm, still smiling. And finally we came to that door the threshold of which few may, and fewer care to, cross, the ophthalmological operating-room.

I had thought, from what I had seen in Paris, that by this time I could imagine something of the misery of war; but no broken limbs or amputated arms or homeless refugees or tales of horror had ever made me feel as I felt now, when, after our voices had dropped to whispers in that white waiting-room filled with bandaged heads and patient, silent sufferers, the doctor, behind the black curtains of his dark room, called out, "Come in here if you want to see what a German shell can do."

Nini gave one look and left; and indeed it took all my courage to peer into what the doctor's mirror illuminated—the wreck of that poor soldier's eye. The only thing that sustained me was a rising anger that began to burn in me at the cruel stupidity of such unnecessary torture. And then, as the men came in, one by one, and eyelids were rolled up, and jaws were clenched and feet ground into the floor in agony, I saw what was under each of those white patches—an eye shot out, or both eyes gone, or filled with splinters of steel, or suppurated, or paralyzed.

And, then, the tone of that boy's voice—that tone that struck the rock bottom of reality! Do you know, it made me wonder for a moment what it really mat-

tered who won, France or Germany. White papers and red papers and treaties and balance of power and commercial supremacy and patriotism and honor—what did they all amount to when I heard the answer to his piteous question: "Doctor, shall I ever see again?"

Outside, Nini was waiting for me, silent, thoughtful. Again we descended the magnificent staircase; again that bugle-call. A company of marines was starting for Belgium. Think of it! Starting for the war, after what we had seen! O God, I thought, is n't there any one intelligent enough, powerful enough, to stop this meaningless, fiendish savagery?

On the Champs-Élysées we sat down on a bench. It was a long time before Nini spoke. "I wish we did n't have to go to the American Ambulance," she said finally. "I don't think I could bear any more of it if I had n't promised Emil." And then, later: "The doctor is kind with those men, is n't he? He had a very good accent for an Englishman."

I smiled.

"Very good—for an American."

"American?"

I assured her that he was. She thought it over until, "I wonder what that American Ambulance is like!" she said. She was speaking apparently to a bevy of Red Cross nurses who were passing, in long blue cloaks and flowing white streamers.

She found out next Sunday, for we walked, or, rather, the March wind blew us there, and the long, long, whitish new high-school building seemed as raw and March as the weather. March puddles were in the raw, dirty court. The March-cold unfinished yard was striped with rows and rows of auto-ambulances. So exposed, so bare, so open, its whole aspect was so decidedly March, that one could n't possibly imagine how it would be on a June day; that is, until one was inside. There the atmosphere was all summer, warm and friendly.

"Are all these nurses American?" asked Nini. "Linen-room, X-Ray room, Dental surgery,—door after door we passed. "And are the doctors American, too?"



In the Garden of the Tuileries. A Taube has paid its usual six o'clock visit

"Yes, Americans, English, French—all work together; no difference now. Wonderful things they've done here," he said. "Why, in this war the surgeons are working in such exaltation actually they seem to have called on powers they never knew they possessed. No more envy, no more jealousy. All the professional etiquette they know is 'Save that man!'"

We found him in a spacious ward of high, light windows and cots so generously far apart along the walls, with flowers between, that the men seemed almost alone.

Emil's friend Max had Emil's own excruciating hand-shake; they must have practised it on rifle-grips in the trenches. It was so *aimable* of us to come, he declared. And as, after a few distraught remarks, Nini gradually and unaccountably withdrew into one of her worst absent-minded moods, the conversation mainly devolved upon Max, who kept repeating how *aimable* it was for us to come. But every time he said "come," I thought "go," for Nini's words grew fewer and fewer. I had never seen her so immovable, so stupid. It soon got to be a matter

of mere mutual grinning, until Max, at a loss for a new topic, reached to a pasteboard box and produced the German bullet that had wounded him. Nini woke up enough to finger it dreamily, at which encouragement a flannel belt came off, and a bandage unwound, unwound. That long cruel scar ended my smiles, and Nini relapsed into such an abstracted fit that the situation became embarrassing. I had to do something. Nini was n't there; why stay? "Oh, must you go?" said Max. "So *aimable* of you to come!"

I was so impatient with her that I could have left that girl and gone home alone; and yet I could n't either. For the more remote she became, the more she kept me thinking about her. And never was Nini more remote or more baffling than to-day.

All along the cold, blowy streets of Neuilly I was so lost in wondering about her that it was n't till we reached the Porte Maillot that I realized she had hold of my arm. Actually, hold of my arm! After all these months, Nini, the cool, the impersonal, the distant! What did it mean? I waited and said nothing. Finally she spoke.

"Did you notice that nurse who was stroking Max's head?" she asked. I nodded. "Well, I really did n't know a word I was saying to Max all the time I was there!" I wondered if Nini knew just what she was saying now; she seemed to be thinking, dreaming aloud. "The moment I saw that nurse, something suddenly came to me, like a vision—and I saw Emil there! Why, *he* might be wounded, you know, and be brought to that American Ambulance, just as Max was, and be treated by American doctors—think of it!—and be cared for by American nurses! That girl *was* an American, was n't she? *She* might even be stroking his forehead, too, just like that!"

She stopped and looked at me. "*Oh*," she said, "I forgot! You don't know, do you, but I've just got to tell you. Oh, I'm so glad I *can* tell you now!" She drew a long breath. "You remember that day Emil came to lunch? Monsieur Ber-

trix? Well, we've been engaged ever since then!"

"O Nini!" I exclaimed. It was the first time I had ever called her by her name. And it was the first time her name had ever seemed beautiful.

But she was too engrossed to notice it.

"And, Madame," she went on, "I must confess something else, too. You won't mind, will you, because I—oh, I *do* like you now; but I did n't like Americans at all at first. You were so strange and different. And you used to hurt me. Did you know you did? When we began to go out together you called the things I could hardly bear to look at "interesting"! I remember one day you said it was "wonderful" to be in Paris during the war. It seemed so heartless, when everybody in Paris is suffering—everybody! Why, every woman at our *ouvroir*—do you remember you said they were 'interesting types'?—has somebody at the front—a brother or a father or son or some one that she loves—why, perhaps as much as I love Emil! And every time you said those things I always thought of Emil in the trenches, and it hurt me. Why, Madame, it hurt me so much that sometimes I could n't talk for a long time. Perhaps you noticed sometimes that I was rather quiet.

"But afterward, when I began to find out how much the Americans are doing for us, all over Paris—and, oh, to-day, when I saw those American and French doctors and nurses all working together at the hospital, just as if they were all French, you don't know how clear everything seemed to me as I watched them and thought about it. Why, there does n't seem to be any difference at all to me any more between French and English and American! Oh, don't you think if everybody in the world came to Paris now, they'd all be friends?"

She had been so serious that I did n't know what to expect when she suddenly began to laugh. "Street, street, *street*!" she repeated. "Yes, it's almost as right as *rue* to me now. And *cat*, and everything." She pressed my arm tighter.



In the Latin Quarter. In line at a soup kitchen

"And it all made *you* seem right, too. I 'm so glad! I like you now! Why, you 're just as real as mama. Do you know what I mean, Madame? Am I real to you?" Indeed, Nini *was* real.

We reached home, and she lingered a while in the doorway, smoothing the fur on my muff. Again I watched those long, slim hands move lazily back and forth. "Sometimes you do pronounce *rue* and *trois* very well indeed, Madame." She

kept on stroking, her eyes on the muff. "I 'm afraid I was very severe with you," she added, "and I corrected you sometimes just out of spite. You see, I did n't know then what Americans really were like; but even if I was too strict, we have learned so much, have n't we?" Now she looked up. "I just wanted to tell you, Madame, because you have been so nice to *me*."

As I went up those stairs I confess that

there were tears in my eyes. Poor little Nini! And in my room I thought it over. "Nice to her!" Should I confess, also? No, she's so young, I thought, why spoil it? It's too pretty. And, as she said, we have learned so much—oh, so much more than merely French and English!

Somehow all I could think of was oranges—blood-oranges and Nini. And the more I thought of them, the more I felt they might perhaps ease my conscience. So I rang the bell and sent out for some.

By the fire, an hour later, was Nini, with a blood-orange and a letter. "I've just written to Emil," she said. "Would you like to see my postscript?" Shyly she drew it out of an envelop and turned down a corner, and I read, "I love you, my dear." She watched my expression change, and smiled. "It's so terrible in the trenches," she said, "and I wanted to say something that was"—she hesitated—"stronger and deeper and more sincere!"

I found my fingers in that sleek black hair; I found my cheek against hers, and I said, "Nini, if ever I love any one as you love Emil, I am going to say, '*Je t'aime, mon chéri!*'" She smiled up at me quickly. "It's so much more beautiful," I added.

She pressed my hand and dreamed on. It was wonderful how Emil shone through her face. When she was good and ready, she got up and moved languidly toward the door.

"Bonsoir, Madame; dormez bien!"

"Bonsoir, Mademoiselle; dormez bien!"

"I'll wait for you on the sidewalk; I want to mail some letters," I had said to Nini. At the post-office, across the street, I met the lady from Minneapolis, and as we were returning together, I saw a man coming out of our doorway. I hardly noticed him until suddenly his face came back to me—yes, I was sure.

"Why, what's the matter?"

But I had already left her, and, running into the court, met the concierge.

"Did you see him?" she asked, almost whispering.

I did n't answer; I could n't. I knew.

"It's Mme. Bertrix's son!" she said—"Monsieur Emil. Poor madame! both her sons gone now! *Mon Dieu, mon Dieu*, how I've dreaded to see that man! And now he's come at last!"

It was the man who announces the dead.

I could n't go up. I just walked and walked—anywhere to get away. I don't know where I went; I got luncheon somewhere, and dinner. I sent her some flowers. Think of Nini broken; it would be like seeing a man crying! I kept out of her sight as long as I could. Perhaps I should have asked for her, but I did n't. I could n't. She did n't come to the table at all.

It was two days before I had the courage to rap at her door.

"*Bonjour, Madame!*" Nini's voice was steady, steadier than ever; and her face—I had never seen it so calm.

"I suppose you would n't care to go out for a walk?" I asked timidly.

"Oui, Madame." And we went out.

Was this the Nini with whom I had walked before? To think that it took that black crape to show me what those artists had called her "wonderful" face! We walked, without a word, toward the Seine; she immovable, I, as always, wondering at her exalted self-control.

At the quay we stood by a bridge in the dusk and looked at the river; and—and she took my hand. And her voice:

"*Merci, merci, Madame!* You don't need to say it. I know."

Yes, and I knew, too. Not the beauty of the French or the strength of the English. There was but one language, after all—feeling. I looked over Paris, and I looked back at Nini. Why, Nini *was* Paris! She had gone on, she had gone up.

And so we stood, communing in silence, gazing off, across the city. Through the black cloud in the west a sunset streak of red still lingered, and over all was a golden light. And then for the first time the answer to Nini's oft-repeated question came from my heart: yes, Paris *was* beautiful!





## Paris To-day



Boys of the class of 1916 drilling in the Garden of the Tuileries



Refugees from the north at the Gare du Nord, in August



Writing-room of the American Hostel for Refugees



Removing a wounded man from an ambulance at the  
American Ambulance, Neuilly



Soldiers' wives waiting at the *mairie* for their allowance



Mrs. Edith Wharton's *ouvroir* for working-girls. Mrs. Wharton and her assistants in the background



Bandage-rolling room of the American Ambulance at Neuilly



Receiving-room of the American Ambulance at Neuilly



A funeral of the "Seventh Class," with mourners following on foot



American Dental Operating-room



“Looking at you, mah ladee”





"'You do love ze whiskie more zan zoze sillee li'l' w'ite violets, yes?'"

## The Serpent

By BARRY BENEFIELD

Author of "Lily, Anarchist," "Wind in the Pines," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

AT ten-thirty the gray-templed, face-lined little master of the Charlevoix School tapped on the edge of his bell with a ruler, and saw seventeen of his eighteen pupils rush noisily out of the old one-room school-house upon the circle of bare, white ground in the midst of the pine-forest, and he was left alone with two pressing problems, not of algebra or arithmetic.

For a still minute he remained at his desk up behind the big drum-stove gazing thoughtfully at one of the problems. As always in the three weeks since he had, providentially, it seemed to him, found this teaching vacancy and begun the school, she was sitting at her desk. Why did she never go out at recess with the other pupils? And why did she come and go from the school-house alone? Most of the boys and girls were under twelve, but there were five or six near the age she had given, "sixteen, goin' on seventeen, pliss."

McLemore told himself that he must rise and walk up to her and say: "Gertrude, why do you stay in here at every recess? Why don't you go out with the

other pupils?" He had a suspicion, based not on any precedent of hers, but more on her manner of walking and talking, that she might answer, "Ad ze rezess times, M'sieur le Tich, s'all I nod be ad ze places I pliss, yes?"

He rose and walked to the window instead. It was the end of October, the school not having opened on schedule-time for lack of a teacher; but autumn had hardly touched northwestern Louisiana, and some of the small trees that maintained a precarious life among the mighty pines still wore their late-summer dresses of gold-flecked green. Scattered along the shore of Lady Lucie Lake and here and there in the deep forest that crowded up close to the school-house clearing were the farms that supplied him with pupils.

The uneasy little master looked at his watch; ten of the fifteen minutes of recess were gone already and he had not solved his first problem or even considered his second. Postponing Gertrude once more, he walked briskly to his desk, sat down,

lifted the hinged top, and took out a bottle wrapped in a piece of newspaper and tied with a blue ribbon.

Every morning he found on his desk two or three presents—flowers, a triangle of newly made cake, a squirrel tail, a few crisply cooked pats of home-made sausage for addition to his luncheon. That morning he had found a bunch of white violets and this bottle. He had not had a chance to open it before the day's school began, but the feel of the bottle had filled him with a terrible fear that perhaps some one was hinting through it that his past had been found out and that he had better continue elsewhere his search for safety.

Still, it might be only a bottle of strained honey for his luncheon. The blue ribbon strengthened that theory. In the back of his head he had been arguing the question all the first part of the morning. Now, since there was no one to watch him, or so he thought, the gray eyes seeming intent on a book, he untied the ribbon, not without some trembling of the fingers, and stared at the brown liquid in the flat pint flask. It *was* whisky; his veteran eyes knew that at sight, though he pulled the cork and smelled it for verification. Setting the bottle on the desk, gently, fearfully, loathingly, he propped up his gray-touched head in his thin-fingered hands and gazed out through the open door—at his past.

Out of Harvard at twenty; three years later out of Columbia Law School, already something of a specialist in land-title laws, bearing with him also a playful diploma from his fraternity friends calling him "Bachelor of Boozing"; at twenty-six a \$5000 expert for a title-guarantee company in New York City; at twenty-eight, discharge, cancellation of his engagement to be married, swift slide to the bottom in less than a year.

He had a vivid series of pictures, in several reels, of his last afternoon and night in New York: of the fat, fuzzy-faced landlady of a cheap boarding-house telling him she would "simply have to have his room," and drying a tear at the door because he was "such a gent'man

even when—"; of himself—how brown and haggard and dingy and little he looked!—wandering in Central Park trying to muster enough vitality from a drained system to kill himself; of a hideously hot August night, then a cooling fall of rain, and at last resolution; of a frantic rush to the East River and out past a dimly lighted vessel toward the end of a pier.

"Hey, mate!" a voice had called from out the rainy darkness.

"Yes?"

"Want a job?"

"Yes."

And so he had come on a lumber schooner to New Orleans, almost remade by hard labor and fourteen days of steady companionship with the strong, clean sea and its wide horizons. Fearful of cities, he had worked his way northwestward into the yellow-pine country, fleeing from his past, searching for regular work, seeking a new environment that offered a chance for the unspeakable comfort of self-respect. Stopping in a parish that had voted to keep his enemy out of its bounds, he had dropped into the vacancy of this obscure country school twenty miles deep in the woods.

At last, he had thought joyfully, he was safe. And yet now, there before him, in that pint bottle, was a leering epitome of his past, a scowling menace to his future. Who had sent it? Just what and how much did it mean? Though he had determined to think it out, he could see no explanation, yet. His freshly born pedagogic zeal shouted at him that the recess was already grown disgracefully long; he must, then, postpone the second problem also, hoping for some helpful light on the subject from the outside.

Sighing, the little master put the bottle back into the desk, rose wearily, and walked to the door to ring the bell. As he passed back toward his desk, Gertrude raised her head.

"I geeve ze whiskee," she said, almost defiantly, "nod zoze damn' sillee violets."

He stopped suddenly still, facing around to her. There was a fierce light in





"The little master of the Charlevoix School was on a table singing something unspeakably sad about a hole in the bottom of the sea, and yet with dignity, with dignity"

her gray eyes that did not belong to a simple gift. There was a fierce light in his black ones. He wanted to shake her—to shake her for the contemptuous “damn,” for her obvious anger, for the whisky. It came to him that now his two problems had joined, so that he could treat them together; but the other pupils were crowding in, and looking wrathfully at her, the panic-stricken fugitive strode back to his chair.

“Gertrude Melusine will stay in at the noon recess,” he called out. The incoming children tittered, but she silenced the threatened demonstration at her expense with a black frown thrown around the room as a challenge.

At noon, for the first time since the opening of the school, she walked out with the other children. Going to the door, the master watched her take her tin bucket to a stump and eat her luncheon. He was furious at this plain rebellion, and all the more so because he suspected that her mutiny was due to loss of respect for him. It might be that he would have to go on his way, but so long as he was *called* master, he would, he declared, *be* master.

At 12:30 she stalked back into the house, put the bucket on a shelf in a corner of the room, and sat down at her desk, the first on the left, only a few feet away from the outraged little master.

“Well, Gertrude, I see you went out *one* recess, anyhow,” he began, going quickly to the side of her desk and standing over her. She continued to look out of the window.

“Gertrude, I am speaking to *you*.”

“Ah, yes, M’sieur le Tich, I go oud,” she said, not turning her head. “For w’y? Baccuse I do nod like you any more.”

“Why not?”

“Lily Ancouix she geeve zoze li’l w’ite violet bunches. Ah, do I nod see her all mornin’s do id? I—I geeve you fine present an’ tie heem wiz lovelee blue rib-bon. An’ for ze good whiskee you geeve me back ze look of hardness. So when you say nod go oud, I go oud. Lily! Tst! Zat fat li’l girl! So now, M’sieur le Tich, you know.”

She looked up at him, but he turned his head away. So the bottle was *not* a first hint to get out. The relief he felt indicated for him how much he loved his position there in the deep woods. He had not realized before how very much he wanted to stay.

“Gertrude, you must really go out at recess-times,” he said after a while, gently. “It is n’t good for you to be penned up here all day. Don’t you want to play with the others?”

“I do nod play wiz ze ozzers. For w’y? Baccuse zey turn ze back to me an’ call me Gouge-Eye Gert. Zen I slap zem, an’ zey cry.”

“Why do they call you Gouge-Eye Gert?”

“Baccuse I am.”

“But *why* are you? What does it mean?”

“Ah, you do nod know. You s’all know, like all mens here. My fazer he keep ze Gouge-Eye. You know id is all aroun’ here—w’at you say?—dry. Papa Melusine, oud zere in Lady Lucie Lake, he pos-sess one ole stimboat hull sittin’ in ze mud, w’eech burn’ long year’ ago. In towns all aroun’ no sal-oons, no dreenks; oud zere in ze lake my fazer he keep all dreenks—whiskee, wine, cognac, geen, all, everyzing, M’sieur. Sometime ze officers zey come, bud zey dreenk an’ go away seengin’, ‘Oh, weep no more, mah ladee.’ Id soun’ ver’ sad, bud ze men zey are nod sad w’en zey seeng id; ah, *non*, M’sieur le Tich.”

“No, Gertrude,” he agreed with perfect solemnity, “I am sure ze men zey are nod sad w’en zey seeng zad song.”

“Zey are happee, M’sieur.”

“Alas! yes, Gertrude. *I*, too, ’ave seeng, ‘Oh, weep no more, mah ladee.’”

“Don’ spick like zad to me, M’sieur le Tich. You make ze beeg joke of me.”

“A blind tiger, eh?” he said more to himself than to her.

“*Non, non*, M’sieur, id is ze Gouge-Eye.”

“Why do they call it the Gouge-Eye, Gertrude?”

“Ze men say—zey do id only for ze li’l

joke—ze men say ze whiskee Papa Melusine sell' make you pos-sess ze lovelee desire to gouge ze gran'mozzer's eye oud. Id is of such w'eech I breeng to you, M'sieur le Tich."

"Well, but, Gertrude, do you want me to gouge out *my* gran'mozzer's eye?" Laying his head back on the desk, the haggard little master sent up among the age-blackened rafters such a laugh as had not cheered him in months.

"Ah, *non*, M'sieur; ze men zey only spick ze word for ze joke. Do you nod see?"

"Gertrude," he began severely, to get away from the terrible Gouge-Eye, "you must *not* say 'damn' or any words like that, you know. *Nice* girls don't."

"I cannod be a nice girl," she stated. "I am ze Gouge-Eye girl."

"Why can't you be a nice girl?"

"Bacause I 'ave no mozzer. She is die' four year' ago, over zere in ze woods, bafore Papa Melusine op-en ze Gouge-Eye. Girls wizoud mozzers—"

"But you *are* a nice girl, Gertrude," the master interrupted. "And you did n't really mean to say those words; they just slipped out while you were n't watching. But you won't let them slip out any more, will you, Gertrude?"

"If you de-sire so, I s'all spick zoze words nevermore."

"Thank you, Gertrude."

"Pliss, M'sieur le Tich, pliss to call me Trudie, like my mozzer call' me, yes?"

"Trudie—why, I like that."

The young master of the Charlevoix School sat looking out of the window. In the beginning, with the fervor born of his new life, he had resolved always to stand when talking to any of his pupils, that he might the better see what was going on, and that, in the case of the larger girls, there might be no suspicion as to his single-mindedness. He declared to himself now that he ought to go to his desk at once. Though scrupulously keeping a space between himself and Trudie, he was keenly aware of the poignant fact that there, across the chasm of three inches, she was. He sat still.

"M'sieur le Tich," she said. There was an intense, suspended question in the eyes she raised almost pleadingly to him. "Bud, M'sieur le Tich, you do love ze whiskee *more* zan zoze sillee li'l' w'ite violets, yes?"

"No," he lied, and rose and walked quickly to his own desk, a plan of action suddenly formed in his mind. He considered it an inspiration. It would furnish a double lesson. Taking out the bottle, he emptied its contents into the cold ashes of the stove and dropped the flask out of the window by her desk. Sitting on the window-sill, looking ruefully down at the empty bottle, he heard something whiz by his ear, and saw Lily's patiently picked handful of violets strike the ground and roll over and over in the soiling dust.

Though without special pedagogical training, McLemore had learned that it is often wise not to see things, particularly when no adequate and immediate remedy will suggest itself. He pretended not to see the violated bouquet, and he hoped it would escape the sharp black eyes of its donor. In furtherance of the stratagem, he sat on the window-sill, looking out and whistling. He heard behind him the angry fluttering of Trudie's freshly laundered clothing, but he steeled himself to ignore her. The storm in the gray eyes and on the white face and in the curled lips ought to be looked at, he told himself, as an esthetic duty, if for no other reason; pedagogic duty demanded that he should not look.

And when he did look she was gone. He was sorry. It was a mistake even to pretend to ignore Trudie—a mistake he resolved under no provocation to make again.

But she did not return the next day or the next; and then the school week was over, leaving Saturday and Sunday barren even of hope, unless he took some action at once. Friday night he gathered all the information about old Joe Melusine that he could from his landlord, a gigantic, laconic bachelor bearing the distinguished name of Chester—familiarily shortened to Chess—Oglethorpe, and also possessing a

gift of cookery that McLemore considered nothing short of miraculous. Several times in other years, Chess said, Trudie had stopped out of school when she was displeased; and old Joe always let her have her way; he had to. Chess gave definite directions how to reach the Gouge-Eye.

Saturday morning the uneasy little master set out in search of his rebellious pupil. A mile through the cloistered aisles of the pines, and he stood on the sandy shore of Lady Lucie Lake, lying in its shallow, corset-shaped bed ten miles long and four miles wide at each end. A hundred yards out in the still water the wrecked *Bessie B.*, heeled slightly over on her side, rested securely on a sand-bank. On top of the ancient steamboat hull was a shanty-like superstructure, with four windows on the side facing the shore. Thin blue curls of smoke rose slowly from a stove-pipe in one end of the shanty; very likely, McLemore thought, Trudie was cooking dinner. He laughed to think of the fierce little Gouge-Eye girl hectoring her pots and pans about.

Following Chess's directions, he banged twice and then three times on a plowshare suspended from a tree, and instantly a short, broad, bow-legged man with a jungle of black beard on his face popped out of a door in the shanty, dropped into a boat, and rowed quickly in to him.

"Ah, M'sieur le Tich!" he exclaimed fervidly, leaping ashore. "Trudie she 'ave tole me 'ow you look, so I know you right away ad once. You s'all pliss to come to my 'ouse, yes?"

The front of the *Bessie B.*'s superstructure was the Gouge-Eye proper. Melusine conducted the guest in there. Four or five little tables, with chairs, a bar, a mirror, lemons and oranges stuck about promiscuously, several rows of bottles and glasses, all refreshingly clean, the visitor noted; but there were no customers.

"Zey come Sat'day night," explained the proprietor. "Sat'day night an' Sunday mos'ly, from across ze lake, from Pelletier's sawmeel, from Godchaux's sheengle meel, zey come; an' sometime, one,

two, t'ree, ze farmers come from oud ze woods over zere. Ontil ze dark come' wiz ze meel-men we s'all be quiet. Pliss to be seat', M'sieur le Tich. I go call Trudie. She s'all be so happee." The master heard old Melusine, almost overcome by the honor of the visit, running back along the deck outside the shanty walls calling: "Trudie! Trudie! Come! M'sieur le Tich 'ave come an' see us. Trudie! Has-ten, my chile!"

But there was no joyful answering voice, and presently the crestfallen father returned to report that Trudie refused to be seen.

"She 'ave been one devil seence las' Wednesday," he explained angrily. "She re-ject to at-tend ze school T'ursday an' Friday. She spen' mos' of her time sittin' on ze side of ze boat lookin' down at ze black wa-ter. You go, M'sieur le Tich—you go back zere in de kitch'. Spick to her, bud be gentle wiz her, pliss; she is good girl. I like her. Pliss nod to sweetch her, M'sieur le Tich."

M'sieur le Tich, bearing no chastising instruments, and piloted by the whispering, gesturing Melusine, found the kitchen door, knocked, and, receiving no answer, entered, closing the door behind him. The father, lest he witness a heart-rending scene, tiptoed away.

The rebel, dressed in red, stood by the stove, her back firmly to the visitor, stirring a spoon in a pot with magnificent steadiness and deliberation. Her left hand rested on her hip, and her honey-colored head was tilted to one side—tilted, ah, yes, M'sieur,—undoubtedly by the intense strain of the difficult artistic task that now occupied her to the absolute and by no means unpleasant exclusion of all else in the world, especially school-teachers. The little master waited just inside the door for her to turn. Though he did not believe it, yet it was barely possible that she did not know he was there.

"Gertrude," he called softly. His duty as a teacher, he told himself, demanded that he be specially gentle with her in this scholastic crisis.

She shifted the long spoon to her left

hand; and rested her right on the other hip.

"Oh, Trudie, don't you welcome your visitors?" he called more softly.

"Go away," she said, not modifying her pose in the slightest. "Go away; I do nod like ze nasty school any more."

"Why not?"

"For w'y? Baccuse I do nod like ze damn' ticher."

"Trudie!"

"Ah, yes, I spick all zoze words now w'eech I pliss to say. I am nod in ze school any more."

The little master walked over to the table in the middle of the room, sat down in a straight-backed chair, laid his hat on the floor, pushed away the plate and spoons and things in front of him, and prepared to fight. Other teachers, women they were, Chess had said, had let this girl stay out of school. He would not. He was certain that he was fighting in the ranks of soldier-pedagogues, battling for a pupil's soul—only that. Her case called for strategy. Very well; he would use strategy. He sat two or three minutes, studying the soft-lined girl doing her marvelous, but contemptuous, poses before the stove.

"Won't you come back to school Monday, Trudie?" he said after a while, "and bring me a present—violets or something."

"Lily geeve ze violets, Marie breeng ze cake, Katie geeve—"

"Well, but, Trudie, I like all the violets I can get."

"Ah, *non*, M'sieur le Tich; you like all seengs bud zoze I geeve. I breeng my pres-ent; you frow heem away. Au revoir, M'sieur!"

"I 'll like any present you 'll give me, Trudie." Even if she should repeat the whisky, he reassured himself, he could throw it away secretly. "Now, will you come back? Trudie, I don't want you to stop school. You were getting along nicely. You're not so far along as a few of the others, but you are coming faster than anybody else. Bring me nothing or anything you like; only come back."

Silently laying the spoon on the apron

of the stove, the little red rebel stalked out of the door, and, returning presently, handed him a half-pint bottle of whisky, uncorked. She stood before him with a severe judicial air. He looked from the leering brown bottle up into her stern gray eyes. So this was where his strategy had landed him. Could he back down?

Rising and bowing to the solemn-faced girl, he said, smiling:

"You win. Here 's looking at you, mah ladee," and drained the bottle before taking it from his mouth. Trudie was jumping up and down now, beating her hands together triumphantly.

"What *is* that you were taking so much pains with in that pot, Trudie?" the master asked.

"Teal ducks—four li'l' roun' ducks, an' turnips, an' one onion, an' two red peppers, an'—ah, so many seengs I lose ze track. Pliss, you s'all re-main for deen-ner, M'sieur le Tich, yes? Id is ad once. See, ze table is all prepare'. Pliss, M'sieur, s'all you nod re-main, yes?"

"Indeed I will, Trudie."

In honor of the occasion, old Joe Melusine brought in a quart of wine. After dinner he and the guest walked up to the Gouge-Eye arm in arm. Late in the afternoon a number of lumbermen came from across the lake in rowboats, and at nine o'clock that night the little master of the Charlevoix School was on a table singing something unspeakably sad about a hole in the bottom of the sea, and yet with dignity, with dignity.

At about nine o'clock Sunday morning he woke up in his room at Chess Oglethorpe's, and fifteen minutes later he was going as straight through the woods toward the Gouge-Eye as his legs would carry him. Though there was no one to watch him, he was vaguely aware of his desperate efforts to walk with exaggeratedly stiff dignity, his habitual drinking walk. There came back to him a saying of his college mates, "When little Mac is very stiff he 's also very drunk," and he smiled triumphantly. Even if the previous night still lay heavy on him, yet he was sure his legs were not weaving.

Arriving at the landing, and having forgotten the details of the signal, the fallen master beat continuously on the hanging plowshare until old Melusine put out from the Gouge-Eye in a boat. He did not stop banging until the boat was grating on the shore at his feet.

"Mr. Melusine," he called, as if speaking to some one far away, "I 'll thank you to bring me two pints of whisky; and here 's the money."

"M'sieur le Tich, Trudie say—"

"Bring me two pints of whisky, Mr. Melusine, *now*."

"*Non, non*, M'sieur le Tich. Trudie say—"

"My God, man, what has that girl got to do with it? Get on back and bring me the whisky."

Overawed, old Melusine rowed back to the Gouge-Eye, shaking his head; but presently he returned with the whisky. The little master, holding a bottle in each hand, stalked with tremendous stateliness back into the woods. When he thought he was out of sight of the Gouge-Eye, he sat down against a tree and began drinking thirstily.

He was aware of finishing the first pint, because he rose to his feet to throw the empty bottle at a tree. He heard the smash, and, laughing loudly, said, "Gentlemen, I am not drunk yet."

But shortly afterward he concluded that he was not only drunk, but had also fallen into delirium tremens; for, coming swiftly out of a golden cloud, he saw an angel with honey-colored hair rush up to him, and she was crying. Hearing another shattering noise, he wondered if the echo of the first broken bottle was just getting back to him. Then the angel sat down, and took his head in her lap, and he thought he felt tears dropping on his face.

"Funniest dee-tee's I ever had," he said to himself hazily. "Never looked like her before. But she 'll turn to a little red bug or a big green dog or something awful in a minute."

It struck him as odd that an angel's hand should feel so soothing on his forehead; but then, on second thought, angels

should have such cool, gentle hands. Suddenly he was seized with a terrible fear that the angel was about to be transformed into one of those monstrous animals that he knew about.

"Oh, please stay with me, angel," he begged, "just as you are, angel, just as you are!"

And just as she was the angel stayed with him, and kissed him, and then he went to sleep.

The sun was streaming in on the prostrate master of the Charlevoix School when he regained consciousness, lying in his room under the friendly rafter with the familiar knot-hole. He must get up and go to school, he declared stoutly to himself, though his head was pulsing like an open wound. It could n't be late, or Chess would have called him. He lay still, staring out around the room.

Suddenly noticing that the sun was coming through the wrong window for the morning, he sat up in alarm. The clock on the table said ten minutes past five. The thought that his children might have sat all day waiting filled him with shame and panic, and he lay down again, groaning. Then the wild hope came that it was as yet only Sunday afternoon; and hugging the hope desperately to his breast, he sank uneasily back on his pillow.

After the sun was down, when dusk had filled the room, Trudie opened his door without knocking and walked in. Keeping her back to him, she went to the table and laid down a fat bunch of purple violets, and stood still.

"M'sieur le Tich," she called gently.

"Yes?"

"I do nod seenk violets are sillee any more."

"You brought me some, Trudie? Thank you. I like them."

"Ah, bud zere are no more in ze woods now. For w'y? Baccuse to-day I peeck zem all, every one."

"Trudie—!"

"M'sieur le Tich," she said, going to the door, still keeping her back to him. She stood for a moment in indecision, fumbling at the lock.

"Yes, Trudie, what is it?"

"I am ze beeg devil."

Putting her hands over her mouth to hold back her sobs, she ran out. He heard the front-yard gate slam behind her.

The little master rose at once to put the purple violets in a cup of water. Feeling better, he dressed and ate his supper. He was at his desk when the earliest pupil arrived the next morning. It was Tuesday.

But the reawakened thirst, aided by the knowledge that just a mile through the woods lay the Gouge-Eye, was irresistible. Though Trudie piled his desk with repentant innocent presents, though she remained in school at every recess to watch him sorrowfully, he drank steadily, though furtively, every school day, and got thoroughly drunk every Saturday and Sunday.

Three weeks before Christmas, in a virtuous lull after a particularly tempestuous week-end, McLemore wrote and mailed his resignation to the parish superintendent of education. It was accepted, though "with regret," said the superintendent in his answering letter, "for I hear nothing but good reports from the Charlevoix District." So he knew that, for some reason or other, his patrons were standing by him.

That they had not turned unanimously against him, as they were well justified in doing, he told himself bitterly, made the separation harder the closer it approached. It came to him how very much he wanted to stay the instant he had mailed his resignation. But his patrons had remained loyal to him while he had betrayed them, and he must go on his way lest by staying he do them as well as himself serious damage.

His wish to stay increased every day, and so did his sobriety. He told himself that he hated to leave, because he liked the country, had always liked it better than the city; because the varied classes, from A. B. C.'s to Mabel Simmons, who insisted on studying astronomy in a class all by herself, robbed the work of the monotony of a single grade; and because,

despite his weakness, he saw that never before had these pupils come in contact with a teacher possessing a background very much richer than their own, and that, without understanding or asking why, they were finding a new attraction in their studies.

He longed to keep his school, moreover, he declared to himself in order to explain the passionate vehemence of his wish, because it was so easy and interesting to live in these deep pine-woods, because his work fulfilled the practical ideal of helping others while he helped himself, and because big, brusque, good old Chess was such a friend as he should not soon find again.

So he argued it out to himself, but on the Friday that he was to dismiss the Charlevoix School for the Christmas holidays the little master knew that all these reasons, though true, were insignificant by the side of the great one. She sat looking at him all day, making no pretense of studying, her gray eyes veiled with a shiny mist of unshed tears; so that when it came time for her to recite he was compelled to give her only questions with very obvious answers.

At all three recesses the pupils, little and big, remained in the school-house, gathered in groups, whispering and tittering in suspense; staying inside, nevertheless, in vague obedience to the feeling that it was not proper to race and romp outside on this their last day with the master. He understood, he appreciated gratefully, the affectionate delicacy of their loyalty; but he wished a thousand times that they would follow their usual custom of going outside.

At four o'clock he was telling them all good-by, desperately laughing and joking himself to counteract Lily Ancoux and several of the smaller girls and boys who were threatening to lead in a general breakdown. All of them, shaking his hand, wished him to have a Merry Christmas, and be prosperous wherever he should go, and come back sometime to see them, repeating awkwardly speeches that had been prepared for them by their parents—all except Trudie, who touched his

hand, gathered up her books, and walked out, saying nothing.

The little master stood at the door watching them divide into neighborhood parties to disappear down separate paths radiating from the white, cleared ground out through the circling forest. His eyes rested finally on the honey-colored hair and the proud, up-standing, soft-lined figure of the Gouge-Eye girl until, alone, her blue dress vanished far down a narrow path between the brown-barked trees.

Leaving the door ajar, he drifted back toward his chair, laying a hand on every desk as he passed. By the front desk on the left he stopped, stroking the inky wood as if it were something dearly alive. When he had first entered this old log school-house everybody and everything in it had seemed crude and coarse—the children; the home-made desks of yellow pine; the unceiled roof, showing its age-blackened rafters; the windows, with an occasional pane filled in with paper. Now, knowing them, loving them, leaving them, he saw them as beautiful.

As if bidding a special personal farewell to this desk where she had sat the day when she said, "I geeve ze whiskee, nod zoze damn' sillee violets," he patted it, and, smiling in anguish, dragged himself away to his own desk and sat down.

Some few things in it he meant to take with him. But though that duty called to him, and though the short December day, made shorter by the crowding forest, was already filling the silent school-house with the first gentle gloom of dusk, yet the little master laid his head sidewise on the desk and waited, unable at once to do the last things of parting, his heart clinging to this place that held her, his mind running out haltingly, trying to pierce the future in a place where she was not.

The fire was dying in the stove; he heard the iron creaking in the contraction of cold. Winter at last had come to stay, and outside the dead oak leaves of the few shade trees rattled bleakly in the rising night wind, and the tall pines, sighing, seemed to moan. Barely touching his

hand, she had hurried out of the school. Was that her farewell forever? What did it matter now where he went or what happened to him?

"M'sieur le Tich!" It came so softly spoken he was not even surprised. Raising his head, he saw her standing by her desk, facing him, fumbling with her left hand at the top of it. He was glad she did not pretend to have come back for something forgotten inside the desk.

"What is it, Trudie? You should have gone on home. The night will be here soon."

"Yougo away in ze mornin'?" she asked, paying no attention to his warnings about herself.

"Yes."

"An' w'en s'all you come back, pliss, M'sieur le Tich?"

"I don't know. Maybe I shall—sometime."

"('Sometime!'" Snatching her right hand upward, she brushed aside the loathsome, lukewarm word. "Zen, M'sieur, I s'all never see you again. W'en you spick zad word, 'sometime,' ah, zen I know id s'all be *no* time. Ah, yes, M'sieur, I know, I know."

"I will come if I can, Trudie. But I am making no promises. I'm no good, I guess."

Again she passionately brushed aside the statement, this time as being preposterously untrue.

"You like id here, M'sieur le Tich, a li'l' bit, yes?" She bent forward in the gloom, straining out to catch his answer as quickly as possible.

"Like it here! Trudie, I like it better than any place in the world. And if only I could—"

"Ze Gouge-Eye, M'sieur le Tich, zad is run' you away, yes? Only ze Gouge-Eye?"

"Only the Gouge-Eye, Trudie. But that's enough about me. I want you to promise, Trudie, that you will come to school after Christmas, no matter who is the teacher; and that you will stick it out, no matter what happens. You are doing so well it would be a shame for you not



to go on—to go on this session and the next, as long as you can. Do you promise, Trudie?”

“Au revoir, M’sieur le Tich!”

She was gone before he could get to the door.

That night the little master of the Charlevoix School packed his belongings and made final preparations for his flight. Next morning the golden-hearted Oglethorpe was to take him to the nearest railroad station, twenty miles away, whence he was to go to Shreveport.

There he would look around; perhaps he would go on across the border into Texas, where for over a hundred miles in all directions town and country alike had voted to keep his enemy out. Texas, too, might have her Gouge-Eyes, but maybe somewhere he could find a place to stand until he could get hold of himself. Anyway, he must move on from here; afterward—well, it was not a matter of much importance what happened now.

“I ’ll have to drag you out of bed at five in the mawnin’,” warned his landlord, “so you ’d better finish that packin’ an’ turn in.”

The fugitive had only a small canvas suitcase to fill, and little to put in it; but the laying in of every handkerchief and tie was a tremendous undertaking. At last, though, the packing was done; and, sighing, he blew out the lamp to keep good old Chess from worrying, and sat down, dressed, by a window opening on the front yard.

In the cold moonlight his eyes wandered about the clean white yard, resting in final fond farewell on every fat chinaberry-tree, on every shy myrtle-bush, on every little flower-bush hiding in its warm winter cloak. Everything in this neighborhood was now dear to him because it was Trudie’s neighborhood. However insignificant, they were all touched into importance by mere nearness to her. If only old Joe Melusine had stuck to his farm and not started the Gouge-Eye, if that resignation had not been sent in, if he himself, somehow, could have gone on teaching here for a year or two until—

Across the frosted cotton-field, above the rim of pines, a red reflected light flickered in the sky. The sad little fugitive sat speculating whether it was a forest fire that could do damage to Chess’s fences overnight. The wind had died down, and the fire was certainly a mile away. Most likely it would go out when it came to one of the many creeks running to the lake. Anyway, he would watch it for a while.

All at once it occurred to him that the light was in the direction of Trudie’s home. Lifting the window, he leaped to the ground and raced across the yard. Jumping over into the cotton-field, he ran down a too familiar footpath that went to the lake. Half-way across the field, he saw a white figure flying up the path.

She stopped suddenly, a dozen feet away, standing stiffly straight, beating at her breast with both hands.

“M’sieur le Tich—” But she had not breath enough left to talk now.

“Trudie, what is the matter? Are you hurt? Tell me that. Only shake your head if it ’s ‘no’.” She shook her head, smiling; and, as he was close to her, she slipped her arms around his neck. “Ah, *non*, M’sieur le Tich, I am nod hurt.”

“Why were you running this way, Trudie?”

“M’sieur le Tich, ze Gouge-Eye he is gone.”

“Where?”

“I burn heem zis night, now. See, he go’ up in smoke.”

“But your father?”

“Bah! He is—how you say?—craze. He see me do ze fire. He make ze attemp’ zere by ze lake to beat me. Is id nod foolish? Now he come behin’ wiz a gun. Bud I am nod afraid; ah, *non*, id is nod zad, M’sieur le Tich, w’eech make me run. I only come so queeck as I can to say to you ze Gouge-Eye *he* is gone. For w’y? Baccuse zen *you* s’all nod go away in ze mornin’. Ah, M’sieur le Tich, you do nod seenk I am nice girl any more, *non*? S’all you go away in ze mornin’, M’sieur le Tich?”

M’sieur le Tich did n’t.



## The Old Maid

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

SHE crossed over from the mainland on a wicked winter morning,—  
I have never seen the mainland,—the sky was black with squall;  
I mind well the sinful weather  
And the ruin of her feather.  
Eh, she was wet as water, but she never cared at all.  
We took her for a missionary; she giggled when we told her so;  
A funny, sudden laugh she had, that lifted like a tune.  
She said she liked the look of us,  
And thought she 'd make a book of us.  
She took our little up-stairs room and stayed until the June.

No man at all to fend for her! "Poor thing!" I would be calling her.  
There was no fortune in her face, and she was monstrous old.  
When I was lacking years of that  
I 'd 'Lizabeth and Lem and Nat;  
But you 'd have thought her seventeen the way she up and told.  
And always smiling to herself, the like of hearing happy news,  
And kind of keeping marching step, as if she heard a band.  
The gay and swinging stride of her!  
Eh, grief and care walked wide of her!  
I 'd leave my work to look at her go speeding down the sand.

"Sea-going men, home-keeping maids," that 's what the parson always says,  
But just the same he liked her fine, and doc and teacher, too,  
And rare and pleased to walk with her,  
To lug her books, and talk with her.  
I wonder is her way the way all mainland women do.  
And how the children tagged her round, and what she could n't do with them!  
It was n't hardly fair to us, somehow, it seemed to me,  
The way she could be sharing them  
Without the pang of bearing them.  
I 'd sit and think and think of it when Lem was on the sea.

She used to tell me stories, too. Some of them I remember still.  
I went far up the cove and cried the day the book was through.  
Afternoons we sewed together,  
And she *gave* me that grand feather.  
I curled it in the oven, and it came as good as new.  
The while she stayed it did n't seem the island was a lonesome place.  
The town went swarming to the boat and waving her good-by.  
I redded up the room again,  
Eh, back to mop and broom again;  
But I am going to see the mainland some day before I die.



# Imperiled Holland

By T. LOTHROP STODDARD

Author of "Bulgaria's Dream of Empire," etc.

## *With an Introduction*

By HENDRIK VAN LOON

Author of "'Planmaessig' and 'Ausgeschlossen,'" etc.

PERCHED upon a small edge of mud from the North Sea, in a territory so restricted that the modern automobile has made it into a large park system, the kingdom of the Netherlands has thus far maintained a strict and honorable neutrality.

This sentence has, I hope, dignity, and expresses the official point of view of the Dutch Government.

Ask the man in the street in Amsterdam or Rotterdam, and he will be less rhetorical, but more precise. To him neutrality means "the hell of war without the compensating glory."

It is true that Holland has lost no men with the exception of those who are blown up now and then by the stray mines of her neighbors. Her streets are filled only with the wounded who straggle across her frontiers from other nations. Her hospitals were empty until soldiers in unfamiliar uniforms, covered with the mud and blood of foreign fields of battle, came to stretch their aching bones upon the welcoming beds.

Holland was obliged to mobilize two days before Germany. Of course the secret history of this war may be written in another fifty years, but even now we know that the complete reorganization of the Dutch army more than three years ago had made some impression abroad. Holland was ready when the war broke out. Her cannon rumbled through the old streets of deserted little cities, and her army marched from the lonely market-place of many a forgotten village of the Zuyder Zee, and from the vibrant heart of her large modern towns there came the men who were called upon to keep this horrible conflagration at a safe distance. They came without any enthusiasm. Their sober common sense saw the very ugly and sordid motives which had brought about this useless bloodshed; but they did come to their posts, and they have remained there ever since. Their sympathies are neither for one side nor for the other. They would dearly love to go home. Their service consists of chores. Patience is their main military virtue. Their uniforms are old and worn out by endless trudging along freezing dikes in the midnight storms of this cold and wet winter. They have smoked the tons of cigars that were sent to them by their grateful brethren at home; they have worn the bales of warm woolen garments that industrious fingers have knitted for them; they have read the endless newspapers that were brought free of charge by order of the postal authorities; for over half a year they have turned their thoughts backward to their homes, while their tired eyes have been looking forward to the thin line of barbed wire, with its small Dutch flags, waiting and watching that this line shall not be crossed by any man. For these men know that the maintenance of their

independence, the continuation of the great inheritance of many centuries of struggle, depends entirely upon the courage with which they bear this long and dreary exile along the frontier of their fatherland. Other nations bleed and suffer for their ideals, whatever they be. The entire world looks upon their deeds with unbounded approval. Of all this glory the Dutch soldier receives none. The slime and the mud in which he braves the splashing rain of a November storm are as bad on this side of the barbed-wire fence as they are on the other; but while the man beyond that little line is a hero, the Dutch soldier is merely a citizen in a uniform doing a dreary "chore," a sort of policeman going the rounds of his beat.

Yet there is in this very negation of activity an element which is not less heroic than that which animates Holland's immediate neighbors. Less than a week after the first day of mobilization the men in Limburg, the southern province of Holland, were obliged to stand stoically by while heavy clouds of smoke proclaimed the progress of the Germans through the land of the Meuse, and while an endless stream of people, crazed with fear and bereft of everything, came pouring into the town of Maestricht. Not long after that followed another procession. It came in carts. The dead were buried, the wounded taken care of. Then came the general exodus of the people from Louvain, and the knowledge that almost within sight of the Dutch frontier this old stronghold of Dutch art and Dutch learning was a smoldering ruin. The army on the frontier practised the virtues of nurse, good Samaritan, and beast of burden.

Holland at large has now the care of three hundred thousand Belgian refugees, who, living together in specially constructed villages, have to be fed and lodged and kept as happy as circumstances allow. The work is done with devotion, but the glory of war is absent. On all sides danger still lurks. Fiercer than ever European conflagration burns about this single spot. With its commerce hampered upon all sides, with its legitimate trade made impossible by the illegitimate rules of arbitrary neighbors, Holland continues in its self-imposed task. She has been abused by her neighbors for her lukewarmness in what they consider a holy cause, she has lost all chances of future political reward by her abstention from the conflict; yet future generations will recognize that during those very difficult days little Holland calmly maintained a just neutrality while ministering to those who innocently were made to suffer.

OF all the neutral nations in the present struggle, none is so hard placed as Holland. A forlorn islet of peace in a roaring flood of war, her position is indeed deplorable. Environed by contending armies and embattled fleets, her merchantmen pick their homeward way through mine-fields and submarines to bring her the food that will keep from starvation her dense population and the hundreds of thousands of Belgian refugees now destitute objects of her bounty. The mobilization of her entire army ever since the outbreak of the European War has added another heavy burden to her already overstrained resources. Holland is to-day living almost exclusively upon her savings. These are indeed considerable, but Holland's needs are great, and her main sources of wealth, lying not at home, but

abroad, are failing one by one. The wealth of Holland is proverbial, yet few persons realize that by nature she is one of the poorest countries in the world. Virtually without coal, iron, timber, or stone, unable to feed her dense population by her own agriculture, Holland lives primarily upon her rich colonies, her merchant marine, and the vast transit trade between the German provinces along the Rhine and the outer world. This last is of capital importance. What the Nile is agriculturally to Egypt, that the Rhine is commercially to Holland. The pulsing throb of Germany's main trade-artery is the index of Dutch economic life. Now that this artery has almost ceased to beat, only Holland's capital and credit stand between her and ruin.

Yet in this tragic hour Holland rises

with a proud courage which once more proves her "the little nation with a great heart." On the outbreak of the European War she took her stand upon the firm rock of strict neutrality, and neither menace nor cajolery has moved her a hair's-breadth from her righteous determination. At times the pressure has been great, but Holland has stood firm. Her resolve is not of yesterday; as she raises her dikes, so she has long been building her ramparts of neutrality against that cataclysm which wise men have seen gathering these many years. It is just a decade since the specter of an Anglo-German war emerged from the shadows of alarmist speculation into the cold light of probable eventuality. For Holland the prospect was a terrifying one. The classic Franco-German duel had happily passed her by, but on the day of Anglo-German battle little Holland would find herself squarely between the lines. Which of the two colossi would prove the greater peril it was hard to say. The mouths of the Schelde and the Thames confront each other; Flushing and the port of London are separated by little more than a hundred miles of narrow sea. The snug Dutch havens, set within leaping distance of the British coast, might well tempt a German seizure of Holland for the realization of that descent on England known to be one of the darling dreams of the German general staff. On the other hand, this very possibility might bring down a British "preventive" seizure of Dutch ports, or, more alarming still, in case England were allied to France, the use of the whole Netherlands as a base for a stroke at Germany's industrial heart, lying temptingly exposed just beyond the Dutch frontier. In either case Holland would become the battle-ground of huge armies, probably involving the cutting of the dikes and the drowning of much of Holland by the sea. From such a cataclysm Holland would emerge utterly ruined, even if she did not absolutely disappear from the map of the world.

If the Dutch people were to escape this horrible fate, they felt there was only one possible policy—the maintenance of abso-

lute neutrality in all their neighbors' disputes and quarrels. No excuse must be given to either side by the slightest suspicion of Dutch favoritism for the other. Furthermore, Dutch neutrality could be no passive affair, resting on mere moral sanction of a righteous cause. All sensible Hollanders realized that their country might possess such tremendous strategic importance for one or the other of the contending parties that all ethical scruples would be incontinently brushed aside. Dutch independence and integrity must therefore be defended by the full power of the nation, and Holland must present so stern a front that no power could afford to drive her into the enemy's arms. Accordingly the last few years have seen a marked strengthening of Holland's resisting power against both the English and the German perils. The details of these preparations and their effect on foreign public opinion are highly instructive for an appreciation of the present position of the Netherlands.

Against the possibility of German invasion Holland had taken action as far back as 1874. The Dutch land defense centered in the so-called "Holland Fortress" plan, by which the provinces of North and South Holland should be isolated through extensive inundations. The heart of the kingdom, including Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague, prolonged by the Zeeland archipelago to Flushing and the mouth of the Schelde, would thus be converted into a vast entrenched camp, studied with forts and welded together by the efficient, light-draft Dutch navy. Holland would thus obtain the necessary breathing-time before the arrival of Anglo-French relieving armies and the thrust across Holland toward the heart of industrial Germany. Dutch military experts were generally of the opinion that Germany, thus deprived of all chance of overrunning the whole kingdom by a sudden stroke, would not dare risk invasion, if Holland kept aloof from all diplomatic entanglements with Germany's enemies. However, to make assurance doubly sure, an outer line of defense was subsequently

run along the rivers Yssel and Waal, designed to hold back a German invasion until the inundations of the "Holland Fortress" had been carried out.

These opinions seem sound, for at no time has Germany appeared to have had any intention of invading its alert little neighbor so long as she maintained her neutral attitude. A few extreme Pan-German fanatics have demanded the acquisition of Holland, as they have of nearly everything else, but sane Teutonic opinion has generally recognized the temperamental differences of the two peoples as well as the economic antagonisms of interest precluding even Holland's entrance into the German customs' union, Holland being a commercial, free-trade country, Germany being predominantly industrial-agricultural and devoted to protection. Furthermore, even if the political or economic amalgamation of Holland and Germany were much more feasible than actually appears, it would have little bearing on the question of a German violation of Dutch neutrality at the moment of a European war.

The two problems must be sharply distinguished from each other. As long as Holland remains an independent state, the strategical situations which might arise were Holland a German province before the outbreak of a struggle with England and France remain pure theory without practical application to existing facts. German writers have, indeed, long maintained that a sudden Dutch war-alliance would do Germany more harm than good, and recent events seem to have borne out their contentions. It is obvious that, as Germany's ally, Holland would be exposed to descents of Anglo-French armaments, which might entail the diversion of German troops to supplement Holland's modest military forces, and of course Holland would at once cease to be that neutral window to the outer world which has proved of value to German economic life during the present war. Perhaps the best evidence of Holland's safety from German aggression lies in the fact that Dutch writers have long been

virtually unanimous in declaring its extreme improbability as long as Holland refrained from any complaisance toward Germany's enemies. Even the most anti-German part of Dutch public opinion has feared not military conquest, but slow absorption through the economic and cultural pressure of the mighty eastern neighbor.

It thus seemed clear that, whatever Holland might have remotely to fear from German "pacific penetration," wanton violation of her neutrality on the land side was a most unlikely event. With regard to England, however, the exact reverse appeared to be the case. From absorption into the British Empire Holland was perfectly secure, but a British violation of Dutch neutrality in case of an Anglo-German war appeared more and more a distinct possibility. There were, in fact, two such eventualities in prospect: one immediate, the passage of an English fleet up the Schelde to succor Antwerp; the other relatively remote, the occupation of Holland by a British army as the base for a stroke at industrial Germany's undefended heart.

As to the first of these possibilities, the question of the Schelde had alarmed Dutch public opinion ever since the European crisis of 1905. It became increasingly evident that in case of a general European war Germany would strike at France through Belgium, and it was equally clear that England would thereupon respond by sending her regular army to the Continent. If she intended to succor Belgium, the obvious strategic move was the despatch of this army to Antwerp, the center of the Belgian defense, which, if supported by a battle-fleet, might well prove impregnable. But this would involve an absolute breach of Dutch neutrality. The Schelde empties exclusively through Dutch territory, and by the Treaty of 1839, regulating Belgium's international status, Antwerp had been specifically declared a purely commercial port, even Belgian warships being denied the free passage of the river. Furthermore, although by this same treaty Holland had recognized Bel-

gian independence, she had in no way guarantied Belgian neutrality or integrity. Thus a German invasion of Belgium was legally no affair of Holland's. If, therefore, Holland were to assent to an English passage of the Schelde, she would be guilty of a breach of her own neutrality and of an act of war against Germany. Indeed, even should Holland, though declining to sanction such British action, yet fail to prevent it by force of arms, Germany might feel justified in sending troops into Holland to sustain Dutch rights. On the other hand, were Holland to refuse an English demand for free passage to Antwerp, this might involve her in war with England, France, and Belgium, and England possessed one terrible weapon of reprisal in a seizure of the defenseless Dutch East Indies, the richest colonial empire in the world, the loss of which would leave Holland half ruined.

And the worst of the matter was that an English passage of the Schelde was no mere speculative theorem; it rapidly entered the field of practical politics. The imminence of a European war naturally produced a crop of comment and prophecy throughout the European press, and what was Holland's alarm to observe that in England, France, and Belgium such comment generally assumed a British expedition to Antwerp by way of the Schelde as a matter of course. Things were rendered still more serious by the fact that at the moment Holland was utterly incapable of opposing the passage of a modern battle-fleet up the Schelde. Both at Flushing and on the south bank in Dutch Flanders the forts were old and the guns antiquated. Clearly, if the Dutch were to maintain that absolute neutrality which was the prerequisite of good German relations, the only thing to do was to make the mouth of the Schelde so strong as to leave no temptations for British fleets. Accordingly, in the year 1910 a bill was laid before the Dutch parliament providing for a thorough modernization of Holland's coast defenses, with provisos for such fortification of the mouth of the Schelde as would make it virtually impregnable.

If the Dutch had been uneasy before, their fears were doubly aroused by the bill's reception at the hands of the western European press. French utterances, though frankly unfavorable, were generally moderate in tone; but the English and Belgian press outdid each other in violence and overt threats. Such noted figures as Dr. Dillon and Colonel Repington, military writer of the London "Times," were found in this British chorus of condemnation. Holland, it was widely asserted, had no right to fortify the Schelde; England could not tolerate any such action; and in more than one quarter Holland, accused of being Germany's cat's-paw, was menaced with the transference of Dutch Flanders to Belgium, thus settling the Schelde question by making the south bank Belgian to the sea. Belgian comment was even more violent in tone, claiming that the modernizing of the Flushing forts would be a violation of Belgian neutrality, and urging the Belgian Government to approach the guarantying powers for a forcible opening of the Schelde to men-of-war.

The Dutch are a patient, silent folk, but threats are more apt to harden than to deflect their resolutions. The Anglo-Belgian polemics convinced them all the more that their neutrality was menaced and must be safeguarded. They said little, and the defense bill was adjourned, but much quiet work on the coast batteries was done, and early in 1913 very large appropriations were voted for heavy fortifications not only on the Schelde, but at those other vital coast-defense links, the Hook of Holland before Rotterdam, the Texel entrance to the Zuyder Zee, and points on the intermediate coast covering The Hague and Amsterdam. At the outbreak of the present war Holland was well prepared against attack from both land and sea.

On the whole, it appears fortunate for Dutch neutrality that this was so. Particularly during the weeks preceding the fall of Antwerp diplomatic pressure was certainly put on Holland. How heavy this pressure was we of course do not

know, but from certain indications it would not be surprising to learn that the situation at The Hague had more than once been frankly tense. From the beginning of the war, the tone of the English press toward Holland has been ugly and menacing. "Holland's neutrality is criminal," asserted that well-known English political writer Demetrius C. Boulger in the "Fortnightly Review" for October, 1914, and he adds ominously, "The surest way to lose a great possession like Java is to show that the holder is unworthy of it." The fall of Antwerp without the appearance of a supporting British fleet in the Schelde roused still angrier comment against Holland. Quite typical is a very menacing article in "Blackwood's Magazine" for December. The writer admits that in strict law Holland has acted within her technical rights. Nevertheless, she had better take care. By forbidding England to send her fleets up the Schelde "she has made the Allies' task infinitely more difficult. But for that, Antwerp would probably not have fallen, while had Holland joined the Allies, the arsenals of Germany would by this time probably have become untenable." "The longer she hesitates to throw in her lot with the Allies," concludes this article, "the less consideration she can expect from them. Holland's path lies through slippery places. Let her take heed lest she fall." In a discussion of Holland's future recently published in the American press, Mr. H. G. Wells, while offering Holland East Friesland and other German territories commonly held out by British writers as the reward of Dutch support, permits an undertone of menace to color his politer phraseology, and distinctly points out the Dutch East Indies as possible compensation for England's ally, Japan.

Of late the course of operations has somewhat diverted attention from the western battle-front, and Holland has therefore been less in the world's eye. But at this writing great events seem patently at hand, and many Hollanders fear that their country's supreme crisis will then come. The recital of a few outstanding

features of the general military situation would appear to bear out their apprehensions. England claims to have two million men under arms, and Parliament has granted supply for three millions. If British recruiting estimates are correct, the late spring should see fully one million new troops ready for foreign service. Of course these troops may be thrown into France and Flanders to hack their way through the German lines. But will they? The cost of frontal attacks has hitherto proved so frightful in proportion to the ground gained that this method of expelling the Germans from northern France and Belgium will not be tried if there is any other possible way. Now, strategically, there is such a way—through Holland. The mouths of British generals must fairly water every time they look at a map of the Netherlands and note how Dutch territory takes the German lines in flank and rear, with further menace of that unfortified Westphalia, where stand the great Krupp works, the fall of which would be Germany's death-blow. Was it solely against a German menace to Dutch neutrality that Premier van der Linden said to the Dutch Parliament not long ago:

The position of our country demands today, as it did in August, that our entire military force should be at all times available. The Government, of course, has information on this subject unknown to the public, but it considers it contrary to the interests of the state to make any revelations of this information even in committee. We must keep our entire army under the colors, for at any moment incidents are possible which may render it necessary for us to make an appeal to arms.

Since it is thus possible that Holland may be forced into the war, it is essential to examine the state of Dutch public opinion in order to get some idea of Holland's probable action if faced by such a dread contingency. We have already seen that in the critical years preceding the present war Holland's policy was firmly based upon the principle of unswerving neutral-



ity. That her future course would be the same was the assertion embodied in Queen Wilhelmina's proclamation at the outbreak of the present struggle, and the enthusiastic adhesion of every shade of Dutch public opinion showed that the queen had voiced her people's will. This desire to keep Holland at peace is as marked to-day as it was last August; no political group, however unimportant, has evinced the slightest disposition in favor of war. The offers of Teutonic territory held out by the Allied press have fallen on deaf ears; the Dutch are a self-contained people, with no desire for European expansion, and the entrance of hosts of recalcitrant Germans into the Dutch family circle, even if one excludes the danger of a German war of revenge, would be both disturbing and displeasing to Holland's well-ordered domestic life.

If we turn from the field of self-interest to that of sentiment, we arrive at the same pacific conclusion. Holland is not pro-anything except pro-Dutch, nor distinctly anti-anything save foreign intervention. Certain portions of the Allied press have asserted that the Dutch were preponderatingly sympathetic to Germany, but this is untrue. There are, of course, strong natural ties between the Dutch and German peoples. Nearly related in blood and speech, intellectual and social intercourse is very close, especially in university circles, while most educated Hollanders read German books, magazines, and newspapers as a matter of course. Economic relations are also extremely intimate. The vast Rhine transit trade is, we have seen, Holland's chief source of prosperity, Germany is her best customer, and there are more Germans domiciled in Holland than all other foreigners put together. It is, therefore, not strange that the Dutch upper- and middle-classes are friendly to Germany in a general way, while those aristocratic, conservative circles represented by ex-Premier Kuyper are undoubtedly pro-German in the political sense. But with the mass of the Dutch people this is far from being the case. Holland is emphatically a land of individualism,

which in the lower classes verges upon license and an unreasoning aversion to any sort of official regulation of private affairs, coupled with an intense dislike of whatever savors of "militarism." The Dutch and German peoples thus differ widely in temperament, and though the Dutch are not positively anti-German, there is a latent incompatibility of temper which inhibits sympathetic feeling. The flood of Belgian refugees has increased these estranging tendencies. The sight of so much suffering and the practical identity of blood and speech between the Dutch and the Flemings, who form the vast majority of the refugees in Holland, have done much to transform negative dislike into positive antipathy.

Nevertheless, if Holland is not pro-German, she is emphatically not pro-British. In the soul of nearly every Hollander lies a deep-seated rancor against England. No nation has suffered more at English hands than Holland, and the Dutch have not forgotten England's destruction of their maritime and colonial greatness. This latent hostility was sharply fanned by the Boer War, which roused in Holland a flood of wrathful grief and sullen suspicion, since kept alive by a whole series of unfortunate incidents. England's alliance with Japan caused lively apprehensions for the Dutch East Indies. The bullying tone of many British writers concerning Dutch coast-defense was deeply resented by a proud and independent people. Since the outbreak of the present war this resentment has naturally been intensified, the Boer revolt has awakened bitter South African memories, and England's high-handed interference with sea-borne trade (acutely damaging to Holland's economic life) has made much bad blood in Dutch commercial and maritime circles.

However, despite strong feeling against both their great neighbors, the Dutch have displayed noteworthy self-control. At the very beginning of the war the Government appealed for moderation in speech and in the press, and forbade anything likely to raise popular passions, such as

partizan demonstrations, the display of belligerent flags, and even the exposure of foreign "war" postal cards in shop windows. The Dutch people, appreciating the danger of partizan recrimination, have seconded their Government's efforts in admirable fashion. Their task was the easier because Dutch sentiments toward the belligerents are rather negative than positive in character; a decisive victory of either side is regarded as fraught with peril for Holland's future, and a stalemate would undoubtedly be the outcome most popular in the Netherlands. As regards immediate dangers, Holland has today little fear of a German invasion. The gain to Germany would be so slight and the possible losses so far-reaching that most Hollanders think their neutrality is safe from that quarter. Fear of England, however, is acute, and, as we have seen, with logical reason. What Holland would do if faced by an Allied ultimatum to permit the use of her territory for a base of operations against Belgium and Germany is naturally impossible to say. Of course refusal would involve the immediate loss of the Dutch East Indies, a terrible eventuality for Holland that might force her to bow to the Allies' will. On the other

hand, compliance might well cause still more terrible misfortunes. Holland's land-defense inundation scheme is certainly effective, as has been abundantly proved by the recent campaign in western Flanders, but it involves such frightful loss and suffering that the Dutch people have a right to demand that it shall be employed only in a case of absolute life and death. Unless the British expeditionary army could anticipate the German rush, a somewhat improbable event, the Dutch would be compelled to abandon their eastern provinces to German vengeance and to drown their central provinces under the sea by a general opening of the dikes, which would be a terrible, perhaps irreparable, disaster. And, then, there is the moral factor. The Dutch, as their history abundantly proves, are an intensely proud people, indomitably attached to their treasured independence, and ready to sacrifice life itself rather than submit to the least suspicion of foreign domination. Would they not prefer to endure any misfortune rather than accept the humiliation of handing over their beloved land for a cockpit of war? Let us hope that Holland will not have to face this dread alternative.



## The Mysterious Ones

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THEIR garden is full of invisible things,  
Of knights and of genii and angels with wings,  
Of heroes and monsters, great ladies and elves,  
Through the long afternoon when they 're left to themselves.  
Down there by the palings, where flowers push through,  
They 're off to the lands where the Hippogriff flew!

They slip past you shyly in rooms, on the stairs.  
"Saint George *and* the Dragon" are put in their prayers.  
You hear of their speeches and quaint, funny ways,  
But little you know of their tapestried days!  
And the hand of a queen that is proffered her churl  
You take as the hand of a mere "little girl"!

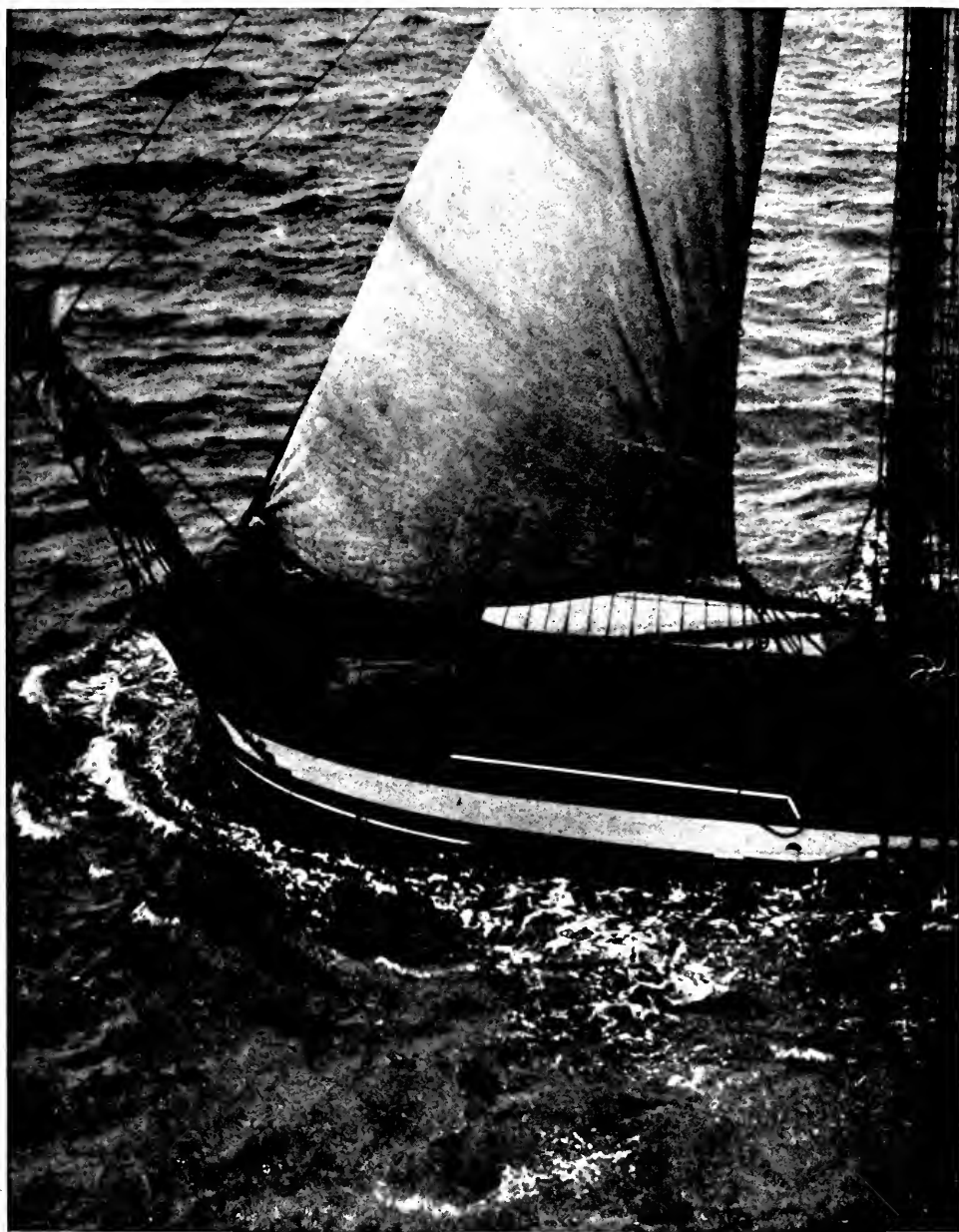
## Picturesque Holland



Fishermen on the Schelde



An Arnhem boat coming into Veere



A fishing-boat of the type used on the Rhine



Unloading boat at the quay



The haven at Veere



On the harbor-wall at Veere



The Arnemuiden boats in the haven at Veere





The cathedral at Arnemuiden





A street in Arnemuiden ; the cathedral in the background



Arnemuiden children ; the cathedral in the background



# The Lost Last Trump

By REGINALD BLISS

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

THE story of the last trump begins in heaven, and it ends in all sorts of places round about the world.

Heaven, you must know, is a kindly place, and the blessed ones do not go on forever singing Alleluia, whatever you may have been told. For they, too, are finite creatures, and must be fed with their eternity in little bits, as one feeds a chick or a child. So there are mornings and changes and freshness, there is time to condition their lives. And the children are still children, gravely eager about their playing and ready always for new things; just children they are, but blessed as you see them in the pictures beneath the careless feet of the Lord God. And one of these blessed children, routing about in an attic,—for heaven is of course full of the most heavenly attics, seeing that it has children,—came upon a number of instruments stored away, and laid its little chubby hands upon them.

Now, indeed, I cannot tell what these instruments were, for to do so would be to invade mysteries. But one I may tell of, and that was a great brazen trumpet which the Lord God had made when He made the world—for the Lord God finishes all His jobs—to blow when the time for our judgment came round. And He had made it and left it; there it was, and everything was settled exactly as the doctrine of predestination declares. And this blessed child conceived one of those un-

accountable passions of childhood for its smoothness and brassiness, and he played with it and tried to blow it, and trailed it about with him out of the attic into the gay and golden streets, and, after many fitful wanderings, to those celestial battlements of crystal of which you have doubtless read. And there the blessed child fell to counting the stars, and forgot all about the trumpet beside him until a flourish of his elbow sent it over.

Down fell the trump, spinning as it fell, and for a day or so, which seemed but moments in heaven, the blessed child watched its fall until it was a glittering little speck of brightness.

When it looked a second time, the trump was gone. I do not know what happened to that child when at last it was time for judgment day and that shining trumpet was missed. I know that judgment day is long overpassed, because of the wickedness of the world; I think perhaps it was in 1000 A.D. when the expected day that never came should have dawned; but no other heavenly particulars do I know at all, because now my scene changes to the narrow ways of this earth, and the prologue in heaven ends.

AND now the scene is a dingy little shop in Caledonian Market, where things of an incredible worthlessness lie in wait for such as seek after an impossible cheapness. In the window, as though it had always

been there and never anywhere else, lies a long, battered, discolored trumpet of brass that no prospective purchaser has ever been able to sound. In it mice shelter, and dust and fluff have gathered after the fashion of this world. The keeper of the shop is a very old man, and he bought the shop long ago, when already this trumpet was there; he has no idea whence it came, nor its country or origin, nor anything about it. But once in a moment of enterprise that led to nothing he decided to call it an ancient ceremonial shawm, though he ought to have known that whatever a shawm may be, the last thing it was likely to be is a trumpet, seeing that they are always mentioned together. And above it hung concertinas and cornets and tin whistles and mouth-organs and all that rubbish of musical instruments which delight the hearts of the poor, until one day two blackened young men from the big motor works in the Pansophist Road stood outside the window and argued.

They argued about these instruments in stock and how you made these instruments sound, because they were fond of argument, and one asserted and the other denied that he could make every instrument in the place sound a note. And the argument rose high, and led to a bet.

"Supposing, of course, that the instrument is in order," said Hoskin, who was betting he could.

"That 's understood," said Briggs.

And then they called as witnesses certain other young and black and greasy men in the same employment, and after much argument and discussion that lasted through the afternoon, they went in to the little old dealer about tea-time, just as he was putting a blear-eyed, stinking paraffin-lamp to throw an unfavorable light upon his always very unattractive window. And after great difficulty they arranged that for the sum of one shilling, paid in advance, Hoskin should have a try at every instrument in the shop that Briggs chose to indicate. And the trial began.

The third instrument that was pitched

upon by Briggs for the trial was the strange trumpet that lay at the bottom of the window—the trumpet that you, who have read the introduction, know was the trumpet for the last trump. And Hoskin tried and tried again, and then, blowing desperately, hurt his ears; but he could get no sound from the trumpet. Then he examined the trumpet more carefully, and discovered the mice and fluff and other things in it, and demanded that it should be cleaned; and the old dealer, nothing loath, knowing they were used to automobile-horns and such-like instruments, agreed to let them clean it on condition that they left it shiny. So the young men, after making a suitable deposit,—which, as you shall hear, was presently confiscated,—went off with the trumpet, proposing to clean it next day at the works, and polish it with the peculiarly excellent brass polish employed upon the *honk-honk* horns of the firm. And this they did, and Hoskin tried again.

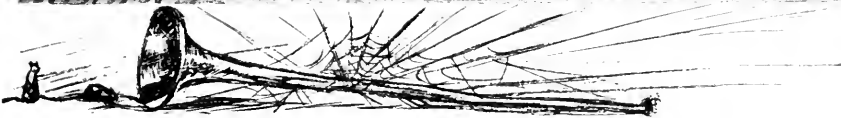
But he tried in vain. Whereupon there arose a great argument about the trumpet, whether it was in order or not, whether it was possible for any one to sound it; for if not, then clearly it was outside the condition of the bet.

Others among the young men tried it, including two who played wind-instruments in a band and were musically knowing men. After their own failure, they were strongly on the side of Hoskin and strongly against Briggs, and most of the other young men were of the same opinion.

"Not a bit of it," said Briggs, who was a man of resource. "I 'll show you that it can be sounded."

And taking the instrument in his hand, he went toward a peculiarly powerful foot blow-pipe that stood at the far end of the tool-shed. "Good old Briggs!" said one of the other young men, and opinion veered about.

Briggs removed the blow-pipe from its bellows and tube, and then adjusted the tube very carefully to the mouthpiece of the trumpet. Then with great deliberation he produced a piece of beeswaxed



"Hoskin tried and tried again, and then, blowing desperately, hurt his ears"

string from a number of other strange and filthy contents in his pocket, and tied the tube to the mouthpiece. Then he began to work the treadle of the bellows.

"Good old Briggs!" said the one who had previously admired him.

And then something incomprehensible happened.

It was a flash. Whatever else it was, it was a flash, and a sound that seemed to coincide exactly with the flash.

Afterward the young men agreed to it that the trumpet blew to bits. It blew to bits and vanished, and they were all flung upon their faces,—not backward, be it noted, but on their faces,—and Briggs was stunned and scared. The tool-shed windows were broken, and the various apparatus and cars around were much displaced, and *no traces of the trumpet were ever discovered.*

That last particular puzzled and perplexed poor Briggs very much. It puzzled and perplexed him the more because he had had an impression so extraordinary, so incredible, that he was never able to describe it to any other living person. But his impression was this: that the flash that came with the sound came not from the trumpet, but to it; that it smote down to it and took it, and that its shape was in the exact likeness of a hand and arm of fire.

AND that was not all; that was not the only strange thing about the disappearance of that battered trumpet. There was something else even more difficult to describe, an effect as though for one instant something opened.

The young men who worked with Hoskin and Briggs had that clearness of mind which comes of dealing with machinery, and all felt this indescribable something else, as if for an instant the world was not the world, but something lit and wonderful, larger.

This is what one of them said of it.

"I felt," he said, "just for a minute as though I was blown to kingdom come."

"It is just how it took me," said another. "'Lord,' I says, 'here 's judgment

day!' and then there I was sprawling among the files."

But none of the others felt that he could say anything more definite than that.

MOREOVER, there was a storm. All over the world there was a storm that puzzled meteorology, a moment's gale that left the atmosphere in a state of wild commotion, rains, tornadoes, depressions, irregularities for weeks. News came of it from all the quarters of the earth.

All over China, for example, that land of cherished graves, there was a dust-storm; dust leaped into the air. A kind of earthquake shook Europe—an earthquake that seemed to have at heart the peculiar interests of Mr. Algernon Ash-ton: everywhere it cracked mausoleums and shivered the pavements of cathedrals, swished the flower-beds of cemeteries, and tossed tombstones aside. A crematorium in Texas blew up. The sea was greatly agitated, and the beautiful harbor of Sydney, in Australia, was seen to be littered with sharks floating upside down.

And all about the world a sound was heard like the sound of a trumpet instantly cut short.

BUT this much is only the superficial dressing of the story. The reality is something different. It is this: that in an instant, and for an instant, the dead lived, and all that are alive in the world did for a moment see the Lord God and all His powers, His hosts of angels, and all His array looking down upon them. They saw Him as one sees by a flash of lightning in the darkness, and then instantly the world was opaque again, limited, petty, habitual. That is the tremendous reality of this story. Such glimpses have happened in individual cases before. The lives of the saints abound in them. Such a glimpse it was that came to Rabin-dranath Tagore upon the burning ghat at Benares. But this was not an individual, but a world, experience; the flash came to every one. Not always was it quite the same, and thereby the doubter found his

denials when presently a sort of discussion broke out in the obscurer press. For this one testified that it seemed that "One stood very near to me," and another saw "all the hosts of heaven flame up toward the throne." And there were others who had a vision of brooding watchers, and others who imagined great sentinels before a veiled figure, and some one who felt nothing more divine than a sensation of happiness and freedom such as one gets from a sudden burst of sunshine in the spring. So that one is forced to believe that something more than wonderfully wonderful, something altogether strange, was seen, and that all these various things that people thought they saw were only interpretations drawn from their experiences and their imaginations. It was a light, it was beauty, it was high and solemn, it made this world seem a flimsy transparency: then it had vanished, and people were left with the question of what they had seen, and how much it mattered.

A LITTLE old lady sat by the fire in a small sitting-room in West Kensington. Her cat was in her lap, her spectacles were on her nose; she was reading the morning's paper, and beside her, on a little occasional table, stood her tea and a buttered muffin. She had finished the crimes, and she was reading about the royal family. When she had read all there was to read about the royal family, she put down the paper, deposited the cat on the hearth-rug, and turned to her tea. She had poured out her first cup and she had just taken up a quadrant of muffin when the trump and the flash came. Through its instant duration she remained motionless, with the quadrant of muffin poised halfway to her mouth. Then very slowly she put the morsel down.

"Now, what was that?" she said.

She surveyed the cat, but the cat was quite calm. Then she looked very, very hard at her lamp. It was a patent safety-lamp, and had always behaved very well. Then she stared at the window, but the curtains were drawn, and everything was in order.

"One might think I was going to be ill," she said, and resumed her toast.

NOT far away from this old lady—not more than three quarters of a mile at most—sat Mr. Parchester in his luxurious study, writing a perfectly beautiful, sustaining sermon about the need of faith in God. He was a handsome, earnest, modern preacher, he was rector of one of our big West End churches, and he had amassed a large, fashionable congregation. Every Sunday, and at convenient intervals during the week, he fought against modern materialism, scientific education, excessive puritanism, pragmatism, doubt, levity, selfish individualism, further relaxation of the divorce laws, all the evils of our time, and anything else that was unpopular. He believed quite simply, he said, in all the old, simple, kindly things. He had the face of a saint, but he had rendered this generally acceptable by growing side-whiskers. And nothing could tame the beauty of his voice.

He was an enormous asset in the spiritual life of the metropolis, to give it no harsher name, and his fluent periods had restored faith and courage to many a poor soul hovering on the brink of the dark river of thought.

And just as beautiful Christian maidens played a wonderful part in the last days of Pompeii in winning proud Roman hearts to a hated and despised faith, so Mr. Parchester's naturally graceful gestures and his simple, melodious, trumpet voice won back scores of our half-pagan rich women to church attendance and the social work of which his church was the center.

Now by the light of an exquisitely shaded electric lamp he was writing this sermon of quiet, confident belief, with occasional hard smacks, perfect stingers in fact, at current unbelief and rival leaders of opinion, in the simple, divine faith of our fathers, when there came this truncated trump and this vision.

OF all the innumerable multitudes who for the infinitesimal fraction of a second

had this glimpse of the divinity, none was so blankly and profoundly astonished as Mr. Parchester. For—it may be because of his subtly spiritual nature—he *saw*, and, seeing, believed. He dropped his pen and let it roll across his manuscript, he sat stunned, every drop of blood fled from his face, and his lips and his eyes dilated.

While he had just been writing and arguing about God, there *was* God! The curtain had been snatched back for an instant. It had fallen again; but his mind had taken a photographic impression of everything that he had seen—the grave presences, the hierarchy, the effulgence, the vast concourse, the terrible, gentle eyes. He felt it, as though the vision still continued behind the bookcases, behind the pictured wall, and the curtained window: *even now there was judgment!*

For a long time he sat incapable of more than apprehending this supreme realization. His hands were held out limply upon the desk before him, and then very slowly his staring eyes came back to immediate things, and fell upon the scattered manuscript on which he had been engaged. He read an unfinished sentence and slowly recovered its intention. As he did so, a picture of his congregation came to him as he saw it from the pulpit during his evening sermon, as he had intended to see it on the Sunday evening that was at hand, with Lady Rupert in her sitting, and Lady Blex in hers, and Mrs. Munbridge—the rich and in her Jewish way very attractive Mrs. Munbridge—running them close in her adoration, and each with one or two friends they had brought to adore him; and behind them the Hexhams and the Wassinghams, and behind them others and others and others, ranks and ranks of people, and the galleries on each side packed with worshipers of a less dominant class, and the great organ and his magnificent choir waiting to support him and supplement him, and the great altar to the left of him, and the beautiful new Lady Chapel, done by Roger Fry and Wyndham Lewis and all the latest people in art, to the right. He thought of the listening mul-

titude, seen through the haze of the thousand electric candles, and how he had planned the paragraphs of his discourse so that the notes of his beautiful voice would float slowly down, like golden leaves in autumn, into the smooth tarn of their silence, word by word, phrase by phrase, until he came to

“Now to God the Father, God the Son—”

And all the time he knew that Lady Blex would watch his face, and Mrs. Munbridge, leaning those graceful shoulders of hers a little forward, would watch his face. Many people would watch.

All sorts of people would come to Mr. Parchester's services at times. Once it was said Mr. Balfour had come just to hear him. After his sermons, the strangest people would come and make confessions in the beautifully furnished reception-room beyond the vestry—all sorts of people. Once or twice he had asked people to come and listen to him, and one of them had been a very beautiful woman. And often he had dreamed of the people who might come,—prominent people, influential people, remarkable people,—but never before had it occurred to Mr. Parchester that, a little hidden from the rest of the congregation, behind the thin veil of this material world, there was another auditorium; and that God also, God also, watched his face, and watched him through and through.

Terror seized upon Mr. Parchester. He stood up, as though divinity had come into the room before him. He was trembling. He felt smitten and about to be smitten.

He perceived that it was hopeless to try to hide what he had written, what he had thought, the unclean egotism he had become.

“I did not know,” he said at last.

The click of the door behind him warned him that he was not alone. He turned, and saw Miss Skelton, his typist, for it was her time to come for his manuscript and copy it out in the specially legible type he used. For a moment he stared at her strangely.





"It was a flash. Whatever else it was, it was a flash"

She looked at him with those deep, adoring eyes of hers.

"Am I too soon, sir?" she asked in her slow, unhappy voice, and seemed prepared for a noiseless departure.

He did not answer immediately. Then he said:

"Miss Skelton, the judgment of God is close at hand!"

And seeing she stood perplexed, he said:

"Miss Skelton, how can you expect me to go on acting and mouthing this tosh when the sword of truth hangs over us?"

Something in her face made him ask a question.

"Did *you* see anything?" he asked.

"I thought it was because I was rubbing my eyes."

"Then indeed there is a God, and He is watching us now. And all this about us, this sinful room, this foolish costume, this preposterous life of blasphemous pretension—"

He stopped short, with a kind of horror on his face.

With a hopeless gesture he rushed by her. He appeared wild-eyed upon the landing before his man-servant, who was carrying a scuttle of coal up-stairs.

"Brompton," he said, "what are you doing?"

"Coal, sir."

"Put it down, man!" he said. "Are you not an immortal soul? God is here! As close as my hand! Repent! Turn to Him! The kingdom of heaven is at hand!"

Now, if you are a policeman perplexed by a sudden and unaccountable collision between a taxicab and an electric standard, complicated by a blinding flash and a sound like an abbreviated trump from an automobile horn, you do not want to be bothered by a hatless clerical gentleman suddenly rushing out of a handsome private house and telling you that "the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" You are respectful to him because it is the duty of a policeman to be respectful to gentlemen; but you say to him: "Sorry I can't

attend to that now, sir. One thing at a time. I've got this little accident to see to." And if he persists in dancing round the gathering crowd and coming at you again, you say: "I'm afraid I must ask you just to get away from here, sir. You are n't being a 'elp, sir." And if, on the other hand, you are a well-trained clerical gentleman, who knows his way about in the world, you do not go on pestering a policeman on duty after he has said that, even although you think God is looking at you and judgment is close at hand. You turn away and go on, a little damped, looking for some one else more likely to pay attention to your tremendous tidings.

And so it happened to the Rev. Mr. Parchester.

He experienced a curious little recession of confidence. He went on past a number of people without saying anything further, and the next person he accosted was a flower-woman sitting by her basket at the corner of Chexington Square. She was unable to stop him at once when he began to talk to her, because she was tying up a big bundle of white chrysanthemums and had an end of string behind her teeth. And her daughter, who stood beside her, was the sort of girl who would n't say "Bo!" to a goose.

"Do you know, my good woman," said Mr. Parchester, "that while we poor creatures of earth go about our poor business here, while we sin and blunder and follow every sort of base end, close to us, above us, around us, watching us, judging us, are God and His holy angels? I have had a vision, and I am not the only one. I have *seen*. We are *in* the kingdom of heaven now and here, and judgment is all about us now! Have you seen nothing? No light? No sound? No warning?"

By this time the old flower-seller had finished her bunch of flowers and could speak.

"I saw it," she said, "and Mary she saw it."

"Well?" said Mr. Parchester.

"But, Lord! it don't *mean* nothing!" said the old flower-seller.

AT that a kind of chill fell upon Mr. Parchester. He went on across Chexington Square by his own inertia.

He was still about as sure that he had seen God as he had been in his study, but now he was no longer sure that the world would believe that he had. He felt, perhaps, that this idea of rushing out to tell people was precipitate and inadvisable. After all, a priest in the Church of England is only one unit in a great machine, and in a world-wide spiritual crisis it should be the task of that great machine to act as one resolute body. This isolated crying aloud in the street was unworthy of a consecrated priest. It was a dissenting kind of thing to do, a vulgar individualistic screaming. He thought suddenly that he would go and tell his bishop—the great Bishop Wampach. He called a taxicab, and within half an hour he was in the presence of his commanding officer. It was an extraordinarily difficult and painful interview.

You see, Mr. Parchester believed. The bishop impressed him as being quite angrily resolved not to believe. And for the first time in his career Mr. Parchester realized just how much jealous hostility a beautiful, fluent, and popular preacher may arouse in the minds of the hierarchy. It was n't, he felt, a conversation. It was like flinging oneself into the paddock of a bull that has long been anxious to gore one.

"Inevitably," said the bishop, "this theatricalism, this star-turn business, with its extreme spiritual excitements, its exaggerated soul crises, and all the rest of it, leads to such a breakdown as afflicts you. Inevitably. You were at least wise to come to me. I can see you are only in the beginning of your trouble, that already in your mind fresh hallucinations are gathering to overwhelm you—voices, special charges and missions, strange revelations. I wish I had the power to suspend you right away, to send you into retreat."

Mr. Parchester made a violent effort to control himself.

"But, I tell you," he said, "that I saw

God!" He added, as if to reassure himself, "More plainly, more certainly, than I see you."

"Of course," said the bishop, "this is how strange new sects come into existence; this is how false prophets spring out of the bosom of the church. Loose-minded, excitable men of your stamp—"

Mr. Parchester, to his own astonishment, burst into tears.

"But I tell you," he wept, "He is here. I have seen. I know."

"Don't talk such nonsense!" said the bishop. "There is no one here but you and me."

Mr. Parchester expostulated.

"But," he protested, "He is omnipresent."

The bishop controlled an expression of impatience.

"It is characteristic of your condition," he said, "that you are unable to distinguish between a matter of fact and a spiritual truth. Now listen to me. If you value your sanity and public decency and the discipline of the church, go right home from here and go to bed. Send for Broadhays, who will prescribe a safe sedative. And read something calming and graceful and purifying. For my own part, I should be disposed to recommend the 'Life of Saint Francis of Assisi.'"

UNHAPPILY, Mr. Parchester did not go home. He went out from the bishop's residence stunned and amazed, and suddenly upon his desolation came the thought of Mrs. Munbridge. She would understand.

He was shown up to her own little sitting-room. She had already gone up to her room to dress, but when she heard that he had called and wanted very greatly to see her, she slipped on a loose, beautiful tea-gown thing, and hurried to him. He tried to tell her everything, but she only kept saying, "There! there!" She was sure he wanted a cup of tea, he looked so pale and exhausted. She rang to have the tea equipage brought back; she put the dear saint in an arm-chair by the fire; she put cushions about him, and ministered

to him. And when she began partly to comprehend what he had experienced, she suddenly realized that she too had experienced it. That vision had been a brain-wave between their two linked and sympathetic brains. And that thought glowed in her as she brewed his tea with her own hands. He had been weeping! How tenderly he felt all these things! He was more sensitive than a woman. What madness to have expected understanding from the bishop! But that was just like his unworldliness. He was not fit to take care of himself. A wave of tenderness carried her away. "Here is your tea," she said, bending over him, and fully aware of her fragrant warmth and sweetness, suddenly, she could never afterward explain why she was so, she was moved to kiss him on his brow.

How indescribable is the comfort of a true-hearted womanly friend! The safety of it! The consolation!

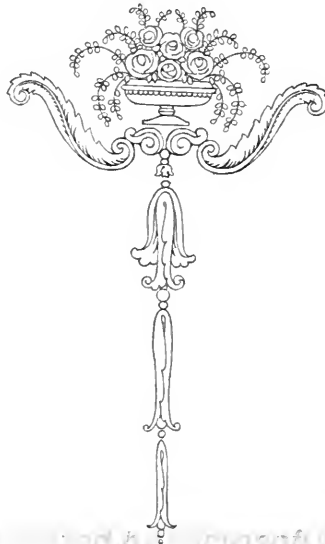
About half-past seven that evening Mr. Parchester returned to his own home, and Brompton admitted him. Brompton was relieved to find his employer looking quite restored and ordinary again.

"Brompton," said Mr. Parchester, "I will not have the usual dinner to-night. Just a single mutton cutlet and one of those quarter-bottles of Perrier Jouet on

a tray in my study. I shall have to finish my sermon to-night."

And he had promised Mrs. Munbridge he would preach that sermon specially for her.

AND as it was with Mr. Parchester and Brompton and Mrs. Munbridge, and the policeman and the little old lady and the automobile mechanics and Mr. Parchester's secretary and the bishop, so it was with all the rest of the world. If a thing is sufficiently strange and great, no one will perceive it. Men will go on in their own ways though one rose from the dead to tell them that the kingdom of heaven was at hand, though the kingdom itself and all its glory became visible, blinding their eyes. They and their ways are one. Men will go on in their ways as rabbits will go on feeding in their hutches within a hundred yards of a battery of artillery. For rabbits are rabbits, and made to eat and breed, and men are human beings and creatures of habit and custom and prejudice; and what has made them, what will judge them, what will destroy them—they may turn their eyes to it at times as the rabbits will glance at the concussion of the guns, but it will never draw them away from eating their lettuce and sniffing after their does.



# English Characteristics

## War-time Observations

By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Trade of the World," etc.

IN the earlier stages of the war an English country gentleman wrote to Lord Kitchener, complaining that through the disorganization of the railroad service because of the movement of troops he was no longer getting his letters in time to read them at the breakfast-table. He forcibly expressed his opinion that the War Office should so arrange military transport as not to interfere with the delivery of the morning post. Lord Kitchener's reply has not been given out. The probabilities are, however, that the reply, if one was made, was to the effect that the letter had been received and would be given careful attention.

On a par with this are the letters which have not only been written, but have actually been printed in the leading newspapers, complaining of trains being overcrowded with soldiers, to the discomfort of regular patrons; protests against the early closing of public houses, the dimming of lights in towns threatened by aircraft, and the challenging of motor-drivers on the highways in the neighborhood of camps and fortified places. Complaints against the censorship of news, the irregularity of ocean mails, the high prices of food, in fact, complaints of everything unusual in English life that has come about as a result of the war, have been made in perfect good faith, and with the apparent expectation that the authorities would rectify conditions at an early date.

These things are incredible to a Frenchman, a German, or a Russian, for in their countries the entire population is given over to war and the thought of war, and no inconvenience is too great to be borne in silence. The Englishman takes seriously any invasion of what he believes to be his personal rights, and those in authority treat all complaints of this nature

in the same serious spirit. This is illuminating as to a certain quality in the British character that, while a source of inspiration to the native humorist and a delight to foreigners as adding substantially to the joy of nations, is one of the great factors in the strength of the British spirit in peace or in war. There is an immutability in the British character that opposes change to the last moment; but when the hand is put to the plow, insures a straight furrow to the end of the task. Slow to awake and slow to act, but once awake and once in action, the race is as irresistible as the movement of a glacier.

No other nation could find its way to victory along a path so strewn with obstacles of its own making. No other nation, with the interior troubles that constantly rise to vex the people, could survive in the face of an enemy. It is said that just prior to the war a report went to Germany that, in case of trouble for England from without, Ireland would make trouble from within; that India, Egypt, and South Africa would rise to the opportunity for nationalization; that English labor would hamper the Government in its every need.

The strangest feature of all this is the absolute truth of the predictions made to Germany, and yet the real unimportance of these things as weakening influences in the fabric of the British Empire. It is this phase of the matter that is not grasped by many observers of English affairs who are not of the race. Ireland has made trouble within, unrest in India, Egypt, and South Africa has risen to the surface, and yet the immutability of the dominating English character has failed to show any signs of disintegration. The work of empire has progressed along its predestined path regardless of the strife within. Sedition

in Ireland has been dealt with in wholly a casual way; in fact, almost ignored. Ferment in India and Egypt has been ignored in the press, and kept under stern control by those with power at their command. Thousands of Irishmen are in the British army, and thousands more are waiting in their homes, calmly indifferent as to the outcome of the war, and some, in fact, even nursing an active antagonism toward the British Empire.

For many months following the outbreak of war Irish newspapers printed sedition without check. An indignant English press demanded some action. A reluctant Government one day suppressed the Irish papers to satisfy the clamor, and soon again ignored their existence. A weary world power is Great Britain, blasé to the point of indifference except as to the main object in view, and that is the maintenance of her position as the balance of power in the world. The angry shrieks of the Anglophobes in Ireland, India, Germany, America, and elsewhere echo loudly except in the dim corridors of those vast buildings in Whitehall where pass quietly to and fro the men who direct the destinies not only of their own, but of other European powers.

It is little wonder that foreigners in England fail to understand the strength of national purpose and the real cohesive power of the nation as they listen to the clamor about them, for these are in evidence only in times of great national stress. It was only a few months before the war that Rudyard Kipling made a political speech so violent in its denunciation of the men now in power in the British Government as actually to harm the cause he advocated. He described them in plain language as the most desperate of crooks, and declared that state prison was the only proper place for them in any righteous scheme of things. Now we find this same speaker working effectively to support the hands of these very men, and with unquestioned sincerity. This does not mean, however, that his position is reversed. Let the war strain upon the empire pass, and all will be as before. It is not right to

judge foreign ambassadors to England too harshly and call them fools because after a few months' or even years' residence in England they have visions of the British Empire in ruins and its power passing into the hands of others. In any other country they might be right in their conjecture, but in England the apparent weakness of the national structure is an illusion, and a most effective one at that.

The narrow-minded, bigoted, selfish middle-class employer of labor is a slave-driver, and at his door must be laid many of the troubles with which industrial England is afflicted. Six months after the war began, strikes were threatened among those who were producing the much-needed equipment for the army and navy. Negotiations between employers and employed finally reached a stage where the difference of half a cent an hour in the wage-scale was all that prevented an agreement, and a deadlock resulted. Neither side would yield. The inevitable happened. The Government took over the works, paid the increased wage demanded, and left all disputes to be settled after the war. The English employer has put it up to the Government, and after the war he will probably revert to his original contention, and will be successful, for with the depression of business and the glut of the labor market which will follow war he will be twice armed against the demands of labor. There is no lack of patriotism among the laboring-men of England, but they refused to let such a plea be used entirely to the advantage of those who were selling vast bills of goods to the Government at big prices. Behind the firing-line, where every man is intent upon one object and will give his life to save his "pal," still rage the never-ending controversies over the time-worn problems of empire, home government, industry, and philanthropy, and yet the nation goes on, the results alone telling the story of that unity of purpose which survives, and triumphs over, this welter of home affairs.

It was a long time after the war began before the British people entered into a realization of the task that now lies before

the mother country. It was not until September, at the furthest point of the British retreat, that the full meaning of the predicted call for three million men was understood even by the intelligent, and to this day there exists in many of the farming districts a strange remoteness from the struggle going on so near by. Imagine the feelings of the people of New York, if great battles were being fought as near as Washington. Consider the intense public interest and the suspension of all ordinary activities that would follow a naval battle along the southern Jersey coast or the bombardment of Atlantic City by hostile air-craft. Then picture if you can a peaceful English village where, with a favorable wind, the sound of guns in the channel can be distinctly heard, and near which four or five thousand soldiers in training may be in camp, the villagers of which are content to gather their news every day from the rural postman, and wait until Sunday for their weekly paper to confirm and elaborate his statements.

The gentlemen of England took the coming of war and the call for their services quite as a matter of course. Their fathers had achieved their rank and possessions by the sword and through service to the king. Tradition and training left no option, and they went first. It was not a matter of reason or particular intelligence on their part, but there was a gentleman's job to be done, and theirs to do it. Patriotism is a matter of course with them, and they do not discuss the whys and wherefores of international politics. Then came the more intellectual class—the professional people from the courts, the stage, from the world of literature, and the keen young business men of enterprising spirit. It was these who offered what they had to give, their lives, for the defense of their country. Their country had no call upon them other than they chose to grant. They owed nothing for lands or titles, but they put aside their own affairs, and when officers' billets were not forthcoming, they took their places in the ranks. Men over forty swore they were thirty-five, and the wife of one of

these, when word came to her that he had been killed, wrote to her best friend this simple line: "Was n't he splendid? I am so proud."

Then as the army grew, the wasters, the ne'er-do-wells, the won't-works, the criminals, and all others who in times of peace live to vex society, came straggling in along the line of least resistance. Thus was the first million enrolled and a start made on the second million; then came a lull. Conscription was talked of as an imminent necessity, but the raid on Scarborough and Hartlepool intervened, and the sound of the shells that burst over those communities penetrated ears that had been deaf till then. The nation seemed to say, "Here, this won't do; we must stir about and put an end to it," and the men came in by thousands. The War Office then sent out a circular to four million householders, asking every one if he had any one in his family who wished to enlist. In response to this one call 218,000 men joined the colors. Then the movement extended into the ranks of farm labor and industrial workers, until the Government had to call a halt upon the depletion of factory forces.

By this time there were two million men under arms, and now this volunteer British army is well on its way toward the three-million mark. The conditions that existed as the first million was being enlisted were extremely bad. The cold rain of winter made all outdoors disagreeable. There was a scarcity of guns, ammunition, clothing, food, and housing. Officers with money bought supplies for their own commands when the Government failed to fill the requisitions. The public was called upon to contribute of everything from underclothes to musical instruments, and probably in no country in the world and at no time in history has non-combatant population so stripped itself of surplus impedimenta for the benefit of its soldiery. A call for motor-cars made to one club alone brought offers of over 2000 within a few days.

With all this, the life of the nation went on much as before. The Govern-

ment was criticized, and paid little heed. Taxes went up, and were collected as usual. Debtors squirmed, but creditors insisted. There was a brave show of "business as usual" at first, but now it is slowly, but surely, penetrating the average middle-class English mind that something is wrong with affairs, and the conclusion is being reached that it is the war that has put things so out of joint and that, if it keeps on in this way for long, it will be a serious affair. Certain forms of hysteria have developed among the people, such as the organization of the last line of home defense among the women, and a regiment of females in khaki parades through Hyde Park in anticipation of the day when they may be called upon for service. Whether it was Mr. H. G. Wells who was responsible for this outbreak has not yet been proved, but as he advocated such organization, he will at least have to bear part of the blame, though his entire program, which included arming the children as well, has not yet been carried out. Needless to say this sort of thing is not done with the sanction of the War Office; but the officials there are too busy with real things to take any notice of such tomfoolery, and they may argue that it serves as a harmless outlet for an activity which might otherwise become pernicious.

The Englishman is not a good hater. With many exceptions, of course, he may be prejudiced, indifferent, or even contemptuous where foreigners are concerned; but he really hates no one, not even his avowed enemy upon the battle-field. It was not hatred of the Germans that led to the internment of German citizens; it was fear of spies, and even then nearly 20,000 were left at large in London alone. It came to light not long ago that the police, under the direction of the Home Office, were visiting the former employers of Germans now interned, inquiring as to whether the men would be taken back into their former positions if released. This brought forth a vigorous protest in the press, and the scheme was not a success. That the Germans will be as numerous

and as strong a factor in English life within a short time after the end of the war as they were before it is the belief of virtually every Englishman, and he does not care. The outbursts of hatred that have reached him from Germany do not worry him in the least; in fact, they have caused amusement rather than anything else, and have been freely parodied in the English press.

The only fixed idea in the mind of every English man, woman, or child old enough to have fixed ideas is that Germany must be beaten, and coupled with this is a supreme belief in the justice of their cause, and an unquestioned faith in a successful outcome of the war. It is hoped that the end will come soon, but whether for a year or for five years, the war will be fought to the carrying out of its now well-defined purposes, and to-day, as the British Government and the people now feel, with or without allies, England will go on to the end with the same intention and the same belief.

Appreciation of the spirit shown in Australia and Canada is wide-spread. These communities have grown much in English estimation in the last few months, the bonds of empire being stronger and drawn closer than for many a day. This does not prevent English criticism of the colonial allies, remarks as to the lack of discipline and restraint among their troops, and a slight look askance at a patriotism that makes more noise than is usual "at home." The Canadians arrive and depart to the sound of music and cheers and with much waving of flags. The English regiments march to the sound of tramping feet only, leave the camps or railway stations without notice to the public, and disappear into that region known vaguely as "the front," from which little news except long and gruesome casualty-lists comes back. On the bulletin-board of a single club in London, not a strictly military club, either, is pinned a type-written sheet. It now bears the names of forty members of the club killed in action and sixty wounded, and yet the waiters go about as usual, the smoking-room is filled with men



who talk of many things besides war, and an occasional khaki-clad member is the only indication of abnormal times.

As the months go by, the strain is telling somewhat upon this instinct for repression. Sentiment is coming nearer to the surface and more easily manifests itself than it ever did before.

The Englishman is apparently content with what his carefully censored newspapers tell him of conditions in South Africa, Egypt, India, and elsewhere. He reads of the contributions of men and money to the cause of empire. He heard briefly of the uprising in South Africa, but did not learn of its seriousness and extent until it was all over. He reads of the loyalty of India and the wondrous deeds of the Ghurkas. He was told that the climate of northern France was not favorable for the Indians and that they had to be taken to the south to recuperate. He does not know that it was the German artillery and not the cold which at first demoralized these troops, and that it is only now they have found themselves, and in accordance with their traditions have made good on the firing-line. He wonders a little at the request of the Viceroy of India for additional power to deal with sedition, and those who know best may grasp the difficulties which now confront the administration of the Indian Government, but they have no fear they will get beyond control. He is told the Indians are fighting for England, but is not informed that this is only incidental, for the Indian princes know they are fighting for their own independence, which is safer under the English system of local autonomy than it would be under the German centralized method of colonial administration. The Englishman at home does not know, however, that several very distinguished Indian princes are in effect prisoners in England, in that the British Government prefers to keep them where they can make no trouble, and has urged them most politely to prolong their visit to England's hospitable shores.

Although it is true that the English

nation is absolutely united in its determination to defeat Germany, and unanimous in its belief that the end will be achieved sooner or later, the individualism of the Englishman is as pronounced as ever. English commerce is individualism carried to the greatest possible extreme, and throughout English life there is an absolute lack of the unanimity marked in many other nations. No Englishman will surrender the right to his own opinion. The Scotchman is the highest developed exponent of a contentious spirit, but the Englishman follows a close second. No two Britishers agree absolutely in their estimate of public men, the proper conduct of public affairs, or necessary details in the regulation of community or private life. In other words, there is a strong assertive quality in English character that makes impossible the cultivation of a unanimous sentiment of love or hate for a person or a foreign nation. No cult of hatred, such as has found a place in Germany as a result of the war, could find lodgment in the British nation as a whole. It seems almost impossible to drill the English people into the observance of any particular national system.

This war is a struggle between Germany on the one hand, with her people trained and willing to act, live, and think under such a complete code of rules as to leave no room for individualism, and England on the other, with a people who refuse to fall under the control of any system which would destroy the right, held to be inalienable, of every man to think and act for himself. The war has already shown that a nation systematized responds quicker to an impulse from the governing power, and is in a more effective position to carry out a national purpose without delay, than one where individualism is strong. The war has also shown, however, that a nation of strong individuality united upon a single purpose, such unity having been arrived at by devious routes, and in free will, is the stronger in its resisting power and man for man the more dangerous foe.



## Beauty

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

WHEN I am dead, and hidden in the ground,  
I know that after lonely days of sleep  
I shall grow weary of my dreamless ease,  
And stir the grass above me; long to lift  
My narrow roof, sealed with white crocuses,  
And walk again upon the lovely earth.  
I know that I shall say to the Lord God:  
"Let me behold once more the flowery spring,  
The jocund April running through the world,"—  
For it will be in April when I rouse  
With all reviving things that softly stir,—  
"Before I venture to the gates of heaven.  
I pine for unforgotten loveliness,  
I sicken for the beauty that I knew  
In youth and age. Let them be mine again!"

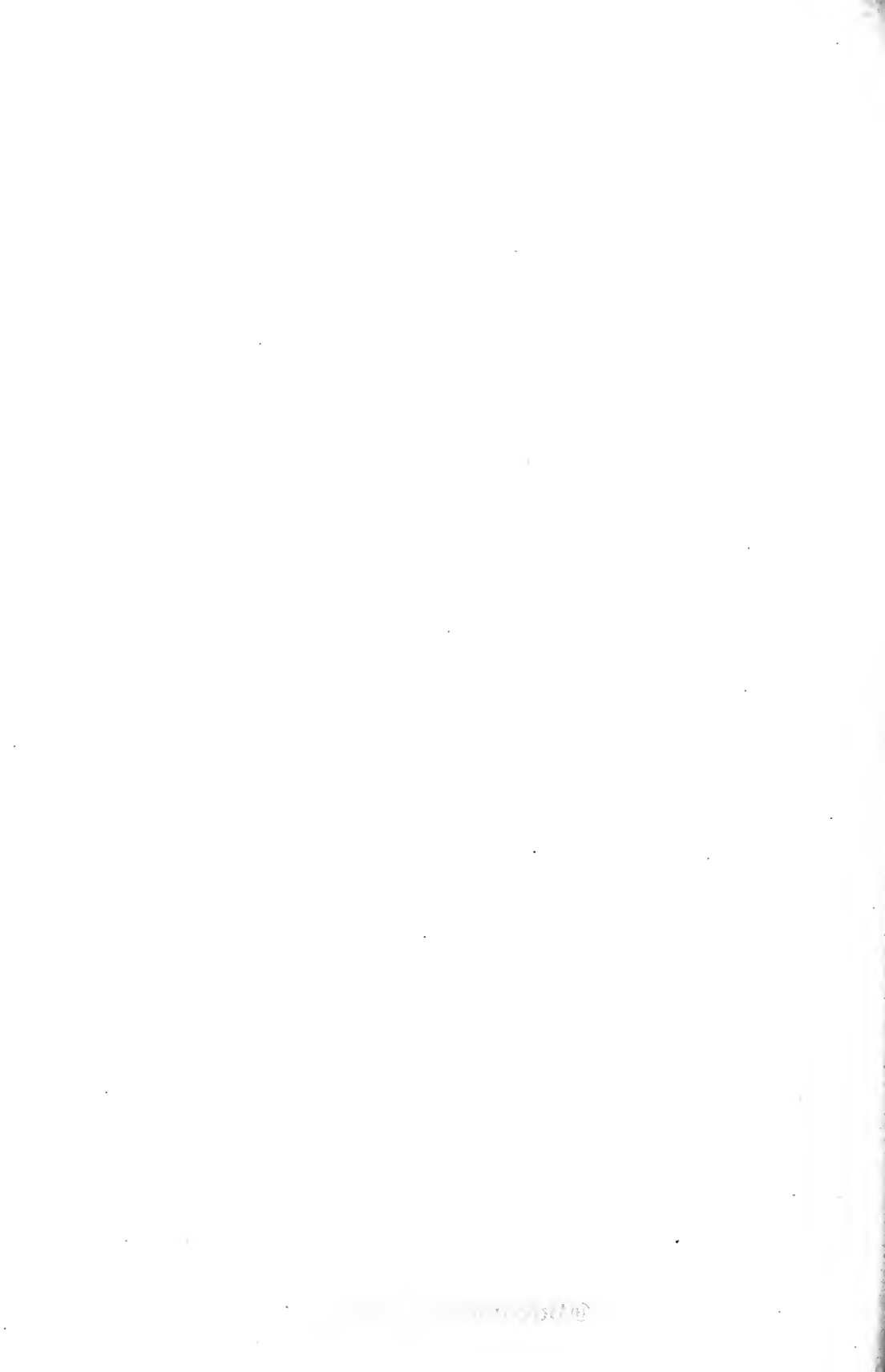
And then I know that suddenly mine eyes  
Shall see the splendor of the dawn; shall see  
A halcyon morning shine on that same shore  
Where as a child I watched the pomp of day  
March across distant barricades of cloud,  
And storm the very ramparts of the world.  
I shall see hills emerge from the pale mist,  
Their velvet wonder crowned with caps of snow.  
I shall see rivers winding through the meads,  
Long silver serpents hunting for the sea;  
And on their banks the blue forget-me-nots,  
Half hidden in the grass that was my home.  
I shall read glimmering gospels in the book  
Of April, deathless legends in the sun,  
Psalms that the golden season sings forever,  
Green litanies and strangely visible prayers  
Writ and embroidered on the cloth of spring.  
Oh, once again the antique page shall open,  
The missal crowded with a curious scroll,  
A new enchantment wrought of the old flowers.

Therefore I know, when I have fallen asleep,  
I shall awaken, hungry for the lost  
Intangible beauty of the glowing earth.  
And God will give me back the spring again,  
That I may read new meanings in the flowers,  
Evoke new glory from the sudden leaf,  
And haunt the heart of April for my joy.  
I know that I have only tasted life,  
And life is beauty—beauty too great to bear  
In one brief pilgrimage upon the earth.



“And then I know that suddenly mine eyes  
Shall see the splendor of the dawn”

By  
James Montgomery Flagg





# We Discover New England

## The Chronicle of Two Happy Motorists

*Part One: Through the Berkshires*

Recorded by LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Illustrations by Walter Hale

THERE are two ways of getting out of New York into New England, and whichever road you choose, friends will say you had better have taken the other. I should advise laying aside the pamphlets issued by a single hostelry or a combination of them. Rather, decide upon what you want to see, buy road-maps compiled by the automobile associations, be guided by their advice as to your stopping-places, or, better, motor till you are tired, and take your chance at the inn. Automobiling, remember, is a sport, and we are short sports if we do not take long chances.

We chose our route for the reason that it comprised as great a diversity of scenery as one could find in any clime, and all of it compressed in a much smaller area than any other country could offer. It should make a particular appeal to the automobilists, for it can be done quickly as a purely motoring stunt, or slowly as a summer vacation.

In ten days, or less or more, one can enjoy the mighty Hudson, sweep through the fashionable Berkshire Hills, peep into the lives of the Vermont and New Hampshire farmers, fish on Lake Champlain, trace his finger on the snowcaps of the White Mountains, drink the waters of Poland Spring, rough it in the Maine woods, enjoy the magnificent living of the North Shore residents of Massachusetts, and brush the cobwebs out of his brain in Boston. From here he can leave cards at

Newport, visit the haven of all yachts, New London, and return through the lovely, placid country of Connecticut. As the English would now say, having adopted our slang as we relinquish it, this is "some trip."

Then there is the historical interest. The illustrator was very keen to polish up on history. He has several Colonial Dames in his family, and at various reunions he has sat apart while the glories of his ancestors were sung. He was strong on foreign events.

He knew the great uncle of Moses,  
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses,

but he dared not express himself freely concerning Valley Forge in the fear of confusing it with Bull Run. And he felt that motoring, and possibly golfing, over a beautiful country was as pleasant an arrangement for one acquiring historical knowledge as could be devised.

The illustrator did not expect history to begin as soon as it did. He had hoped to get as far as Yonkers, perhaps, enjoying the run along the river with no strain on his intellect beyond telling the chauffeur, who knew it already, that the glorified cheese-box at the head of Riverside Drive was Grant's Tomb.

But I surprised him before we had left Fifth Avenue by the suggestion that we turn into the park to stop at McGowan's Pass Tavern for educational purposes.

One does not, as a rule, stop there for

that reason. Yet the tavern, originally built in 1750, was a famous inn, and a favorite resort for fox-hunters after a meet. More than that, it was as good a place for definitely beginning a tour as we could find. The old post road ran through the pass, and there was a great tooting of horns when stage-coaches and hunters met. The tooting continues to this day, but the honk is not the same, and any confusion in the traffic is regulated by a beautiful blue "cop" who could tell you all the wrongs of Ireland, but would not recognize a Revolutionary uniform if George Washington himself climbed the steps of the tavern to order a bowl of punch.

We followed the river drive for its beauty, turning into Broadway only when Lafayette Avenue, arguing that we had seen enough of the Palisades, took us willy-nilly back to the direct route. Yet there is one more divergence, for at Two Hundred and Fifty-third Street, if one wishes, one may turn from Broadway again and strike the Riverdale Road, which leads straight to Yonkers.

Now that we were on Broadway, we clung to it rather tremulously, as it stood for the city which we were quitting. Not that we had left more than the heart of it, for its long, extended arms are growing like a school-girl's.

Van Cortlandt Park deceived us into thinking that we were out in the open, and we said good-by to the underground, which was very wonderfully running over our heads. But, oh dear, no; New York would not leave us yet. More prosperous apartment-houses sprang up, fencing in small dilapidated farm-houses, which peeped out between the interstices with a squeezed look of pain.

I told the illustrator that Broadway, before it developed into the Albany Post Road, had been an Indian trail. As I spoke, a young blood in a high-powered car cut across us without apology, and at this W—— said it was an Indian trail still. We only hoped he would continue in his speed as far as Yonkers, which is a staid town with a stern policeman.

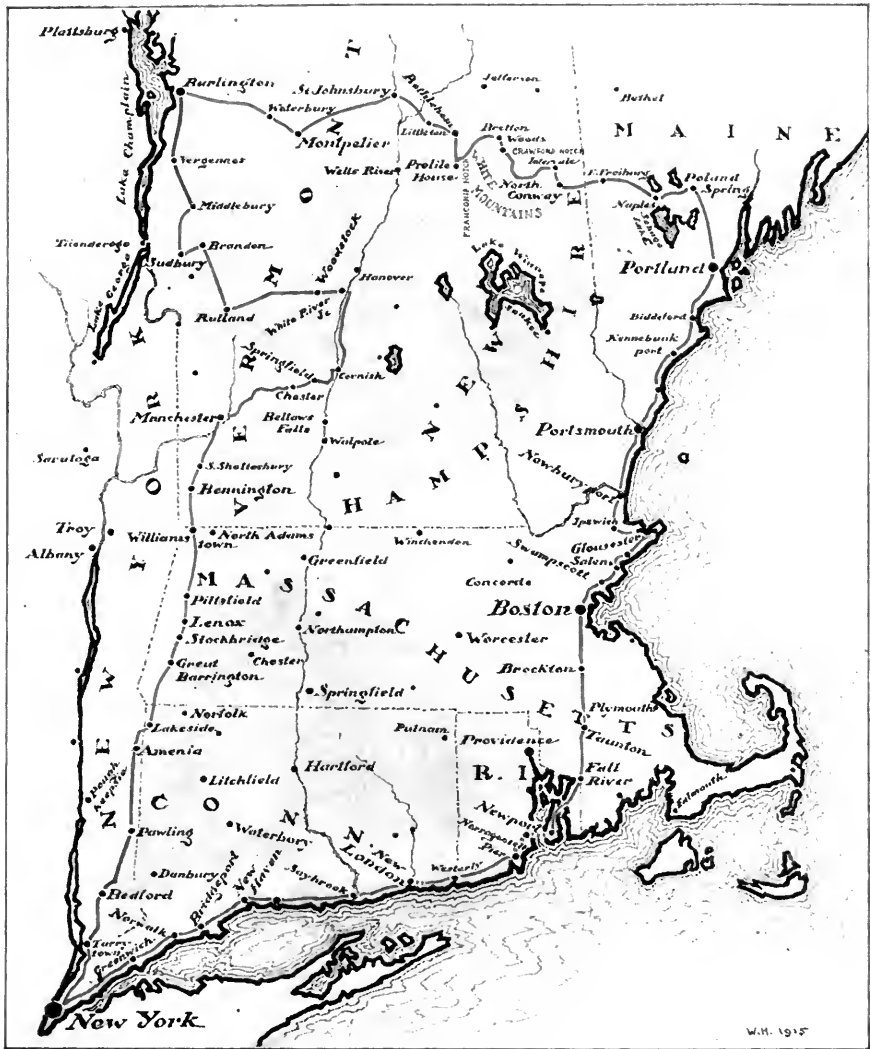
The policeman, while severe, is polite, as he should be in Yonkers; for the word was once Jonkheer, which means young gentleman. We drew alongside him to ask where was the Philipse Manor House; or, rather, while W—— was asking where it was, I was poking him in the back and insisting that we need not ask, as we had passed it a hundred times. The officer did not confuse us with directions, as he admitted he had never heard of it, although he had a feeling that it was not far. Indeed, it was not far; it was just behind him, fooling the young Irishman under the name of the town hall.

We got out to view the old manor and to look at the soldiers' monument in front of it. It is astonishing how much time we spend staring at monuments when we are traveling, and how indifferent we are to those that grow at our doorstep. With a few exceptions, I should advise one good look at the first soldiers' monument, and let that serve for the rest of the trip.

This one, like many of the others, consisted of figures carrying guns and cutlasses, eager to mow down Yonkers at a moment's notice, while underneath ran an earnest plea for peace. Ah, well, this complete armament, with the unconscious irony of tender mottos beneath, is not inconsistent with the year 1915.

We peeped through the windows of the town hall, and were confounded by an array of sewing-machines about the walls. The rooms were locked at the time, and there was no one about to tell us how the machines happened to be there. I am not sure that I want to know, for as it stands now in my mind the town council is composed of able women busily making over laws and reducing rents by sewing them up.

But we must get on, for we were now striking stretches of wide lawn, and the joy of the road was beginning to permeate us. Not the joy of getting anywhere, but the pure happiness of swift motion. It is the region of great estates, where one can breathe deeply without the fear of anything but the most old-fashioned of country germs entering the lungs.



Map of New England

Some of the mansions of Hastings, Dobbs Ferry, Tarrytown, and beyond are given over to private schools. I remember reading their pamphlets when I was a girl in the West, and feeling the impressiveness of going to an abode of learning in the heart of Washington Irving's country. What would the fashionable schools have done without that estimable writer!

I have noticed of late that they do not parade him as they once did, but this is a mistake, if the pamphlets are designed to touch the Middle West. Washington Irving is still read in Indianapolis, Indiana, and Granada, Spain. We prefer

"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" in the Hoosier State, but Spain is true to the "Alhambra," and a copy decorates every Spanish parlor-table, like the plush-covered photograph-album.

This was the region of *Ichabod Crane*, who "tarried" to teach the young idea how to shoot. I can remember Irving's "Sketch-Book" but vaguely, although it should be re-read before going into this part of the country. But I have always felt toward *Ichabod*, with his long arms dangling from his shirt-sleeves, a passionate pity. There was a tragic year, as a child, when I shot beyond my clothes in

every direction, and I know how it feels for hands to dangle miles from a friendly cuff.

The bridge of the headless horseman has been done over in neat gray stone by Mr. Rockefeller. It had grown very shaky, due no doubt to the ghostly rider crossing it every night "faster than a trot." Still, I wish Mr. Rockefeller had n't.

On the slope on the right of the bridge is the cemetery where Irving lies buried. On the left of the bridge another manor house rises charmingly from a fair acre. Like the one at Tarrytown, it was also built by the Philipse family in the seventeenth century. I had to learn at dinner the other night from a fine old gentleman who came of Dutch stock that these Philipses were the *nouveau riche* of this locality, buying their way into society and upholding the crown when the United States made its fight for freedom.

As a result of this their lands were confiscated, and the name Philipse hid its shame by degrees of corruption into just plain Philips, with whom you probably have acquaintance, and who do not know till this day that they are traitors.

We passed on over the County House Road, which leads directly out of the right from Tarrytown, with the great Kensico Dam ahead of us. One cannot mistake the County House Road for it is, indeed, "over the hills to the poor-house." The hills are poorer than the house, however, which is as shining as a Dutch door-knob.

The Kensico Dam is to Westchester County what Gatun Dam is to Panama. To me it appeared quite as enormous and very awful, in the real sense of the word. Probably this was because we ran down underneath into that hollow which will some day be a reservoir. It is a great, lonesome tract of country but sparsely occupied now by homesteaders, who are clinging as long as they can to the condemned property. But the houses have an unstable air, and W——'s sketch was so long in the making that I grew timorous myself. What if the waters should

come tumbling in, and we never could go upon our trip! How unfortunate it would be for our friends in New York if, by the long arm of circumstance, we should be forced through their water-pipes some morning and spoil their morning bath!

I was glad to return to the fine highway, where, aided by plentiful sign-posts and some inquiries, we struck the Armonk Road which leads to old Bedford. Here again we found great estates, with gently rounded hills for a vista in place of the stretch of the Hudson. It is a sinuous way, and one must drive carefully. I can imagine the upsets the stage-coaches of old were subject to when they went bumping over the ruts that have now given place to fine macadam.

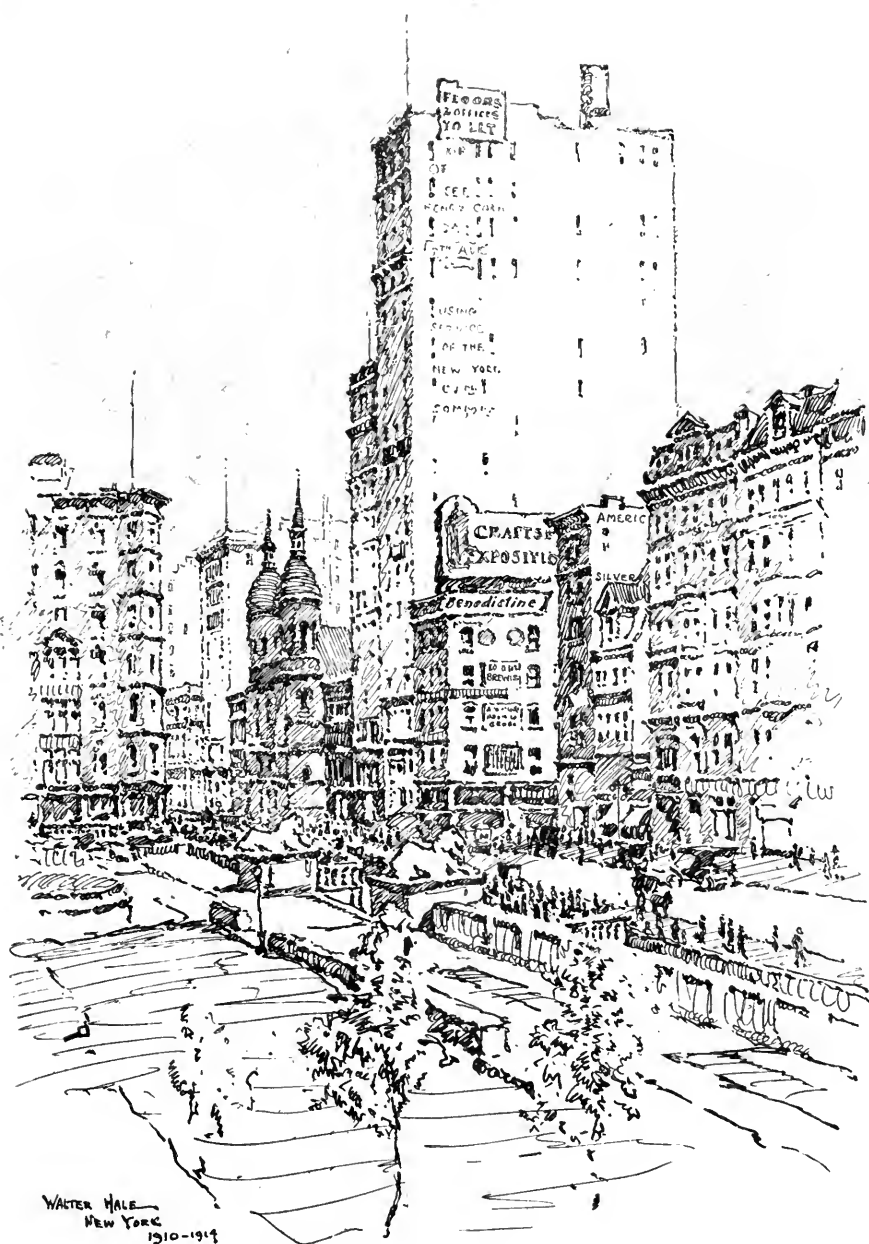
Old Bedford was the first stopping-place for the night of the stage-coaches headed for Vermont. This is thirty-eight miles from New York and a fair run for horses over roads either good or poor. A connection of W——'s, by the name of Vandervoort, owned this line of "Flying Chariots," and out of respect for his memory his descendant hoped to find an old tavern on the village green where he could descend, as did the passengers, and drink to his memory.

It was a thin excuse to my mind, and I was glad the exclusiveness of old Bedford's summer residents has discouraged hotels. There was only a humble place that would have been known as an ordinary in coaching-days, and as we were to spend the night with friends not far from the scene, it would be as well not to be discovered wiping one's mouth while issuing from a "pub."

Our run for the day was not much greater than that of the stage-coaches; but they started at dawn, and owing to the struggle with superfluous baggage, it was nearly noon when we left. Indeed, the reader who motors will find that our mileage would be more limited than theirs, the result of making sketches and of endeavoring to force me into being photographed in an unbecoming hat.

This visiting of the county folk en auto is as near a revival of the days before





The impressive departing-point on Fifth Avenue

steam and rail as we can institute. And the roads of Westchester County, near the tea-hour, are flashing with cars all intent upon getting to other homes than their own. Like ours, baggage-laden motors twisted around the lakes on the Cross

River Road, and endeavored to pick out from a distance the special roof which was to afford a hospitable shelter for the night.

One cannot always tell a host by his house tree. Having picked a wrong one, we rolled up a wide driveway, and were

in front of the house before the mistake was made plain. The butler, who came out to greet us, was also in a state of confusion, as his family was expecting guests, and made forcible efforts to carry off my type-writer, under the impression that it was a jewel-box.

He said we were expected, and we doubtless would have gained our bedrooms had not a hostess strange to us happened to stray in from the tennis-court.

In this, to me, very pleasant fashion of leaving guests to themselves, there is no particular reason why W—— and I could not have remained deceived and deceptive until we rustled down to dinner, like polite burglars. There are the possibilities of a play in this.

With type-writer restored, we tried another hill that possessed more staying qualities. The dogs, the host, and the children were about; the trunk was dusted and brought up-stairs; and our chauffeur, having firmly removed his dress hat, passed out of vision until the morning.

It was almost noon of an intensely hot day before we continued over the new, state road in the direction of the Berkshires.

Westchester County is very proud of this perfect strip of going, as the entire State will be when it is completed. It cost twenty thousand dollars a mile, and the richest man in the county will speak of this with bated breath. He ought to; he is taxed for it.

We were still among the lakes and reservoirs and the babbling brooks that, before evening, would be quenching the thirst of the roasting New Yorkers. When we are in the country, suffering a great deal from the heat, it is a cooling thought that those left in the cities are worse off than we are. At least we very often and very loudly declare that they must be worse off as we wipe our foreheads. We say we are glad we are not in town to-day. Whew!

We passed Goldenbridge, Croton Falls, and stopped at Brewster for lunch-

eon because it was the luncheon-hour. In Europe we can be fed at any time we open our mouths like baby birds and give evidence of money in our purse; but over here we eat when the proprietor says it is time to eat.

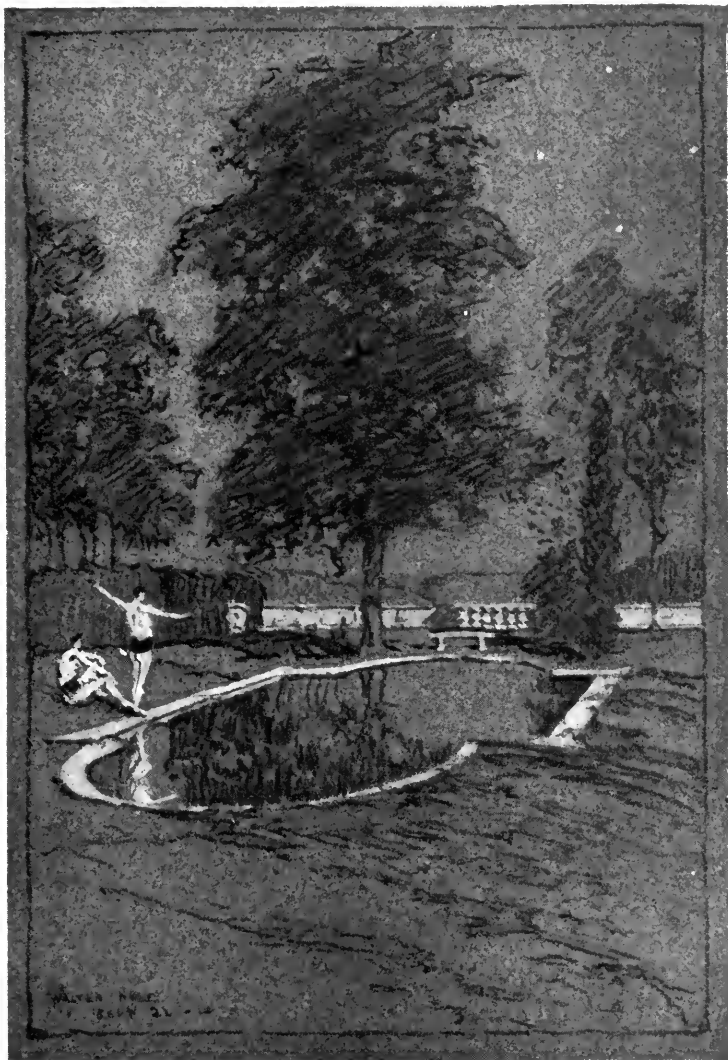
This was our first stop at a real country inn, for the road-houses about New York do not, as the children say, count, and I was not so curious as to what we should find on the table as to the manner of our reception. In France we tumble out of our car, and exchange glad greetings with the innkeeper, his wife, and the personnel as though we had, all of us, only lived for this hour. But here in America we do not look upon courtesy as one of the essentials to a possible business; or at least that was my impression. I am now inclined to think that I was wrong, and to thank the motor for a revival of hospitable manners. Like the post-chaise of old, we come directly to the door, toot the horn instead of crack the whip, and receive a welcome in accord with the stateliness of the arrival.

The proprietor at Brewster answered my foreign greeting with an equal amount of enthusiasm. Although the hotel was simple, he conducted me to a dressing-room painted white, where, as the darky said, were all the means of "refreshing up." The automobile tourist has demanded and received this accommodation. With reckless splendor the comb and brush were not even chained, and the roller towel had given place to clean little dabs of linen.

The luncheon, too, was clean, and better than it would have been ten years ago under the same management, the dessert offering satisfactory evidence to W—— that we were in or near the pie-belt.

Soon we left Brewster, detained for an instant by the clerk; although we had paid for our luncheon, we had not registered. There are no incriminating registers in Europe. 'T is a gay land.

Our direction was Pawling. A few encouraging sign-posts kept us to the path, although at every cross-road we were met by fingers of fate pointing us to Patter-



A sunken pool, Westchester County, New York

son. It is strange how a town of which you never have heard before suddenly appears upon a sign, continues for miles to urge you to see it, and with a last finger indicating a road which you refuse to take disappears out of your life forever.

The plea to go to Patterson was discontinued before we reached Pawling, but at the latter place we found so little to interest us that we regret now our lack of deviation from the straight road.

But beyond Pawling a thriller was reserved for us. It was a red arrow on a white ground pointing in the direction we desired to go. "To the Berkshires" read

the sign beneath. It was a recurrent arrow indicating the way whenever we grew uncertain. At times we would find such a bad bit of going that we thought we must be off the main road, but the arrow cheerfully signified: "Press on! I know the road is rotten, but at the other end are the Berkshires!"

We passed a vast preparatory school for boys along this way, although I do not know what they were to be prepared for beyond a good time. A private golf-course was in process of construction for them, and the main building suggested marble baths incased in Tudor architec-

ture. The illustrator, to show his disapproval, stopped to make a sketch, and I asked a road-mender what he thought of such mansions for young men. The road-mender opined it was a mistake.

We had missed the county stone between Westchester and Dutchess County, but we had long known we were in the latter province by a certain businesslike quality of the farms. They had a self-supporting air that all of the Westchester country-places, no matter what statistics are shown, cannot acquire. And the barns are painted red. They are not white barns, or gray, or boulder to match the house, or stucco to go with the garage. They are red, because it is a serviceable color, and they are large because the harvests are plentiful.

The farms all have, or were having or were taking measurements for having, a cylindrical tower at one end of the barn. To be fair to our Westchester host, he had one also; but I did not ask what it was, for at the time it did not occur to me that I should see more of these towers before the journey was over than we felt bumps in the road, and that is saying a good deal.

A New England farm without a tower is as low in the social scale as a garden without a pergola, and I besought W—— to stop long enough for me to find out their use. He demurred, for it was cool going and hot stopping, but I was insistent.

There may be something snobbish in the expression of "studying the people" as one journeys along. Do not let that thought distress you, for the countryman you are accosting is also studying you. The outcome of these wayside chats do not, one will observe, result in a chuckle or a dropping of the eyelids when the ships have spoken each other and passed on; rather, there is engendered a broader understanding which comes to us in the widening of our acquaintance.

What I found out about towers was a strict utilitarian reason for these architectural additions. It seems that the day of the husking-bee is over, and that corn and

stalks now disappear into the cylinder, to be chopped up into fodder. Dutchess County is a great cattle country.

We lurched on through Dover Plains until the stern sign of "Detour" warned us that the way beyond was under reconstruction, and while promising well for the future, was doubtless dreary for present traveling.

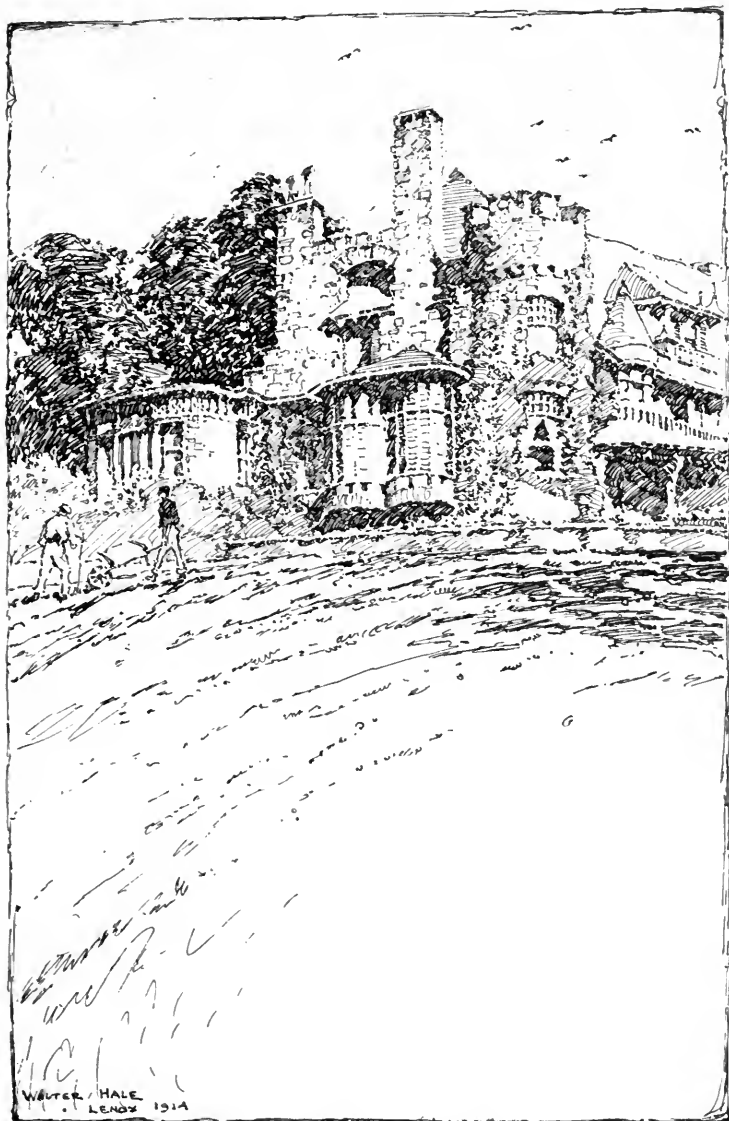
There was a country inn at this juncture, with a written invitation on a board to "Rest Awhile," and we would have done so had we known of the hitherto undeveloped quarry over which we journeyed before we again struck into the highway.

The rocks of New England were now beginning to manifest themselves in the fields, gleaming through the herbage in white patches, "like snow upon the desert space,"—a poor comparison, considering their endurance,—and we had already passed a prosperous working quarry. It made one feel sorry for the man who has endeavored to wrest a living from the top of the earth when he could gain so much more by digging down.

The undeveloped stone industry under the country lane which we now followed made itself known by catching at our dust-pan, swung low for European travel, and tearing it away from us. The sun was still hot, and we were glad our chauffeur was a young man both strong and amiable. The pause gave me an opportunity to discuss the crops with a farmer near by. Or I attempted to discuss them, he dismissing the subject to talk frivolously of a wedding back on the main road that we would miss if we did not get started soon.

He said it was the biggest event of the year, and all his family were there in a black car. He said I could n't fail to pick it out, as it had been washed that morning. With his eager assistance we managed to get away, rounding into the state road exactly at the scene of the festivity.

The bride and groom were leaving; at least a large motor hung with shoes, ornamented with white bows, and display-



Country home at Lenox, Massachusetts

ing a placard on the radiator of "Just Married" bore down upon us.

We could not pick a bride from the several girls in bright frocks within, nor could we understand the roars of laughter from the guests gathered on the lawn waving them farewell. Marrying is fairly humorous, but at least a tear is expected at the hour of departure. I was anxious to know about this, but W—— said we had not been invited to the wedding, and it was impossible to stop, and in this fashion we went on to Amenía.

Ah, but Amenía knew! Just as I dislike Pawling, in equal proportion do I love Amenía. Two garages were there in fierce rivalry. If we had chosen the first, no doubt something delightful would have happened; but selecting the one farther on, we met the cousin of the bridegroom. He had just come from the wedding in a motor as high-powered as could be found in those parts, and in it he had slipped the bride and groom, rushing them to the railway station. The bridesmaids were left to follow in the rigged-up auto-

mobile, and he did not believe the town would *ever* get over laughing at it.

I did like that cousin! And I liked the young man who pumped the gasolene into our tank. He had driven a car once all the way from Havre to Florence (why he stopped driving it in Florence was too delicate a question to put to him), and he could n't see an earthly reason why we in America should n't repair one half of the road at a time and leave the other half free to traffic. "as they done in Urop."

"I hold us in contempt," he added.

He also held the corner druggist in contempt. I had bought a charming post-card of a fine old house, and had asked the druggist if he knew where it was. But he did not know; he had never seen it. And I went back, hot foot, to the European traveler, who took a look at the card and splashed a quantity of gasolene all over us.

"Sees it every day of his life," said the live young man of the chemist. "It 's down by the depot. No git up an' git to him, that 's the trouble. Keeps his windows dressed with bottles of cod-liver oil in the summer-time."

During the few minutes that we were in Amenia there was also a dog-fight.

WE were now in Connecticut, as a big stone along the way announced. A boundary-line never fails to be exciting. Whether it marks a county or a State, the slipping over from one territory to another gives one the sensation of fresh adventure, a sloughing off of the old skin of existence, rendering us shining and ready for new conflicts.

Lakeville rose from a mist, a charming town with good hotels, where the motorist who leaves New York early could easily spend his first night if he had any "git up an' git to him."

We hurried on, for we were so near the Berkshires that we felt the tantalization of the moment. Promptly at Salisbury the red arrow left us, substituting laconically, "The Berkshires," as though it had done the best it could for us, and we must now find our own way about.

This is not difficult, for the high-road is as broad as the path that leads to destruction, quite as pleasing in its features, and much less direful at the journey's end. We traversed only a corner of Connecticut, and W—— said we need not watch for the boundary-stone, as we could tell by the excellence of the road when we were in Massachusetts.

This speech was virtually jolted out of him coincident with our crossing the state-line. And he sighed, as though one could have too much humor, when I asked if the excellence lay in beneficial results to the liver or to the car.

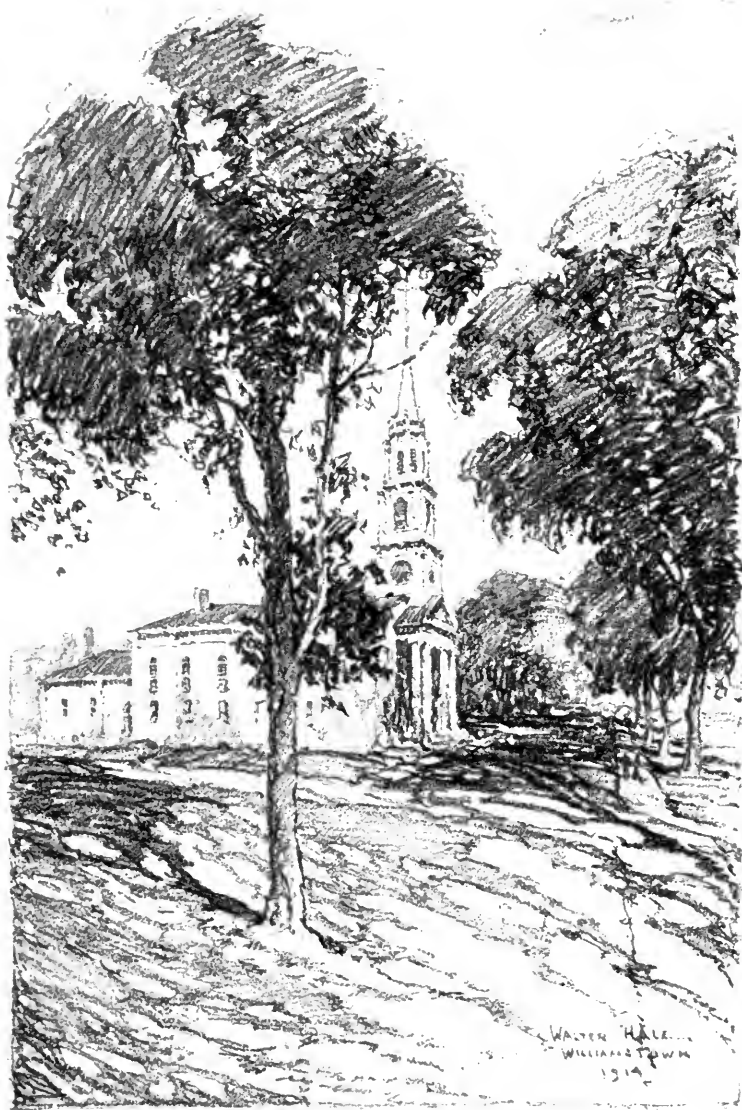
Great Barrington was historical ground—even before we passed the night there. I am not sure that historical ground is specially attractive to me unless it is beautiful ground as well. But Great Barrington comprises open plumbing with charming views, and is so modern, yet modest, in its old worldliness that, in our comfort, we were glad to grant it a prominent place in the history of the American Revolution.

The inhabitants were the first to offer armed resistance to the authority of King George. Eight months before the Battle of Lexington the holding of court by the crowned judges was successfully prevented.

This is easily written down now, and in a few lines; but one pauses to think of the courage of those men to withstand the awful majesty of a sovereign whom they had long served. What sentiment was it within their hearts that filled them with a belief that they could win against such odds!

Shays's Rebellion, an earlier civil war than the one which devastated our country in the decade of 1860, held many of its scenes of diminutive battle in this neighborhood.

Great Barrington was also the first of the towns in Berkshire County to go to jail, not en masse, but represented by the landlord of an inn. The first indictment ever found by the grand jury of the county was against one Root, who did "Wittingly and wilfully suffer and permit singing,



The church through the trees, Williamstown, Massachusetts

fiddling and dancing in his dwelling house, there being a tavern there or public house."

For this he was fined ten shillings, which he paid, feeling that the festivity was worth the money. And ever since then the landlords of the town, encouraged by his illustrious example, have kept their houses ringing with music and good cheer.

There are other noises now in Great Barrington. When the music ceases, the locomotives, directly back of the inn, take up the cry, and we warn those who spend

the night in that most excellent hostelry to demand rooms in front.

The proprietor, when questioned as to his choice of location for a resting-place, shook his head in bewilderment.

"Who would have thought," said the old gentleman, "that Great Barrington could ever support busy freight-yards? Branches of bananas are the cause of that noise, the grape-fruit for breakfast, the fresh fish, the lamb chops."

We felt very guilty. We had eaten all those things, which, like an inverted in-

digestion, occasioned us distress before their consumption.

The only advantage of rooms at the back is the opportunity of staring out at William Cullen Bryant's old home when the freight-trains are too impelling for slumber. It has been moved back on the lot to make room for the hotel, and the clerks of the menage now sleep there—if they can. But *au revoir* Barrington and *bonjour* Stockbridge!

The morning was divine and the road good. The graceful red arrow again appeared, confining itself to towns rather than to a general locality, and pointed us across the bridge and up a bit of climb once known as the Three Mile Hill Road. The approach to Stockbridge is so delightful that the motorist fears the town will of necessity be a disappointment, under the adage that all good things come to an end. But the end is not Stockbridge. The streets grow ever wider and better and cleaner, and, to judge by the mass of evidence, more historical.

Here culture was applied at as early a date as that to which Boston can lay claim, for in 1736 John Sargent taught the Indians their letters and certain industries. His gentle influence and sympathy were so pervading that the Stockbridge citizen admits on a shaft of stone, erected in the ancient Indian burial-ground, that "These were the friends of our fathers."

I, for one, do not know of another such admission in all the broad country which we have gradually wrested from these savages, who might not have been so savage, after all, had John Sargents been scattered through the land.

A clock-tower has been erected on the site of the school-house. The passing of time is not more clearly shown on its dial than the town itself; yet it is gently fashionable. On the wide piazzas of the inn, women were knitting helmets and bands and socks of gray wool for the men in the present war. There was an air of helpfulness about the place.

There are two roads to Lenox. We took the one by way of Lee, on the theory that the longest way round creates a fine

appetite. The only thing to recommend Lee are the estates outside of it, and the beauty of the Congregational church spire from a distance.

It is a dangerous town, at least on Sundays, for a notice at the railway crossing announces that the gates will not be operated on the Sabbath. This is probably due either to discourage driving to church or to give the gateman a chance to go.

The approach to Lenox was along another splendid avenue. One can find the names of all the great show-places through this district by asking for a list at any hotel desk. I shall not weary the reader with a recital of them for fear that he is an anarchist. I myself very nearly became an anarchist along the way.

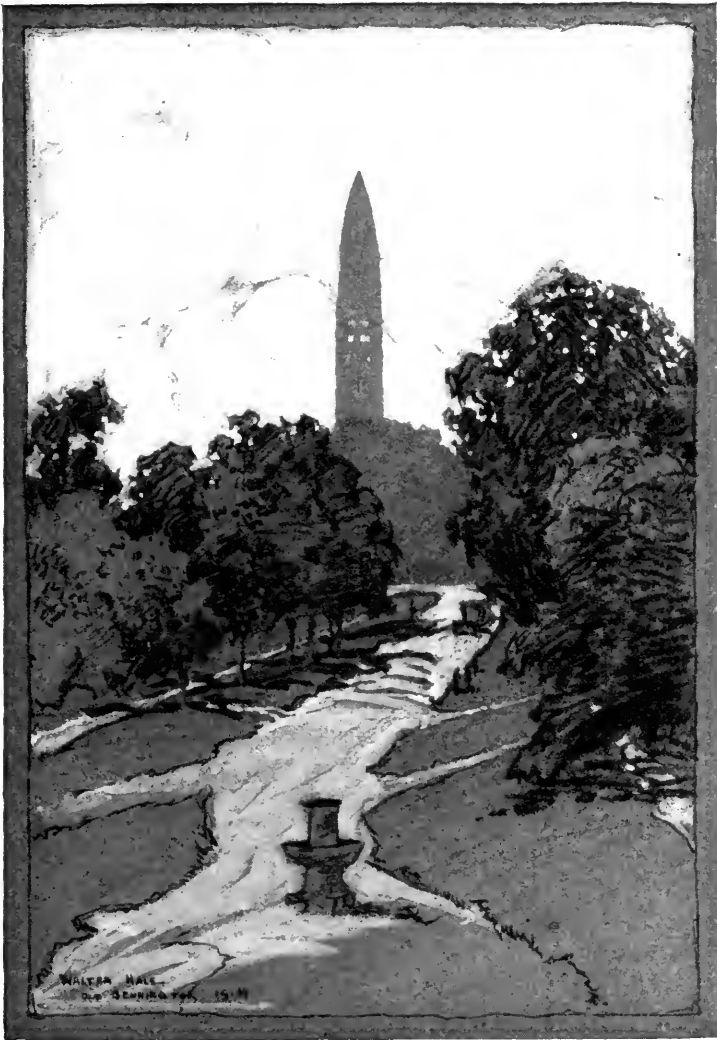
There was one insufferably beautiful place before the gateway of which we chanced to stop to search for my typewriter. The poor creature had shrunk out of sight, fearing its appearance might suggest that we had something to do with trade. And as we brought it fearlessly to light, a man on horseback came out of this gateway, looked at us with suspicion, and called attention to a sign by ostentatiously straightening it. "Positively no admittance except for guests," it read. Then, with a last glare, he rode on before I could tell him that it must be very uncomfortable to be a guest in his house, and that I was going to put him in a book.

The illustrator grew so distressed over this pretentious approach to Lenox that he changed his hat shortly afterward, and I think the chauffeur would have enjoyed wearing his derby had he in any way been encouraged.

What annoys me is that grass grows greener and flowers bloom more freely for those whose lawn-mowers are of the best and whose gardeners are not limited to the efforts of the family. But they cannot rob us of the delight that these visions afford us, nor can their eyesight, dulled by continual beauty, be as keen. It is only by drinking poor wine now and then that one can fully enjoy the richest vintages.

Lenox, though a proud town, is too fine an aristocrat to make the modest traveler





The Battle Monument, Bennington, Vermont

uncomfortable by its wealth. And the hotels show an eagerness to serve you, which is a pleasant combination of old-time manners and new-time thrift. We went to one which lies on a hill, and commands, I believe, now that the trip is over, the most lovely view of any of the chain of fine hostelries.

The position from the rear would suggest that we were at a great height. The "high places" affect the observer differently. An opulent gentleman, both financially and physically, who had descended from a great motor coincident with us, regarded the valley below with such a

glistening eye that I thought he was really affected by the beauty of the scene.

"Shows how good our car can climb," was his comment.

Far below was the golf-course, and it is only fair to warn husbands playing over this ground that certain anxious wives watch them from the terrace through field-glasses. I do not think that a Lenox husband would ever do the wrong thing, whatever that is, but it is a mistake to have your wife know you have lost three balls and a game when you are shortly coming in to luncheon to tell her you have won.

The guests dribbled into the dining-room, and the occupation of eating was tempered by the hum of voices. We Americans are of two kinds: we either talk too loud or too low, particularly in public places. A European family will sit down in public without feeling the necessity of putting a mute on the voice and retiring as though behind a wall. They are not noisy or gay, they do not toot on tin horns, but they say what they wish without lowering the tone to that painful depth which we mistake for a cultivated note. Let us be brave, and be ourselves; for nothing can be better than that.

It was a charming hotel, with an arrangement of flowers throughout the rooms that would make a Japanese blush. I tried to find out who did them, and was pleased when the dressing-room attendant said she fixed *hers*. They were all the mauves of all the flowers in the garden. She said she "just felt that way to-day." We are all temperamental, after our fashion.

There is a clock in an old Lenox church given by that most temperamental of actresses, Fanny Kemble. A guide-book dismisses her swiftly as "a talented young woman," as though to keep her profession a secret. But so few actors have ever left a legacy to the people more enduring than the transient memory of their art, and so few churches would be willing to accept an offering from that class, known in Delaware as vagabonds, that it is fair both to the player and to the place to make a little excursion up the little hill.

We were some time getting away from Lenox influences, the wealth of the neighborhood dwindling off into a recognition of it by an effort of the poorer population to "make" out of it. Old farm-houses offer for sale anything from themselves to red apples. The windows of the "settlin' room" are dressed with jars of candy, or, as a concession to the sins of the day, with packages of cigarettes and tobacco. One ambitious effort to please every taste displays the sign, "GROCERIES, CIGARS, ICE CREAM, GRAIN, and FEED," and farther along one finds an old tavern

sign with a new tail offering, "Entertainment for man, beast—and automobile."

The approach along the way leading into Pittsfield is uninspired. The town is lovelier in the center than on its outskirts, like a plain old lady with a heart of gold. It is a sedate village, with magnificent elms lining its great main avenue, which constitutes a park. I am uneasy as to the age of elms, or I could say that they gave pleasant shade to Lafayette when he visited Pittsfield; that fighting Parson Allen, who was the minister of the old Congregational church here, led his men under their arch of boughs to the Battle of Bennington in August, 1777.

Before reaching Pittsfield, we had left the valley of the Housatonic ("The River Beyond the Mountains," is the charming meaning of the word) and were now approaching the Taconic Range of the Berkshires through the valley of the Hoosac. It is a rich farming country, with an air of money, not in the bank, perhaps, but at least in the stocking under the mattress.

The farm-houses are scattered, yet the inhabitants along the way are held together by an innovation that has recently come to our country, and does much to keep the lonely farmer's wife in touch with the world.

This is only the little tin box of the rural free delivery. All along the way we saw women standing in their front yards with their faces in but one direction, and presently we spied the postman's wagon jolting along with letters and papers for the waiting ones. He did not look like a proud person, but he could well have been, for his passing was the event of the day. And his gray clothes could better have been the rosy garments of adventure.

We reached Williamstown at the tea-hour, although it seemed to me much later in the afternoon, for the continual change of scene has a way of lengthening the day, which is confusing to simple minds.

It was not too late for the illustrator to make a sketch, and this he did, presenting to your vision a church which is entirely new, yet clinging so firmly to its

colonial style that the architect is to be commended for his restraint. It appears to be a great temptation to over-elaborate a modern building in the Georgian style, making one column too wide, one pediment too florid, one wreath too many.

It was the Italian Palladio, in the eighteenth century, who first accommodated the old Greek style to dwelling-houses. He lived in Venice, and built for the Venetian noblemen country-houses on terra firma, along a foolish little river called the Brenta. We were much amazed when, by chance, we motored from Padua and discovered this district. Save for their dilapidation, these abodes of the mighty bore the air of Long Island.

The architects of the English Georges adapted his innovation to the English landscape perfectly, and we, before we became a republic, also used it. So in our country it is colonial, but the wise man who is aware of its Greek extraction should keep his house as plain as possible.

There are no white frame churches in England, and they do not miss what they do not know—the beauty of the shadow of green trees upon the glistening surface. Some do not worship within the tabernacle, but surely they can find religion in the outside of these slender-spired habitations of the Lord.

We stopped at the inn for tea; at least, I stopped, while W—— worked, and upon ordering it, I was told that in ten minutes tea would be served in the hotel, anyway. There is no arguing with Yankee ways; it is less arduous to accept them. I seated myself to await developments, which were, as time passed, a tea service, a cheery kettle, a table of biscuits, and an interested maid. I could spend a good deal of time on a maid who is interested. Guests began to drop into the hall, the cups went round, and before I knew it I was saying, "Two lumps, please," and conversing with a clergyman.

The clergyman asked me if I had sons in the college, and while this was trying, for I have ever (falsely) considered myself a youngish woman, I was charmed with the unaffected simplicity of the hotel

that served tea for nothing and provided me with an acquaintance.

More than that, I admired the way the minister took his tea, for I think they are the only class of Americans who drink it without effort and run no risk of slopping. I told him I had no sons, but I knew a prominent playwright whose son was there. The lady next me had that in her face which would suggest: "Is she an actress? No. Such an old sweater! With her husband? Oh, he is sketching. Well, artists are pleasant; still, one can't be too careful."

Later she thawed, and I left, liking her. It is remarkable how like the New Englander is to the Briton. First, one feels they are not to be endured, then one finds they are absolutely sound and simple.

The minister regretted that the mist blotted out Greylock. Indeed, it is the noblest peak of the Berkshires, and we were politely wondered at for not making an ascent, as it is only twelve miles from Williamstown.

Williams College has extolled Greylock from time to time in verse, and with a certain shrewdness began early in its career to declare that they would do honor once a year to the mountain. To do honor in this or any other country means to take a day off, and though I inquired, I could not discover whether it was the students or the professors who first instituted the holiday.

As we sat pleasantly rocking in our mission chairs, I learned also of the "Specter of the Brocken." It is a phenomenon occasioned by a shadow of one or many persons hugely magnified upon a cloud. Just why this should be the rich portion of Greylock and not of all other mountains one can put down only to atmospheric conditions.

In a small guide-book that they brought out, giving one thousand, more or less, different ways of making the ascent, there are such solemn assertions of the truth of this specter that I, for one, am willing to admit it and be done.

At least it is democratic in the choice of those it casts upon the gigantic screen. In

1907, as a certain Mr. Webster was "bringing down the summer piano," he suddenly discovered himself and entire outfit—horses, wagon, and piano—photographed in dimensions against the sky.

I brushed the crumbs out of my lap and edged hastily away after this. It is bad enough to be photographed at all; but in enormous dimensions!

Even so it was hard to leave Williamstown, full of tea for nothing and other attractions, and I advise any one else to stay over. The college buildings are very good, and delightful boys who were probably taking summer courses for dilatory habits mooned in and out of the fraternity houses across from the inn. Ephraim Williams, a hero of the French and Indian wars, founded the town, and the college, for the perpetuation of his name and the advancement of knowledge, was chartered in 1793.

There is also a claim that Williamstown was the birthplace of foreign missions, and a stone, rather subtly called the Haystack Monument,<sup>1</sup> gives you on its surface further data. All this is not so terrifying as it sounds; only—bring your flask along for Williamstown.

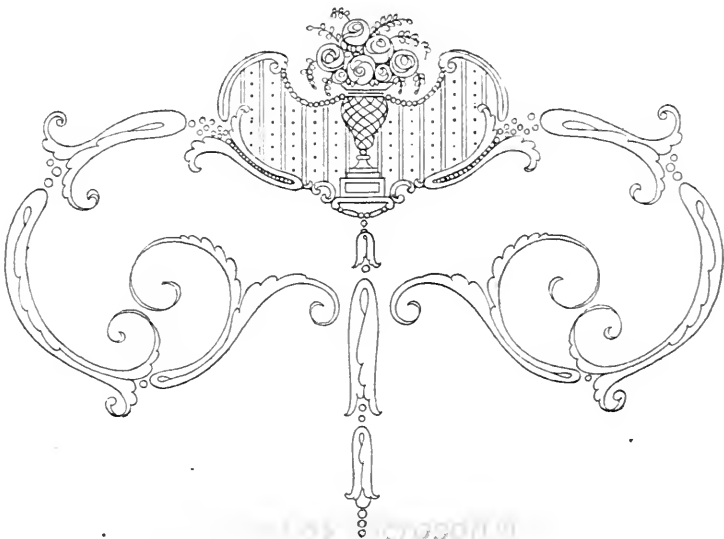
<sup>1</sup> See "The Haystack Prayer-meeting," and What Followed," in *THE CENTURY* for September, 1906.

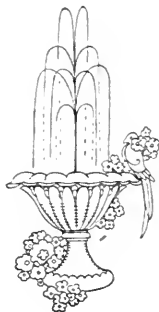
Only fourteen miles ahead lay Bennington, the country opening into broad stretches of farm-land as we emerged from the Hoosac Valley. We missed any definite marking between the Massachusetts and Vermont state-line, but we could not mistake we were in Vermont, approaching Bennington, by a glimpse from a distance of the great monument.

This is one of the "Soldiers and Sailors" that we must stop to see. But we must do more than that: we must find the inn. When one starts the day's run in the morning, the wish to go on forever is all possessing; but toward nightfall one finds this vigorous desire departing. The mists of evening can be likened, in heavy heads, to nothing more than pillows. A waterfall is figuratively emptying itself into a porcelain tub; and the first light from a farm-house suggests the comfort of four enveloping walls.

We did not need to enter the heart of the town. The illustrator drew up alongside a very pretty young woman and asked the way. The impression he might have created was destroyed by a prominent yawn from me, which distracted her attention. But she pointed the way, and in a minute we were before the old-fashioned hostelry.

(To be continued)





# The Handicap of Beauty

Its Hampering Influence on Theatrical Ambition

By VIRGINIA TRACY

Author of "The Web," "Persons Unknown," etc.

THERE is none, of course, if your beauty is all your stock. Beauty is not a handicap to nothingness. Even to that agreeable talent which aims only at doing the best possible with limited means in a hard world, it opens more doors than it bars. Let us admit at once that it is a handicap that all of us would like to try. What, then, is the complainant's charge?

When I speak of beauty's handicap, I am not joining the general chorus of beauty's detractors. The handicap I refer to is not that which will be only too readily granted me—the handicap from within, the temptation of one's mirror, the desire of loveliness to shine and dazzle. No, my fellows in the audience, the essential handicap is the handicap from without, the handicap of our making—nothing more or less than the public's terrible preoccupation with appearance; the very thing, of course, that is commonly supposed to work in beauty's favor.

We are all only too well acquainted with the perennial questions in the women's magazines: What is the first requisite for success on the stage? How far is a handsome appearance necessary? We know too well that the actress with the handsome appearance will reply that it is wholly unnecessary, all results depending upon health and hard work. And when the actress without the handsome appear-

ance answers that it is the whole question, and that without it you have about as much chance to rise as a blind mute in a cellar with three-pile felt nailed over the hatchway, we all know how something in the weary acid of that retort bites the more convincingly into our nerves. Between the Scylla, then, of being too plain and the Charybdis of being too lovely, the steering is somewhat difficult—Scylla hung with the united warnings of the world in screaming crape while Charybdis flaunts the legend of popular conception, "Safe pilot into port!" It is against this popular misconception, this idea that a fair face carries all before it, no matter where it wishes to go, the somehow slurring indictment, "Beauty is nine tenths of the battle," that we should do well sometime to lift at least the challenge, What battle?

For if you are what Mr. Barnum used naively to advertise as a "ten-thousand-dollar beauty," and what you desire is to wear pretty clothes and marry a millionaire, then shove your beauty to its hilt. Personal loveliness, as I have said, is a handicap to the person who means business, not to the person who, as far as the stage is concerned, means nothing at all. But suppose that behind your beauty you bear the world the true dramatic gift, and insist upon its being "thoroughly worn

out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap." If the beauty that you see is not your own, but glows like the bright face of variety and impersonation, so that you want to play neither *Lady Lillian*, the *Hero's Bride*, nor *Goldy Locks*, the *Dressmaker's Delight*, but, let us say, *The Chorus Lady* and *Leah* and *Hedda*, *Salvation Nell*, *Topsy*, and *Meg Merrilies*, *Norah* and *Madame X*—and a reckless coster girl and the *Thane of Cawdor's* helpful spouse—well, since you are a ten-thousand-dollar beauty, then, as long as you are young, wear a veil, or a ring in your nose, or stain your skin and buy a hump and keep your head shaved, at the very least be sure to have your beauty scratched with briars; it will be the better for you in the end.

For then you will have kept yourself free—free, at least, of that rosy net we begin to weave for you at first sight. And by the time you are fifty you may get a quiet moment in which the stage is vacant of any other interest "to thrust one naked phrase like a lean knife between the ribs of Time." How you are to have lived up to that moment I cannot tell you.

No instance of the public's preoccupation can be nearer to hand than an evening of a few weeks ago enriched by Miss Elsie Ferguson's extraordinary performance in "Outcast." Even from a seat far sidewise against the second box one was aware, during the first act, of something unusual going forward. The little bedraggled, tawdry figure of the street girl—rescued from a midnight storm by three young fellows, and watchful only to see just what was required of her—shivered, winced, and swaggered, but never asked our sympathy with a false sweet note of that husky slang nor veiled from our repulsion her smeared and dampened rouge, her brassy, elaborate, tousled head, her run-down high heels, her "jakey" gait, cringing and yet plucky, would-be sprightly, sullen, exhausted. Technically the thing was simply an amazing *tour de force*; emotionally it was a "human document" the keenest, cruelest stabs of which were made even more enlightening by a

humor that reached the healing of our tears. What did the theater party behind me object to? The pain, the vulgarity, the moral, or the lack of moral? Not at all.

"She looks so queer! I hate to see her look like that."

"I should think she 'd hate to look like that herself."

"She looks horrid."

Not another comment. The other aspects, good or bad, were not simply dismissed; they never came up.

But the second act lifted the heroine to higher opulence, and by the third we had the gratification of beholding Miss Ferguson coiled amid silk-cushioned luxury and looking like a candy angel dressed by Worth. Whatever way her days decline, this young lady is still able to act, though that disturbed us no more than before; with a sigh of relief we settled back.

Said the large lady in the box on my right:

"She certainly can wear clothes!"

"Did you see her last year in that—I forget the name of the play? She played a French woman. She wore the most beautiful costumes!"

The theater party behind me again:

"She looks better now."

"She looks lovely."

The swain before me:

"Well, now, is n't she all right? I was afraid you would n't see her looking like herself at all."

His Dulcinea:

"Do you like the man that plays the hero? I don't believe I like him near so well as usual. He does n't look so handsome as he generally does."

"But you admit, now you 've seen her looking like herself, that she 's an awfully pretty girl?"

"Sweet!"

Five years or more ago I said to one of the theatrically wise that it was a great pity no better use was being made of Miss Ethel Barrymore's personality than to light up dramatic tea-parties with it.

Despite all the preaching of the higher

esthetics against dramatized novels, most of us cherish some beloved exception, and to me there is no figure more dramatically suggestive, more thrillingly brilliant, than that fair and baleful girl—strangest portrait in the whole gallery of Henry James—the *Princess Casamassima*. The part would be hard to cast, because beauty is essential to it—an essential for which no substitute of whatever grace or charm would avail; and this beauty must be of the highest and most illustrious sort, capable of out-queening a background of the courts of Europe while still dressed in white muslin and blue ribbons. I have not yet decided, should I, in George Ade's hopeful phrase, "step out into the alley some morning and pick up a million-dollar bill," who is to dramatize for me that cosmopolitan world; but I said then, to the theatrically wise, that the night Miss Barrymore and the *Princess Casamassima* stepped before it in one and the same person would be a grand night for our sick friend, the higher drama. But the theatrically wise replied:

"Well, I hope you 'll never put it into *her* head! *She* 's hard enough to keep within bounds as it is."

This time I was really puzzled.

"But what 's wrong with it as a box-office attraction? She could look as heavenly as if she were playing *Little Eva*, her gowns would be the best that Paris could do, the action occurs in the highest of high life, and we should simply be presented with the bonus of a real play."

"Yes, but why should the management worry with real plays when she draws packed houses without them? What 's the sense of racing round trying to throw a new light on her, when all the public asks is just to look at her as she is."

But as I understand the more articulate voices from the audience, all this "box-office" pressure, all this clamor that fairness must be pink and smiling, all this hampering indifference to newer and finer uses for personal beauty, comes from the riffraff—from the *matinée* girl and the tired business man. It is true that an actor's audience does consist of three es-

tates: the general public, to which, of course, nobody belongs; the superior public, to which we all belong; and the professional critics. It is this general public of nobodies, then, which rivets beauty's chains?

And if so, were it left to its own convictions, there would be little quarrel with it. The contention is, I believe, that these poor creatures elevate beauty to undue heights by not knowing what they want; that, with their power over the box-office, they push a good-looking inferior artist to the center of the stage because they confuse acting with good looks, and beauty is nine tenths of the battle because they mistake any beauty for a great actress. Believe me, they make no such mistake; their confusion is not along those lines, and they know what they want well enough if they were not afraid to say so.

Three overtopping beauties, for instance, obsessed America in my childhood, Lillian Russell, Lily Langtry, and Mary Anderson. These ladies were all great popular beauties, all great, as may be said, public characters, and they were all upon the stage. But was there really any popular confusion whatever about their respective merits as actresses? Certainly one little girl received from the dumb populace the impression that Miss Anderson was a serious actress of great beauty, that Miss Russell was a beautiful woman with a sweet voice, and that Mrs. Langtry was a beauty with no complications. Does the superior public now reverse or modify that judgment? If not, no confusion of the public mind is indicated by the fact that it carried large bodies of worshipers to all three so different shrines.

People went to *see* Mrs. Langtry, for instance, quite frankly, as they might go to see a sacred ibis or a municipal Christmas-tree. And if, then and always, they would carry their frankness one step further, all would be, if not well, greatly better; if they would not attempt dressing up what they wish to see in a play, then at least the beauties who can act would not be weighed down by the precedent of

the beauties who can't. People will always desire beautiful things, and so long as life in general is pretty dull, so long will they desire them excessively. The sight of beauty is, in itself, excitement; and if only those whom endless days composed largely of constant shopping and waiting for trolley-cars have set starving for excitement would assert boldly that whenever they can get beauty well framed and well lighted, they will be great fools not to take a stare at it, we shall perhaps have enlightened tableaux vivants as well as Russian ballets, without the shame-faced pretension that we ought somehow to be tied up in a plot.

Who browbeat us into that pretension? The superior public.

In that chill bosom curdles the beginning of the conspiracy against beauty; thence we receive those icy sips which presently poison and pervert the natural human greed for it. The grown-up child who laughs with joy at sight of the pretty lady is turned into the grown-up child who apes the intellectual disdain of "mere beauty," and, while insisting on the despised quality, has to pretend that it wants something more complicated; thereby creating, indeed, a confusion of which, left to itself, it was quite innocent.

It is a healthy human impulse to defy the influence of Circe. And there is, indeed, a barefaced pomp of beauty—beauty that cannot enter a room without giving the whole house a shock; beauty that, as Mr. Kipling vigorously says, "hits you right between the eyes and knocks you flat"—of which the mere existence carries a challenge to stand up against that avalanche. I do well remember a certain opening night when Miss Maxine Elliott sat throned in a stage box, and the emotions of the whole audience beat and broke upon that imperturbable statue, icily regular, splendidly null. About that beauty the shivering mortal mind fluttered in hope of some reassuring blemish, slipped along the glacier without finding a crack, and, blinded by excessive light, fell away, baffled. It was natural to revolt against that.

Yet here, exactly, was a beauty which did itself injustice as a tableau vivant, and became in action greatly different. But our superior public never allowed us to admit that. If we enjoyed Miss Elliott's performance, it shrugged, "She 's a very beautiful woman," and we hushed ourselves, rebuked. Is the second instinct, then, of the superior public, in its attitude of elegant snippishness to poor handsome creatures, merely the proving of its superiority to the general? Incredibly, inescapably, yes, it is.

It behaves like a visitor from the quiet country-side who was welcomed to a simple and noisy city of the West by a theater party to "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" when "Captain Jinks" was in its flower. Amidst all the acclamation of curtain-calls, the visitor turned to her host and said of the star, with freezing calm, "I think she 's as homely as mud." It was not only with astonishment that she petrified the party, but with reluctant admiration. Here was some one with a standard above theirs. The girl who could think Ethel Barrymore as homely as mud achieved, if only as an oddity, a quoted prestige. Had her sophistication traveled a step further, she would have changed her phrase to, "She 's a very beautiful woman," colored by the tolerance of a softly withering smile, and her penetration and authority would have been even more subtly proved.

Great physical beauty remains forever completely democratic. It can be seen with the naked eye, it can be felt by very ordinary nerves, and, while the superior public is mainly concerned with its own subtleness of perception, no subtle perception is proved by pointing out what everybody is gaping at already. Of course, if you can be at once beautiful and cryptic, like the near-ugly, twilight eeriness of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's earlier phase, you may please the most particular,

For that pale breast and lingering charm  
Came from a more dream-heavy hour,

needed interpretation, and were therefore acceptable.



But to look again upon the brilliant sunlight of Maxine Elliott, why was it impossible for the superior public to say clearly that between the beauty struggling with her genius and the beauty with no dramatic fortune but her face, here was a happy medium—a medium most happy indeed? Why could it never say that she was a very pleasing actress without stiffening its backbone, as though nothing could be admirable but the unpleasant? Where was that subtle perception which could so easily have pointed out that in the dramatic uses of her beauty Miss Elliott was an expert, her skilled hands shaping and clearing and pointing her material with that most legitimate tool? Her beauty, I dare say, gave her in the first place the rich and splendid assurance which formed, as it were, the soil from which she so confidently drew her effects of harvested abundance. She was, besides, an admirably intelligent reader, with a sort of lively thoughtfulness running like a current behind her lines; she was adroit in the clear making and naturalistic subduing of “points”; and she had—I dare say she has—a rich, a ringing voice, full of the mellower, the gayer, all the more chivalrous sorts of scorn and pride—a voice in which, indeed, reason reigned rather than tenderness, but with an utterance so high-hearted, valiant, buoyant, and balanced that its effect was tonic; a fresh wind, but sun in plenty. Then, when she took her beauty from her armory, with what aptness, with what skill and justice, she could fill with it those radiant pauses! How she could barb with it those deep and brilliant glances upon which, for her more serious effects, she so largely relied! And does all this make a great actress? No, I can reply with equal indignation, but it does make a *comédienne* of considerable finish, whereof we have too few. The superior public would have laughed languidly if Miss Elliott had attempted to play *Portia* otherwise than all in the day’s work as her husband’s leading woman; but her *Portia*, none the less, at least showed us a great lady. No procession of Ellen

Terrys can be confidently looked for, and Miss Elliott did achieve a very princely person, full of the breeding and gay valor as essential to most of Shakspeare as even that soul of poetry, that essence of pure spirit, which Miss Marlowe breathes there. The latter name seems to come like a thunderbolt out of the blue to deny the handicap of beauty.

Here, indeed, is one who is beautiful upon the mountains, whose comeliness has never held her from the highest heights. But it was a special providence which watched over Miss Marlowe when, just at that psychological moment, as the heavens were being scanned for Mary Anderson’s successor, the wise guardians and capitalists who had mapped out her career from its beginning brought forward the youngest daughter of an elder and more serious day than this. Julia Marlowe’s strength was wasted in no preliminary skirmishes or capitulations; backed, so to speak, to run in Shakspeare, she was sent straight into her capital, and crowned there as a classic artist at the start. But even at that gait New York City was ten years learning to accept Miss Marlowe, continuing to refer to her merely as “a photographic beauty,” though the supposedly ingenuous mere rest of the country had followed her from the first. There is room for beauty in Shakspeare: once it can get there it is at home; the background is sufficient to harmonize any individuality, and people can gulp down personal loveliness along with the scenery, the costumes, and the blank verse without being enough aware of it to get unduly excited.

But in those few after years when Miss Marlowe was left unShakspered by managerial manœuvering, did that beauty which is nine tenths of the battle endow her with any liberty or power of choice? Here was the opportunity to show that searching and specific modern touch which certain of her moments in “The Cavalier” tantalizingly indicated; to show it despite the sad fact that among modern conditions the best parts represent ladies of at least “a disheveled reputation.” Later on,

as an older woman, and no longer a single star, Miss Marlowe did play *Salome*. No one who heard the loud, sodden, dastardly laugh that burst so unexpectedly from that Persian kitten can doubt her ability to sound other than angelic melodies, and the highest heights must become very monotonous at times. In the bad middle days of "Barbara Frietchie" I remember hearing a very animated description of Miss Marlowe's desire to secure the part of *Zaza* and the determination the powers had had to display in refusing to risk her popularity. No matter whether or not one admires *Zaza*, it certainly offers to a *Juliet* and a *Rosalind* that variety and impersonation which we pretend to demand from actresses, and which beauties are supposed perversely to deny us. Here was a beauty with prestige, popularity, and money, a star of extraordinary, of unquestioned, powers; here was the part she tried to get—and she could not get it.

It would be interesting to know, when one of our dramatic heroines does actually make such a struggle not to become standardized, how much support she gets from the superior public. One hears so much wistful criticism about the drama's bondage to pretty women who never play anything but themselves that one fancies all culture rushing to the support of the actress who determines not to play herself. And to certain obscure attempts—particularly obscure foreign attempts—it does quite generously rush. But it passes over the effort of the obvious popular beauty without trial. And to subdue the crass average enthusiast it whispers, Ah, one would hardly believe the effect created by that flat-nosed young Polish girl, dressed in a simple coal-sack, whom it heard merely utter a few cries from a dark stage in a side show near Dkrmzyglovskaja.

No matter that it leaves us a little bewildered as to whether the excellence of this flat-nosed young girl lay in the fact that no one else had seen her or that it took a very exceptional person to admire her when she was seen. Enough that it has differentiated itself from the thoughtless and the insufficiently particular.

Now, of course, much of this is special pleading, or, rather, special attack. The superior public is not made up of the esthetic specialists alone, but, let me repeat, of that desire for superiority in the heart of every one of us which makes us fall such easy and clamorous victims to the hints not only of judgment from without, but of prejudgment from within—the prejudgment that if you have beauty, you are not very likely to have anything else.

It is a dreadful fog through which to try to make your goal, this atmosphere of incredulity. Every one who has done work requiring personal initiative knows how baffling and how chilly. Surely it would be well-nigh impossible for people to find their way without guide-posts. There are guide-posts, then? Oh, yes, indeed; there are the critics!

But if it were not so? If the critic were just a human being like the rest of us, but feeling that his responsibilities require him to be a bit more sniffy? If his attitude to beauty were exactly like ours—wanting it greedily, like the general public; determined, like the superior public, to pretend not to want it; and therefore, with the whole public, uniting to get it and to keep it in its place, would not beauty, then, be in a fog indeed?

As the typical beauty of our day, I have no hesitation in again troubling Miss Barrymore to step forward and show us the criticisms of "Cousin Kate." We are not going to quarrel about the acting or even about the play; we are concerned only with the age of the heroine. *Cousin Kate* was twenty-nine. Miss Barrymore was several years younger. This difference of age was almost all the critics dealt with. They gently rebuked the enjoyment of the audience with the comment, "The audience, hypnotized by her beauty, does not observe"—that she did not look old enough for the part; that, relying, as beauties always do, on her personal charm, she had wantonly and deliberately refused to make up for it. They did not tell us how the younger twenties are to make up for the older twenties, though there are comparatively few gray hairs at twenty-nine.

What Miss Barrymore did was to pile her hair high on her head, to lengthen her face with long, dark ear-rings and very little rouge, to wear sober-colored, heavy-falling dresses, longer and more trailing than the fashion—indications perhaps sufficient for any one not hypnotized by her beauty to observe. But the exactly opposite was observed in print, and whether or not her guides on that occasion were as blinded as the unobserving audience, where, save to playing only girls of her own age, were they leading her through the fog?

Something led her, at any rate, to that introduction of Mr. Galsworthy to American audiences—"The Silver Box." About our whole reception of Galsworthy it were well not to inquire; sticking to the handicap of beauty, how about this young lady's beauty when she cast it definitely aside? Dressed in dirty calico, her roughened hair yanked back from her face, her knuckles reddened—for that part any one could see that she was made up. Did she please by this? In many long years of watching criticism I have never heard it utter such a cry of outrage. The lion at the zoo, balked of his dinner, could not have emitted a more frenzied howl of amazed resentment. Said one of the first critics of that day, "How could Miss Barrymore, in the full flower of her youth and beauty—" Did their blame rest upon her acting of the part? They said nothing of her acting; they were incapable of saying anything but, "Give us back our moon!" She gave it back to them with a revival of a society comedy, and they were calm.

Well, then, no use pretending that anything so wide-spread is unnatural. It is perfectly natural that all the public should want beauty, well dusted in rich clothes; that the superiors and critics should want also to assume that they are too clever to want it; that the managers

should refuse to trifle with their public by offering it unsought wares; and that the beauties should at last succumb to their comfortable place in life—to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam and feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

Only perhaps we should pronounce the verdict, "She's a very beautiful woman," in a humbler tone.

If not, let me ask a last question. Among our rising stars to-day—Lorette Taylor, Doris Keene, Emily Stevens, Elsie Ferguson, Florence Reed—is there not one whose beauty out-tops that of the others enough to make her typically Beauty? I do not mean Hedwig Reicher, whose loveliness is of that classic type which simply cannot be suppressed into a vanity-box, so that she has merely ceased to exist for us. I mean, of course, Jane Cowl. As her name smites upon your eye, does not a little obstinate thrill warn you that she is doomed? Does not something say, in your heart, as in mine, that, after all, it would be a great pity to disguise her, to give her over to this vaunted variety, to that abstract thing, impersonation? With all her virility and full-throated strangeness, all her suggestion of some wild ray from "faery-lands forlorn," which of us would rush to see her among the witches of "Macbeth"? Let me repeat with the populace, "I ask you!"

She may reply, she or some other young advancing conqueror: "It's impossible. I cannot be nullified. I am too strong for them. I at least will do as I please. My beauty gave me my start. I have arrived, and now I am in power. My youth and my strength and my will, all my talent, all my popularity, all my value to the managers; then, too, this heaving movement for the uplift of the drama, crying out for variety and impersonation—will not all this enable me to break any chains?"

"Madam, I wish it may!"





# Me

## A Book of Remembrance

### XXI

FRED was to leave for New York on the first of November, and that was only a week off. The firm had decided to retain me, after all, in the Chicago offices, but I was determined I would not remain there, and planned to go to New York as soon as possible, when Fred would immediately engage me. He said he 'd "fire" any girl he had then for me.

I had been saving from week to week for my fare and a set of furs. My suit, though only two months old, had already begun to show wear, and it was thin, as Mr. Hamilton had said. The girls at the yards were already wearing furs, but furs were beyond my purse for months to come. Lolly had beautiful furs, black, silky lynx, that some one had given her the previous Christmas.

It was now five weeks since I had seen Mr. Hamilton, and two since Tom had gone. I had had a few letters from Tom. They were not exactly love-letters. Tom's letters were more, as it were—well, written for publication. I don't know why they seemed like that to me. I suppose he could not help writing for effect, for although he said tender things, and very brilliantly, too, somehow they did not ring true to me.

I did not think very seriously of our engagement, though I liked my ring, and showed it to all the girls at the yards.

My stories came back with unflattering regularity from the magazines to which I sent them. Lolly, however, gave two of my stories to her paper, and I was to be paid space rates (four dollars a column, I think it was) on publication. I was a long time waiting for publication.

Dissatisfied, unhappy, and restless, as I now really was, I did not even feel like writing at night. I now no longer ran up-stairs to my room, with an eager, wishful heart, hoping that *he* might be there. Alas! I felt sure he had abandoned me forever. He had even ceased, I told myself, to be interested in me.

Then one night he came. I had had a hard day at the yards. Not hard in the sense of work; but Fred was to leave the following day, and a Mr. Hopkins was to take his place. We had spent the day going over all the matters of our department, and it 's impossible for me to say how utterly wretched I felt at the thought of working under another "boss" than Fred.

So I came home doleful enough, went out and ate my solitary dinner in a nearby restaurant, and then returned to the house.

He called, "Hello, little girl!" while I was opening the door.

I stood speechlessly staring at him for a moment, so glad was I to see him. It seemed an incredible and a joyous thing to me that he was really there, and that he appeared exactly the same—tall, with his odd, tired face and musing eyes.

"Well, are n't you glad to see me?" he asked, smiling, and holding out his hand.

I seized it and clung to it with both of mine, and I would n't let it go. That made him laugh again, and then he said:

"Well, what has my wonderful girl been doing?"

That was nearly always his first question to me.

"I wrote to you four times," I said, "and you never answered me once."

"I 'm not much of a hand at letter-writing," he said.

"I thought that you 'd forgotten me," I told him, "and that you were never going to come and see me again."

He put his hand under my chin, raised my face, and looked at it searchingly.

"Would it have mattered so much, then?" he asked gently.

"You know very well I 'm in love with you," I told him desperately, and he said, as always:

"Nonsense!" though I know he liked to hear me say that.

Then he wanted to inspect me, and he held me off at arm's-length, and turned me around, too. I think it was my suit he was looking at, though he had seen it before. Then he made me sit down, and said we were going to have a "long talk." Of course I had to tell him everything that had happened to me since I had seen him. I omitted all mention of Tom!

I told him about Fred's wanting me to join him in New York, and he remarked:

"Fred can jump up. You 're not going."

I did not argue that with him. Now I did n't want to go. I was quite happy and contented now that he was here. I did n't care whether he returned my love or not. I was contented as long as he was with me. That was much.

He always made me tell him every little detail of my life, and when I said I found it difficult to write, because of so many men coming to see Lolly,—I did n't mention that they were coming to see me, too!—he said:

"You 're going to move out of this place right away. We 'll look about for rooms to-morrow."

So then I knew he was not going back that night, and I was so glad that I knelt down beside him and cuddled up against his knee. I wished that he would put his arm about me, but all he did was to push back the loose hair that slipped over my cheek, and after that he kept his hand on my head.

He was much pleased with my description of the rooms at Mrs. Kingston's. He said we 'd go there the next day and have a look at them. He said I was to stay home from work the next day, but I protested that I could n't do that—Fred's last day! Unless I did just what he told me, it exasperated him always, and he now said:

"Then go away from me. I don't want anything to do with a girl who won't do even a trifling thing to please me."

I said that it was n't trifling, and that I might lose my position; for the new man was to take charge to-morrow, and I ought to be there.

"Damn the new man!" he said.

He was a singularly unreasonable man, and he could sulk and scowl for all the world like a great boy. I told him so, and he unwillingly laughed, and said I was beyond him. To win him back to good humor, I got out some of my new stories, and, sitting on the floor at his feet, read them to him. I read two stories. When I was through, he got up and walked up and down, pulling at his lower lip in that way he had.

"Well," I challenged, "can I write?"

He said:

"I 'm afraid you can." Then he took my manuscripts from me, and put them into his pocket.

It was late now, for it had taken me some time to read my stories, but he did not show any signs of going. He was sitting in our one big chair, smoking, with his legs stretched out in front of him, and although his eyes were half closed, he was watching me constantly. I began to yawn, because I was becoming sleepy. He said he supposed I wanted him to get out. I said no, I did n't; but my landlady probably did. She did n't mind our having men callers as long as they went before midnight. It was nearly that now. He said:

"Damn the landlady!" just as he had said, "Damn the new man!" Then he added, "You 're not going to be run by every one, you know."

I said mischievously:

"Just by you?"

"Just by me," he replied.

"But when you stay away so very, very long—"

It irritated him for me to refer to that. He said that there were certain matters I would n't understand that had kept him in Richmond, and that he had come as soon as he could. He added that he was involved in some lawsuit, and that he was being watched, and had to be "careful." I could n't see why he should be watched because of a lawsuit, and I asked:

"Would you be arrested?"

He threw back his head and laughed, and said I was a "queer little thing," and then, after a while, he said very seriously:

"It 's just as well, anyway. We must n't get the habit of *needing* each other too much."

I asked slyly:

"Do you think it possible *you* could ever need *me*?" To which he replied very soberly:

"I need you more than you would believe."

Mr. Hamilton never made a remark like that, which revealed any sentiment for me, without seeming to regret it a moment later. Now he got up abruptly and asked me which room I slept in. I said generally in the inner one, because Lolly came in late from assignments and engagements.

"I want to see your room," he said, "and I want to see what clothes you need."

He knew much about women's clothes. I felt ashamed to have him poking about among my poor things like that, and I grew very red; but he took no notice of me, and jotted down some things in his note-book. He said I would need this, that, and other things.

I said weakly:

"You need n't think I 'm going to let you get me clothes. Honestly, I won't wear them if you do."

He tilted up my chin, and spoke down into my face:

"Now, Nora, listen to me. Either you are going to live and dress as I want you

to, or I am positively not coming to see you again. Do you understand?"

"Well, I can get my own clothes," I said stubbornly.

"Not the kind I want you to have, not the kind I am going to get you."

He still had his hand under my chin, and I looked straight into his eyes.

"If you tell me just once," I said, "that you care for me, I 'll—I 'll—take the clothes then."

"I 'll say anything you want me to," he said, "if you 'll do what I tell you."

I took him up at that.

"All right, then. Say, 'I love you,' and you can buy pearls for me, if you want to."

He gave me a deep look that made me thrill, and I drew back from his hand. He said in a low voice:

"You can have the pearls, anyway."

"But I 'd rather have the words," I stammered, now ashamed of myself, and confused under his look.

"Consider them said, then," he said, and he laughed. I could n't bear him to laugh at me, and I said:

"You don't mean it. I made you say it, and therefore it has no meaning. I wish it were true."

"Perhaps it is," he said.

"Is it?" I demanded eagerly.

"Who knows?" said he.

Lolly came in then. She did not seem at all pleased to see Mr. Hamilton there, and he left soon after. When he was gone, she told me I was a very silly girl to have taken him into my room. I told her I had n't; that he had just walked in. Lolly asked me, virtuously, whether I had ever seen *her* let a man go in there, and I confessed I had not. She wanted to know whether I had told Mr. Hamilton about Tom. Indeed, I had not! The thought of telling him frightened me, and I besought Lolly not to betray me. Also I took off Tom's ring. I intended to send it back to him. It was impossible for me to be engaged to him now.

Lolly said if she were I, she would n't let Mr. Hamilton buy clothes for her. She said once he started to do that, he

would expect to pay for everything for me, and then, said Lolly, the first thing I knew, people would be saying that he was "keeping" me. She said that I could take dinners, flowers, even jewels from a man,—though in "high society" girls could n't even do that; but working-girls were freer,—and I could go to the theater and to other places with him; but it was a fatal step when a man began to pay for a girl's room and clothes. Lolly added that once she had let a man do that for her, and— She blew out a long whiff of smoke from her lips, saying, "Never again!" with her hand held solemnly up.

So then I decided I could n't let him do it, and I felt very sorry that I had even weakened a little bit in my original resolve not to let him spend money on me. I went to sleep troubled about the matter.

## XXII

As soon as I got up next day I called him on the telephone. It was so early that I probably woke him up, but I had to tell him what was on my mind.

"It 's Nora," I said.

He replied:

"Last time you telephoned to me you were in trouble; do you remember? Are you in trouble now, little girl?"

I said I was n't, but I just wanted to say I *could* n't and would n't let him buy clothes for me.

I knew just as well as if I could see him how he was looking when I said that. He was used to having his own way, and that I dared to set my will against his always made him angry. After a moment he said:

"Will you do something else to please me, then?"

"What?"

"Don't go to work to-day."

"I 've *got* to; truly I have."

"You only think that. Call up O'Brien and ask to be excused. If you don't, I will. Now I 'll be up at your place about ten. I 've something special to give you, anyway."

"What?"

"I can't tell you on the 'phone."

"We-ell," I weakened; "all right, then."

I was rewarded beautifully for that.

"That 's *my* little girl!" he said.

Then he rang off. I never would have.

So I stayed home from work, the first time since I had been at the yards—and Fred's last day! Mr. Hamilton came over about ten. Lolly was still sleeping, so I had to see him down-stairs in the parlor. As soon as I saw him, I held out my hands and said:

"Where 's the special thing?"

He laughed. I could make him laugh easily now, though I don't believe any one else could. He pinched my chin and said:

"Get your hat on. We 're going shopping."

"Now, Mr. Hamilton, honestly, I am not going to let you buy things for me."

"Did I say I was going to do that?" he demanded.

"Well, then, how can we shop?"

"You have some money of your own, have n't you?"

"Yes, but I was saving it for furs and to go to New York."

"Well, you can get the furs later, and you 're not going to New York. The main thing is you need a decent suit and a—er—heavy coat to wear to work, since you *will* work; and you need gloves and—let me see your shoes—" [I showed them] "and shoes, a hat and—"

"I have n't the money for all those things."

"Yes, you have. I know a place where you can get all kinds of bargains. Ever hear of bargain-shops?"

No, I had never heard of bargain-shops, though I had of bargain-sales, I told him. Well, it was the same thing, he said, except that this particular shop made a specialty of selling nothing but bargains.

That, of course, tempted me, and I went up to my room and put on my coat and hat. I had thirty dollars, and I borrowed ten from Lolly. So I was not so badly off. He was right, I really needed new things, and I might as well let him choose them for me.

That was a happy morning for me!

There have been few happier in my life. All girls love to "shop," and there was a joy in trying on lovely things, even if I could n't afford them. It was a small shop to which he took me, but the things there were really beautiful and astonishingly cheap. He made them try many things on me, not only suits, but negligees and evening gowns.

Then he chose a soft dark-blue velvet suit, trimmed with the loveliest gray fur at the neck and sleeves. I thought it must be very expensive, but the saleswoman said it was only fifteen dollars. I had never *heard* of such a bargain, especially as a hat, trimmed with the fur, and a muff also went with the suit. I made up my mind I'd bring Lolly here. I told the lady who owned the store that I would bring a friend. That made her laugh, but she stopped, because Mr. Hamilton frowned and looked very angry. He liked to laugh at me himself, but he did n't want others to do so, and I liked him for that.

Still, I felt uncomfortable. The woman's laugh had been peculiar, and the saleswomen were watching me. I bought, too, a heavy navy-blue coat, with a little cape, and belted, just the thing for every day, and gloves and two pairs of shoes. She said that, as I'd bought so much, she'd give me silk stockings to go with the shoes.

Of course I know now that I was a blind fool; but then I was only seventeen, and nine months before I had never been outside my home city, Quebec. For that matter, I hardly knew Quebec, so limited and confined is the life of the poor. I thought my forty dollars paid for all; I *did* think that!

Mr. Hamilton was in a fine humor now, and he made me wear the velvet suit and the hat to go to luncheon with him, and where do you suppose he took me? Right to his own hotel. There he introduced me to a man named Townsend who was waiting for him. I did n't at all like the way Mr. Townsend looked at me; but Mr. Hamilton did not seem to mind it, though he was quick to notice such things. When I had dined with him

before, if any man stared at me, he used to lean over and say, without the slightest suggestion of a smile:

"Well, what shall I do to him? Turn the seltzer on him or push his face in?"

Mr. Townsend, however, was not trying to flirt with me, as, for instance, Mr. Chambers always was. He studied me curiously and, I thought, suspiciously. He talked in an undertone to Mr. Hamilton, and I am sure they were talking about me. I did hope that Mr. Townsend had not noticed any mistakes I made about the knives and forks.

I was glad when luncheon was over. We entered a cab again, and Mr. Hamilton directed the driver to take us to Mrs. Kingston's. I asked him who Mr. Townsend was. He said his lawyer, and began to talk about something else. He wanted to know if I was n't curious to know what that special thing was he had to give me. I had forgotten about it. Now, of course, I wanted to know.

"Well," he said, "'open your mouth and shut your eyes, and in your mouth you'll find a prize.'"

I thought he was going to give me a candy, so I shut my eyes and opened my mouth, just like a foolish child; and then he kissed me. It was n't like a kiss at all, because my mouth was open; but he seemed to think it very funny, and when I opened my eyes, he was sitting back in the carriage, with his arms folded, laughing hard. I think he thought that a good joke on me, because I dare say he knew I wanted him to kiss me. I did n't think it a good joke at all, and I would n't speak or look at him, and my face grew hot and red, and at last he said teasingly:

"I'll have to keep you angry all the time, Nora. You look your prettiest then."

I said with dignity:

"You know very well I'm not even a little bit pretty, and I wish you would n't make fun of me, Mr. Hamilton."

He was still laughing, and he said:

"You know very well you are pretty, you little fraud, and my name is Roger."

I never called him Mr. Hamilton again.



## XXIII

WHEN I introduced Mr. Hamilton to Mrs. Kingston, she put on her glasses and examined him curiously, and he said, with a rather formal smile, not at all as he smiled at me:

"I've heard quite a lot about you from Miss Ascough, and am glad to meet you."

"I've known all about you for some time," she said, chuckling. And then she added, "I don't know what I expected to see, but you don't quite measure up to Nora's extravagant ideal."

"No, I suppose not," he said, his eyes twinkling. "I doubt if any man could do that."

We were all laughing, and I said:

"Oh, well, I know he's not much to look at; but I'm crazy about him, anyhow, and he wants to see the rooms."

He did n't think the little room nearly good enough for me, but he said that big suite of rooms in front was just the thing. That made me laugh. Did he suppose any stenographer could afford a luxurious suite of rooms like that? There was a long room that ran across the front of the house, with big bay-windows and a wonderful fireplace, and opening out from this room was a large bedroom, with a bathroom adjoining it. As one may see, they were n't exactly the rooms a girl getting fifteen dollars a week could afford.

I said:

"Tell him just how much you intend to 'soak' your prospective roomer for these palatial chambers."

She started to say, "Twenty-five dollars a week," which was what she had told me she expected to charge, when I saw him make a sign to her, and she hesitated. Then I knew he intended to get her to name a cheap price just for me, and pay the difference himself. But now I was too quick for him. He had actually deceived me about those clothes. I had not the remotest idea till months afterward that he had paid for them and for many other things I subsequently bought, or thought I bought; but Mrs. Kingston had already told me the price of that room. So I said:

"It's no use. I know the price."

"Yes, but for a friend," he replied, "I'm sure Mrs. Kingston would make—er—a considerable reduction."

She said nothing. I don't know how she felt. Of course she knew that I was in love with him, but, as she told me afterward, she could n't quite make out just what our relations were.

"That's all very well," I said, "but Mrs. Kingston has to get her rent."

Then he said:

"Well, but—er—I'm sure her practice is going to soar from now on. A great lawyer like Mrs. Kingston need not rent rooms at all."

Still she said nothing; but I saw her watching us both. He went on to urge me to have these rooms, but of course the idea was absurd. It was really provoking for him to keep pressing me to have things I simply could not afford and did not greatly want. I said all this. Besides, I added, it would be foolish for me to make any change at this time. Things were uncertain with me at the yards, now that Fred was leaving, and I should have to speak to Lolly, anyhow.

He argued that if I expected to write, I should have to move. No one could write in such disturbing circumstances. Of course that was true enough, and I said I'd talk it over that night with Lolly.

He took out some money then, and wanted to pay Mrs. Kingston so much down on the rooms, when I exclaimed that even if I did leave Lolly, I did n't mean to take these rooms, but the little one, if Mrs. Kingston was still willing to let me have it. She said she certainly was; that she badly wanted me to come. Both she and Mrs. Owens (the woman with her) needed a young person about the place to make them forget what old fogies they were, and that it would be like a real home to have me there, and we'd all be very happy.

It ended like this: *he* took that suite of rooms. He said they'd be there for me to have at any time I wanted them. I told him it was just a waste of money, for

I simply would not let him pay for my room any more than I would let him pay for my clothes, and that was all there was to it.

He smiled curiously at that, and asked Mrs. Kingston what she thought of my clothes. She said:

"I have n't been able to take my eyes off them. Nora is *wonderful*! Does it seem possible that clothes can make such a difference?"

She wanted to know where I got them. I told her, and how cheap they were. She was amazed at the price, and Mr. Hamilton went over to the window and looked out. How clearly this all comes back to me now!

All the way back to my rooms he argued with me about the matter. He said if I had a pleasant place like that to live in, I'd soon be writing masterpieces (ah, he knew which way my desires ran!), and soon I'd not have to work in offices at all. To take rooms like those, he said, was really an investment. Business men all did things that way. It was part of the game. He wanted me to try it for a while, and at last I said in desperation:

"What's the use of talking about it? I tell you, I have n't got the money."

Then he said (I never knew a man who could so persist about a thing on which he had set his heart):

"Now, look here, Nora, I've got more money than is decent for any one person to have, and I *want* to spend it on *you*. I want to give you things—comforts and luxuries and all the pretty things a girl like you ought to have. If you could see yourself now, you'd realize what a difference even clothes make. And so with other things. I want to take hold of you and make you over. I never wanted to do anything so much in my life before. Now you're going to be a good girl, are n't you, and not deny me the pleasure—the real *joy* it gives me to do things for you, dear little girl?"

By this time I was nearly crying, but I set my teeth together, and determined not to be won over to something I knew was not right.

"You told me once," I said, "that all any one had ever wanted of you was your money—your dirty money, you called it; and now, just because I won't take it from you, you get angry with me."

"Well, but, confound it! I did n't mean you then."

"Oh, yes, you did, too; because you said I'd be sending for more money in a week, and you said that I was made to have it, and men would give—"

He put a stop to my too vivid recollections.

"But, *child*, I had no *idea* then of the kind of girl you were,"—he lowered his voice, and added tenderly, he was trying so hard to have his way!—"of the exceptional, wonderful little girl you are."

"But I would n't be exceptional or wonderful," I protested, "if I took your money. I'd be common. No; I'm not going to let people say you *keep* me!"

"Where did you hear that word?" he demanded roughly.

"From Lolly—and the other girls that I know. Oh, don't you suppose I know what that means?" I was looking straight at him now, and I saw his face turn red, but whether with anger or embarrassment, I do not know. He said in a sort of suppressed way:

"Don't you know that men who keep women are their lovers?"

I nodded.

He sat up stiffly now, and he gave me a cold, almost sneering, look that made me shiver. Then he said:

"Have I ever given you the slightest reason to suppose I wanted to be *your* lover?"

I shriveled up not only at his words, but at his look, and I turned my face away, and looked out of the window of the cab without seeing anything. It was true he had never pretended to care for me. I was the one who had done all the caring, and now it almost seemed as if he were throwing this up to me as something of which to be ashamed. But though my face was burning, I felt no shame, only a sort of misery.

"Well?" he prompted me, for I had

not answered that last brutal query. Without looking at him, I said, in a shaking little voice, for I was heartbroken to think that he could use such a tone to me or look at me in that way:

"No, you have n't. In fact, if you had, perhaps I might have done what you wanted."

He came closer to me in the carriage when I said that, but I shrank away from him. I was nearer to disliking him than than at any time in my acquaintance with him.

"You mean," he said, "that if I *were* your lover, you *would* be willing to—live with me—like that? Is that what you mean, Nora?"

"Oh, I don't know what I mean," I said. "I don't pretend to be respectable and good in the way the women of your class are. I suppose I have no morals. I'm only a girl in love with a man; and if—if—he cared for me as I did for him, I'd be willing to do anything in the world he wished me to. I'd be willing to die for him. But if he did n't—if he did n't care for me, don't you see, I could n't take *anything* from him. I should feel degraded."

It was a tangled, passionate sort of reasoning. For a long time after that we rode along in silence, I looking out of the window, and he looking constantly at me. I could *feel* his eyes on me, and I did not dare to turn around. Then presently he said:

"I'm all kinds of a rotter, Nora, but I'm straight about you. You're my wonderful girl, the oasis in my life. I would n't harm a hair of your precious little head. If I were to tell you I loved you, I would precipitate a tragedy upon you that you do not deserve. So I am not going to say any such thing to you." He cleared his throat, and as I said nothing, he went on strongly, it seemed to me:

"Your friend Lolly is right about men, and I'm no different from other men as far as women are concerned; but in your case I am. My desire to do things for you is based on no selfish design. I assure you of that. I simply have an overwhelm-

ing desire to take care of you, Nora, to help you."

I said this with as much composure as I could command:

"Thank you, I don't need help. I'm not so badly off as you think. I make pretty good money, and, anyway, I'm independent, and that's a big thing."

"But you have to work like a slave. I can't bear to think of that, and as for being independent, you won't be any the less so if you let me do things for you. You may go on with your life in your own way. I'll never interfere or try to dictate to you about anything."

Almost hysterically I cried out:

"Oh, please stop talking about this! Every time you come here you scold me about something."

"Why, Nora," he said aggrievedly, "I have never asked you to do anything but this. That's the only thing I ever scolded you about."

"Look how you acted that first night, when you saw me with Lolly and Mr. Chambers, and then the night I was up with Fred. You wanted to *beat* me! I saw it in your face. You could no more help dictating to and scolding me than you can help coming to see me now."

The last sentence slipped out before I knew it, and he sat up sharply at that, and then laughed uncomfortably.

"I am a dog in the manger as far as you are concerned," he said; "but I'll turn over a new leaf if you'll let me do these things for you."

I smiled ruefully, for I was beginning to know him so well now, and I sighed. He asked me why I sighed, and then I asked him in turn just why he wanted to do these things for me. He paused a moment, and then said slowly, and not without considerable emotion:

"I've told you why before, Nora. I'm interested in you. You're my find, my discovery. I take a special pride in everything connected with you. You're my 'ewe lamb,' the one thing in life I take a real interest in, and I want to watch you, and see you develop. I have n't the slightest doubt of your eventual success."

"Hum! You look upon me as a sort of curiosity, don't you?"

"Nonsense! Don't talk so foolishly!"

But I knew that that was just how he did regard me, and it made me sick at heart. My beautiful day had clouded over. I supposed that nothing in the world would ever induce this man to admit any feeling for me but interest. Well, I wanted to love and to be loved, and it was a cold sort of substitute he was offering me—pretty clothes and fine rooms. No, I could earn all those things myself in time.

"Now, then," he said, "you *are* going to be my darling, reasonable little girl, are n't you? After all, it is n't so much I am asking of you. All I want you to do is to leave your position and go to live with this Mrs. Kingston. She struck me as being all right, and the rooms are exceedingly attractive, though we 'll furnish them over ourselves. And then you are going to let me get you the proper kind of cloths to wear. I 'll choose them myself for you, Nora. Then, since you won't go to school,—and, you see, I 'm willing to let that go,—why, we can arrange for you to take special lessons in languages and things like that, and there are certain English courses you can take up at Northwestern. And I want you to study music, too, piano and vocal—the violin, too, if you like. I 'm specially fond of music, and I think it would be a good thing for you to take it up. Then in the spring you shall go abroad. I have to go myself about that time, and I want to see your face when you see Europe, honey." That was the only Southern endearing term he ever applied to me, and I had never heard it used before. "It will be a revelation to you. And now the whole thing is settled, is n't it?"

I hated, after all this, to have to refuse again, so I did n't answer him, and he said, taking my hand, and leaning, oh, so coaxingly toward me:

"It 's all settled, is n't it, dear?"

I turned around, and shouted at him almost hysterically:

"No, it is *n't*. And I wish you 'd shut

up about those things. You only make me miserable."

If I had stung him, he could not have drawn back from me more sharply.

"Oh, *very* well," he said, and threw himself back in his seat, his face looking like a thunder-cloud.

He did n't speak another word to me, and when the carriage stopped at my door, he got out, assisted me from the carriage, and then immediately got in again himself. I stood at the curb, my hand on the door of the carriage, and I said:

"Please don't go like this!"

"I 'm sorry, but I am taking the 6:09 train."

"Take a later train."

"No, thank you."

"Please!"

"Sorry. Good-by."

"Please don't be angry with me!"

He did n't answer. It was terrible to have him go like that, and I asked him when he was coming back.

"I can't say," was his curt response. Then his angry glance fixed me, and he said slowly:

"You can let me know when you take those rooms I chose for you. I 'll come then—at once."

And that is the cruel way he left me. I was heartbroken in a way, but I was angry, too. I went up to my room, and sat on the couch, and as I slowly pulled off my new gloves, I was not thinking kindly of Mr. R. A. Hamilton. No man had a right to impose his will in this way on a girl and to demand of her something that she could not do without losing her self-respect. I asked myself whether, because I loved this man, I was willing to make of myself a pusillanimous little door-mat, or if I had enough pride to stand by my own convictions?

I had humbled myself enough to him; indeed, I had virtually offered myself to him. But he did not want me. He had made that clear enough. If, in the circumstances, I took from him the gifts he offered me, I would roll up a debt I could never wipe out. Now, although poor and working, I was a free woman. What I

had, I honestly earned. I was no doll or parasite who needed to be carried by others. No! To retain my belief in my own powers, I must prove that they actually existed. Only women without resources in themselves, without gifts or brains, were "kept" by men, either as mistresses or wives or from charity, as Hamilton wished to "keep" me. I had the youthful conviction that I was one of the exceptional souls of the world, and could carry myself. Was I, then, to be bought by the usual foolish things that attract the ordinary woman? I asked myself scornfully. No! Not even my love could alter my character.

Now, there really was a fine streak in me, for I did want pretty things (what young girl does not?), I hated my work, and I loved this man, and wanted above all things on earth to please him.

Lolly said, to jerk one's mind from too much brooding over one man, one should think of another. I discovered another method of distraction. Pretty clothes are a balm even to a broken heart, and although I was clever, I was also eternally feminine. My things had arrived from the shop, and they were so lovely,—so much lovelier than I had thought,—that I was enchanted. Lolly came in while I was lifting the things from the boxes. I had n't taken off my suit, and she turned me around to look at me.

"Is n't it stunning, Lolly?" I asked. "And, just think, it was only fifteen dollars, suit, hat, muff, and all."

Lolly's unbelieving glance swept me, then she threw her cigarette down, and said spitefully:

"For the love of Mike, Nora, cut it out! You're a poor little liar!"

"Liar! What do you mean, Lolly Hope?"

I was furious at the insult, capping all I had gone through.

"That suit you have on never cost one penny less than \$150. The fur alone is easily worth half of that. It's silver fox, an inch of which is worth several dollars, and that muff—" She laughed disgustingly. "What do you take me for, any-

how, to try to spring that fifteen-dollar gag on me?"

"It was marked down, I tell you, at a bargain sale."

"Oh, come off, Nora! Don't try that on me. I know where you got those clothes. That man Hamilton gave them to you. You did n't follow my advice, I see." She shrugged her shoulders. "Of course it's your own affair, and I'm the last to blame you or any other girl for a thing like that, but, for heaven's sake, don't think it necessary to make up fairytales to me!"

"Lolly, I swear to you that I paid for these myself."

"Tell it to the marines!" said Lolly.

"Then see for yourself. Here are the price-tags, and here's the bill," I cried excitedly, and I thrust them upon her. Everything came to exactly forty dollars. Lolly looked the bill over carefully; then she put her cigarette in her mouth, and looked at me. All of a sudden she began to laugh. She threw her head back upon the sofa pillows and just laughed and laughed, while I became angrier and angrier with her. I waited till she was through, and then I said, very much injured:

"Now you can apologize to me, Lolly Hope."

"You blessed infant," she cried, "I'm in the dust at your feet. One thing's sure, and I guess friend Hamilton is wise to that: there's no one like *you* in this dull old world of ours!"

#### XXIV

My new "boss" at the yards was a sharp-nosed, sharp-eyed old-young man who seemed to think that his chief mission in life was to crack a sort of mental whip, like an overseer, over the heads of those under him, and keep us all hustling and rushing like frightened geese.

I had been accustomed to answer the correspondence of the soap department myself, Fred merely noting a few words in pencil on each letter, giving the gist of what he wanted said; but Mr. Hopkins dictated everything, and as soon as I was

through one batch of correspondence, he would find something else for me to do. It seemed to give him a pain for my type-writer to be idle a moment. I think I was on his mind all the time except when he was busily thinking up work for Red Top.

My position, therefore, had become a very hard one. I worked incessantly from nine till six. Fred had let me off at five-thirty and often at five; but Mr. Hopkins kept me till six. I think he 'd have made it seven, but the bell rang at six, and the office was supposed to close after that.

Many a time I 've seen him glance regretfully at the clock or make an impatient movement with his shoulders at the clanging of the bell, at which moment I always banged close my type-writer desk, and swiftly departed.

How I missed Fred! He had made life at the yards tolerable and even amusing for me with his jokes and confidences. And, then, there 's a pleasure in working for some one you know approves of you and likes you. Fred *did* like me. In a way, I don't think any one ever liked me better than poor Fred did.

It makes me sad to think that the best girl friend I ever had, Lolly, and the best man friend, Fred, are now both gone out of this world, where I may have still such a long road to travel.

I hated my position now. I was nothing but an overworked machine. Moreover, the routine of the work was deadening. When I answered the letters myself, it gave a slight diversion; but now I simply took dictation and transcribed it, and when I was through with that, I copied pages of itemized stuff. My mind became just like a ticker that tapped off this or that curt and dry formula of business letter in which soap, soap, soap stood out big and slimy.

I now neither wrote at night nor went out. I was too tired from the incessant labor at the type-writer, and when I got to sleep,—after two or three hours, in which I lay awake thinking of Mr. Hamilton and wondering whether I would ever see him again; I always wondered about

that when he was away,—I declare I would hear the *tap-tapping* of that type-writer all night long in my sleep! Other type-writists have had the same experience. One ought to escape from one's treadmill at least in sleep.

But this is a world of miracles; doubt it who can.

There came a glorious day late in the month of November—to be exact, it was November 24. No, Mr. Hamilton did not come again. He was still waiting for my capitulation anent the rooms at Mrs. Kingston's.

This is what happened: I was type-writing, when Red Top came in with the mail. He threw down on my desk some personal letters that had come for me. Although Mr. Hopkins was at his desk, and I knew it was a criminal offense to stop any office work to attend to a personal matter, I reached over and picked up my letters. I heard my "boss" cough significantly as I glanced through them. Two were from home, and I put them down, intending to read them at noon. One was from Fred. I put that down, too. And the other! Oh, that other! It was from—listen! It was from—the editor of the great New York magazine! I opened it with trembling fingers. The words jumped up at me and embraced me! My story was accepted, and a check for fifty dollars accompanied that brief, but blessed, note.

Mr. Hopkins was clearing his throat so pronouncedly now that I turned deliberately about in my chair and grinned hard at him. He glared at me indignantly. Little idiot! He thought I was trying to flirt with him!

"Are you through, Miss Ascough?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Hopkins," I responded blandly, "and I never will be now. I 've just come into some money, and I 'm not going to work for you any more."

"What! What!" he said in his sharp little voice.

I repeated what I had said, and I stood up now, and began gathering my things together—my pocket-book, handkerchief,

odds and ends, in my desk, and the rose that Mr. Smith had given me that day.

Mr. Hopkins had a nasal, excitable, squeaking sort of voice, like the querulous bark of a dog—a little dog.

"But, Miss Ascough, you don't mean to say you are leaving now?"

"Yes, I do mean to say it," I replied, smiling gloriously.

"But surely you 'll finish the letter on the machine?"

"I surely will not," said I. "I don't *have* to work any more. Good-by." And out I marched, or, rather, flew, without waiting to collect three days' pay due me, and resigning a perfectly good fifteen-dollar-a-week job on the first money I ever received for a story!

I did not walk on solid ground, I assure you. I flew on wings that carried me soaring above that Land of Odors, where I had worked for four and a half hard months, right up into the clouds, and every one knows the clouds are near to heaven.

Mr. Hamilton? Oh, yes, I did remember some such person. Let me see. He was the man who thought I was incapable of taking care of myself, and who grandiloquently wanted to "make me over"; who once said I was "ignorant, uncivilized, undisciplined," who would never get anywhere unless I followed his lordly advice. How I laughed inwardly at the thought of the effect upon him of those astounding conquests that *I* was to make in the charming golden world that was smiling and beckoning to me now.

As soon as I got to my room, I sat down and wrote a letter to him. I wanted *him* to know right away. In fact, I had a feeling that if *he* did n't know, then all the pleasure of my triumph might go. This is what I said to him:

Dear Roger: [Yes, I called him Roger now.]

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the inclosed thrilling, extraordinary, and absorbing indorsement of

Your abused and forsaken

NORA.

How had he the heart not to answer that letter of mine? I wondered.

Girls love candies, pretty clothes, jewelry, gewgaws, and, as the old song has it, "apples and spices and everything nicest." They like boys and men and all such trifling things. Those are the things that make them giggle and thrill and weep and sometimes kill themselves; but I tell you there is n't a thrill comparable with that electric and ecstatic shock that comes to a young girl writer when, after many rebuffs, her first story is accepted. Of course, alas! that thrill is brief, and soon one finds, with wonder, that the world is actually going on just the same, and, more wonder of wonders! there is still trouble and pain and tragedy and other ugly things crawling about upon the face of the earth. Ah me! They say the weird, seeking sound of a new soul is the most beautiful music on earth to the ears of a mother. I think a poet feels that way toward his first poem or story that comes to life. The ecstasy, the pain, and thrill of creating and bearing—are they not all here, too? I know that often one's "child" is unworthy, uncouth, sometimes deformed, or, worse, a misshapen and appalling monster, a criminal product, as it were; but none the less he is one's own, and one's love will accompany him, even as a mother's, to the gallows.

"It never rains but it pours," says a homely old adage. I thought this was the case with me now. Within a few days after I got that letter and check, lo and behold! I had three stories accepted by a certain Western magazine. I was sure now that I was not only going to be famous immediately, but fabulously wealthy.

Three stories, say, at fifty dollars each, made a hundred and fifty; add the fifty from the great New York magazine, and you perceive I would possess two hundred dollars. Then do not forget that I had as well a little black suitcase full of other stories and poems, and an abortive effort at a novel, to say nothing of a score of articles about Jamaica. Besides, my head was teeming with extraordinary and un-

usual plots and ideas,—at least they seemed extraordinary and original to me,—and I felt that all I had to do was to shut myself up somewhere alone, and out they would pour.

I now sat down on the floor, with my suitcase before me, and I made a list of all my stories, put prices opposite them, added up the list, and, *bedad!* as O'Brien would say, I was a rich girl!

In fact I felt so confident and recklessly happy that nothing would do but I must treat Lolly and Hermann to a fine dinner and the theater. My fifty dollars dropped to forty. But of course I was to get one hundred and fifty for those other three stories. It's true, the letter accepting them did not mention the price, but I supposed that all magazines paid about the same, and even though in the case of the Western magazine I was to be "paid upon publication," I was sure my stories would be published soon. In fact, I thought it a good thing that I was not paid all at once, because then I might be tempted to spend the money. As it was, it would come in just about the time I was through with the fifty.

If my ignorance in this matter seems infantile, I think I may confidently refer my readers to certain other authors who in the beginning of their careers have been almost as credulous and visionary as I. It's a matter of wonder how any person who is capable of writing a story can in other matters be so utterly impractical and positively devoid of common sense.

I never saw fifty dollars fly away as quickly as that fifty dollars of mine. I really don't know *what* it went for, though I did swagger about a bit among my friends. I took Mrs. Kingston and Mrs. Owens, the woman who lived with her, to the theater, too, and I went over to the Y. W. C. A. several times and treated Estelle and a lot of my old acquaintances to ice-cream sodas and things like that.

I avidly watched the news-stands for the December number of that Western magazine to appear, and when it did come out, I was so sure at least one of my stories

was in it, that I was confounded and stunned when I found that it was not. I thought some mistake must have been made, and bought two other copies to make sure.

I was now down to my last six dollars. I awoke to the seriousness of my position. I would have to go to work again and immediately. The thought of this hurt me acutely, not so much because I hated the work, but because I realized that my dream of instant fame and fortune was just a dream.

The December number of the New York magazine also was out, but my story was not in it. I wrote to the editors of both the Eastern and Western magazines, and asked when my stories would appear. I got answers within a few days. The Eastern magazine said that they were made up for several months ahead, but hoped to use my story by next summer,—it was the first week in December now,—and the Western magazine wrote vaguely that they planned to use my stories in "the near future."

I wrote such a desperate letter to the editor of that Western magazine, imploring him to use my stories very soon, that I must have aroused his curiosity, for he wrote me that he expected to be in Chicago "some time next month," and would be much pleased to call upon me and discuss the matter of the early publication of my stories and others he would like to have me write for them.

I said my fifty dollars flew away from me. I except the last six dollars. I performed miracles with that. I paid my share of our room-rent for a week—three dollars—and lived eleven days on the other three. At the end of those eleven days I had exactly ten cents.

For two reasons I did not tell Lolly. In the first place, while I had not lied to her, I had in my egotistical and fanciful excitement led her to believe that not only had I sold the four stories, but they had been paid for. And in the second place, Lolly at this time was having bitter troubles of her own. They concerned Marshall Chambers. She was suffering untold



tortures over that man—the tortures that only a suspicious and passionately jealous woman who loves can feel. She had no tangible proof of his infidelities, but a thousand little things had occurred that made her suspect him. They quarreled constantly, and then passionately “made up.” So I could not turn to Lolly.

I had not heard a word from Mr. Hamilton, and after that glowing, boastful letter I had written, how *could* I now appeal to him? The mere thought tormented and terrified me.

Toward the end, when my money had faded down to that last six dollars, I had been desperately seeking work. I think I answered five hundred advertisements at least, but although now I was well dressed, an asset to a stenographer, and had city references (Fred’s), I could get nothing. My strait, it will be perceived, was really bad, and another week’s rent had fallen due.

I did n’t have any dinner that evening when I went over to Mrs. Kingston’s, but I had on my beautiful blue velvet suit. My luncheon had been a single ham sandwich. Mrs. Kingston had called me up on the telephone early in the day, and invited me over for the evening, saying she had some friends who wished to meet me.

Her friends proved to be two young men from Indianapolis who were living and working in Chicago. One, George Butler, already well known as a Socialist, was head of a Charities Association Bureau (I hysterically thought it an apropos occasion for me to meet a man in such work), and the other, Robert Bennet, was exchange editor of the “News.” Butler was exceedingly good-looking, but he had a thick, baggy-looking mouth that spoiled his face, and he dressed like a poet,—at least I supposed a poet would dress something like that,—wearing his hair longish and carelessly tossed back, a turn-over soft collar, flowing tie, and loose clothes that looked as if they needed to be pressed.

Bennet had an interesting face, the prominent attribute of which was an al-

most shining quality of *honesty*. It illuminated his otherwise rugged and homely face, and gave it a curious attraction and strength. I can find no other word to describe that expression. He wore glasses, and looked like a student, and he stooped a little, which added to this impression. Both boys were in their early twenties, I should say, and they roomed together somewhere near Jane Addams’s Hull House, where both worked at night, giving their services gratuitously as instructors in English. They were graduates of the University of Indiana.

Butler talked a great deal about Socialism, and he would run his hand through his hair, as Belasco does on first nights. Bennet, on the other hand, was a good listener, but talked very little. He seemed diffident and even shy, and he stammered slightly.

On this night I was in such a depressed mood that, despite Mr. Butler’s eloquence, I was unable to rouse myself from the morbid fancies that were now flooding my mind. For the imagination that had carried me up on dizzying dreams of fame now showed me pictures of myself starving and homeless; and just as the first pictures had exhilarated me, now the latter terrified and distracted.

Mrs. Kingston noticed my silence, and asked me if I was not feeling well. She said I did not seem quite myself. I said I was all right. When I was going, she asked me in a whisper whether I had heard from Mr. Hamilton, and I shook my head; and then she wanted to know whether he knew of my “success.” Something screamed and cried within me at that question. My success! Was she mocking me then?

Bennet had asked to see me home, and as it was still early,—only about nine,—he suggested that we take a little walk along the lake.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and though only a few weeks from Christmas, not at all cold. Mrs. Kingston had apparently told Mr. Bennet that I wrote, for he tried to make me talk about it. I was not, however, in a very communica-

tive mood. I talked disjointedly. I started to tell him about the New York magazine and the Western magazine, and then all of a sudden I remembered how I was fixed, and then I could n't talk at all. In fact, I pitied myself so that I began to cry. It was dark in the street, and I cried silently; so I did n't suppose he noticed me until he stopped short and said:

"You 're in trouble. Can't you tell me what is the matter?"

"I 've got only ten cents in the world," I blurted out.

"What!"

"Just ten cents," I said, "and I *can't* get work."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "You poor girl!"

He was so sorry for me and excited that he stammered worse than ever, and I stopped crying, because, having told some one my secret, I felt better and knew I 'd get help somehow.

So then I told him all about how I had come down to such straits; how I had worked all those months, and my implicit belief that that fifty dollars would last till I was paid for the other three stories.

When I was through, Bennet said:

"N-now, l-look here. I get thirty dollars a week. I don't need but half of that, and I 'm going to give you fifteen a week of it till you get another place."

I protested that I would n't think of taking his money, but I was joyfully hailing him in my heart as a veritable savior. Before we had reached my lodging-place, I had not only allowed him to give me ten dollars, but I agreed to accept ten dollars a week from him till I got work.

It is curious how, without the slightest compunction or any feeling even of hurt pride or shame, I was willing to accept money like this from a person whom I had never seen before; yet the thought of asking Hamilton filled me with a real terror. I believe I would have starved first. It is hard to explain this. I had liked to think of myself as doing something very unusual and fine in refusing help from Hamilton, and yet where was my logic,

since without a qualm I took money from Bennet? Our natures are full of contradictions, it seems to me. Perhaps I can explain it in this way, however. There was something so tremendously *good* about Bennet, so overpoweringly human and great, that I felt the same as I would have felt if a woman had offered to help me. On the other hand, I was desperately in love with Hamilton. I wanted to impress him. I wanted his good opinion. I unconsciously assumed a pose—perhaps that is it—and I had to live up to it. Then I have often thought that almost any woman would have confidently accepted help from Bennet, but might have hesitated to take anything from Mr. Hamilton.

Some men inspire us with instant confidence; we are "on guard" with others. I can write this analysis now; I could not explain it to myself then.

## XXV

Now my life assumed a new phase. No man like Bennet can come into a woman's life and not make a deep impression. I have said that Tom was my "shadow." Bennet was something better than that. He was my protector, my guide, and my teacher. He did not, as Tom had done, begin immediately to make love to me, but he came persistently to see me. Always he brought some book with him, and now for the first time in my life the real world of poetry began to open its doors for me. I a poet! Oh me!

Hamilton had filled my bookshelves with novels, chiefly by French authors. They were of absorbing interest to me, and they taught me things just as if I had traveled; but Bennet read to me poetry—Keats, Shelley, Byron, Browning, Tennyson, Heine, Milton, and others. For hours I sat listening to the jeweled words. No, I could not write poetry,—I never shall,—but I had the hungry heart of the poet within me. I know it; else I could not so vividly, so ardently have loved the poetry of others.

I cannot think of my acquaintance with Bennet without there running immediately

to my mind, like the refrain of an old song, of some of those exquisite poems he read to me—read so slowly, so clearly, so subtly that every word pierced my consciousness and understanding. Else how could a girl like me have gasped with sheer delight over the “Ode on a Grecian Urn”? What was there in a poem like that to appeal to a girl of my history?

When we did not stay in and read, Bennet would take me to some good theater or concert, and I went several times with him to Hull House. There twice a week he taught a class in English poetry. The girls in his class were chiefly foreigners,—Russian Jewesses, Polish and German girls,—and for the most part they worked in factories and stores; but they were all intelligent and eager to learn. They made me ashamed of my own indolence. I used to fancy that most of his pupils were secretly in love with Bennet. They would look at his inspired young face as if they greatly admired him, and I felt a sense of flattering pride in the thought that *he* liked only me. Oh, I could n't help seeing that, though he had not then told me so.

Sometimes he took me over to his rooms. They were two very curious, low-roofed rooms down in the tenement-house district, completely lined with books. Here Butler, with his pipe in his loose mouth, used to entertain me with long talks on Socialism, and once he read me some of Kipling's poems. That was my first acquaintance with Kipling. It was an unforgettable experience. In these rooms, too, Bennet read me “Undine,” some of Barrie's stories, and Omar Khayyam.

Those were clean, inspiring days. They almost compensated for everything else that was sad and ugly in my life. For sad and ugly things were happening to me every day, and I had had no word, no single sign, from Mr. Hamilton. I tried to shut him from my mind. I tried hard to do that, especially as I knew that Robert Bennet was beginning to care for me too well. Through the day, it was easy enough. I could do it, too, when Bennet read to me from the poets; but, ah, at

night, that was when he slipped back insidiously upon me! Sometimes I felt that if I did not see him soon, I should go mad just from longing and desire to see his dear face and hear the sound of his cruel voice.

I got a position about two weeks after I met Bennet. It was in a steel firm; I stayed there only two days. There were two other stenographers, and the second day I was there, the head of the firm decided to move me from the outer to his private office, to do his work. Both of the girls looked at each other so significantly when my desk was carried in that I asked them if anything was the matter. One of them shrugged her shoulders, and the other said:

“You 'll find out for yourself.”

Within ten minutes after I was in that inner office I did. I was taking dictation at a little slat on his desk when he laid a photograph upon my book, and then, while I sat dumfounded, trying to look anywhere save at what was before me, he laid more photographs, one after the other, on top of that first one, which was the vilest thing I have ever seen in my life.

The girls at the Y. W. C. A. and the girls at the stock-yards used to talk about their experiences in offices, and we used to laugh at the angry girls who declared they did this or that to men who insulted them. As I have written before, I had become hardened to such things, and when I could, I simply ignored them. They were one of the dirty things in life that working-girls had to endure. But now, as I sat at that desk, I felt rushing over me such a surge of primitive and outraged feeling that I could find no relief save in some fierce action. I seized those photographs, and slammed them into the face of that leering old satyr.

After that I went from one position to another. I took anything I could get. Sometimes I left because the conditions were intolerable; sometimes because they did not pay me; usually I was allowed to go after a brief trial in which I failed to prove my competence. I was very bad at figures, and most offices require a cer-

tain amount of that kind of work from their stenographers. These were the places where I failed.

Of course, changing my position and being out of work so much, I made little progress, and although I had had only twenty dollars from Bennet, I was unable to pay him back. I had hoped to by Christmas, now only a week off.

And now something happened that caused a big change in my life; that is, it forced me at last to separate from Lolly. For some time she had been most unhappy, and one evening she confided to me her suspicions of Chambers. She said she had "turned down" Hermann, who wanted to marry her, for Chambers, though friends had warned her not to trust him; but that though he had at times been brutal to her, she adored him. Pacing up and down the room, she told me that she wished she knew some way to prove him. It was then that I made my fatal offer. I said:

"Lolly, I could have told you long ago about Chambers. I *know* he is no good. If I were you, I'd have nothing more to do with him."

Lolly stopped in her pacing, and stared at me.

"How do you know?" she demanded.

"Because," I said, "he's tried several times to make love to me."

"You lie, Nora Ascough!" she cried out in such a savage way that I was afraid of her. If I had been wiser, perhaps, I might have reassured her and let her think I did lie. Then the matter would have ended there; but I had to plunge in deeper.

"Lolly, I'll prove it to you, if you wish."

"You can't," retorted Lolly, her nostrils dilating.

"Yes, I can, I say. He's coming tonight, is n't he? Well, you stay in that inner room, by the door. Let me see him alone here. Then you'll see for yourself."

She considered the suggestion, with her eyes half closed, blowing the smoke slowly from her lips, and looking at the tip of

her cigarette. Then she shrugged her shoulders and laughed sneeringly.

"The trouble with you, Nora, is that because a lot of muckers at the Union Stock-yards got 'stuck' on you, a few poor devils of newspaper men are a little smitten, and a fast rich man tried to keep you, you imagine every other man is after you."

I could n't answer that. It was untrue. None the less, it hurt. I had never in my life boasted to Lolly about men. I supposed she knew that, like every other girl who is thrown closely into contact with men, I naturally got my share of attention. I had long ago realized the exact value of this. The girls at the yards, for instance, used to say that the men would even go after a hunchback or a girl that squinted if she gave them any encouragement. And as for Robert Bennet and Tom, it was mean of Lolly to refer to them in that contemptuous way. Lolly, I think, regretted a moment later what she had said. She was as generous and impulsive as she was hasty in temper. Now she said:

"Forget I said that, Nora. Just for fun I'll try your plan. Of course, it's ridiculous. Marshall has never looked upon you as anything but a joke. I mean he thinks you're a funny little thing; but as for anything else—" Lolly blew her cigarette smoke in derision at the notion.

Chambers came about eight-thirty. They never announced him, but we knew his double knock, and Lolly slipped into the inner room, but did not close the door tight.

I had taken up Lolly's mandolin, and now I painfully tried to pick out a tune on the strings. Chambers stood watching me, smiling, and when I finally did manage "The Last Rose of Summer," he said:

"Bully for you!"

Then he looked about quickly and said: "Lolly out?"

I nodded. Whereupon he sat down beside me.

"Want to learn the mandolin?" he asked.

I nodded, smiling.

"This is the way," he said. He was on my left side, and putting his arm about my waist, and with his right hand over my right hand, he tried to teach me to use the little bone picker; but while he was doing this he got as close to me as he could, and as I bent over the mandolin, so did he, till his face came right against mine, and he kissed me.

Then something terrible happened. Lolly screamed. She screamed like a person gone mad. Chambers and I jumped apart, and I felt so weak I was afraid to go inside that room. Just then Hermann came rushing in with the landlady. She had heard Lolly's screams, and she wanted to know what was the trouble. I said Lolly was ill; but as soon as she went out, I told Hermann the truth. When Chambers realized that he was the victim of a trap, and while Lolly was still crying,—a moaning sort of cry now,—he picked up his hat and made for the door. There he encountered Hermann, all of whose teeth were showing. Hermann's hand shot up to Chambers's collar, and he threw him bodily from the room. How he did this, I am sure I don't know, for Chambers was a larger and seemingly much stronger man than Hermann. Then Hermann went in to Lolly, and I, feeling like a criminal, followed.

I had never seen a woman in hysterics before. Lolly was lying on her back on the bed, with her arms cast out on each side. Her face was convulsed, and she was gasping and crying and moaning and laughing all at the same time. Hermann put his arms about her, and tried to soothe and comfort her, and I, crying myself now, begged her to forgive me. She screamed at me, "Get out of my sight!" and kept on upbraiding and accusing me. She seemed to think that I must have been flirting with Chambers for some time, and she said I was a snake. She said she hated me, and that if I did not go "at once! at once! at once!" she'd kill me.

I did n't know what to do, and Hermann said:

"For God's sake! Nora, go!"

I packed my things as quickly as I could. I had no trunk, but two suitcases, and I made bundles of the things that would not go into them. I told Hermann I'd send for the things in the morning. Then I put on my coat and hat, and took the suitcase with my manuscripts and my night things. Before going, I went over to the bed and again begged Lolly to forgive me, assuring her that I never had had anything to do with Chambers till that night. I told her that I loved her better than any other girl I knew, better than my sisters even, and it was breaking my heart to leave her in this way. I was sobbing while I talked, but though she no longer viciously denounced me, she turned her face to the wall and put her hands over her ears. Then I kissed her hand,—women of my race do things like that under stress of emotion,—and, crying, left my Lolly.

#### XXVI

I WENT direct to Mrs. Kingston's. As soon as I walked in with my bag in my hand, she knew I had come to stay, and she was so delighted that she seized me in her arms and hugged me, saying I was her "dearest and only Nora." She took me right up to what she thought were to be my rooms, but I said I preferred the little one, and after we had talked it over a bit, she said she agreed with me. It was much better for me to have only what I myself could afford.

I did n't tell her a word about Lolly. That was my poor friend's secret; but I told her of my straitened affairs, my poor position, and that I owed money to Benet. When I ended, she said:

"That boy's an angel. I can't wish you any better luck than that you get him."

"Get him?"

"He is simply crazy about you, Nora. Can't talk about anything else, and you could n't do better if you searched from one end of the United States to the other. He's of a splendid family, and he's going to make a big name for himself some day, you mark my words."

I agreed with all her praise of Bennet, but I told her I thought of him only as a friend, as I did of Fred O'Brien for instance.

She shook her head at me, sighed, and said that she supposed I still cared for "that man Hamilton," and I did n't answer her. I just sat on the side of the bed staring out in front of me. After a moment she said:

"Of course, if that 's the way you feel, for heaven's sake! let poor Bennet alone; though if I were you, it would n't take me long to know which of those two men to choose between."

"You 'd take Bennet, would n't you?" I asked heavily, and she replied:

"You better believe I would!"

"Don't you like Mr. Hamilton?" I asked wistfully.

"I don't entirely trust him," said she. "Candidly, Nora, that was a nasty trick he tried to play us here. I was 'on to him,' but I did n't know just where you stood with him, and I 'm not in the preaching business. I let people do as they like, and I myself do what I please; and then, of course, Lord knows I need all the money I can get." She sighed. Poor woman, she was always so hard up! "So if he wanted to take those rooms and pay the price, I was n't going to be the one to stand in the way. Still, I was not going to let him pull the wool over your eyes, poor kiddy."

"I suppose not," I assented languidly. I was unutterably tired and heartsick, with the long strain of those weeks, and now with this quarrel with Lolly, and I said, "Yet I 'd give my immortal soul to be with him again just for a few minutes even."

"You would?" she said. "You want to see him as much as all that?"

I nodded, and she said pityingly:

"Don't love any man like that, dear. None of them is worth it."

I did n't answer. What was the use? She said I looked tired out, and had better go to bed, and that next day she would send the man who looked after the furnace for my belongings.

Mrs. Kingston was really delighted to have me with her. She said she could have had any number of girls in her house before this, but that she had set her heart on having "just me," because I was uncommon. She had a funny habit of dismissing people and things as "ordinary and commonplace." I was not that, it seems.

Here was I now in a really dear little home, not a boarder, but treated like a daughter not only by Mrs. Kingston, but by Mrs. Owens, who quickly made me call her "Mama Owens." She was a pretty woman of about sixty, with lovely dark eyes, and white wavy hair that I often did up. She had periodical spells of illness, I don't know just what. Both Mrs. Kingston and Mrs. Owens were widows.

I brightened up a bit after I got there, for they would n't give me a chance to be blue. We had a merry time decorating the house with greens and holly, and we even had a big Christmas-tree. Mama Owens said she could n't imagine a Christmas without one. Just think, though I was one of fourteen children, I can never remember a Christmas when we had a tree!

Bennet came over and helped us with the decorations, and he and Butler were both invited to the Christmas dinner. Butler could not come, as he was due at some Hull House entertainment, but Bennet expected to have dinner with us before going to work. He was working nights now, and would not have Christmas off.

I was getting only twelve dollars a week at this time, so I had little enough money to spend on Christmas presents. I did, however, buy books for Bennet and Mrs. Kingston and Mrs. Owens. Also for Lolly, to whom I had written twice, begging her to forgive me. She never answered me, but Hermann wrote me a note, advising me to "leave her alone till she gets over it."

I had to walk to work for two days after that, as I did n't have a cent left, and I did without luncheon, too. I rather enjoyed the walk, but it was hard getting

up so early, as I had to be at the office at eight. I was working for a clothing firm not unlike the one Estelle was with, and I had obtained the position, by the way, through Estelle.

On Christmas eve Margaret had to go to the house of a client in regard to some case, so mama and I were left alone. We were decorating the tree with strings of white and colored popcorn and bright tinsel stuff, and I was standing on top of a ladder, putting a crowning pinnacle on the tree,—a funny, fat little Santa Claus,—when our bell rang. Our front door opened into the reception hall, where our tree was, so when mama opened the door and I saw who it was, I almost fell off the ladder. He called out:

"Careful!" dropped his bag, came over to the ladder, and lifted me down. You can't lift a girl down from a ladder without putting your arms about her, and I clung to him, you may be sure. He kept smoothing my hair and cheek, and saying,—I think he thought I was crying against his coat,—"Come, now, Nora, it 's all right! Everything 's all right!" and then he undid my hands, which were clinging to his shoulders, and shook himself free.

Mama Owens had never met him, so I had to introduce them. She scolded me dreadfully afterward about the way I had acted, though I tried to explain to her that it was the surprise and excitement that had made me give way like that.

It was queer, but from the very first both Margaret and Mama Owens were prejudiced against him. Both of them loved me and were devoted to Bennet. They were planning to make a match between us. Hamilton was the stumbling-block; and although in time he partly won Margaret over, he never moved mama, who always regarded him as an intruder in our "little family."

I now hinted and hinted for her to leave us alone, but she would n't budge from the room for the longest time. So I just talked right before her, though she kept interrupting me, requiring me to do this or that. She did n't ask him to do a thing, though if Bennet had been there,

she would have seated herself comfortably and let him do all the work.

However, I was so happy now that it did n't matter if all the rest of the world was disgruntled. I hugged Mama Owens, and told her if she did n't stop being so cross, Mr. Hamilton and I would go out somewhere and leave her "all by her lonesome." I could do almost anything with her and Margaret, and I soon had her in a good humor; she even went off to get some Christmas wine for Mr. Hamilton.

I had in a general way told Roger something of what I had been doing since I had seen him; but I did not tell him of the straits to which I had come, or of the money I had borrowed from Bennet. He suspected that I had passed through hard times, however. He had a way of picking up my face by the chin and examining it closely. The moment we were alone, he led me under the gas-light, and looked at me closely. His face was as grave as if he were at a funeral, and I tried to make fun of it; but he said:

"Nora, you don't look as well as you should."

I said lightly:

"That 's because you did n't come to see me."

"I came," he returned, "as soon as you did what I told you. As soon as Mrs. Kingston sent me word that you were here, I came, though it was Christmas eve, and I ought to be in Richmond."

I saw what was in his mind: he thought I had taken those rooms! I put my arm through his, just to hold to him in case he went right away, while I told him I had only the little room.

He said, with an expressive motion:

"Well, I give you up, Nora."

I said:

"No, please don't give me up. I 'll die if you do."

Margaret came in then, and she greeted him very cordially. She chuckled when I called her a "sly thing" for writing to him, and she said she had to let him know, since he had paid for the big room.

"Yes, but you did n't tell him I had the little room," I said.

"What does it matter?" laughed Margaret. "You two are always making mountains out of molehills. Life 's too short to waste a single moment of it in argument."

Roger said:

"You are perfectly right. After this, Nora and I are not going to quarrel about anything. She 's going to be a reasonable child."

I had to laugh. I knew what he meant by my being reasonable. Nothing mattered this night, however, except that he had come. I told him that, and put my cheek against his hand. I was always doing things like that, for although he was undemonstrative, and the nearest he came to caressing me was to smooth my cheek and hair, I always got as close to him as I could. I 'd slip my hand through his arm, or put my hand in his, and my head against him; and when we were out anywhere, I always had my hand in his pocket, and he 'd put his hand in over mine. He liked them, too, these ways of mine, for he used to look at me with a queer sort of grim smile that was nevertheless tender.

He was a man used to having his own way, however, and he did n't intend to give in to me in this matter of the rooms. So this is how he finally arranged things: I was to have the little room, and he would take the suite in front. When he was in Chicago, he would use these rooms; but when he was not, I was to have the use of them, and he made me promise that I would use the big room for writing.

This arrangement satisfied Mrs. Kingston and delighted me, but mama was inclined to grumble. She wanted to know just why he should maintain rooms in the house, anyway, and just what he was "after" me for. She was in a perverse mood, having drunk far too much Christmas wine. She talked so that I put my hand over her mouth and said she had a bad mind.

Roger explained to Margaret—he pretended to ignore mama, but he was talking for her especially—that they need have no

anxiety in regard to his intentions toward me; that they were purely disinterested; in fact, he felt toward me pretty much as they did themselves. I was an exceptional girl who ought to be helped and befriended; that he had never made love to me, and, he added grimly, that he never would. My! how I hated mama at that moment for causing him to say that. In fact he talked so plausibly that Margaret and I threw black looks at mama for her gratuitous interference, and Margaret whispered to me that it should not happen again. Mama "stuck to her guns," however, and finally said:

"Well, let me ask you a question, Mr. Hamilton. Are you in love with Nora?"

He looked over my head and said:

"No."

That was the first time he had directly denied that he cared for me, and my heart sank. I would n't look at him, I felt so badly, nor did I feel any better when, after a moment, he added:

"I 'm old enough to be Nora's father, and at my time of life I 'm not likely to make a fool of myself even for Nora."

"Hm!" snorted mama, "that all sounds very fine, but what about Nora? Do you pretend that she is not in love with you?"

His stiff expression softened, but he said very bitterly, I thought:

"Nora is seventeen."

Then he laughed shortly, and added: "I don't see how it can hurt her to have me for a friend, do you? As far as that goes, even if she does imagine herself in love with me, a closer acquaintance might lead to a complete cure and disillusionment, a consummation, I presume, much to be desired."

He said this with so much bitterness, and even pain, that I ran over to him and put my face against his hand.

"Wait a bit, Nora. We 'd better get this matter settled once and for all," he said. "Either I am to come here, with the understanding and consent of these ladies, whenever I choose and without interference of any sort, or I will not come at all."

"Then I won't stay, either," I cried.



"Margaret, *you* know that if he never comes to see me again, I 'll jump into Lake Michigan."

They all laughed at that, and it broke up the strained conversation. Margaret said in her big, gay way:

"Of course you can come and go as you please. The rooms are yours, and I should n't presume to dictate to you." And then she said to mama: "Amy, you 've had too much wine. Let it alone."

## XXVII

EVERYTHING being made clear, Roger and I went up to his rooms. He shut the door, and said that "the two old ones" were all right enough, but he had come over 250 miles to see me, and he did n't care a hang what they or any one else thought, and that if they 'd made any more fuss, he 'd have taken me away from there without further parley. Then he asked me something suddenly that made me laugh. He wanted to know if I was afraid of him, and I asked:

"Why should I be?"

"You 're right," he replied, "and you need never be, Nora. You can always trust me."

I said mischievously:

"It 's the other way. I think *you 're* afraid of me."

He frowned me down at that, and demanded to know what I meant, but I could n't explain.

He lighted the logs in the fireplace, and pulled up the big Morris chair and a footstool before it. He made me sit on the stool at his knee. Then we talked till it was pretty late, and mama popped her head in and said I ought to go to bed. I protested that as I did n't have to go to work next day, I need not get up early. Roger said she was right, and that he must be going.

I had thought he was going to spend Christmas with me, and I was so dreadfully disappointed that I nearly cried, and he tried to cheer me up. He said he would n't go if he could help it, but that his people expected him home at least at Christmas. That was the first time he

had ever referred to his "people," and I felt a vague sense of jealousy that they meant more to him than I did. But I did not tell him that, for he suddenly leaned over me and said:

"I 'd rather be here with you, Nora, than anywhere else in the world."

I sat up at that, and said triumphantly:

"Then you *must* care for me if that 's so."

"Have I ever pretended not to?" he asked.

"You told them down-stairs—"

He snapped his fingers as though what he had said there did n't count.

"Well, but you must be more than merely interested in me," I said.

"Interest is a pretty big thing, is n't it?" he said slowly.

"Not as big as love," I said.

"We 're not going to talk about love," he replied. "We 'll have to cut that out entirely, Nora."

"But I thought you said you wanted me to go on loving you, and that I was not to stop, no matter what happened."

He stirred uneasily at that, and then, after a moment, he said:

"That 's true. Never stop doing that, will you, sweetheart?"

You see, I was succeeding beautifully with him when he called me *that*. He regretted it a moment later, for he rose and began fussing with his bag. I followed him across the room. I always followed him everywhere, just like a little dog. He took a little package out of his bag, and he asked me if I remembered the day in the carriage, when he told me to open my mouth and shut my eyes. Of course I did. He said that I was to shut my eyes now, but I need not open my mouth. He 'd give me the real prize now.

So then I did, and he put something about my neck. Then he led me over to the mirror, and I saw it was a pearl necklace.

At that time I had not the remotest idea of the value of jewelry. I had never possessed any except the ring Tom had given me. In a vague sort of way I knew that gold and diamonds were costly things,

and of course I supposed that pearls were, too. It was not, therefore, the value of his present that impressed me, for I frankly looked upon it merely as a "pretty necklace"; but I was enchanted to think he had remembered me, and when I opened my eyes and saw them, they looked so creamy and lovely on my neck that I wanted to hug him for them. However, he held me off at arm's-length, to "see how they looked" on me.

He said I was not to wear them to work, but only on special occasions, when he was there and took me to places, and that he was going to get me a little safe in which to keep them. I thought that ridiculous, to get a safe just to keep a string of beads in; and then he laughed and said that the "beads" were to be only the forerunner of other things he was going to give me.

He was going to create in me a taste for the best in everything, he said. I asked him why. It seemed to me that nothing was to be gained by acquiring a taste for luxurious things—a girl in my position, and he replied in a grim sort of way:

"All the same, you 're going to have them. By and by you won't be able to do without them."

"Jewels and such things?"

"Yes—jewels and such things." Then he added:

"There need never be a time in your life when I won't be able to gratify your least wish, if you will let me."

When he was putting on his coat, he asked me what sort of position I had, and I told him it was pretty bad. He said he wished me to go down to see Mr. Forman, the president of a large wholesale dry-goods firm. He added that he had heard of a good position there—short hours and good salary. I was delighted, and asked him if he thought I'd get the position, and he smiled and said he thought I would.

He was drawing on his gloves and was nearly ready to go when he asked his next question, and that was whether I had made any new acquaintances; what men

I had met, and whether I had been out anywhere with any particular man. He usually asked me those questions first of all, and then would keep on about them all through his visit. I hesitated, for I was reluctant to tell him about Bennet. He roughly took me by the shoulder when I did not answer him at once, and he said: "Well, with whom have you been going out?"

I told him about Bennet, but only about his coming to see me, his reading to me, and of my going to his and Butler's rooms and to Hull House. He stared at me so peculiarly while I was speaking that I thought he was angry with me, and he suddenly took off his coat and hat and sat down again.

"Why did n't you tell me about this chap before?" he asked me suddenly.

"I thought you would n't be interested," I quibbled.

"That is not true, Nora," he said. "You knew very well I would."

He leaned forward in the chair, with his hands gripped together, and stared at the fire, and then he said almost as if to himself:

"If I had come on, this would n't have happened."

"Nothing has happened," I insisted.

"Oh yes, this—er—Bennet is undoubtedly in love with you."

"Well, suppose he is?" I said. "What does it matter to you? If you don't care for me, why should n't other men?"

He turned around and looked at me hard a moment. Then he got up, walked up and down awhile, and then came over and took my face up in his hand.

"Nora, will you give up this chap if I ask you to?"

I was piling up proof that he cared for me more than he would admit. I said flippantly:

"Old 'Dog in the Manger,' will *you* love me if I do?"

He said in a low voice:

"I *can't*."

I said sadly:

"Is it so hard, then?"

"Yes, harder than you know," he said.

Then he wanted to know what Bennet looked like. I painted a flattering picture. When was he coming? To Christmas dinner, I told him.

It was now very late, and I heard the clock in the hall strike twelve, and I asked him if he heard the reindeer bells on the roof.

"Nora, I don't hear or see anything in the world but you," he replied.

"If that's so, you must be as much in love with me as I am with you," I told him.

He said, "Nonsense!" and looked around, as if he were going to put his things on again.

"Stay over Christmas!" I begged, and after staring at me a moment, he said:

"Very well, I will, then."

That made me tremendously excited. Mama came down the hall and called:

"Nora, are n't you in bed yet?" I called out:

"I'm going now." Then I seized his hand quickly, kissed it, and ran out of the room to my own.

#### XXVIII

EARLY next morning while we were at breakfast, a huge box of flowers and a Christmas package from Bennet came for me. It was fun to see Roger's face when I was unwrapping the flowers. I think he would have liked to trample upon them, he who did not love me! They were chrysanthemums, and the other present was a beautiful little painting. Mama asked Hamilton to hang it for us, and he said curtly that he did n't know anything about such things.

Christmas morning thus started off rather badly, for any one could see he was cross as a sore bear, which, I don't mind admitting, gave me a feeling of wicked joy. To make matters worse, mama began to talk about Tom. I tried to change the subject, but she persisted, and wanted to know when I had heard from him last and whether he was still as much in love with me as ever. There was no switching her from the subject, so I left the table, and pretended to fool with the

books in the library. He followed me out there, and his face was just as black!

"So," he said, with an unpleasant laugh, "you've been having little affairs and flirtations right along, have you? You're not the naïve, innocent baby child you would like me to think, eh?"

"Now, Roger, look here," I said. "Did n't you tell me you were n't going to scold me any more, and you said I could do as I pleased, and be independent and—"

"I supposed you would be candid and truthful with me; I did n't suppose you'd be carrying on cheap little liaisons—"

When he got that far, I turned my back on him and walked out of the room.

I adored him, but I was not a worm.

I went back to the kitchen, and watched Margaret clean the turkey and make the stuffing. I thought I was much interested in that proceeding, but all the time I was wondering what he was doing, and soon I could n't stand it any longer, and I went back to the living-room, which was also our library, but he was not there. I went up-stairs, with "my heart in my mouth," fearing he had gone. I found him, if you please, in *my* room. He was looking at the photographs on my bureau.

I came up behind him, slipped my hand through his arm, and rubbed my cheek against his sleeve. I could see his face in the mirror opposite us slowly softening.

"Are you still angry with me for nothing, Roger?" I asked.

"Was this fellow Morris in love with you, too?"

I nodded.

"All men are n't like you," I said slyly. "Some few of them do like me."

He took that in as if it hurt him.

"He's in Cuba, you say?"

I nodded.

"You hear from him?"

"Yes."

"Where are his letters?"

I could n't show him the letters, I said. So then he tried to free himself from my hand, but he could n't; I held so tightly.

"It would n't be square to Tom to show you his letters," I said.

"So it's 'Tom,' is it?" he sneered.

I nodded.

"Yes, just as it was 'Fred' with O'Brien."

"O'Brien was n't in love with you."

"Oh, well, maybe Tom is n't. He just thinks he is."

"Any understanding between you?"

I hesitated. I really think he would have taken pleasure in hurting me then for that long pause. I said at last:

"He asked me to wait for him, but I'm not going to, if you'll come lots to see me."

"Did you promise to?"

Again I paused, and this time he caught up my face, but savagely, by the chin.

"Well?"

I lied. I was afraid of him now.

"No," I said.

I showed him all the photographs on my bureau, but he swept them aside.

"Hang your family! I'm not interested in them. Now, about this Bennet—" and he started in all over again.

Finally, thoroughly exasperated, I turned on him and said:

"You have no right to question or accuse me like this. No man has that right unless I specially give it to him."

He said roughly:

"Give me the right then, Nora."

"Not unless you care for me," I said.

"You say you are only interested in me. Well, say you love me, and then I'll do anything you wish. I won't look at or speak to any other man in the world."

"Well, suppose I admit that. Suppose I were to tell you that I do love you, what would you want then, Nora?"

"Why, nothing," I said. "That would be everything to me, don't you see? I'd go to school then, just as you want me to, and I'd study so hard, and try to pull myself up till I was on your level—"

"Oh, good God!" he said, "you are miles above me now."

"Not socially," I said. "In the eyes of the world I'm not. I'm just a working-girl, and you're a man in—in—fashionable society, rich and important. I guess

you could be President if you wanted to, could n't you?"

"Oh, Nora!" he said, and I went on:

"Yes, you might. You can't tell. Suppose you got into politics. You said your grandfather was governor of your State. Well, why should n't you be, too? So to be your wife, I'd have to—"

"To be—what?" he interrupted me, and then he said sharply and quickly:

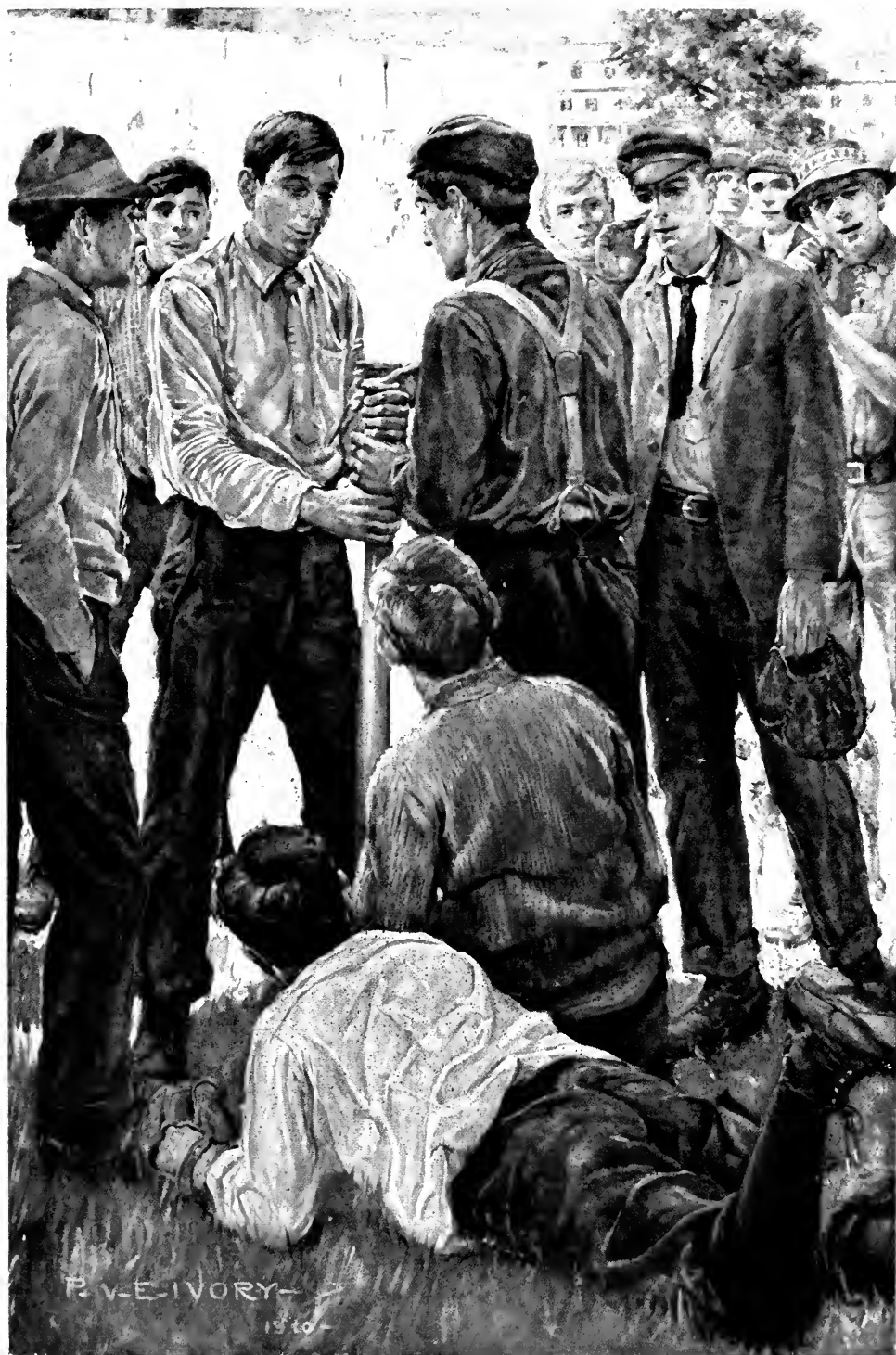
"That's out of the question. Put all thought of anything like that out of your head. Suppose we change the subject. What do you say to a little sleigh-ride?"

I nodded and I tried to smile, but he had hurt me as hard as it is possible for a man to hurt a woman.

It was not that I looked upon marriage as such a desirable goal; but it was at least a test of the man's sincerity. As he had blundered on with his senseless jealousy of men who did want to marry me, I had dreamed a little dream.

We had our ride, and then dinner in the middle of the afternoon. Bennet was there for dinner. He thought Mr. Hamilton was our new lodger, and before him at least I did conceal my real feelings. Anyhow, I confess that I felt none too warmly toward Roger now. He had descended upon me on this Christmas day, and while putting his gifts on my neck with one hand, he had struck me with the other. Do not suppose, however, that my love for him lessened. You can soothe a fever by a cooling drink; you cannot cure it.

Bennet had to go immediately after dinner, and I went with him as far as the door. All our rooms on the ground floor ran into one another, so that from the dining-room one could see directly into the reception-hall. Bob—for I always called him that—led me along by the arm, and suddenly mama clapped her hands loudly, and he seized me and kissed me! I was under the mistletoe. Roger knocked over his chair, and I heard him swear. Bob also heard, but neither of us cared.



## “Choosing Up”

By P. V. E. Ivory





# A Way to Industrial Peace

By GEORGE CREEL

Author of "Our 'Visionary' President," etc.

**I**NDUSTRIAL disturbance, in the end, is an increasing quarrel over the division of power. On the one side there is the employer, full inheritor of autocratic traditions and jealous of all encroachment; and on the other there is the worker, passionately convinced that he must have a larger voice in fixing his wages, his hours, and the general conditions of his employment. Their weapons are the lock-out and the strike.

It is not possible even to approximate the cost of such war. The loss in actual money is fairly determinable, and accurate lists of dead and wounded may be set down; but these totals give small inkling to the millions swallowed up in disrupted productivity, retarded development, deterred investment, and crippled business, and take no account whatever of the smoldering animosities bred by strife.

Not only industry, but the free institutions of the country as well, are menaced by lack of proper machinery for the peaceful adjustment of these disputes. Despite the bland opinion of the unthinking, the violences of Colorado, West Virginia, Michigan, and Massachusetts do not confine their hurtful effects to those States, but make a direct appeal to the sympathies and prejudices of every worker and every employer in the United States, accentuating class lines and the class struggle everywhere. Like shells of the sea, the commonwealths perpetuate the murmurings of unrest.

It was the tardy recognition of the purely social results of industrial war that led Congress to create the Commission on Industrial Relations, a highly powered Federal body, with instructions to ascertain causes and recommend reme-

dies. For more than a year it has been conducting investigations in all the principal cities, and before it have appeared the masters of American labor, the heads of great unions, proletarian leaders, sociologists, and doctrinaires of every persuasion. As a consequence of their testimonies, "collective bargaining" has become the most significant phrase of the day.

Broadly stated, this is the right of the workers in an industry to organize, to deal with the employer through representatives, and to sell their labor as a whole instead of individually. Expressed in the partizan terms of unionism, it is "the machinery that makes it impossible for well-fed persons to drive hard bargains with hungry ones." Money, organized in corporate forms, does its bargaining with labor through the medium of hired executives whose power proceeds from elected directors. Employers form local, state, and national associations for the sole purpose of resisting the demands of their employees. Great captains of industry, one after the other, made free admission that the employing side of business was conducted absolutely and entirely upon a collective basis. All of them virtually conceded that labor had the same rights of organization and hired representation. Of the three hundred and fifty employers who testified before the commission, each an important figure in industry, only five were found who disagreed with the underlying principle of collective bargaining. In this agreement, however, there were many reservations with regard to the possibility of putting an "admirable theory" into practice.

There was proof and enough, to be

sure, that such practice was a common feature of the national industrial life. The collective bargaining arrangements between the Typographical Union and the newspaper proprietors of the United States, covering more than seventy thousand workers, have substituted carefully prepared and sacredly observed contracts for the strike and the lock-out. There was the same finding with regard to the Molders' International Union, whose sixty-five thousand members deal collectively with the stove-makers; the Granite Cutters, the Boot and Shoe Workers, the Glass Bottle Blowers, the various orders of railway trainmen, and even down to the turbulent mining industry, where the United Mine Workers of America have contractual relations with operators in seventeen States.

The very fact, however, that such collective bargaining was the result of unionization constituted an obstacle to the great majority of the employers who contributed to the discussion before the commission. J. P. Morgan, director in the International Mercantile Marine and the United Steel Corporation; John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company; Daniel Guggenheim of the Smelter Trust, and George W. Perkins of the International Harvester Company, were among those who admitted most frankly that labor had the same right to organize as capital, and yet who stated also that, as a result of an antagonistic attitude on the part of the employing corporations, their employees were *not* organized.

They talked more or less vaguely of unions that were "good" and unions that were "bad," but through all their vagueness ran the deep conviction that unionism robbed the employer of the control of his business, and subjected the working-man to a coercion that deprived him of the right to work for whom he pleased, when he pleased, and how he pleased. This, in the language of Mr. Rockefeller, constituted a "great American principle," in defense of which he was willing to sacrifice the lives of his employees and his millions.

There is no question but that this is the point of view of the average employer. He cannot conceive collective bargaining save in terms of unionism, and this, in turn, has no larger meaning for him than the "closed shop" and the "walking delegate." It is not within his knowledge, or at least it was not within the knowledge of Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Guggenheim, and Mr. Perkins, that there may be a middle course that will insure collective bargaining in such manner as to safeguard the rights of employer and worker without injustice to either.

Yet this compromise does exist in large and remarkably illustrative form, and has existed for nearly four years. Not unionism or non-unionism, not the "open shop" or the "closed shop," not the autocracy of the employer or the tyranny of the worker, but a sane, amicable, efficient arrangement that results in industrial peace and increased profit both to labor and capital.

The mention of the name of a pioneer adventurer of quality garments will bring instantly to mind the pictures of handsome youths, notably classic of features, notably elegant in apparel, standing on improbable piers, gazing at luxurious yachts, or else grouped with painstaking negligence near portières through which ravishing glimpses may be obtained of even more correctly attired persons engaged in the seemingly gloomy business of dancing. To associate these engraved embodiments of fashionable leisure with the earnestnesses of life is almost as difficult as to imagine Beau Brummel following a plow or Count D'Orsay wielding a trowel. Yet it is out of this *milieu*, in which glasses of fashion exchange appreciative glances with molds of form, that the big idea has come—the idea that may be the answer to West Virginia, Paterson, Colorado, Lawrence, Michigan, and other regions where industrial unrest has reached the acute stage of armed revolt.

In a word, this garment-making firm of Chicago has found the middle course for the elimination of the discords, discords, and strikes that have come to be regarded as inseparable from the conduct



of large-scale business. Although employing from eight to ten thousand men and women of different nationalities, it has succeeded in artificially restoring the natural and healthy relationship that usually exists between the small employer and his half-dozen employees, and that without sacrifice of real control or real independence.

It was in the early autumn of 1910 that the employees of this manufacturer went out on strike. Their revolt swept through the entire garment-making industry in Chicago, and in the course of a few weeks more than fifty thousand men and women were parading the streets, shouting their cries for justice in a score of tongues. The unrest extended to the entire working-class; the employers drew themselves into a phalanx, and for a while a general strike seemed inevitable.

The trouble was peculiar in that the workers brought forward no list of accurately formulated grievances and presented only vague demands. The thing that seemed to possess them, that made them willing to face hunger, cold, and even death, was a vast discontent, a very intense unhappiness. They were wretched without being able to state exactly the causes of their wretchedness.

The strike came as a crushing blow to Mr. Joseph Schaffner, who for years had been priding himself upon his firm's justice and humanity. Only the day before the workers walked out, a friend had congratulated him upon the growth of his business, and he had answered that their joy was not so much in dividends as in the happiness and contentment of the employees.

During the first days of struggle Mr. Schaffner's mental and emotional state was much the same as that of every employer called upon to face a strike. He felt the rebellious workers to be ignorant, inappreciative, and ungrateful, for had the firm not seen to it that the physical working conditions were good? Undoubtedly they were the victims of "outside agitators." He would show them who was running *his* business. This attitude

was fostered and encouraged by other employers, who hastened to assure him that he must stand fast, that he was fighting for a great principle, and that to give in would make him a traitor to his class. The strikers "did not have much money"; they were "hungry already," and in a little while they would come "crawling back; willing to take what they could get."

Mr. Schaffner, however, refused to let his prejudices harden, nor did he turn his eyes away and wrap himself in a mantle of self-righteousness. As the conviction grew that starvation, after all, was his principal ally, the thought of pinched-faced women and children came to torment him more and more. What did he really know of the thousands who had worked for him? Up to the moment of the strike he had thought them satisfied. Under the stress of his own uncertainties he began to hunt for the causes of the upheaval, primarily to prove to himself that he was right and so satisfy his conscience.

*He failed to find this proof.* As a result of painstaking research, he arrived at the conclusion that the only surprising thing about the strike was that it had not happened long before. His first discovery was the utter lack of contact and understanding between the employees and the employers. He and his partners had been remote, aloof, almost unknown, and the real bosses were shop foremen grown into petty tyrants. The workers had sun and air, but they could not call their souls their own, living in terror of petty displeasure, denied redress of petty wrongs, and without the slightest means of securing a larger justice. The failure to adjust small grievances inevitably became the cause of irritation entirely disproportionate to their importance when taken singly, but which in accumulation took on the aspect of colossal injustice.

The outcome of Mr. Schaffner's investigations was the following agreement, entered into January 14, 1911:

(1) All former employees now on strike to be taken back.

(2) No discrimination of any kind whatsoever against employees because they are, or are not, members of the United Garment Workers of America.

(3) An arbitration committee of three, one selected by the firm, one by workers, and the two to choose a third member.

(4) Said committee shall consider and adjust whatever grievances employees may have, and shall fix a method of settlement of grievances in the future, findings to be binding on both parties.

This agreement was not by any means reached without difficulty. The strikers demanded the "closed shop," although seventy-five per cent. of them did not know what it meant, vaguely associating it with more power and better protection. Mr. Schaffner was equally insistent upon the "open shop," associating it just as vaguely with freedom from "outside agitators." As a matter of fact, the agreement was nothing more than a cessation of hostilities, the resumption of work, and an expressed willingness to abide by whatever the arbitration committee decided upon as justice. In no sense was there the slightest recognition of the union.

The workers chose Clarence Darrow for their member of the arbitration board, and the company selected Carl Meyer. These two found it impossible to agree on a third, and upon Mr. Schaffner's insistence they began their task by themselves. What promised to be an obstacle proved an aid, for matters were settled by agreement and compromise rather than by arbitrary decision, a method, by the way, that has since become a distinctive feature of the whole system.

On March 13 the two partizans handed down their decisions on all points in controversy. Every just grievance was recognized and redressed, but the essential feature was this Magna Charta paragraph:

As to any future grievances, the firm shall establish some method of handling such grievances through some person or persons in its employ, and any employee, either by himself or an individual fellow worker, shall have the right to present any grievance

at any reasonable time, and such grievance shall be promptly considered by the person or persons appointed by said firm, and in case such grievance shall not be adjusted, the person feeling himself so aggrieved shall have the right to apply to some member of said firm for adjustment of said grievance, and in case the same shall not be adjusted, such grievance may be presented to Clarence Darrow and Carl Meyer, who shall be constituted as a permanent board of arbitration to settle any questions that may arise between any of the employees and said firm, for the term of two years from April 1, 1911.

The firm's answer to this paragraph was the creation of a labor department, at the head of which was placed Professor Earl Dean Howard of Northwestern University, a trained economist and industrial expert. To this department was intrusted the adjustment of grievances and all functions of employment, discipline, and discharge, subject to appeal.

The principle of collective bargaining was established by the agreement, through fair conference, on a price scale to stay in effect for the two years, and the selection of a price committee to take care of such change in details as might rise from day to day.

Professor Howard found a state of uneasiness rather than of unrest, for the war spirit was still at high temperature, and the rights of the individual worker remained largely nebulous and unformed.

Mr. Meyer and Mr. W. O. Thompson, the successor to Mr. Darrow, soon found themselves obliged to give up their law practice and hold daily sessions of the board of arbitration; yet even with this unremitting attention to disputes there were irritating delays. Arbitration, to be effective, must be speedy, especially in the case of minor grievances that crop up in the course of the day's work.

The Schaffner remedy for this new complaint was the establishment of a trade court, composed of five foremen, five workers, and an impartial umpire in the person of Mr. James Mullenbach, at that

time acting superintendent of the Associated Charities of Chicago. This, in effect, was a court of first instance, designed to hear all grievances and to make decisions subject to appeal to the board of arbitration.

As an investigatory arm of this body, each side appointed a chief deputy, Professor Howard representing the employer and Sidney Hillman acting for the workers.

In the story of young Hillman, by the way, there is also a great industrial lesson. He was a cutter at the time of the strike, and, when work was resumed, gained some minor office in the union, and straightway began to take an active part in the presentation of complaints. There was nothing truculent about him, nothing loud; yet as the days went by, this quiet young person became an increasing power. Professor Howard found that Hillman's complaints were usually based in justice, and that he had high ideals; the workers discovered that Sidney Hillman was square. So the humble cutter became president of his local, then head of the district council, and upon the creation of the trade court, was the unanimous choice of the employees as their chief deputy.

To-day Sidney Hillman is president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, a combination of the Journeymen Tailors and the larger part of the United Garment Workers, a new and insurgent organization with a membership close to one hundred thousand that is approaching employers in the spirit of the agreement above explained. The point is this: real collective bargaining not only develops a new kind of worker, but also a new type of leader.

There were now the labor department, the trade court, and the board of arbitration; yet even with these agencies working smoothly, Mr. Schaffner and his partners felt that there was not sufficient despatch in the consideration of grievances.

In December, 1912, Mr. J. E. Williams of Streator, Illinois, a man with a long and distinguished record in the arbitration of industrial disputes, was selected

as third member of the arbitration board, mainly because of the ripe thought that it would be best to have a non-partizan head who could devote entire time to the work.

A next step was the announcement that Chairman Williams, Professor Howard and Mr. Hillman should have the power to make instant investigations and decisions. Instead of carrying a case to the trade court, with all the accompanying arguments, the chairman and the deputies began to go right into the shop, consider the grievance, and make a finding without delay, subject, of course, to appeal.

Doubtless all this may carry an effect of confusion to the average mind, and yet its operation in the conduct of this particular business has become frictionless and even noiseless. During the last two years there has not been a shop strike, there has seldom been an appeal from the price committee, the trade court considers an increasingly small number of cases, and since January, 1913, the board of arbitration has not been called upon to hear appeals in more than five or six cases.

It is difficult to grasp the idea until one grasps the Schaffner theory of business. As he sees it, the large concern and its employees constitute a small society. Under conditions where the employer does not consult the rights of the employees, this society is a despotism, and under conditions where the workers are given a voice, it is a republic. When the change was made from the monarchical form to the republican form, the original agreement became the constitution, and the trade court and the board of arbitration were given legislative and judicial powers. What had to be done then was to have laws made and interpreted in such manner as to give every member of the society full understanding of his rights, his obligations, and his responsibilities.

There was turmoil throughout the first year as a matter of course. It was a new order, operating under new rules, dominated by new ideas, and workers and employers alike were groping, striving, demanding. It was only as laws were accumulated and precedents established, sub-

stituting certainty and knowledge for uncertainty and ignorance, that confusion disappeared, giving way to a wholesome routine.

The fact that it *was* a democracy, however, the aim of which was equal justice, made for a spirit of fairness and actual friendship on both sides, and each day that passed brought finer conceptions of duty, honor, and good faith. The humblest and most illiterate workers began to understand, becoming better men and women and better and more helpful citizens.

The original agreement, or constitution, expired April 1, 1913, and the old question of the "closed shop" came up again to plague. Many of the shops were eighty and ninety per cent. union by this time, and even in the trousers shops, least organized of all, sixty per cent. of the workers belonged to the union. On the strength of this showing, and out of a very sincere feeling that unionism had "made good," the demand was made that in the future the company must discharge any employee who refused to become a member of the United Garment Workers of America.

To this demand the firm returned an emphatic negative. It is true that Mr. Schaffner's dislike of unionism had largely disappeared, and that he had come to a strong belief in the necessity of organization; but he held still to the objection embodied in this statement:

As long as the unions are working toward the ideal of justice to every interest connected with the institution and the highest economic efficiency—performing duty to everybody inside and outside the institution—employees, stockholders, customers, and the general public, we wish to see them strong. Because there is no guaranty that those who control the unions will hold to this ideal, we do not care to be committed to the "closed shop."

This crisis, more than anything else, gave full demonstration of the value of democratic industrial relations. Instead of a deadlock, followed by a strike, friendly conferences developed a spirit of

concession on both sides, and the following tentative working basis was reached:

That the firm agrees to this principle of preference; they will agree to prefer union men in the hiring of new employees, subject to reasonable restrictions, and also to prefer union men in dismissal on account of slack work, subject to a reasonable preference to older employees, to be arranged by the board of arbitration, it being understood that all who have worked for the firm six months shall be considered old employees.

In settling this question of preference, the board of arbitration held that the door of the union must be kept open for the reception of non-union workers; that initiation fees and dues must be maintained at a reasonable rate, and that if any rules be passed that impose unreasonable hardship, or that operate to bar desirable persons, there may be instant appeal to the trade board or to the board of arbitration. These decisions constituted virtually the sole addition to the old agreement, which was renewed to April 30, 1916.

Since unionism is the vital issue in the industrial controversy in the United States, it may prove educational to hear Mr. Schaffner's reasons for agreeing to the "preferential system," also to have him define his present mental attitude toward the agreement. He said:

At the beginning of our experiment we believed that the labor union was a competitor for the good-will of the workers, and that both could not have the good-will at the same time. Concessions wrung from the reluctant employer by the union through a board of arbitration, especially if the withholding of the concession seems contrary to the sense of justice of the workers, gains no good-will for the company whatever.

Without some kind of organization among the workers, though, there are no responsible and authorized representatives with whom to deal, and the real interests of the workers, as they see them, are likely to be overlooked or disregarded. It is idle, of course, to assume that where thousands are

employed, speaking many different languages, every individual has the power to bargain intelligently and effectively for himself, or to protect the terms of that bargain.

The necessity of organization admitted, the one question remaining is the extent to which it shall be carried. We will not enter into any agreement which does not release the employer from his obligations whenever the employees fail to observe their obligations. Much depends upon the leaders of the workers, and we feel that our system makes inevitably for the proper selection.

As has been noted, the board of arbitration and the trade board have virtually put themselves out of business, having held only rare and infrequent meetings since April, 1913. A code has been established, one that is understood without further explanation by both firm and workmen. The labor department is the single feature of the new régime that has suffered no diminution of activity. All hiring is done under the supervision of this department; it looks after the hospital and rest-rooms; administers the charity fund for unfortunate employees, also the loan fund and the workmen's compensation act; is responsible for the observance of the state and municipal laws regarding child labor; educates the foremen and the people in courtesy, patience, mutual helpfulness, and other peace-producing qualities; and is further required to take an active, personal interest in every individual employee.

Mr. Schaffner has grasped the idea that workers resent passionately any attempt to substitute favors for justice. His labor department puts much emphasis upon what is known as "welfare work," but he makes it clear that the purpose is to promote personal contact and friendly feeling, and to protect any worker in his right to representation in all matters where his material interests are involved.

Just as the labor department is intrusted with the task of hiring, so is the entire administration of discipline centralized in Professor Howard, an outside

man recognized as having no interest except to maintain the efficiency of the shops without disturbing the harmony or goodwill of the workers.

Disciplinary methods are a prolific source of dispute in the average business. For the most part the power is vested in petty officials who are not likely to show good judgment or to have correct theories, and who, more often than not, satisfy private dislikes under pretense of discipline. The almost despotic power of the foreman in this regard has been clearly established as a principal contributory cause of trouble in Colorado and Michigan.

The theory of discipline upon which Professor Howard is directed to proceed is that every disciplinary measure must be based in absolute and *understood* justice. Complaint memoranda are first given as warnings by the foreman, and if improvement does not result, suspension-slips are handed out, which remove the offender from the pay-roll until reinstated by the discipline officer. An investigation is made, and as a rule the suspended person is restored to his position on probation. This method is continued until it becomes apparent that the employee is either hopelessly incompetent or insubordinate, whereupon a temporary lay-off or a discharge may follow.

The trade board will give a hearing if requested, however, and has the power to order reinstatement or modification of the penalty. Appeal may be taken from this tribunal to the board of arbitration. Here again there is an appearance of complexity, yet practice has eliminated friction to such a degree that there has not been an appeal to the trade board in months.

This, then, may be set down as a summary of the essentials of a system of collective bargaining under which industrial peace in a period of five years has been brought into an industry hitherto torn by strife and poisoned by hatreds:

A change from the monarchical form of government to the republican form; a labor department responsible for peace and friendly feeling, thereby of necessity

being informed fully as to the sentiments of the employees, their grievances, their organizations; a trade court, with field deputies, for the speedy and amicable adjustment of disputes as they arise; a board of arbitration as a supreme tribunal; a policy of friendship and encouragement to the union as long as it is conducted in harmony with the ethical principles employed in the business; and an uncompromising opposition to all attempts to coerce or impose upon the rights of any person or group.

It must not be assumed that Mr. Schaffner is any amiable philanthropist, weakly willing to lose money and make concessions for the sake of basking in the warm light that streams from adulatory press notices. He is frankly a product of the competitive school, and has not advanced to his present attitude without making many a fight against his own bitter prejudices. Had he been convinced that right was on his side in the 1910 strike, he would have stood by his guns until destroyed. What such a man has to say must carry weight. He declares:

Industrial peace will never come so long as either employer or employee believes that he is being deprived of rights honestly belonging to him.

Arbitration and conciliation should be applied to all departments of a business wherever there is a conflict of interest. If nothing more, it insures exhaustive discussion of every matter of importance, gives everybody an opportunity to express his opinions, frequently brings to light valuable suggestions, and makes possible a higher degree of coöperation and team-work. It is a method to be employed continuously to secure harmony and satisfaction.

Patience and self-control are essential in administering a business on this basis. It is human nature to resent interference and to desire unrestricted liberty of action, but these conditions are not necessary and are often inimical to true success. Few men can use unlimited power wisely, and no wise man will dispense with checks which tend to keep him in the right path; certainly he

will approve of checks calculated to restrain his agents from arbitrary and unjust acts to fellow employees.

I have found that disputes once settled, even if one side loses, are seldom causes of trouble. It is the unsettled disputes that are dangerous. This failure of adjustment is largely due to the lack of means for determining what is right or wrong, the lack of a common code, and the absence of a disinterested authority whose judgment is respected by both sides.

We did not realize, and we believe the majority of employers do not yet realize, the extent to which the attitude and conduct of their organized employees reflect their own policies and conduct.

In our own business, employing thousands of persons, some of them newly arrived immigrants, many of them in opposition to the wage system and hostile to employers as a class, we have observed astonishing changes in their attitude during the four years under the influence of our labor arrangement. They have come to feel that they can rely upon promises made by the company, and that justice will be done them by a system in which they themselves have a voice; and as a result, they are proud of their own honor, careful of their promises, and equally eager for justice to all.

With this industrial peace, this collective bargaining, there is an increased efficiency and productivity in every department of the business, and higher wages, larger dividends. The men work upon honor; take a pride in their work because they have been allowed to take a pride in themselves. There is not one single detail in the arrangement that can be subjected to any criticism other than that the firm has been weak in permitting the voice of the workers to be heard, thereby relinquishing the traditional autocracy of the employer.

In view of the strikes that regularly convulse these autocratic industries, resulting in loss of life, the manufacture of hate, and impaired returns upon investment, who may say that the criticism is based in intelligence?



## Artistic Temperament

By PETER O'SHEA

Author of "Savages," etc.

AS the two men entered the unfinished house and closed the door behind them, their most evident likeness and greatest difference lay in the fur coats which they unbuttoned and let hang open down the front, for the house was warm. John Blenmore's coat fell square and waistless, with a regularity of shagginess to its dull surface that stamped it as built for work, while the other man wore his sleek, voluminous garment as though a successful career had imposed it upon him as a last luxury in complement to his steely blue eyes and close-cut graying hair. The contractor, with the same motion that took off his big driving-gauntlets, slapped them together and thrust them into one pocket, while from the other he extracted a small package of hardware and tossed it upon a plain little table that, set upon an island of heavy pinkish paper toward one end of the floor, was evidently only a temporary furnishing.

"Sit down a moment," he said as he spun the single chair around into place for the other, "while I enter this in my book. Here's a telephone call for me, too."

Mr. Brown did not accept the proffered seat, but stood surveying the room, bare and empty, with the plaster, not yet thoroughly dry on the walls, as he knew, reflecting with garish whiteness the light from windows without blinds or curtains, like faces without eyebrows. Wondering what it was that made him feel rather the guest of the contractor than the prospective owner of the house, his glance returned to the improvised table desk.

"You are quite modern," he remarked, "with a telephone already in."

"I always have one connected as soon as there is any place at all to put it," the contractor answered. "I hate to have plumbers and painters and my own men, too, waste any more time than is absolutely necessary in going back to the shops after stock or tools. Sit down," he repeated as he picked up the instrument. "It's my wife I'm calling. 6-4-R. Hello! You left a call for me. What's that? Charlie home? What for? But I thought he had to begin a concert tour to-night." Mr. Brown frankly watched the contractor's vigorous, roughly chiseled face, with its weather-beaten, hard complexion, and listened interestedly as he went on, with a gathering frown: "Are you sure? No. What can I do for him? If he won't sing, why, he won't sing, that's all. Eh? Nobody but Mr. Brown. Just a formal inspection before signing the deeds. Never fear; I've got something else to worry about besides an idiosyncrasy son. That last word," he explained to his companion as he hung up the receiver, "is my Greek for idiot. What do you think of a man under contract to sing two hours an evening for five hundred dollars who refuses to do it?"

"Why?" the business man inquired.

Blenmore threw up his hands.

"Why?" he repeated. "No why. Just does n't feel like it."

"Perhaps he's sick," Mr. Brown suggested.

"Huh!" Mr. Blenmore commented,

"he 's got a constitution like a horse, and if he had a pain in his little finger-nail, you 'd know it as quick as you saw him walk or heard him speak. No, he 's not sick. If it were any one else, I 'd say he was lazy; but that fellow is a regular human demon for work. Why, he used to practise and study, practise and study, six, eight, sometimes twelve hours a day for years, and does yet sometimes. I 'll own up that I could never understand it, but it made me proud of his perseverance and pluck."

"He 's proud of himself too, eh?" said Mr. Brown, smiling a little as he stood with his hands locked behind his back.

"No, he 's not," the contractor replied, with an upward accent which confessed his own wonder at the strangeness of men. "You 'd think that when he heard some ordinary chap singing, not any too well perhaps, he 'd make excuses for him and say to himself, 'After all, the main difference between him and me is four or five years of work.' But he does n't look at it that way; only shrugs his shoulders and walks off. Tell me, how do you like the flooring?"

"Pretty well," the other answered indifferently, shuffling one foot a few inches back and forth on the smooth waxed surface. "But you might have made the mantel a little bit less plain."

"I might," the contractor agreed dryly, "if I were willing to put another seventy-five or hundred dollars into it unnecessarily. I spent it on the floor instead."

"What," Mr. Brown inquired, with surprise and a tendency to indignation, "you paid seventy-five dollars to floor a room sixteen by twenty?"

"Hundred," Blenmore replied, undisturbed. "The place to put good hard money is into good hardwood under your feet, where you can get the value of it in every step you take. You 'll find the floors throughout the house of the best material and workmanship."

Mr. Brown gave an involuntary glance into the adjoining room, and let the subject drop. "How about those lion's-heads I wanted under the window seats," he in-

quired—"those mahogany wood-reliefs, you remember?"

"I did n't look it up," the contractor replied, closing his account-book and facing around. "I did n't bother about them. You did n't absolutely demand them, you know."

"Then I must demand anything I want to be sure of getting it?"

"That particular matter does n't make any difference to me," the contractor said, smiling. "It would come under the head of extra decorations, and be charged up to you outside of the contract price. Anything you absolutely want, goes; and if you really do want lion's-heads to wear the patent-leather off the girls' heels and bite their stockings when they sit in the window, you can have them set up at any time."

"But you prefer, for some reason or other, not to put them in yourself?"

"Yes. The door- and window-casings and the floor are light, and these would be dark."

"But they would show up all the more," said Mr. Brown.

The contractor gave him a quick glance touched with amazement at the new point of view, and with a quizzical light of comprehension of the other's character in his eyes he turned away, but stopped as an idea struck him.

"I suggest," he said, as he led the way to the door through which they had just come, "that we have the veranda glassed in, to use as a sun-room in winter; the carpentry is arranged for it, and I believe that it would even add to the appearance of the house. Step out and look it over. Of course that would be an extra in price also. I am only suggesting it as a desirable thing. In the summer you could change the window-sash for screening. This is the most comfortable veranda in town, by the way; only kind to have. It 's worth another half a house. There goes that 'phone again; excuse me while I answer it. Hello, Manning," he added over his shoulder to a painter who had just appeared at the foot of the steps. "Are you looking for me? You 'll have



to wait until I come out." He reëntered the house.

The painter stopped half-way up the long planks that scaled the steps, and spoke to Mr. Brown.

"Perhaps you 'll do as well, sir," he said. "What color is the house going to be? We have the priming coat all on, and are ready to mix the color."

Mr. Brown stood on the edge of the steps and looked up at the high, gabled front. It would be a handsome, spacious house, he thought, a pride to anybody. There was a tree standing near the sidewalk; it was tall, but it did not rise any higher than the point of the roof, although, to be sure, the house was elevated a little on a mound, and therefore was somewhat above the level of the sidewalk.

"You may paint," he said, "the eaves and the—the trimmings, you know, some sort of green, to go with the color of that tree in the summer,—it 's a maple, is n't it?—and paint the rest of the house—brown." He nodded in satisfaction. "Yes, brown," he repeated, and turned away into the warmth of the house, smiling slightly to himself, and digging his hands contentedly down into his fur pockets.

Blenmore was telephoning. This time Mr. Brown could hear the voice at the other end, a man's voice, ringing and musical, of clear enunciation, with shades of humor and of weariness plain even at a distance from the transmitter. "The people," the voice was saying scoffingly—"the dear people! Fact is, Dad, I 've just made up my mind to enjoy for one night at least the luxury of not singing for them. Passing up the five hundred doubles the luxury. But don't worry about the people; he 'll get somebody to take my place. Not that that would satisfy them, even if he got the best singer in the world; they 'd still feel cheated by the fact that he was a substitute. They don't really know anything about singers except by their reputation and bookings, and apparently never will, at least until I 'm dead or a grandfather."

"Well, I 've told you once what I

thought of it," the father replied with warmth.

"Yes, I know," came the response; "you are sorry you did not make a carpenter of me."

"Carpenter or artist or what-not," the father rejoined indignantly, "there 's no excuse for not having a little common sense and business honesty. You fellows who let your feelings run away with you make me tired."

"I might say that people without feelings make me equally tired; but let 's not scrap," the voice went on pleasantly enough. "Say, I 'm coming over. Misery loves company, and I will probably find you wading in troubles peculiar to the contracting business."

"You will not. You will find me"—Mr. Blenmore glanced around at Mr. Brown—"just pocketing a three-thousand-dollar profit."

"Whew!" came over the wire. "Does the other fellow know it?"

"He does," said the contractor, "and he 's getting his money's worth. He knows that, too."

"Well, this is my vacation, and I may as well enjoy it watching other folks make money. I may come?"

"Of course," the contractor replied, crushing down a sudden tenderness beneath the brusqueness of his tone; "but you must n't complain if you find me too busy to entertain you," he added dryly.

"I 'll be over immediately," the voice answered, with whimsical acceptance of the conditions, and waited respectfully. "Good-by."

John Blenmore grunted and hung up the receiver. "The young cub!" he exclaimed, trying in vain to conceal the pride which seemed unreasonable at a moment when he should have been all angry. It was as if the boy's escapade—to his father he was still a boy, the more so, perhaps, because he was a musician—showed up very small against the background of achievement; as if the little nuance of shadow served to set off the admirable tints of virtue. "When he comes, I 've a good mind to keep him waiting, same

as he did me once when I called at his rooms. A girl came to the door. 'Good morning,' says I. 'I want to see Charlie Blenmore.' 'Mr. Blenmore?' she says, polite, looking me over, with her eyebrows having a contest to see which could go highest. 'Step in. Sit down. You will probably have to wait some time, for he has only just started his practice.' And off she goes back where she came from. I could swear that she never went near upstairs, where there was a piano going and Charlie singing. After I got good and tired of waiting, I gets up and goes upstairs, tramping heavy enough. I opened the door a little and peeked through the crack; then I stuck in my head. I had n't seen him for over a year. He was singing at the top of his voice, making motions once in a while with his hands and sometimes with his arms. The fellow at the piano was drumming away for dear life. Finally Charlie turned around and saw me while he was in the middle of a high note. He never stopped, sir, never, but looked at me with his mouth open and his eyebrows higher than the girl's, and singing a note higher than either, for as much as ten seconds. Then he comes down the scale like a toboggan down a cliff, and instead of stopping at the foot, —I don't know where he got his wind,—started right on again fresh as you please, low, faster than a horse could trot, and—I don't know where he got his nerve—waved his hand to me to back out and wait until he had finished. I backed out. I felt as though I could n't help it. I went down-stairs and did some walking around the room, mad as a hatter. But ten minutes later he came down-stairs three at a time, and rushed up to me as though I was his best girl. Yes, sir, and he meant it, too. He took me so much by surprise that I clean forgot I was mad; but afterward I remembered."

Mr. Brown, finding that they had moved into the dining-room, nodded unspoken sympathy with the feelings of a father, and glanced about.

"What sort of doors are you going to put on those china-closets?" he inquired,

looking at the two farther corners, which did not come to a right angle, but were filled in with narrow walls like separated octagonal sides, rising from floor to ceiling, and having each a smoothly plastered recess left in the construction, like niches, except that they were too low in proportion for statues.

"Oak," the contractor replied. "Full oak doors without glass, rounded to a fit at the top. I'm rather proud of those closets." They'll be dust-proof, and they'll make the room look more like a castle hall or a church than a dining-room, eh?"

"I like them," Mr. Brown said. "When did your boy make his debut?"

"Three years ago," said Mr. Blenmore, moving toward the rear of the house. "He sent a taxicab for us," he recalled, smiling, "but when we were getting out, I saw his name, 'Charles Blenmore,' in electric lights over the entrance, and I took my wife over across the street so that we could get a whole view of it. There it was, big as life, 'Charles Blenmore,' like a blaze of diamonds, so that you did n't quite know whether it had been made for the building or the building for it. Mother was all trembly against my arm as we went back through the crowd and through the house until we were put into a box close up to the stage, and then for a long time she could n't make up her mind for sure that the people had n't come there especially to eat up Charlie. But they did n't. Take a look at this plaster," he demanded immediately, leaning over, and picking up a white fragment which had fallen from a hole cut through the wall for the passage of a pipe. "See the amount of hair in it, and the length," he insisted, crumbling the edges with his thumb. "That plaster won't fall off if you beckon to it, like some I've seen."

Mr. Brown smiled at the other man's subterfuge for concealing the power of paternal reminiscence, and refused to be deceived. "How did Charlie take his success?" he inquired.

"Pretty well, considering," the contractor answered. "Next day he took us for a drive through New York, and managed

to bring us around past the opera, where his name was still the principal ornament of the front. I was afraid he might possibly get a case of swelled head, so I said to him: 'Now, Signnor Blenmore,'—I knew how to pronounce it, but I called him 'Signnor Blenmore' to remind him that he was in the United States,—'when you get home, you have Dan Murphy, the sign-painter, make you one of those gold-leaf pointer hands like doctors have on their private-office doors to wave you on to the public-entrance-walk-in around the corner, polish it up shiny, and set it in a brass band like a coronet, you know, with the finger pointing down, and wear it instead of a hat.' He frowned at me first, and then decided to chuckle, and was chuckling for the next fifteen minutes."

"Was he cured?" Mr. Brown asked.

"Of course," the contractor answered. "Though, you know, he could n't really have been cured if he had had it very bad. But there are two kinds of enlarged heads," he added, frowning: "the first is when you take it for granted that all the people who praise you are persons of superior intelligence, and therefore that you yourself must be a star so high that you're entirely outside of the earth's atmosphere; the second is when you admit you are no more than human, but the common mass are so distinctly below grade that you are left alone, like a scantling on a bare floor. I imagine that kind hurts. Come on down cellar. I want to show you the heating system."

"Feel how comfortable these stairs are," he went on as they descended. "Somewhat different from the ones you and I used to chase up and down after coal and wood, eh? I know there was a beam at the foot of mine, and if I jumped too soon,—say, from the third step,—the house hit me. I've been afraid of cellar stairs ever since, and I feel as though I was doing humanity a service in building decent ones. They're the same throughout the house."

"Perhaps," Mr. Brown remarked, "it would be good for that boy of yours if you set him to carrying coal for a while."

"Huh! he 'd come down the steps in groups of triplets," said the contractor as he stepped upon the cement, "and sing scales as he went up. Then he 'd probably want some half-steps put on for the sharps and flats. How do you like this for a cellar?"

"Pretty well," Mr. Brown replied without enthusiasm as he glanced around the circuit of the whitened stone walls, long and high and solid, as though they supported easily the weight of the house above them. "Are those the storage bins you have marked out back there?"

"Yes," the contractor assented. "That's a special asbestos," he added, directing attention toward the fat round furnace near the chimney, standing like a sturdy arctic traveler all wrapped for defiance of temperature, with the asbestos coat as glazed and smooth as porcelain. "You notice there's a separate air-pipe for each room, so that when you shut or open one register it need not interfere with the others. We had a hard time planning them with any sort of neatness and compactness; but it's the only right way, and it's what we both wanted. I think that's all down here. Let's go up to the second story."

"How's my conservatory?" Mr. Brown inquired, with a slight smile, as they rounded into the kitchen and went up the rear stairs another flight.

The contractor took the bait.

"All done," he replied; "but I can't see what any one wants with a conservatory except an English squire or a botany professor. Most of the women have read about them, but their husbands, if you popped the question at them unexpectedly, would not quite know whether a conservatory is a place for fishes or for human song-birds. Besides, you'll have to find some old-country gardener, if you want the inside of the place to stay full of anything more than boxes of bare dirt."

Mr. Brown smiled. If there were any detail incorporated in the house against the contractor's judgment, it was not because he had not stated his objections frankly. There had been some things in which his advice had not been accepted.

Yet Mr. Brown, as he briefly inspected the second and third floors, passing through the white corridors and looking into the simple, empty rooms, began to feel an elation at the thought that this was to be his home, and the elation grew as the descent of the main stairway brought him a widening view of the hall. He paused for a moment, with his hand upon the newel-post, to look around, and as he stepped down upon the main floor and crossed again to the front room, his hands seemed to rub together of themselves. Yet he felt the need of something more definite than the mere insides of a house as an object of admiration, and nodded thoughtfully.

"I 'll have you put in those lion's-heads, after all," he decided.

"All right," the contractor accepted heartily. "You 've got to live in the house; I have n't. Is there anything else?"

"I think not," said Mr. Brown, buttoning his coat. "That boy of yours ought to be here soon. What are you going to say to him?"

"Nothing," Mr. Blenmore growled. "It would n't do any good. If he 's given my opinions any attention at all, he 'll have them all thought out for me and discounted. I can manage him sometimes, but when I can't, I just let him go his own road; and a jolly up-and-down road he can make it, too, out of one that to you and me would look like a fine wide speedway, with roses and palms all along each side. I don't understand what makes him work or what makes him worry, what makes him go or what makes him stop. When I ask him why he does n't like to sing his famous parts, he says it takes a tremendous amount of energy to keep enthused about the same old things; and then again he says it 's, oh, such a relaxation to be able to retire again into the personality of some old familiar character! Do you understand that?"

"No."

"Neither do I. I understand either one separately, but both together, no. How about that sun porch?" he queried as he opened the door.

"It might be a good thing," Mr. Brown replied. "Go ahead with it." At the moment the ends of the inclined planks spanning the freshly painted steps rattled upon the porch; somebody was coming up. "We 'll sign the deeds to-morrow at three," he continued inattentively.

He was not at all an eccentric-looking person, then, this Charles Blenmore; just a handsome, healthy young man whose black dress overcoat was rather plain than stylish, and whose white silk muffler, folded with accustomed neatness to leave bare the democratic high collar of the American citizen, was evidently intended more to protect his chest than for either convention or swaddling. But there was an elegance about him that came, perhaps, from his dark eyes, now full of a dogged humor. For the singer stopped midway up the planks, took out a cigarette-case and a match, scratched one upon the other, and lit that abomination of all singers, a cigarette. When he had waved out the match and dropped it to the ground below, he advanced with sauntering ease and a mischievous smile, stretching out his hand toward his father.

The contractor stepped forward, with his arm half rising, and his hand gave an uncontrolled gesture half in response to the orthodox greeting, half in condemnation of the singer, his impudence, and all his different dispositions. His lips were pressed together in readiness for an outburst; but nobody ever knew whether he was going to say, "I 'm glad to see you," or, "I heartily wish you were a hundred miles from here, where you belong," for he stopped suddenly half a yard down the planks and stood stock-still. A dark drop of some unnatural liquid had fallen between his son and himself, struck the plank almost while his eyes were following it down, and flattened out into a brown spot of paint.

Incredulously Mr. Blenmore's eyes traced back up the path of the drop. At what he saw, high up in the point of the gable, he drew a very deep breath; then he roared up one astounded, savage, long-drawn-out crescendo "Hey!" Two paint-

ers were working on stagings in the angle of the roofs, one, standing, flapping busily away at the cornice with a green brush, the other, seated on a plank with his legs visible dangling against the house, vigorously coating the clapboards a dark brown. Judging by the amount of ground already covered, both were fast workmen.

"You Manning and you other fellow!" the contractor shouted with his next breath, "where in *Hades* did you get the notion of painting my house brown?"

Manning stopped his brush and looked down; the painter who was sitting peeped slowly over the edge of his staging, then turned his head quickly up to the other workman, as if in a hurry to pass on all responsibility. Manning, with his brush now dangling beside him, pointed with it down to Mr. Brown.

"He told me to paint it this color," he declared.

"He did? Who did?" the contractor roared. "Who 's building this house, me or somebody else? Who 's paying you, me or who? Come down! Get down! Fall down! And as for you," he began, turning on the prospective owner, "in the first place, what right did you have to tell him anything? And in the second, what possible reason did you have for telling him to paint it that—that way? Eh?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," said that gentleman, so taken aback that he had not yet warmed to the injustice of the attack, "I had an idea that as this is a pretty good house, and I am rather proud of it, and it is to be my home, and my name is Brown, it would be appropriate if the house were painted brown, too."

Charlie Blenmore had taken the unaccustomed cigarette from his mouth, and now, without knowing it, he tossed it away, leaving his mouth open while the business man was speaking, and at the end he emitted a single "Uh!" so sharply that it was a cross between a sigh and a choke. Then he looked at his father, who had forgotten him.

"You painted a house brown," the contractor repeated, slowly punctuating each word with a glance from under brows

that had forgotten all friendship, "because your name is Brown?"

"Yes," Mr. Brown asserted, beginning to feel abused. "I did take that notion. And it seems perfectly logical. In fact," he decided calmly, "I think it will remain that way."

"Uh! huh!" the contractor grunted in emphatic denial, shaking his head savagely. "It will not. If necessary, I 'll refuse to sell you the house."

"There 's that little matter of a contract," the other reminded him, his eyes narrowing a little while his lips began to smile.

"Not for a dozen contracts," the builder denied with repressed heat. "Do you think," he queried, with rising passion, "that I 'm going to paint a good house brown with green trimmings? Do you think I 'm going to have babies in their carriages duck their heads into the pillows and cry every time they go by one of my houses? No, sir. If you want to build any Bluebeard's castles, you get some one else besides me to do it."

"Just one moment," Mr. Brown said, his shrewd eyes lighting up with a triumphant thought that almost made him smile. "Who will buy this house if I don't? Who in this town wants a conservatory and ten rooms and four baths? Who will pay you anywhere near what it cost you? Why, man, you are talking foolish. You not only would n't make your three thousand profit, but you 'd lose a thousand or two more under what the house cost you."

Charlie Blenmore's gaze, which had alternated between the two men so as to lose nothing of the situation, fastened on his father, whose back was almost squarely toward him; then he began to laugh. At first it was only an exclamatory prose "A-aw!" of discovery; then it became "Aw-haw!" and immediately broadened again, and he laughed, laughed frankly, heartily, delightedly, and long.

Mr. Blenmore frowned without turning around, and looked at Mr. Brown with a cool steadiness that made it evident that he meant what he said.

"If you buy this house to-morrow or at any other time," he stated quietly, "there 'll be a clause in the deed or a personal promise from you that you don't paint it brown, ever." The frown deepened as he turned upon his son, but the latter, stopping once to catch his breath, and once to shake his head in delighted admiration, laughed and laughed, balancing on the wabbling, slanting planks. Mr. Brown looked from father to son, angry at both, but wondering at the actions of the one and the character of the other; Mr. Blenmore looked from Charles to Mr. Brown, and finally grunted his displeasure with both of them.

"But, see here, Dad," Charlie Blenmore put in, his voice full of laughter and admiration and triumph, "that 's against all common business honesty and fairness."

Mr. Blenmore threw him a smoldering glance.

Charlie laughed more merrily than before. Then suddenly he turned and started to make his way down the planks to the walk.

"That 's good!" he exclaimed aloud. "That 's the best I 've ever heard. And he wanted to lecture me for passing up five hundred!" He broke into alternate chuckling and laughing as he reached the sidewalk and turned along it. "Why, I 'm a piker!" he exclaimed. And he began to sing in full voice in the open air, "My father's sword is a steel of old," broke off after a line, and switched to "Woman is changeable, woman is lovable," and finally went back to chuckling again.

The contractor glanced after him.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Me?" Charlie called back, stopping long enough to explain. "I 'm going to

telegraph, and then take the train to New Stamford."

"To sing?" his father asked in astonishment.

"Yes, certainly. What do you want me to do, build houses?"

"But I thought—"

Mr. Brown followed the astonished gaze of the father to the retreating back of the son, and growled suddenly as he started down the planks.

"Paint it any old color you like," he snapped. "Are you going my way?"

"No," the contractor answered; "not unless you 're going Charlie's. He forgot to shake hands."

"Jump in, the two of you," Mr. Brown invited as he opened the tonneau door. "I 'll drive you down. What color *are* you going to paint it, anyhow?"

"With the mound and the tree," Mr. Blenmore replied, "a light—" But his breath was crushed out of him as his son bumped him into the tonneau and leaped in beside him.

"You thought," Charlie interrupted, "that I had refused to sing? That was when I hated everybody. You can't sing for people you hate, you know. But I don't hate anybody now; I could n't," he declared complacently, and added, as he reached around behind his father to give him a bear-like hug, "In fact, I rather like everybody. You are n't half as bad as you think you are, Dad. If ever any one starts preaching at me about my unbusinesslike doings, I 'll tell 'em about you. Say, Mr. Brown, I wonder whether I could make that early train? You know, I 'd feel like a traitor if I was late."

Mr. Brown glanced strangely from him to his father, then shook his head grimly as he bent over the wheel, and the tire chains bit into the road.



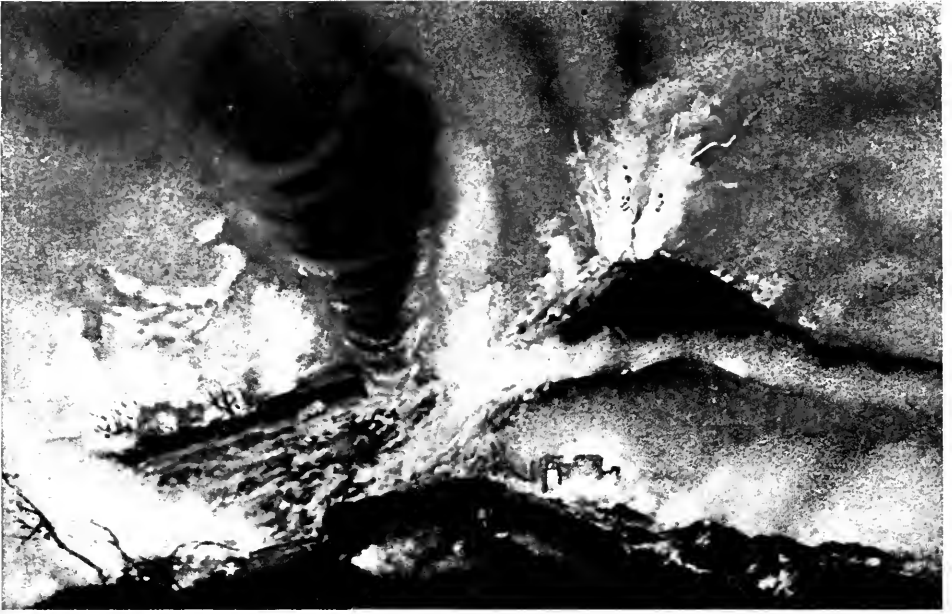
## In the Crater of Kilauea



“There was the pipe-line to be laid”



“From time to time lava rocks, loosened by the heat, crashed down”



Mount Vesuvius in eruption

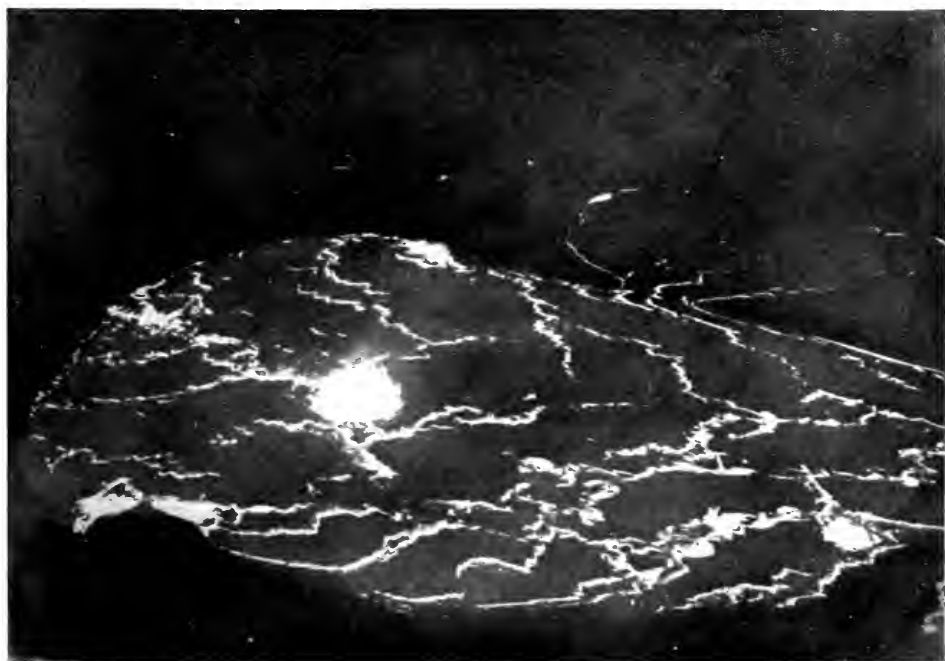


“Up from the depths came a hissing and a roaring”





“Fire fountains, fifty or sixty feet high”



“One could . . . see animals of fire . . . writhing in the pit”



“ Before these tubes were ready, the lava dome had collapsed ”



“ Quite unexpectedly there gushed up in the black floor a fountain of lava ”



“ The spot visited by the Americans was covered by the molten lake ”

# Into the Crater of a Volcano

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," etc.

**D**URING the summer of 1912 an important piece of scientific work, and one not lacking in adventure, was undertaken by Dr. Arthur L. Day, director of the geophysical laboratory of the Carnegie Institution, and his associate, Dr. E. S. Shepherd, in the course of which these two Americans made several descents into the crater of Kilauea, the famous Hawaiian volcano, then in active eruption. The chief purpose of these difficult and dangerous descents was to obtain evidence bearing on the question whether water exists naturally in the hot interior of volcanoes, regardless of outside sources on the earth's surface, or whether this water, which has always been supposed to exist in volcanoes, leaks or filters in from rains, lakes, rivers, or oceans. The settling of this point would throw new light on the mechanism of volcanic eruptions, the mysterious causes of terrestrial disturbances, for the explosive force of steam is known to play an important part in them. But where does this steam come from?

In the hope of settling this question, the scientists purposed to study the gases thrown off by Kilauea, to analyze them, and learn what secret of the earth's constitution might be here revealed; but if this analysis was to have any special value, the gases must be studied inside the volcano, and not after the outside air, with its devouring oxygen, has combined with them and given them new chemical and physical characteristics. In other words, the gases must be secured before they had issued from the molten lake and suffered atmospheric contamination.

But how could this be done? How could these virgin gases be captured? What manner of gas-collector could be set up in the hot, poisonous crater two hundred feet below the rim? What metal would withstand the heat? Platinum, possibly, but platinum would let hydrogen

filter through it, and would itself be eaten up by sulphur fumes. No wonder this problem of drawing off gases from a volcano's heart had never been solved. Even now it might not have been solved, as we shall see, but for a fortunate accident.

While waiting for some inspiration about a gas-collector, the Americans resolved to see if they could descend into Kilauea's crater, for their gas-collector would be of small service unless they could get near enough to the molten lava to operate it. So the immediate question was, Could they go down into this active volcano? And if so, Could they get up again?

The month of May, 1912, was drawing to a close, and every day saw Kilauea stirred to greater activity, as happens at the approach of her solstice periods. Ceaselessly white sulphur clouds hung over the vast fifteen-hundred-foot bowl of the crater, while up from the depths came a hissing and a roaring like the steam discharge from a dozen locomotives. Looking over the rim down the reddish brown sides of the bowl, one saw yellow fire fountains, fifty or sixty feet high, spurting up far below out of a splashing, sputtering lava lake, fire-colored, that opened to a width of a hundred yards and a length of two hundred yards in the black lava floor. From time to time lava rocks, loosened by the heat, crashed down upon this floor, while over it gushed floods of lava from the central fire well. These overflows of molten rock cooled quickly, layer on layer, from white heat to yellow, from yellow to red, from red to black, while through fissures in the surface layer the dull red glowed angrily beneath. One could look down into the smoking crater, especially at night, and see fantastic, fiery shapes, animals of fire, huge yellow serpents, with red eyes and flaming backs, writhing in the pit.

Dr. Day made the first attempt alone, starting early on a pleasant May morning and selecting for his descent a point on the eastern rim of the crater where the sun's long slant would keep him in the shade. He knew that he must end his labors before midday, because at that hour the sun would be directly overhead, and would send its tropical heat straight down into the crater. As long as he was in the shade, the air was cool enough, for a ten-mile trade-wind was blowing from the northeast. If his point of descent had been on the northeastern side, he would have had the purifying wind exactly at his back, which would have driven away deadly gases; but he would have much shortened the time in which he could work in the shade.

The chief danger was from volcano gases, especially sulphur fumes, that might be blown toward him and strangle him. A slight shifting of the wind of no more than ten degrees was enough to start a rotary motion of crater gases around the steep sides of the bowl, and if this motion continued, it would fare ill with a man down below, who would not be able to reach the surface. It should be understood that the sides of Kilauea's crater below the rim go down for a hundred feet in sheer perpendicular, so that it is a matter of slow and perilous mountain-climbing to go down or up.

For five hours on that memorable morning the American worked his way down the face of the precipice, moving cautiously from ledge to ledge, from one foothold to another, and, where there was none, breaking away the soft rock with his sharp-pointed hammer and a two-foot iron bar until he had a place to stand on. A dangling rope knotted to his belt and anchored securely above gave him a measure of safety, and he wore, fastened around his head and covering his nostrils, a sponge soaked in water from a small canteen. This sponge absorbed sulphurous fumes that he must otherwise have breathed. It was "a dirty and a dusty job," to use Dr. Day's brief description, but he finally accomplished it, and suc-

ceeded in blazing a trail down to the lava floor.

Happily, there was no misadventure on this occasion; the trade-wind blew unshiftingly, and Dr. Day suffered only moderate inconvenience from the gases. Strange to say, he found the air purer at the level of the lava lake than half-way down, due to the fact that the arriving trade-wind, cooler than the ascending gases, sank at once to the bottom of the crater and replaced them.

An interesting discovery made by the explorer when he reached the floor of the crater was that here the violent sounds of the volcano are hushed to a startling silence. The roaring and hissing that make so great a din overhead are scarcely heard below, the explanation being that the bowl-shaped crater multiplies the sounds as they ascend with increasing reverberations.

"Where was your companion while you were down at the bottom?" I asked.

"Guarding the rope."

"Did you call to him from below?"

"No. He could not have heard me for the noise of the volcano."

Now, as if in encouragement of this enterprise, the volcano itself proceeded to build the gas-collector desired by the geophysicists—a gas-collector made of ideal material; namely, the lava itself. Quite unexpectedly there gushed up in the black floor a fountain of lava, and as the splashes of this fountain cooled, they formed a circular wall that rose higher and higher with each fresh gush of lava, until presently the top, choking and narrowing like an Eskimo's snow house, closed over completely, and stood there a twelve-foot mound of lava, out of which streams of blue burning gases were seen to be escaping under high pressure from within. Here was the very thing they had been seeking, a natural collector and container of gases from the depths of the earth—gases that had never suffered air contamination. It remained only to draw off these precious gases by tapping the lava mound.

This they proceeded to do on May 28, 1912, when four men made the descent:

Dr. Day; Dr. Shepherd; Mr. Dodge, an assistant in the Kilauea research laboratory; and a native, an active little fellow who could climb like a monkey. Again all went well. The gas-collecting outfit, consisting of twenty glass tubes and tube connections, a piston pump and a long elbow of iron pipe to penetrate the lava mound, was lowered, together with two cameras with plates and tripods. It was 7 A.M. when the party reached the floor of the crater, and they stayed there about four hours.

"How thick was the floor of the crater?" I asked Dr. Day.

"The thickness varied," he explained. "We walked over lava in some places where the crust was a foot thick and in other places where it was only a few inches thick. The lava cools very quickly, and then breaks into cracks. Through these cracks we could see red fire underneath."

"Was n't it very hot?" I asked.

He laughed.

"We wore heavy boots, and the soles were scorched when we went near the edge of the molten lake. Sometimes we had to climb up on high rocks and let our boots cool off. But that was n't the most disagreeable part of our adventure. What really gave us trouble was the air we had to breathe. Despite our sponges, the sulphur fumes would catch us in the throat, and sometimes it seemed as if we were suffocating. We could get relief by bending close to the lava floor, where the air was better."

"Was there dense smoke over the molten lake?"

He shook his head.

"There was no smoke; the air is quite transparent over the hottest part of the lake except for the shimmer of heat. It is so hot that the gases are completely burned. However, you see smoke rising from the solid lava surrounding the lake, where the heat is not great enough to burn the gases. These come hissing up through fissures in the rocks, especially along the raised rim of lava that surrounds the lake. The hot flood undercuts this rim into

caves of lava, just as the ocean digs out sand caves, and here the volcano gases accumulate under pressure, and rush out violently in white clouds."

"Do birds ever fly over an active crater?" I asked.

"Indeed they do. We saw miner-birds, a sort of awkward robin, darting and diving constantly through the sulphur clouds. That seemed to be their chief amusement."

I asked how hot the lava is in the molten lake, and learned that its heat varies according to the amount of gas given off, the more abundant the gas, the higher the temperature of the molten lava. This, it appears, was an important discovery made by the Americans.

"During months that we spent studying Kilauea," said Dr. Day, "we took almost daily observations of the temperature of the molten lake, and found that this varied considerably from day to day. At some periods it was as low as 1060 centigrade, and at others as high as 1175 degrees."

These temperature observations were taken with a pyrometer, a kind of telescope which allows one to get the temperature of a luminous burning object, even a distant one, by merely looking at it. Beyond the eyepiece of this instrument, and directly in the line of sight, there is placed a tiny electric light, which is seen against the object to be studied. By varying an electric current, this electric light within the telescope can be given any desired shade of color from dull red to the palest yellow, each one of these shades corresponding to a known temperature previously determined in the laboratory. Consequently, when the brightness of the little light exactly matches that of the distant burning object, it can be said that the latter has the temperature indicated on a prepared scale. In this way the temperature of stars billions of miles away may be known with great precision.

The scientists worked busily during the important hours that they spent in the crater. There was the pipe-line to be laid, the joints to be tested, the pump to be

made ready, and finally the elbow of iron pipe to be thrust into the glowing lava dome. There were also observations to be made, specimens of lava to be gathered, and photographs of the fire-pit to be taken. It was an exciting time, but again all went well, and at eleven o'clock they were back on the rim with their hopes fulfilled. Carefully sealed in glass tubes were specimens of uncontaminated gases such as no scientist had ever drawn from a volcano.

"Was n't the iron pipe that you thrust into the lava dome affected by the heat and by the gases?" I asked.

"Yes, it was almost eaten away; that is, the short elbow about a foot long that penetrated the dome was eaten away. The six-foot length outside the dome was lined with glass, and was therefore not affected."

"Did not the iron of this elbow that was eaten away affect the gases collected?"

"No, because the lava of Kilauea contains about ten per cent. of iron oxid. So we introduced no new element into our gas specimens; we only increased slightly the percentage of iron, and in our analysis we made allowance for that."

"How about water in these virgin gases? Did you find any? Was your investigation conclusive?"

"Absolutely. The analysis of our gas specimens obtained in fifteen minutes pumping showed not less than a pint of water. And there is every reason to believe that this proportion of water is in the volcano as an original element, like the sulphur or the silica. It did not come from the air or the rains or the ocean. It belonged there."

To explain the significance of this discovery regarding the water would take us too far into the chemistry of rocks, a fascinating, but difficult, subject. The point is that by their descent into Kilauea these American scientists settled once and for all a disputed point that has an important bearing upon volcanic phenomena: the water was there in the volcano from the beginning.

On the day following this successful

effort, preparations were begun for a third descent, with vacuum collecting-tubes of a different form, which might have given even better results; but before these tubes were ready, the lava dome had collapsed, and the spot visited by the Americans was covered by the molten lake. Nor did another suitable lava dome make its appearance for many months.

A few weeks later, however, one of the scientists again descended into the crater, and this time he had a trying experience. As he was clambering over the long slant of lava debris that spreads out from the foot of the precipice toward the molten lake, he suddenly realized that the dreaded shift in the trade-wind had come; the rotary movement about the sides of the bowl was beginning, and for five minutes he was caught in a vortex of strangling, swirling volcano gases. In this peril he found a little relief by crouching as near as he could to the crater floor, where ran a thin layer of cooler and purer air. Then fortunately the wind shifted back again, and the danger was past.

In this last descent remarkable photographs of the crater at a period of extreme activity were secured. Never were pictures taken in stranger surroundings. At the edge of the molten lake, only a few yards back, the explorer set up his camera. The tripod rested on hot lava rocks. The lens looked into a seething caldron, where great yellow bubbles rose and burst in luminous showers. Black boulders splashed into the fire flood, turned over slowly, and sank. In one place a shining molten torrent, red and yellow, poured under a natural bridge of lava rock, while out in the lake thick fountains of fire gushed up like geysers. It was a formidable display of fireworks, with frequent explosions, and the photographer caught what he could of it. His most remarkable picture was taken when the playful volcano hurled up a forty-foot fire fountain, so near that its heat scorched the camera-box. The explorer sprang back in alarm, and his clutching at the bulb was purely automatic; but he got the photograph.

One of the most startling phenomena witnessed by the explorers during their study of Kilauea was a cascade of lava that burst out suddenly from the precipitous wall of the crater forty feet above the molten lake, and poured down steadily for three days and three nights. It poured in several diverging streams, forming a fiery, fan-shaped cataract about forty feet wide at its base. Each one of these spouting lava streams was at least two feet thick, so that, in the whole mass, hundreds of tons of liquid rock must have flowed away every hour.

The sight of this awe-inspiring flood led the observers to one important and obvious conclusion; namely, that the subterranean reservoir from which the molten lake drew its lava supply could not be the same reservoir that fed lava to this cataract in the wall of the crater. Had such been the case, the law of pressures in communicating columns would have required the same level for the summit of the lava cataract and the summit of the lava lake, whereas one was forty feet above the other. Whence, then, came the lava in the cataract?

This brings us to the great question that has never yet been really answered—What is the fundamental cause of all volcanic activity? Nobody knows, but Dr. Day suggests a theory that may explain how the activity of a volcano like Kilauea proceeds and persists for long periods, once it has started. Let us assume that the inside of our earth is a fiery mass with about the average density and rigidity of steel; also that volcanic phenomena occur only at the extreme surface of this mass, in an outer layer that cannot, according to scientists, be more than sixty or seventy miles deep, which is like the varnish on a six-foot globe. Now, in this outer layer we have a long, narrow tubular opening that reaches down into the earth for five or six miles, and perhaps more. This opening is filled with molten lava that remains molten for months or years or centuries. What keeps it molten? Evidently heat from below; but why is this heat confined to a long and narrow tube?

Why is not the whole mountain melted, if there are wide-spread fires below? And if there are not wide-spread fires below, why does not the long, narrow tube cool off and become plugged with hardened lava and end its activity?

Dr. Day's theory is that the depths of a volcano like Kilauea are not hotter than the surface opening. On the contrary, he believes that they are much *cooler* than the surface, his idea being that one great source of volcanic heat, perhaps the chief source in most present-day volcanoes, is the reaction between gases set at liberty in the operation of the volcano. And as far more of these gases are set at liberty in the upper regions of the volcano than in the lower, he concludes that the upper regions receive far greater quantities of heat.

But why, we ask, are more gases set at liberty in the upper regions of a volcano than in the lower regions? It is a matter of pressure. These volcano gases are held in solution in the molten lava exactly as carbonic-acid gas is held in a siphon of water. They are quite inactive as long as the valve is closed, but let the valve be opened, let the balance of terrestrial forces be disturbed, and straightway with a lessening of pressure comes a bursting and bubbling forth of gases from earth or bottle. The principle is the same.

In the case of gases deep down in the earth, it is certain that as soon as they are set free by any cause they rush together in violent reactions with a great production of heat. This extra heat causes a rising current in the lava column, which, as it ascends, is subjected to less and less pressure from above, and consequently liberates more and more of the gases that it has held in solution. And these gases, continuing to react violently among themselves, produce more and more heat as the rising current nears the surface of the crater, and a maximum heat production comes as the great gas bubbles burst into the air.

Then what happens? The lava is now empty of its gases; it is dead lava, chilled by the air and heavy. So it sinks by its

own weight, forming a downward current in the molten column that may take it back again to the very depths of the volcano, where it will once more be charged with virgin gases. Then it may again rise to the surface of the crater, and thus continue rising and descending in one or the other of two lava currents that move up and down the long tube like buckets in a well, charging themselves with gases from the boundless store below and belching these gases forth in various combinations, with immense production of heat at the mouth of the volcano. Dr. Day found that in some cases these lava currents surge through Kilauea's molten lake at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

This theory also helps us to understand the formation of huge wells or perpendicular tunnels in Hawaii, which descend straight down through the lava rock for hundreds or thousands of feet, keeping a fairly uniform width of twenty feet more or less. How did these strange shafts come into being? Who dug these immense holes? Who bored them out so round and straight and true? Who glazed and fired portions of these perpendicular walls, making them look as if they had been treated in a porcelain furnace? No man, evidently. No man would have had a motive to do this work, even supposing human strength equal to the task of removing thousands of tons of rock to an unbelievable depth. These great wells were unquestionably eaten out by volcanic fires. But how? Not in any explosive way, for then the walls of these tunnels would have been shattered and their present symmetry destroyed. We must believe that, through some change in conditions below, there came a rupture and release of pressure at a certain depth in the lava rock. Gases were set free, and rushed into new combinations, with considerable production of heat. This heat melted the lava in that small area, and, not stopping here, melted more lava in the layer above, and so on until, layer by layer, a shaft two hundred and fifty feet long and twenty feet across was melted upward just as a

candle-flame might burn its way upward through a disk of wax, until the pressure was entirely relieved by perforating the surface or the gas became exhausted.

"Has any one ever gone down into one of these shafts?" I asked.

"No," was the reply, "although Professor Jaggard, who is in charge of the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association, once planned such a descent. All his preparations were made, including a rope ladder several hundred feet long that he meant to use; but at the last moment it was decided that the thing was too dangerous, and nothing was done."

"Why is it dangerous? Is there hot lava down in these shafts?"

"No, but the rock is friable and treacherous at the mouth; besides that, it overhangs the shaft so as to give a very insecure footing."

Dr. Day described one of these great shafts near the crater of Mt. Hualalai, a volcano that stands at the west of Hawaii and rises to a height of 8200 feet. This shaft is about twenty feet in diameter, and is believed to be two or three thousand feet deep. If a large stone is dropped into its mouth, there is no sound of striking heard until many seconds have elapsed.

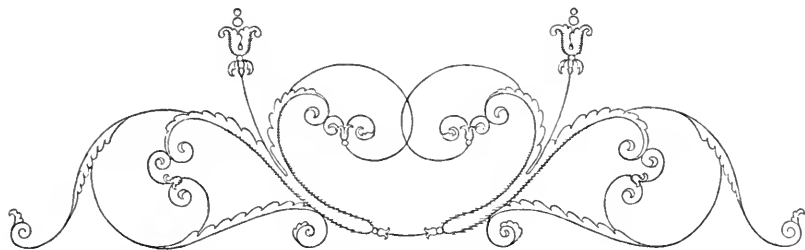
"Would n't it be possible to set up a windlass on timbers over the mouth and lower a man down with piano wire?" I asked.

"I suppose it could be done, but it would be difficult. The shaft opening is eight thousand feet above sea-level. It would be difficult to drag windlass and timber eight thousand feet up the sides of Hualalai. It's rough going and steep."

"Would the results of such a descent be of scientific value?" I asked.

"They might be. We might get important indications, for instance, as to the causes that led to the original release of pressure at the bottom of the shaft. And such an explorer could tell us whether these shafts have passages leading out of them. It would seem as though there must be an outlet at the bottom through which the molten lava flowed away."





# The River of Stars

A Tale of Niagara

By ALFRED NOYES

*THE lights of a hundred cities are fed by its midnight power.  
Their wheels are moved by its thunder, but they, too, have their hour.  
The tale of the Indian lovers, a cry from the years that are flown,  
While the river of stars is rolling—  
Rolling away to the darkness,  
Abides with the power in the midnight, where love may find its own.*

She watched from a Huron tent till the first star shook in the air.  
The sweet pine scented her fawn-skins and breathed from her braided hair.  
Her crown was of dark blue wampum, because of the tryst she would keep  
Beyond the river of beauty,  
That drifted away in the darkness,  
Drawing the sunset through lilies, with eyes like stars, to the deep.

He watched, like a tall young wood-god, by the red pine that she named;  
But not for the peril behind him, where the eyes of the Mohawks flamed.  
Eagle-plumed he stood; but his heart was hunting afar  
Where the river of longing murmured—  
And a shaft that flew from the darkness  
Felled him, her name in his death-cry, his eyes on the sunset star.

She stole from the river and listened. The moon on her wet skin shone.  
As a silver birch in a pine-wood, her beauty flashed and was gone.  
There was no wave in the forest, the dark arms closed her round;  
But the river of life went flowing—  
Flowing away to the darkness,  
For her breast grew red with his heart's blood in a night where the stars are drowned.

*Teach me, O my lover, as you taught me of love in a day—  
Teach me of death, and forever, and set my feet on the way  
To the land of the happy shadows, the land where you are flown.  
And the river of death went weeping—  
Weeping away to the darkness.  
Is the hunting good, my lover, so good that you hunt alone?*

She rose to her feet like a shadow ; she sent a cry through the night.  
*Sa-sa-kuon*, the death-whoop, that tells of triumph in fight.  
 It broke from the bell of her mouth like the cry of a wounded bird ;  
     But the river of agony swelled it,  
     And swept it along to the darkness,  
 And the Mohawks, hidden around her, leaped to their feet as they heard.

Close as the ring of the clouds that menace the moon with death,  
 At once they circled her round. Her bright breast panted for breath.  
 With only her own wild glory keeping the wolves at bay,  
     While the river of parting whispered—  
     Whispered away to the darkness,  
 She looked in their eyes for a moment, and strove for a word to say.

*Teach me, O my lover*—She set her foot on the dead,  
 And she laughed on the painted faces, with their rings of yellow and red.  
*I thank you, wolves of the Mohawk, for a woman's hands might fail.*  
     And the river of vengeance chuckled—  
     Chuckled away to the darkness,—  
*But ye have killed where I hunted. I have come to the end of my trail.*

*I thank you, braves of the Mohawk, who laid this thief at my feet.*  
*He tore my heart out living, and tossed it his dogs to eat.*  
*Ye have taught him of death in a moment, as he taught me of love in a day,—*  
     And the river of passion deepened—  
     Deepened and rushed to the darkness,—  
*And yet may a woman requite you, and set your feet on the way.*

*For the woman that spits in my face and the shaven heads that gibe,*  
*This night shall a woman show you the tents of the Huron tribe.*  
*They are lodged in a deep valley ; with all things good it abounds,*  
     *Where the red-eyed, green-mooned river*  
     Glides like a snake to the darkness,  
*I will show you a valley, Mohawks, like the happy hunting-grounds.*

*Follow!* They chuckled and followed, like wolves to the glittering stream.  
 Shadows obeying a shadow, they launched their canoes in a dream.  
 Alone, in the first, with the blood on her breast and her dark-blue crown,  
     She stood. She smiled at them. *Follow.*  
     Then urged her canoe to the darkness,  
 And silently flashing their paddles, the Mohawks followed her down.

And now, as they slid through the pine-woods, with their peaks of midnight blue,  
 She heard, in the broadening distance, the deep sound that she knew—  
 A sound as of steady thunder, that grew as they glanced along ;  
     But ever she glanced before them  
     And danced away to the darkness,  
 And or ever they heard it rightly, she raised her voice in a song.

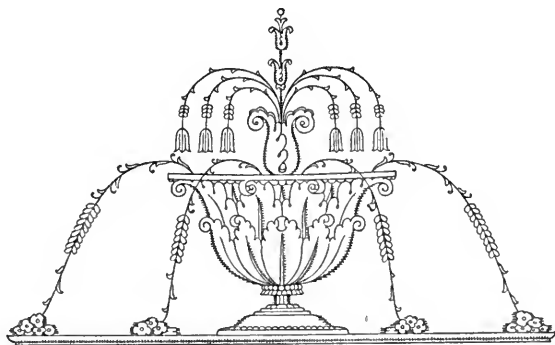
*The wind from the Isles of the Blessèd, it blows across the foam.  
 It sings in the flowing maples of the land that was my home.  
 Where the moose is a morning's hunt, and the buffalo feeds from the hand,—  
     And the river of mockery broadened—  
     Broadened and rolled to the darkness,—  
 And the green maize lifts its feathers, and laughs the snow from the land.*

*The river broadened and quickened; there was naught but river and sky.  
 The shores were lost in the darkness; she laughed, and lifted a cry:  
 Follow me! Sa-sa-kuon! Swifter and swifter they swirled,  
     And the flood of their doom went rushing—  
     Rushing away to the darkness.  
 Follow me, follow me, Mohawks! Ye are shooting the edge of the world.*

*They struggled like snakes to return. Like straws they were borne on her track.  
 For the whole flood swooped to that edge where the unplumbed night dropped black,  
 The whole flood dropped to a thunder in an unplumbed hell beneath,  
     And over the gulf of the thunder,  
     A mountain of spray from the darkness  
 Rose and stood in the heavens, like a shrouded image of death.*

*She rushed like a star before them. The moon on her glorying shone.  
 Teach me, O my lover—her cry flashed out and was gone.  
 A moment they battled behind her. They lashed with their paddles and lunged;  
     Then the Mohawks, turning their faces,  
     Like a blood-stained cloud to the darkness,  
 Over the edge of Niagara swept together and plunged.*

*And the lights of a hundred cities are fed by the ancient power,  
 But a cry returns with the midnight, for they, too, have their hour.  
 Teach me, O my lover, as you taught me of love in a day,  
     While the river of stars is rolling—  
     Rolling away to the darkness,  
 Teach me of death, and forever, and set my feet on the way.*





# The Peril of China

By GARDNER L. HARDING

Author of "What is to become of Kiao-chau?" etc.

SOME fifteen years ago Lord Charles Beresford paid a short, but breezy, visit to the far East, and when he went home he wrote a book about his trip that he called "The Break-up of China." It was a book that expressed and confirmed the settled mood of the time. In the shadow of the Boxer terror, and the hardly less shameful reprisals that avenged it, the dissolution of China did seem very near. Subtler minds than that of the impressionable British admiral thought of that flabby old empire, and the image at the back of their minds was one of helplessness baited all about by clutching foreign hands. In the intimacy of the crushing experiences of 1900 they forgot, as we are forgetting to-day, that the weakness of China is a very old and a thoroughly matured problem. They might have read to advantage, as we might read it now, what was said in the sixties by Anson Burlingame, that strange, quixotic American genius who went on a mission to Europe half a century ago to save China from a dissolution which he feared to see in his own lifetime. How wholly modern it seems to hear him say, "I hope to procure some mitigation of those aggressive steps and tendencies which are rapidly bringing nearer the parcelling-out of China among the greedy monarchies of Europe"!

Since Burlingame's day waves upon waves of the aggression in which he foresaw immediate ruin have rolled ever nearer to Peking. China has been stripped of the fortress-harbors on her coast; provinces and dependencies have been torn

from her borders from Korea and Mongolia round to Tibet and Tongking. Foreign trunk railroads have cut strategic thoroughfares up and down and across the heart of her dominion. Foreign bankers and debt commissioners have held in ransom her finances and have dominated her trade. And finally a torrent of revolution from within has replaced the dynasty of a quarter of a thousand years with a makeshift combination of republicanism without democracy and tyranny without a throne. The last fifteen years in China have been in particular one steady course of continuous and ascending crises, a drama of unsettled forces driven from without by complicated currents of political adventure and economic greed. Yet in the face of all these humiliations, which have comprised the deliberate policy of our generation to capitalize and perpetuate her feebleness, look with unprejudiced eyes on the China of this year 1915, and what do you find? Not merely a new patriotism and a new nationality born in the self-revelation of the Revolution, but a firmer and better consolidated authority over the eighteen provinces than ever before in the history of China.

A year has just passed in which China has done two amazing and absolutely unprecedented things, which no one who does not know of the Sisyphus-like handicaps against her can possibly appreciate. On her own national credit and among her own people she has raised her first substantial domestic loans, a financial initiative which has brought her a fund of

almost thirty millions of dollars. And she has come through the last financial year not only with the staggering burdens of her foreign indebtedness paid up on the nail to the last penny, but with an actual surplus of cash in hand that has been helped by no foreign loan. Such achievements are not due to mere clever financial management; they are the moral answer of a people protesting against the extinction of their political life.

This is a very significant thing. It means that the old peril—the peril of bankruptcy, of attrition through incompetence that Beresford and his school talked about—is, to say the least, no longer a sure thing. The game of getting deeper and deeper into the mire by paying off old debts with new loans is almost over in China.

I emphasize these unquestionable signs of progress and growing solidarity to put them in all the sharper contrast with a new peril—a peril that within the last few months has overshadowed everything else in the far East. That is the series of harsh and drastic demands which Japan has put up to China in the nature, if not in the form, of a preemptory ultimatum. Nothing is more ironic than the distinction, the perfect contrast between the old peril through which China was at last beginning to see her path to self-respect and this new peril, against which all her painful reconstruction counts as absolutely nothing. The handicaps that have been loaded on her do count. Their example counts in spurring Japan on to an emulation which European nations can hardly deny her with consistency. Their political results count in making Japan feel that only by other such handicaps—which in her case begin to look like badges of ownership—can she make good her opportunities in terms of a new balance of power in the Pacific. In other words, the burdens of international meddling provide an essential and ideal condition for the present high tide of Japanese aggression. They have chloroformed the victim; but it has fallen to a rival to pick his pockets.

Japan's hegemony in the far East is

now assured,—temporarily, at any rate,—and in it we see the first and the most dramatic alteration in the world's balance of power which has so far been effected by the great war. So far as her new ascendancy is going to influence China, however, we cannot see her opportunity in its right proportions until we have put it from the side of China herself. The Japanese have raised the wind undoubtedly in which China's junk is madly careering to-day, but it was not they who over-ballasted her with debts and difficulties, so that even in time of peace her load-line was over her hatches. It is true that the crushing indemnity she imposed at the end of the Chino-Japanese War of 1895 put China in debt to the tune of over \$270,000,000 at the beginning of her borrowing career, of which more than \$150,000,000 is still outstanding. But this sum was assented to by the powers at a time when they possessed a real right of interference in the affairs of Japan. And five years later they made it look insignificant indeed when they placed on China's shoulders the long-drawn-out disaster of the Boxer indemnity.

To-day the Boxer indemnity is the freshest and the most stinging of all the grievances of the Chinese people. They see now that this monstrous imposition of \$337,500,000, which will have swelled to something between \$650,000,000 and \$700,000,000 by the time the usurious methods of juggling its deferred interest by annual payments stretching to 1939 are fully worked out, was in reality nothing more or less than a deliberate quietus on their political aspirations for a generation. For the powers not only created a gigantic obligation; they stultified the very consolidation which might have enabled China to meet that obligation. For their own benefit they appropriated and pared down all the funds that could really be called national, and the reorganization which it was then their supreme opportunity to initiate they contemptuously disclaimed.

Those consequences we see to-day. They culminated in a revolution, which

had its fundamental cause more nearly than anything else in this one fact—China's humiliation before her foreign bondholders. When the revolution broke out in October, 1911, three provinces were in revolt against the nationalization of railways, not because they were opposed to that policy, but because its influence was a foreign influence and because it meant the buying out of Chinese railways with foreign money. This was the beginning of the second chapter of interference by the international concert. In the first chapter the great banking powers really sought nothing more than to paralyze Chinese reconstruction before the rush of foreign initiative they knew was imminent. The second chapter saw them meeting another great crisis in Chinese society with the belated decision to put this reconstruction into effect themselves. We can lump together the series of sweeping concessions and rearrangements and internal crises which culminated in the big five-power loan of the spring of 1913 in an intelligent appreciation of one main object. This was the creation of a debt commission. The shadows of revolutionary turmoil and anarchy gave a unique opportunity for the painless absorption of China's freedom. Viewed as a single process, it is amazing to look back and see how far this strategy went as a firm and deliberate policy. Its understanding is absolutely vital in order to gain a true perspective of the present situation.

There were two lines of advance: every power got what it could for itself by developing the "spheres of interest" wedge into the fast-decaying "open-door" theory; and the consortium as a whole conceived and put into operation a practical framework of foreign control at Peking. It was then that Russia got outer Mongolia and that England invented and enforced new prerogatives in Tibet. Railway absorption promised Germany twenty million dollars' worth of new lines in southern and western Shan-tung. Japan got eleven hundred miles of new railway concessions in Manchuria and eastern Mongolia, an invaluable foothold for valida-

ting her present claims. France and Russia between them, with a Belgian company as a cat's-paw, cut China with grandiose completeness by two vast systems from the French border on the south to a railroad in the extreme north in easy completing distance with the Trans-Siberian, and by a concession of three thousand miles through the heart of China to the sea, pointing in the far west directly toward the spreading trans-Caspian system from European Russia. England confirmed her hold with two thousand miles of new projects in the Yang-tse basin. Our own bankers were ordered off these much-trespassed premises by President Wilson himself, but it is a question if we did not carry away the choicest single plum of all when the Standard Oil Company secured what amounts to the exclusive exploiting right over the north-western oil-fields, agreed by more than one international authority to be the richest oil-deposits in the known world.

The form of these concessions was one of the most chaotic competition and opportunism, but the broad lines into which they have resolved themselves to-day bear all the earmarks of conceded privileges, which the financial consortium divided up at its council tables in Peking. Their group achievements were even more impressive. The four-power railroads concentrating on Hankow comprise a typical instance of joint control, a rather amusing instance now, in that the German section can be appropriated by its French and British co-promoters, while the Americans look on in China, as in the Western World, as helpless neutrals.

This condition reached its high-water mark in those days of anarchy and disintegration immediately following the forced passage of the five-power loan at the end of April, when a large part of the South, led by most of the men who had been prominent in the first revolution, definitely broke their allegiance with President Yuan Shih-k'ai's government. I was in Peking just after this loan was passed, and met many of the Southern leaders, who were beginning then their

desperate and futile fight. I traveled south, finding rumors of an impending rebellion more and more insistent and circumstantial; and the very night that rebellion broke out in the middle Yang-tse provinces I was with Dr. Sun Yat-sen at the offices of his railway administration at Shanghai. I can say confidently that the second revolution had as one of its most wide-spread and influential causes the apprehension of this very debt commission. The strain of sansculottism in the first revolution, which had much cleverer and more responsible leaders than it has ever been given credit for, revolted at the idea not so much that Yuan Shih-k'ai was seizing the country for his own purposes, but that he was seizing it for the foreigner's purposes. Envy and constitutional futility submerged this idea later beneath empty personal vituperations against the president; but although the vituperations were excessive and unjust, the president has never altogether lived down the original apprehension. Surely the enormous burst of foreign railway and commercial concessions following the crushing of the Southern party—nearly five thousand miles of new railway lines being conceded, for instance, in a little over a year to enterprises beyond direct Chinese control—has not tended to restore confidence among the exiled revolutionaries that their apprehensions were unfounded.

The opportunity for a debt commission reached its high-water mark, however, in this stormy and rancorous period; since then, by a curious combination of circumstances, it has steadily and surely receded. The most curious of all these circumstances is the one I mentioned at the beginning: it is that China has pulled herself together. The old leisurely method of weakening China by taking things from her bit by bit, validating and sharing each step by international coöperation and agreement, disappeared from the scroll of things that are with the European War. Even though the consortium was not wholly smashed by the war against one of its members by four of the others, it was

weakened, just as the brain is weakened when the blood flows to aid the digestion after a full dinner; urgent elementals demanded overwhelming concentration elsewhere.

Even had there been no war, however, the effect of the new spirit of Chinese solidarity would still have shifted things through its own momentum alone. That is the great lesson in the present stage of China's crisis. The reconstruction in a political sense has been in some respects extremely disappointing; especially so is the concentration of great power in the hands of the president, whose personal influence has been so profound that his removal would now be a very grave fortuity. But the financial reconstruction, largely in the hands of the veteran and progressive '98 reformer, Liang Chich'iao, has been impressive. A whole category of new taxes has been ably and most successfully imposed, a success in which the patriotism of the people has played a part unique in humdrum financial history. China has imposed and collected such modern imposts as a marriage tax, an income tax, an inheritance tax, and a tax on title-deeds; she has drawn excise from luxuries, such as wine and tobacco; and she has put two national banks, the Bank of China and the Bank of Communications, on a broad and responsible foundation that those who have dreaded the nightmare of her bankruptcy would never have believed conceivable. The result has been not only a year of solvency, but the general confidence that the grip thus attained will be held with an increasing margin in the heavy years of amortization that are to come. The Government has spread this confidence by a series of wise and liberal redemption of its obligations of the immediate and stormy past. Five million dollars' worth of the worthless paper notes of the first revolution were bought back the other day in the big commercial province of Kwangtung; in Szechuen, at the other end of southern China, \$2,250,000 worth of the military bonds of the Nanking government were redeemed and publicly burned. And on

February 20, in Peking, amid a band concert and many speeches, and not without fireworks in the evening, a drawing took place of over half a million dollars' worth of these notes in a single day, the holders of which were given the characteristic square deal of China in a manner that offered the convincing evidence of hard cash to the most impenetrable of skeptics.

The political meaning of this new consolidation of the best forces in China is clear: it is that if China had only to face the old menace of international attrition, she really has now a basis to start on a program which could be called without absurd optimism a campaign of rights-recovery. Already her financial masters are yielding to the pressure, as well as to their own common sense. It needed only a firm Anglo-American protest to cut down the revolutionary indemnities from twenty-odd millions to barely three, which is something like a just estimate of the foreign property destroyed in the Revolution.

It is in the perspective of this reconstruction and this hopefulness that we have to face the new and altogether unsuspected peril of the Japanese ultimatum. What does it mean to China? The Japanese claim that the demands it involves do not in any way jeopard the integrity or the independence of China. The view of China is best expressed in the blunt words of Liang Chi-ch'iao: "The guilt of Belgium is that she failed to follow the example of Luxemburg; the guilt of China is that she has failed to follow the example of Korea. . . . If she shall force us to the last resort, it will be better if we are shattered into fragments as a piece of jade than that we shall hold ourselves together as a piece of brick." It is a political impasse characteristically Eastern when a high Chinese minister replies in words such as these to a country whose peaceful motives are placed so conspicuously on record as in these words of Count Okuma, "As Premier of Japan, I have stated, and I now again state to the people of America and of the world, that Japan has no ulterior motive, no desire to secure more territory, no thought of de-

priving China or other peoples of anything they possess."<sup>1</sup>

It must be admitted, as I emphasized at first, that whatever may be the cause and whatever the objective of the Japanese forward movement, it has a dozen perfectly plausible justifications in point of its simple emulation of the recognized European procedure toward China during the last fifteen years. Is the Japanese conference at Peking in respect to Manchuria really vitally different from the recent British-Chinese conference at Darjiling to secure the isolation of Tibet, or from the Russo-Chinese conference at Kiakhta to confirm the Russification of Mongolia? On the surface it is not vitally different either from these or from the German seizure of Kiao-chau or the no less flagrant French appropriation of Annam and Tongking. More than this, it appears to be the perfectly legitimate attempt of a strong Asiatic power to protect a weak one against the further depredations which experience shows must still be expected from the greedy powers of Europe. The argument of the necessary expansion of Japan for purposes of colonization and trade is also perfectly plausible and legitimate. Why do we find, then, this stubborn, nay, desperate, opposition of China to a kindred power which comes with such friendly words and such finite pledges of innocuousness? Why are the ordinary run of the Chinese people so profoundly moved that in a single week of last February as many as twenty-five hundred telegrams were received by the Government in Peking from hundreds of provincial towns and small villages in every part of the republic, urging China to put the last ounce of her energy into withstanding the demands of Japan?

The reason is to be found in the demands themselves and in the peculiar time at which they are presented. At this very time when China is on the eve of a really sound and genuine reconstruction, an ultimatum is flung at her feet which bears the unmistakable impress of the tactics toward Korea. It is presented also when

<sup>1</sup> "The Independent," August 24, 1914.



not only is she unable to help herself, but when none of her friends is able to help her. And of what does the ultimatum consist? Demands not alone relating to Manchuria and eastern Mongolia that will make those provinces virtually Japanese territory, but a list of general demands that will give Japan a substantial and irrevocable proprietorship over China herself. Through part ownership of the Hanyehping Coal and Iron Company, Japan is to control China's greatest industrial undertaking and incidentally to provide against her own dearth of iron from one of the greatest, if not the greatest, deposits of iron-ore in the world. Through this control, and through a specified arrangement, she is to dominate nothing less than China's supply of war ammunition, which she will provide herself when needful. She demands the validation of an entirely new sphere of interest in Fu-kien, opposite the island of Formosa, which constituted part of her booty in 1895. And from her mines and foundries-to-be in central China to this new sphere of interest-to-be on the coast, she demands a new system of railways cutting straight through the heart of the British trade-belt and special concession preserve south of the Yang-tse River.

How any statesman, even an Oriental statesman, can sanely consider these demands, and then say that they take nothing away from China which was hers before must entirely pass the comprehension of Americans. It is refreshing to note that the majority of Japanese apologists, notably Dr. Iyenaga, the responsible and respected chief of the Japanese press bureau in New York, defend Japan's procedure on the ground that her recent achievements merit her a "place in the sun," a phrase of considerable interpretative analogy to a certain over-ambitious power in Europe.

Unquestionably, however, Japan is to secure this place in the sun not at the expense of the Chinese alone, but at the expense of every power which has interests, whether in material trade or in intangible coöperation and mutual regard and

prestige, in the far East. We were not long in feeling the heavy hand of Japan in Korea. Indeed, that somber torture conspiracy by which she sought to discredit the whole Christian church there was recalled only the other day when the news came that Baron Yun Chi-ho and five other Korean Christians had been granted an amnesty by the Japanese Government, to take effect on February 14 of the present year. These men were the six victims to which the preliminary arrest of 123 defendants, mainly on evidence forced from them when under torture, had been finally whittled down under a storm of criticism from the whole civilized world. So it is instructive to note that the propagation of the Buddhist faith, which was Japan's most powerful political weapon in planting her spies and in permeating and reducing the Korean people, is one of the principal demands of the present negotiations with China. And to refer once more to the always suggestive Korean analogy, the semi-official Japanese paper, "Jiji," printed in Seul, stated in March that an order was soon to be issued by the Japanese administration that all the private schools in Korea were to be reorganized in ten years on the government system and under government supervision. Five hundred of these schools, or forty per cent. of the private schools in the country, are mission schools, most of them American. The new ruling means the end of Christian activity through education, and, according to the "National Review" of Shanghai, the virtual snuffing out of the mission school in Korea.

What has happened in Korea need not necessarily happen in China, if for no other reason than that beside the Koreans the Chinese are a nation of truly celestial quality, experienced in the art of governing themselves and of absorbing their conquerors long before the Japanese emerged from the tribal state. The Japanese today are a marvelous people, of whose solid virtues the Western world no longer remains skeptical; but with the sincerest respect in the world it must be said that we have chiefly learned from their activ-

ity in Manchuria the extraordinary capacity they have for creating monopolies in substance if not in form. "There is absolutely no doubt that in southern Manchuria," said our late Minister Rockhill in his famous last speech of November 12, 1914, "British and American trade have been steadily declining ever since that part of China passed under Japanese control; nor is there any doubt that it has been driven out in a great part by Japanese competition, supported by preferential customs and railway rates, shipping bounties, and successful resistance to paying China's internal taxes." Thus also the American Association of China in its current report: "Japanese methods constitute a most serious violation of the open-door principle. . . . Competition takes the form of a system of rebates, not only in freight and steamer rates, but in remission of duties and charges which are assessed against all other nations." And as if to cap these two samples of a virtually unanimous opinion with official evidence, the United States Government has just instructed G. C. Hanson, Esq., our whilom consul at New-Chwang, to use the open door for the purpose of putting up his shutters and walking out. This famous Manchurian port, once the center of a flourishing American trade, is not important enough to-day to keep one whole consul busy.

The same procedure is being rapidly reenacted at Tsing-tao, and wherever the Japanese spread their influence through Shan-tung. Everywhere the prerogatives of the Germans are being increased and accentuated. Where the Germans used Chinese currency and the Chinese lan-

guage, their rivals have rigidly insisted on Japanese. The German-Chinese railroad, with fewer than a hundred German employees and the rest Chinese, has been entirely manned by Japanese from the South Manchurian system. The Japanese first insisted on a customs collector at Tsing-tao arbitrarily appointed from Tokio, and consented to follow the German precedent and work under Peking only after a wholesale concession in the proportion of Japanese officials in the territory they have appropriated in Shan-tung.

Such are the examples by which we may judge the imminence and urgency of China's peril. The Japanese have the remarkable capacity of never removing their foot once they have set it down on a desirable location for national progress. Their present determination is undoubtedly the most serious menace imaginable to the continuance of that solidarity which China has struggled desperately to make good. Despite Japan's promises and protestations, China justly regards her interference with distrust and consternation. The one great nation in the world whose potentialities for peace in the hour when she should have influence and respect throughout the world are unquestionable and profound, she should not be cut off from those vital opportunities now when the world is seeing at last how greatly desirable is a civilization committed by every agency possible against the horrors of another great war. To the interest for fair play is joined the interest of peace; and both are bound up for ourselves and for the world in the preservation of the integrity of China against whosoever shall assail it.



## Off the Main-traveled Roads in China



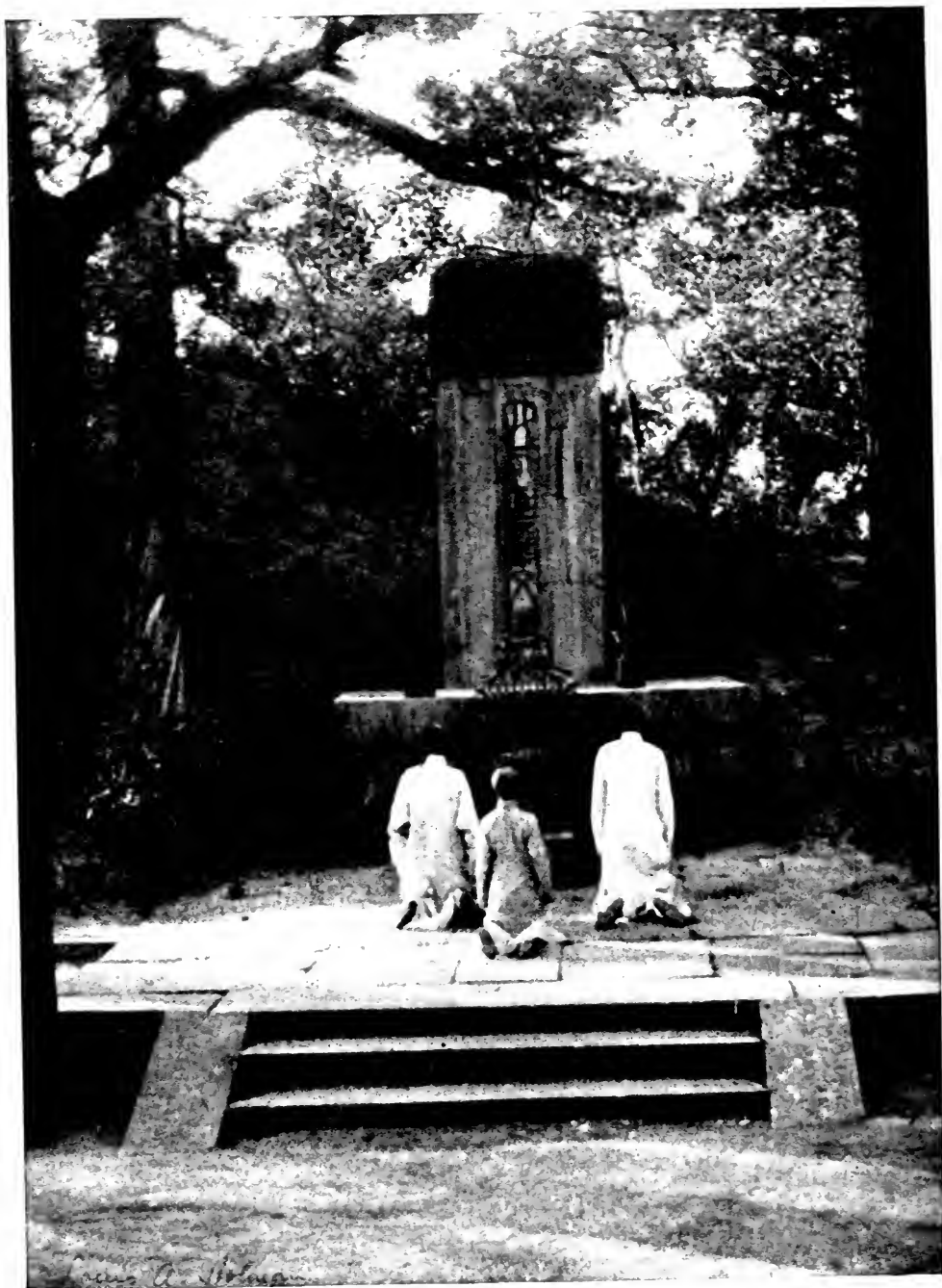
Photograph by Louis A. Holman

Yoh Dzen Bridge



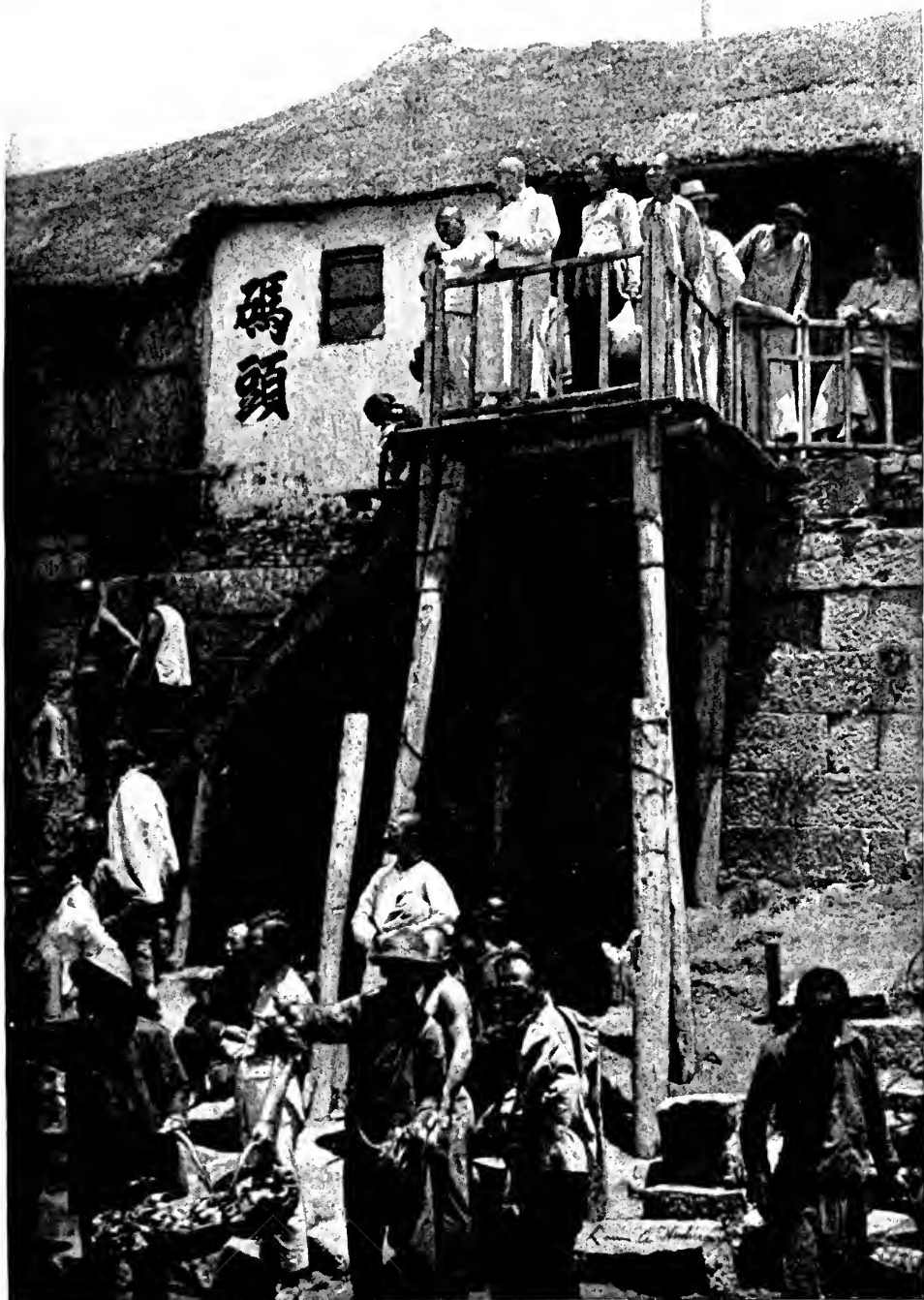
Photograph by Louis A. Holman

In Soochow



Photograph by Lewis A. Holman

The grave of Confucius



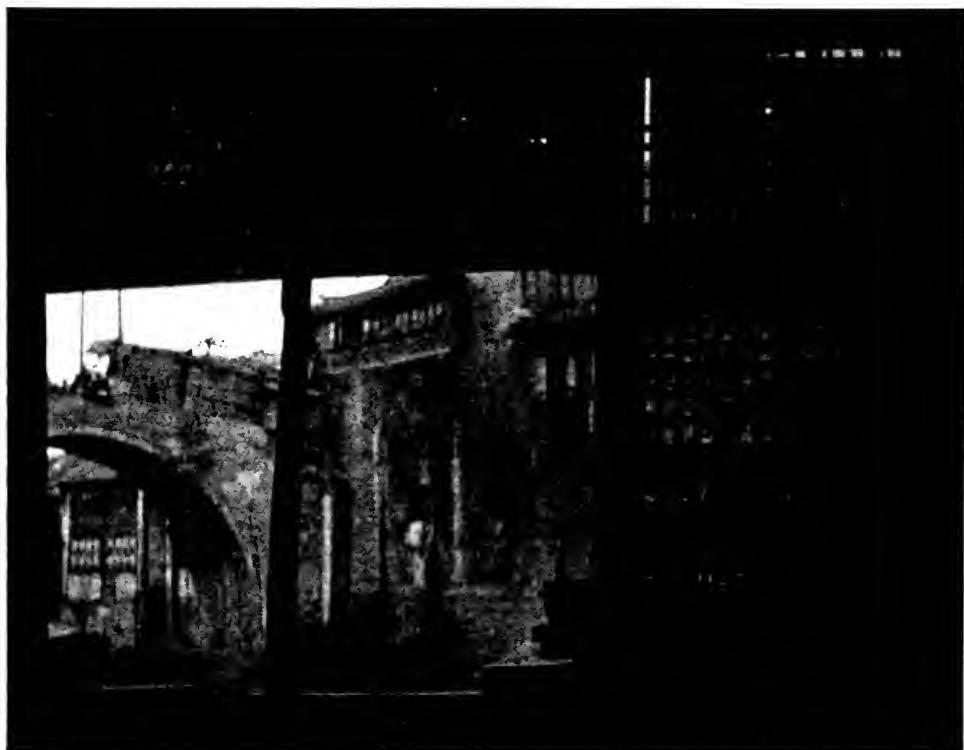
Photograph by Louis A. Holman

A custom-house on the Grand Canal



Photography by Louis A. Holman

The Lone Fisherman, Chinchew



Photography by Louis A. Holman

From a window in Kashing



## Frédéric Mistral

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

FROM his early romantic success to his golden maturity, Frédéric Mistral, the Provençal poet, has had a sort of legendary destiny almost unheard of in the modern world. When he came into the dining-room of the little hotel in Arles where he used to lunch after a visit to his museum, even the stiff-backed British tourists found themselves leaping to their feet with the rest of the company and cordially returning his fine salute. Travelers who have had the fortune to catch a glimpse of him on some fête-day at Arles, or Nîmes, or Orange, will never forget the impression he made; standing on the stone bench of a Roman arena, lifting his black sombrero as the close-packed crowds rose in great swelling waves to break into the shout "Mistral!" he seemed the very symbol and type of the legendary youth and joy and beauty of Provence. His

natural eminence was tempered by such natural simplicity that popular response to it was as spontaneous as it was sincere. His gracious presence defied time, and he wore old age like a wreath of myrtle.

I am grateful to fate and to my good old friend M. l'Abbé — for giving me the chance to meet Mistral first in his own garden, in the quiet village where he had lived his long span of life. M. l'Abbé had invited me, in good old-fashioned manner, to come and "spend the day" with him and his gentle maiden sisters. So one lovely morning in May, 1913, I took the train from Avignon to Graveson, and drove in the lumbering local diligence, the only link between the railway and the interior of the plain, beside numerous plump farmers' wives in Provençal costume, over the flat, white roads to Maillane; and after lunch we proceeded to the poet's house.

"He has aged," warned my fellow-guest, another stout priestly friend of Mistral's. "*Eh, que voulez-vous?* It's the fate of man."

A vigilant maid, famous in the countryside for her rule and watch over her master, stuck her head out of the front door, but gave the abbés a welcoming nod as they guided me authoritatively around the comfortable, high-walled villa into the garden behind.

There, as they had guessed, stood Mistral, with his dogs at his feet. In the instant before he heard our approach I thought of *Maitre Ramon*, the yeoman patriarch of "Mireille," for whom his father, François Mistral, as we learn from his memoirs, served as prototype. With his bold military profile, his white imperial, and the sun silvering the hair that showed below his broad black hat, the poet had a semi-pastoral air and looked the true son of a ruler of that antique sort, born and bred to familiarity with the great labors of his native earth. There was undeniably a droop of age in his shoulders, a suggestion of melancholy in his face. But as he turned and saw us, vividness flashed into his eyes, and it was no sad and hoary patriarch, but a timeless Arcadian, distinguished, gallant, all-conquering, who was advancing to shake my hand.

"M. Mistral, we bring you a friend from America," said the abbés. They beamed as they made their presentation in Provençal.

"From America?" He led the way into the house, speaking of Thomas A. Janvier, of Harriet Waters Preston, the American translator of "Mireille," and nodding with a quizzical lift of the eyebrows toward a heavily inscribed photograph of Theodore Roosevelt which hangs in the hall in full view of the bust of Lamartine.

The hospitality and simplicity of the house at Maillane have been famous these many years. When Mme. Mistral, a charming woman of middle age, came to join us in the study, she looked relieved to find us so friendly and intimate a party.

There were no other visitors to interrupt our genial afternoon, and I saw no trace of the complacency of which Mistral has sometimes of late been accused,—as Meredith was accused of it in his much-visited old age,—even when he referred to himself, with a twinkle, as now a mere *objet d'art*, an antiquity.

"My poor husband,"—Mme. Mistral's sweet gray eyes went to him with anxious tenderness, and there was a note of protest in her voice,—"it is n't merely the motorists from New Zealand and Timbuctoo who invade the house with their uncut, unread copies of 'Mireille' to be signed; it's letters, it's packages of books! He must spend his *vieux jours* reading and criticizing all the struggling poets of the world. And as for his countrymen, he has spoiled them. At Arles they can't so much as put up a tablet without him; it is he who must preside at every fête, it is he who must write to the *ministère* in Paris to ask for favors."

"And in America, M. Mistral, the star of 'Mireille' shines, too; it is her light that has guided me to Provence."

"Ah," said he, delighted, "you know that a planet has been named for that beautiful young girl? It's odd,—I tell the story in my memoirs,—I gave the first copy of 'Mireille' to my old mother, and when at the end of the day I asked her how she felt about it, she answered: 'My son, something strange has happened. When I opened thy book I could n't read it; a star was shining between me and the page.'"

"Stars have always been connected with the destinies of the *Félibrige*," he went on. "We Provençal poets took for the emblem of our society the sixteen-rayed star of the house of the Baux, which traced its descent from Balthazar, one of the wise men of the East. And Sainte-Estelle is our patron. It's to the holy star that all good *Félibres* will go when they die—eh, les Abbés?" he said in a bantering tone to my excellent friends, who promptly responded that there would be plenty of comfortable little corners for poetical foregathering in paradise itself.





The feast of Sainte-Estelle at Aix-en-Provence

"And if you, Mademoiselle, wish to go there, too, to the poets' paradise," he went on, "you must attend Sainte-Estelle's festival, which will be given at Aix-en-Provence next week. A lucky year you've hit upon to visit our Provence! Every seventh spring for forty-nine years—ever since the famous May morning in 1854 when seven young poets met at Fontségugne and formed the society which was to revive their native tongue and glorify their native land—the Félibrige has given a public celebration of the Provençal renaissance. Come to Aix and you will meet the charming young laureate whose book of verses has taken the first prize; you will see the lovely young queen he has chosen to hold sway at the "Court of Love"; you shall even drink in a Roman garden of our sacred cup of brotherhood."

He told me something of the "younger generation," and as my eyes went involuntarily to the drawing of the young Mistral that hung over his head,—the drawing that reveals in the poet's face all the romantic beauty, the simplicity, and bright glow of native inspiration which Lamartine recognized in him,—"Yes," he said, "that was when I was your age, when there was nothing I did not dream and hope and dare for my Provence; now I

have reached my *Olivades*, the olive-season, the last harvest of the Provençal year." And he quoted, though as if he only half believed it, the beginning of his last book of verses ("Les Olivades," 1910):

"The weather grows cold, the sea turns to foam. Everything tells me that winter has come for me, and that I must hasten to gather my olives and offer their pure oil on the altar of the *bon Dieu*."

The abbés nodded approvingly. "Suitable sentiments for a man of eighty-three," they implied; but Mistral, with a smile that mocked the shadow of their thought, squared his shoulders and led me out into the garden.

"Tell me what this is," he said, showing me a glossy-green bush, "and you shall have a pledge of immortality."

"Nerto," prompted M. l'Abbé in a whisper, but I had already named the poet's myrtle, and was rewarded with a sprig to carry home, while Mistral pointed out for me, as he loved to do, the landmarks of his region.

Its western boundary is the Rhone, the banks of which carry a magic chain of cities; Avignon, with her white palaces of popes and kings; Barbetane; Tarascon;

Arles, with her Roman monuments and her goddess-like daughters.

"No lovelier, though," declared Mistral, "than the girls who walk in the sweet fields of St.-Remy, which lie to the south, below that wavy screen of blue and violet hills we call the Alpilles. You can meet *Mireille* any day in the paths of Maillane. Life on the farms and in the vineyards of this rich plain of ours still has an antique nobility. This is the very heart of Provence, the home of its purest tongue, the storehouse of the oldest legends and finest memories of our race. Ask the Lion of Arles up there"—he pointed to one of the bare, sculptured peaks of the Alpilles, which crouches like some mythical stone monster of the porch of St. Trophime—"ask him, as I once did, what they are:

"'Since God has kept me in the land of living men, there 's a lion that watches me, its two nostrils to the wind.'"

"Don't let her go without seeing the *Mas du Juge* and the poet's tomb," urged Mistral as we took our leave. And the abbés, highly enchanted by the afternoon, were more than ready to show me the remaining beauties of Maillane.

Mistral's house is the most considerable one in the homely old village. There he has lived since his marriage. Opposite is a humble cottage whither he came with his mother after the death of his father gave the ancestral patrimony to his elder brother; and out beyond the village, in the full sweep of the plain, with its dark, aërial lines of cypresses and its classic background of pale, sharp-cut hills, stand the house and farm where the poet was born—the *Mas du Juge*, described in "*Mireille*" as "*Lotus-Farm*."

From the country road on which we were walking the land had the sort of clear Vergilian beauty and serenity which are the very quality of poems like "*Mireille*" and the "*Death of the Reaper*." The roadside ditches were alight with the "golden halberds" of the *glais*, yellow iris, shaped like the royal fleur-de-lis of France, which no reader of Mistral's *Memoirs* can see without a thrill; and my companions

hailed a nephew of the poet's, guiding his plow through one of the epic fields.

An ornamental, spiky plant, grown in stiff, careful rows, piqued my curiosity. "*Chardons*," said M. l'Abbé; teazels, in other words, one of the most important and profitable crops of Maillane. Odd enough it was to an American, in these mechanical days, to learn that Russia and England still card their finest wool with thistles imported from the country of the troubadours.

I remember now with a pang the moment when, on the way back to the village and my evening diligence, we stopped to look through the gate of the cemetery at Mistral's tomb. A rather pagan monument the priests evidently thought the white pavilion, an exact reproduction of the exquisite relic of the Courts of Love known as *Le Pavillon de la Reine Jeanne*, hidden away below the feudal ruins of Les Baux. How unreal a symbol of death it seemed in that soft May twilight!

"Under my eyes," wrote the poet in his vein of antique tolerance, "I see the inclosure and the white dome where, like the snails, I shall lie hid in the gentle shade. Supreme effort of our pride to escape voracious time! This forbids not that yesterday or to-day quickly is changed into a long forgetfulness. And when people ask of John o' Figs, of John the gaitered, 'What is this dome?' they will reply: 'That 's the tomb of the poet—a poet who made songs for a beautiful Provençal maid called *Mireille*. They are like mosquitos in the Camargue, scattered far and wide. But he lived in Maillane, and the old men of the country-side have seen him walking in our paths.' And then one day they will say: 'It 's he whom they had chosen King of Provence. But his name lives no more save in the song of the brown crickets.' At last, at the end of their knowledge, they will say, 'T is the tomb of a magician, for of a sixteen-rayed star the monument wears the image.'"

The spring of 1913 was full of showers, but, as if she knew that Mistral would never again lift the *coupo santo* to his lips, Sainte-Estelle shone bright over the fêtes.

The underlying fear even then—for he was eighty-three years old—that its veteran founder might be taking part for the last time in the rites of the *Félibrige* gave the festival a larger and more popular character than it has ever had before. Emerging from the tranquil peace of his village into the *estrambord*, the joyous exaltation of his adoring people, Mistral appeared to a striking and touching degree the heroic leader of his race.

Yet Aix-en-Provence is called the most cold and conservative of the old Provençal towns. Formerly the elegant and learned capital of the counts of Provence, later the seat of the law-courts, she still cultivates a tradition of aristocratic and scholarly supremacy. She has a cathedral and an archbishop; she has the only Provençal university, and a library, the *Bibliothèque Méjanes*, famous all over the world. Even the students walk decorously in the solemn seventeenth- and eighteenth-century streets of Aix, and the gentle splashing of her fountains is usually the only sound that breaks the silence. But suddenly, on the tenth of May, the vacant, shaded stretch of the *Cours-Mirabeau* was alive, like an opera stage, with a gesticulating, embracing throng of stout and jovial, of thin, of bald, of red, and brown, and bearded *Félibres*. Recruited from all classes and conditions of men; arriving from the Cantal, from Dauphiné and from Limousin as well as from Provence proper, since all the dialects of the *langue d'oc* are included in the *Félibrige*, they rolled up in motors and descended from the bursting yellow sides of the station omnibus, and swarmed in the cafés that now spread iron chairs and tables far out over the sidewalk.

In the crowds one saw officers of the *Félibrige*; old priests from distant mountain villages; poets of the second generation, like Fulco de Baroncelli, "King of the Camargue"; peasant singers, like Charloun; members of the great first literary circle, like Mme. Roumanille, the distinguished widow of the Avignon poet. There were *Félibresses*, too, and pretty daughters, and stately matrons of Aix in



Mlle. Marguerite de Priolo, the present queen of the *Félibrige*

Provençal costume—high-set coifs, carefully adjusted lace fichus, full skirts of old brocade, and heavy silver ornaments. And all through the streets, in every group, at every table, leading every farandola to the tune of old airs played on the *tambourin* and *galoubet*, were the ardent forces of youth. Bruno Durand, the young laureate, was a son of Aix, just graduating from the university, and his band of friends—poets and idealists of twenty-one in broad-brimmed panamas, fellow-students in dark velvet caps with red ribbons—were the life of the festival. Their burning enthusiasm, and Mistral's response to it, set the pitch for the common emotion.

The arrivals of Saturday and the traditional religious ceremonies and old Provençal dances and gambols of Sunday were mere prelude; the shout that went up on Monday morning from the ten or fifteen thousand people assembled on the Place de la Rotonde when the motor that had brought Mistral from Maillane drew

up there had an unmistakably religious accent. It drowned the salvos of the cannon, and made the noble figure in the broad felt hat tremble and show his years a little. But he saluted the crowd with his smiling, candid gesture, and nothing could have been more tingling than his look and bearing as he drove up the *cours* with charming Reine Magali de Baroncelli, the queen of the last seven years, beside him, and the bannered cohorts of the students following behind. When the carriage rolled by the statue of good King René, which stands at the head of the street, a happy impulse prompted Mistral to lift his hat to the patron of Aix and the troubadours. With a simultaneous cry and a single movement the spectators bared their heads, too. One realized that if he had fallen on stormier days, this born commander could have led his whole nation to battle and victory.

"Regionalism," the breath of local independence, was even in this time of peace in the air. The Félibrige stands apart from politics, but what we should call "state rights," as opposed to centralization, is one of its battle-cries. The mayor of Aix, in an address of greeting at the town hall, frankly regretted the days when Provence had an individual political life. Mistral's ringing response set off the students' energies like a sky-rocket; tearing his horses from his carriage, they dragged him in triumph to the law school.

"Youth rhymes with Provence," began the poet's reply, his thoughts going back to the dreams and hopes he had begun to cherish while studying law in the same dusty old school, "and the honor you pay me is the secret expression of the affection you have for our native earth. Keep ever your illusions, for the beliefs of youth are the rising sun that rejoice the whole of life." And he ended by blessing them in the sacramental words which, when all the family are seated at table, the grandfather speaks at the Provençal Christmas dinner: "Joy! joy! God give you joy! May God grant us grace to see the New-Year! And if we be not more, may we be not less!"

We Northerners are apt to be skeptical about the depth of the emotion shown by these excitable Southern crowds. Yet nobody who had the privilege of sharing the banquet which ended that brilliant morning could fail to catch the flash of a naked steel blade above the long tables spread in the Roman garden—the blade of the "cause" to which Mistral has devoted his life, his work, and his splendid genius. The three hundred Félibres who sat down at noon behind closed gates to feast and drink together were not a mere literary society, lovers of beauty and poetry, but a patriotic fraternity vowed to a solemn faith and purpose; they had taken a pledge of race consciousness, promised to preserve their traditions, their old costumes, and most of all to prevent the merging of their vital local tongue in the general uniformity of modern France.

All their thoughts and convictions turned, as their eyes did, toward the fine white head that towered under the plane-trees in the dappled sunlight: Seated between his wife, dressed, of course, *en Arlésienne*, and the new queen, Mlle. Marguerite de Priolo, who wore the quaint, wide-winged cap and costume of her native Limousin, Mistral joined heartily in the gaiety and the Provençal talk. Then suddenly a silence fell. Some one at the head table was on his feet, lifting the silver loving-cup, the *coupo santo*, and singing the poet's "Song of the Cup"; the whole assembly, raising their glasses, joined in a chorus that rolled out like a mighty hymn.

Then Mistral himself, in a greater silence, slowly rose, lifted the cup high, and began to sing his "Song of Our Ancestors." His voice hesitated and broke on the first bars of every verse, but, bravely persisting, rang out every melodious syllable:

"Honor to our ancestors, so wise, so wise, honor to our ancestors whom we have never known." Such verse should not be translated into bald English prose; the modern Provençal tongue is extraordinarily rich in rhyme, and the scheme to which the poet's unerring instinct led him

here, echoing with a subtle variety through eighteen verses the naïve monotony of the popular old air, gave the song indeed a kind of "ancestral" quality. Singing it, Mistral seemed for once Age—Age speaking with a last prophetic appeal to Youth to continue his work.

Tears were streaming down the faces of the company before that victorious voice had ceased, and it was with a sort of ferocity of determination that one of the prize-winners, a young fellow with a dark, tense face, sprang up to swear, on his violent, gesticulating hand, that the younger generation would continue the work of the "forerunners." Mistral, leaning back utterly exhausted in his chair, listened attentively, and as the hot words poured out, the miracle happened again: he suddenly looked younger and more audacious than any youth of them all!

To the Provençal people who love to see their poets as the lineal descendants of the troubadours, the Court of Love, held later in the afternoon above the once more crowded garden, may not have seemed anticlimax. Even for the stranger the pretty, pseudo-medieval pageantry was saved from mere charm by the swiftness of feeling that carried each prize-winner, as he came in turn to the platform, straight to the arms and felicitations of the great central figure. When one awkward young peasant, his thin shanks encased in tight Sunday black, paused, gave a desperate look about him, and threw himself on his knees, the gesture summed up the general sense that one man's poetic genius, singleness of purpose, and rare personal gift of generalship were the source and inspiration of the Provençal movement.

How long will it last without him? Nobody can tell. There seems to be no great leader to step into his place, and the broad tendency of the modern world is obviously to break down barriers instead of to build them up, to do away with marks of class like national costumes, and, despite the linguistic revivals in various countries, to standardize and generalize language. In France, outside of certain



Frédéric Mistral in his garden

literary circles,—apostles of *la petite patrie*, the small country within the large,—there is no great sympathy with the Provençal revival. Yet Mistral had such a gift of organization that he has left Provence not only proudly aware of her unity, but powerfully bulwarked for its defense.

To supplement the *Félibrige* and give its aims and ideals a sort of material and visible immortality, the poet founded in the last years of his life the *Musée Arlatan* at Arles, a storehouse of rustic folklore where, thanks to his devotion and generous gift of the Nobel prize money, the vanishing customs, furniture, and costumes of Provence will always be preserved in a fine old Renaissance setting. The local fêtes that one comes upon in Provençal villages owe to Mistral's influence a new revival of life; and he did not hesitate, in the interest of race-consciousness, to devise new ones, as, for instance, the *fêtes virginales*, held in the Roman

theater at Arles every June to reward with a diploma all the young girls who during the year have put on the Provençal dress. But Mistral's great legacy to his people, besides the greatest of them all—his undying poetic works—is the treasury of the *Félibrige*, his monumental Provençal dictionary. To this labor of love and science he devoted fifteen years of patient research. It is largely due to the treasury and the riches which it contains that Provençal is now not a vulgar patois, but a beautiful and original national language, with a general standard, syntax, and spelling.

Fifty years ago no such standard existed. The dialect varied from village to village, as indeed its spoken form does today, and was not considered worthy of serious literary use. It was not Mistral, but Joseph Roumanille who first realized the force of Provençal as a medium of poetic expression. The story of how Roumanille, the son of a gardener of St.-Remy, finding his mother weeping because she could not understand his French verses, swore to write in her own tongue; of how, in his capacity of teacher at the Avignon lycée, he influenced his pupil Mistral in the same direction; of how together they joined their fierce energies in a crusade which ended by convincing the indifferent bourgeois and thrilling the simple peasant—all this has been told a hundred times.

The popular speech of the St.-Remy region, a remote descendant of the courtly and formalized *langue d'oc*, is the basis of the "pure Provençal" of the poets. What the organizers of the movement sought to do, what Mistral, above all, accomplished, was to purge this speech of the French vulgarisms that had invaded it, and to renew and fortify it with good old words of genuine local character and savor, not obsolete or archaic words, but those still employed by fishermen, basket-menders, or shepherds in their several corners, though gradually disappearing in common use. The language thus obtained was in one sense necessarily a primitive one; pictorial and vividly descriptive, rich

in names, and far more so than French in lyrical and emotional words, it has little range or value for the expression of abstract intellectual ideas. With the exception of lively colloquial tales, such as the inimitable Roumanille published in the "Provençal Almanac," the effort to create a prose literature in Provençal has been a failure.

As a poetic medium, however, and especially in Mistral's hands, the language is singularly flexible and varied, at once crude and suave, tender and strong. The impression, first created by Lamartine, and still common enough in America, that Mistral, like Burns, was a simple peasant with an unconscious poetic gift is strikingly false. He should rather be compared to the Greek and Latin poets, from whom he learned the gift of style and patience. Mistral gave seven years to his first work, "Mireille"; seven more to "Calendau"; and in all his eighty-four years published only seven volumes of poetry.<sup>1</sup> The air of limpid and epic ease that illumines his verse, even the spontaneous naïveté that gives it so fresh a charm, were achieved by a tireless artistic and imaginative effort, and his skill in rhyme and meter is so great that he can at will, by the mere sound of the lines, stab his reader's heart, or carry him victoriously over the mountains.

Yet what would technical skill alone have availed Mistral? The inspiration of his verse, the passion that makes it float and soar, and yet keeps it movingly close to the soil, is local patriotism. The whole of Provence is in his work; the poet knows and loves, as if he had shared them all, the agricultural labors of her vineyards and olive-orchards and her rich green gardens; the picturesque pastoral life of her mountains and pebbly plains and vast salt marshes; the life of the Rhone boatman, of the fisherman of the inland lakes, of the sunny inlets of the Mediterranean coast. But he knew no less well and felt no less

<sup>1</sup> "Mirèio," 1859; "Calendau," 1867; "Lis isclo d'or" ("The Golden Isles"), 1875; "Nerto," 1884; "La Reino-Jano" ("Queen Jeanne"), 1890; "Lou pouèmo dou Rose" ("The Poem of the Rhone"), 1897; "Les Olivades" ("The Olive Harvest"), 1910.

intensely the force and beauty of the sacred and stormy legend and history that center about the towns and towers of old Provence. In his pages the white castles wake to new life; one hears the lyres of the troubadours, the crash of knightly swords, the tramp of Roman legions. "Our real life," cries the poet somewhere, "however ardent it be, is beside the mythical but a reflection from the sun."

Yet this preoccupation with the past sometimes proved a chain upon the Muse. The "Queen Jeanne" is heavy, "Nerto" does not rise above mere charm, and the fantastic flights of "Calendau" are hampered by an excessive burden of archæological and historical detail. The greatest of Mistral's works, the one that will live eternally in human hearts, is the one that gives the most literal picture of the rustic Provence of the patriarchal farm where he grew up, "Mireille," the simple love-story of a Provençal girl and boy.

For lyric purity and restraint and burning human emotion, this tragic and tender pastoral has few equals even in ancient literature. "It is my heart and my soul, the flower of my years," wrote Mistral in his dedication to Lamartine, and time and the critics have already confirmed this judgment. Open the book to the meeting of *Mireille* and *Vincent* under the mulberry-trees if you would know what youth and spring are like in the golden fields of Provence. The material image of the land rises from the page, it envelops the reader as it does the lovers themselves,

and he feels instinctively that Mistral was wise to turn his back on the allurements of Paris, and resolve to live out his years in his native village and to write in his native tongue; for all the beauty with which even the French translation of "Mireille" is bright seems a transfusion from the Provençal.

"Greek" is a word that must always be associated with Mistral. "Our blessed Greek" is Mme. de Noailles's happy phrase; Gaston Paris said that Mistral was the modern whom Homer would have best understood. That is to say, he was not born, like our Northern poets,—Byron and Shelley in England, Lamartine and Sully-Prudhomme in France,—into a world of doubt, complication, torment of heart and mind, but, as by divine right, into a perfectly tempered universe where life was beauty and love and glorious, successful activity. It was really given to this poet to fulfil the dream of his twenties, and though with the advance of years the exquisite serenity of "Mireille" and the splendid challenge of "Calendau" were modified by a gentle shade of pessimism that murmured a sort of sighing chorus below the *estrambord* of the *Félibres*, the Mistral of "Les Olivades" could still see his beautiful Provence shining in the azure heavens like "a mirage of glory and victory." "Emperor of the Sun" he remained to the end, and died robustly, as legend and prophecy demanded, cut down like his own grandiose reaper in the field, amid the lamentations of his people.





# Our Magazine Story

By A. A. MILNE

Author of "Rosemary for Remembrance," etc.

A Gentle Satire on a certain type of popular fiction sympathetically illustrated by Oliver Herford

IT was midnight. The departure platform at Euston Station was a scene of bustle and confusion as the night express prepared to leave on its long journey to the north. Snow was falling outside, and the girl in the corner seat of the third-class carriage shivered, and pulled her scanty furs, a mixture of mole and rabbit, more closely round her.

The guard blew his whistle, the train began to glide out from the platform, when the door was suddenly flung open, and a tall young man jumped into the compartment. A porter threw his bag in after him, but missed him.

"Here, catch," said the young man, and flung a sovereign out of the window. "Good luck to you!"

"Thank you, sir," said the porter and put the coin into his pocket. When he took it out later and bit it, he found—but that does n't really come into the story.

The girl looked up in annoyance to discover that she was not alone. She wanted to be away from everybody; she wanted to think; she had much to think about.

"Would you like the window up or

down?" said the young man, politely, as they dashed through the tunnel.

"Sideways," she said; and after a herculean, but vain, effort to move it in the required direction, the young man sat down, opened his magazine, and began to read a story like this, no doubt.

The girl gave herself up to her thoughts.

She was alone in the world. Her father had died when he was small (he had never been more than five foot three), and her only brother—ah, where was Percy now? Her most vivid remembrance of Percy was of a little boy who had had his hair cut for the first time and had simultaneously gone into his first pair of knickerbockers. How proud he had been! Now he was grown up; and he had just been put into knickerbockers and had his hair cut again. She spoke of him as "my brother at Portland," and hoped that people

would think he was in the navy; but she never forgave the bank manager for prosecuting.

It was in answer to an advertisement



"The girl . . . shivered, and pulled her scanty furs . . . more closely round her"



that she was now taking the long journey north. The advertisement had run thus:

**WANTED** at once, governess and companion for large family. French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian a necessity. Calisthenics, astronomy, and short-hand desirable. Must be good cook, typist, and musician. Will be required to rise early and take the dogs for a run, and occasionally to get up in the middle of the night and read aloud to a deaf old lady who suffers from insomnia and is not quite right in the head. Applicants should be cheerful and of good appearance. Aristocratic birth not an essential. Salary £5 a year, and all found. Good Fridays off. Apply Lord Haggis, the Sporrán, Pi-brochs, Perthshire.

She had applied, inclosing a testimonial from the vicar. The vicar had spoken of her willingness, her patience, her enthusiasm, qualities which, he affirmed, when brought to the study of it might be Russian, it might be astronomy, no matter what the subject might be, could

not, he maintained, fail to bring about the desired end. Her affection for dogs and old ladies, he ventured to add, would never be doubted by those of his parishioners who had seen her in their company.

It was enough. She was engaged. Inwardly a little fearful, but outwardly calm, she went to take up her new position.

The train rushed on through the night.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" said the young man in a pleasant voice. Taking her silence for consent, he opened his case and carefully selected a cigarette, rejecting the three bent ones and a fourth which had come ungummed. The train still rushed on.

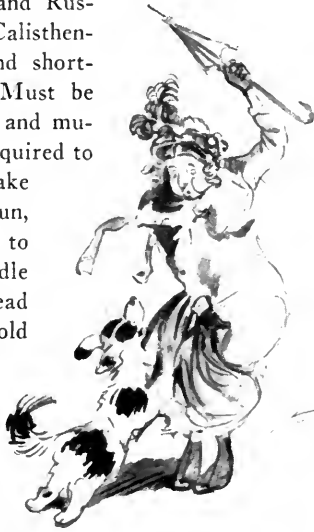
Worn out by her thoughts, the girl dozed.

A CRASH, a shriek, a moment's vision in which, suddenly awaked, she saw the whole carriage go to pieces, and then unconsciousness again. Her last thought before she swooned was that there must have been an accident of some sort.

"How do you feel now?" said a pleasant voice.

She struggled back to life, and found herself on a bank of snow, her companion of the third-class carriage leaning over her. He had taken off his

coat and tie and wrapped them about her; in his shirt-sleeves he faced the howling blizzard which raged over the desolate moor on which they rested, but he smiled bravely and encouragingly at the girl.



"Her affection for dogs and old ladies . . . would never be doubted by those . . . who had seen her in their company"



"He had taken off his coat and tie and wrapped them about her"

"What has happened?" she asked faintly.

"A bit of accident," he explained. "Run into by the down express. Can you walk or shall I carry you?"

"Where are we going?"

"We must find a cottage where you can obtain warmth and shelter."

"You can't carry me," she said gently; "I am too heavy."

"I threw the hammer at Cambridge," he answered. "Come."

He picked her up in his arms and strode through the blizzard.

"I think I can walk now," she said after they had gone fifteen miles.

He placed her gently down, and they walked side by side through the snow.

"Do you bicycle at all?" he asked her tenderly.

"Oh, yes," she said.

"Have you been to any good theaters lately?"

"The pantomime at Islington is very good this year," she replied.

Thus intimately conversing, they made their way over the snow. The accident had happened in Yorkshire; they were now in Durham.

"My brother is in the navy," she said two hours later.

It was her first reference to her family, and it thrilled him through and through that she should confide in him.

"My uncle was in the civil service," he answered passionately. How sweet she was!

They went on walking. By and by they reached Northumberland. The blizzard still raged.

"Shall we get to a cottage soon?" she asked. "I am very tired and hungry."

"Soon, I hope. You will find some peppermints in the left-hand pocket of my coat. They will allay the hunger. Let us sit down awhile."

They sat down, and then went on again. In a little while they had crossed the border into Scotland.

"Elsie," he said

suddenly, "could you—"

"My name is Pamela."

"I shall always think of you as Elsie. Could you ever get to care for me? I know it sounds strange, but this long walk has brought us very close

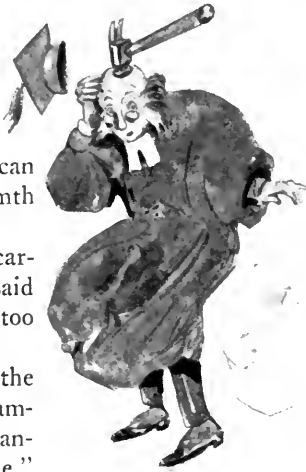
together. We have talked to each other, and seen into each other's very souls. We know each other as well as, or better than, most people who marry. You have a brother in the navy, you bicycle, you were pleased with the pantomime at Islington. All this means much. Elsie, I feel that I have known you all

my life. I love you; will you be mine?"

"My Henry!" she cried.

"Ernest."

"Ernest to others, Henry always to me."



"I threw the hammer at Cambridge," he answered



"He picked her up in his arms"

For a moment they were locked in a close embrace. Then as the snow from his cap began to trickle down her neck, they parted, and stood looking at each other in wonderment at the great adventure which had happened to them.

"What have we done?" she cried. "I am poor, so poor! We cannot marry."

"I have enough for all," he smiled.

"For Percy, too?" she breathed.

"No, not for Percy," he said quickly, wondering who Percy was. "For you and me, darling."

"It will be enough. Oh my love, tell me your name!"

"The Honorable Ernest Topknot," he said without a trace of hauteur.

"My honorable Ernest!" she murmured, pressing his hand tightly.

They had begun to walk again, and were now well into the middle of Scotland. The snow was still falling.

"Now tell me *your* name," he said tenderly as they entered Perthshire.

"Pamela Nibbs; the Honorable Pamela Topknot to be."

He laughed happily, and stopped short.

"What is it?" she cried. "The cottage at last?"

"A house, a big one, too. Elsie darling, we are saved. The warmth and refreshment we so greatly need are ours for the asking. You will find some coppers, ninepence, I think—in the right-hand pocket. We—good heavens!"

"Henry!"

"My darling, this is luck! Where do you think we are?" He laughed hysterically.

"In heaven, so long as we are together," she answered tenderly; but unfortunately he did not hear her.

"It's the Sporran!"

"The Sporran?" she gasped.

"My home."

"But—but I thought Lord Haggis—"

"Haggis," said the Honorable Ernest Topknot with dignity, "is my father."

MR. AND MRS. E. TOPKNOT, with a flat in Pont Street, a maisonette in Cricklewood, and an awkward relative in the back blocks of Australia, are as happy as they can be, and they often bless the lucky accident which brought them together. And Lord Haggis is still advertising for a governess and companion for his numerous family.

<sup>1</sup> When the artist, after finishing the pictures, chanced to read the manuscript, he discovered that the hero was of good social standing. Though too late to redraw the illustrations, he was fortunately able in this one to change the Hon. Ernest's costume to evening dress.

## How Singular

By ROBERT RUDD WHITING

MRS. JONES had a singular boy. So singular was this young Jone That he never made more than one noi, And he played his duets all alone.

At school he was rather erratic,  
For, though mentally quick as a weasel,  
He would study but one mathematic,  
And when sick he had only one measel.

## CURRENT COMMENT

### The Little Country Theater

A SOCIOLOGICAL experiment of great possibilities for development in rural communities has been undertaken at Fargo, North Dakota, by Mr. Alfred G. Arvold of the North Dakota Agricultural College. "The Little Country Theater" is designed by its founder to meet the need for recreation in small towns and outlying districts remote from the opportunities for social pleasures of cities. How real this need is Mr. Arvold explains:

"Social stagnancy is a characteristic trait of the small town and the country where community spirit is usually at a low ebb. Because of the stupid monotony of the village and country existence, the tendency of the people, young and old, is to move to large cities. Young people leave the small town and the country because of its deadly dullness. They want life. Older people desert the country because they want better living conditions and more social and educational advantages for themselves and their children. Moral degeneracy in the country, like the city, is usually due to lack of proper recreation. When people have something healthful to occupy their minds they seldom think of wrong-doing. Scientists attribute to loneliness many of the cases of insanity among country people. That something fundamental must be done along social lines in the country to help people find themselves no one will dispute. The migration from the country to the city will never be stopped until the inhabitants of the small town and the agricultural districts find their true expression in the community."

This community spirit, Mr. Arvold believes, is greatly furthered by the little country theater, where such plays and exercises as may be easily staged in a country school, the basement of a church, or the sitting-room of a farm-house are produced by home talent. These productions, besides providing entertainment for the neighborhood and stimulating community

spirit, are presented under intelligent direction, which arouses interest in good drama and helps those who take part to find themselves. It is in this way that the country theater idea differs from the amateur theatricals with which we are all familiar. Many of the performers discover unguessed abilities in themselves and their neighbors that the acting, managing, staging, or costuming of the plays brings to light, and, most important of all, they become by this means more satisfied with their surroundings.

"Its real purpose," says Mr. Arvold, "is to use the drama, and all that goes with the drama, as a sociological force in getting people together and acquainted with one another. Instead of making the drama a luxury of the classes, its aim is to make it an instrument for the enlightenment and enjoyment of the masses."

Although "the Little Country Theater" has been in existence only a year, it is already an object of great interest throughout the State of North Dakota. Scarcely a day passes that the founder does not receive requests for plays and for information about staging plays from people who realize that something fundamental is being done to satisfy their hunger for social recreation. During the past year over fifteen hundred pieces of play matter have been loaned to people, literary societies, civic clubs, and other organizations.

The original little country theater was started in a disused chapel, remodeled for the purpose, on the second floor of the administration building at the North Dakota Agricultural College. "It is a large playhouse put under a reducing-glass," says the founder. "Just the size of an average town hall, with a seating capacity of two hundred. The stage is thirty feet in width, twenty feet in depth, having a proscenium opening ten feet in height and fifteen feet in width. There are no boxes and balconies, and the decorations, which

are simple, are in a color scheme of green and gold. There is also a place for a moving-picture machine.

"The scenery is simple and painted in plain colors; the doors are wooden doors, the windows have real glass in them. Any country town can make a set of scenery like this. Simplicity is the key-note of the theater. It is an example of what can be done with hundreds of village halls, unused rooms in school-houses, and basements of country churches."

The population of North Dakota is largely foreign-born or of foreign descent, and Mr. Arvold points with special pride to a tableau entitled, "A Farm-house Scene in Iceland Thirty Years Ago,"

which was staged at the little country theater by twenty young men and women of Icelandic descent. This tableau, which was carried out with great fidelity to Icelandic character, incited students of foreign descent at the institution to present other tableaux, depicting the national life of their fathers and mothers.

While the little country theater idea is still in its infancy, it promises to attain a lusty growth. Already the founder is receiving inquiries from all parts of the Union, and it is interesting to observe that several residents of Porto Rico and the Philippines are at work in developing country theaters in their respective communities.

## The Revivalists

IF the psychologists are right in believing that the primitive emotion of fear was the base of the early religious sentiments of humanity, the power of the doctrine of hell-fire in our latest religious revivals needs no great explaining. Whenever we get humanity in a mass, it seems to act according to its earliest instincts, and animal appeals that would scarcely move one person stir a mob electrically. A single person in a theater, at a sudden cry of "Fire!" might be startled, but he would not run, panic-stricken. A crowd stampedes in an unreasoning impulse of flight that is as old as the animal instinct of the herd from which it derives. And for stampeding the religious emotion in its lowest form the cry of "Hell-fire!" seems to be about as potent.

It does not need a man of eloquence, a man of mentality, to reach that flight-instinct of religion. All that is required is a dynamic personality and a loud voice. Any subdued air of holiness or meditation, any mild or cultivated manner of religious conviction, would be a handicap; and that, no doubt, is why the most successful of our present revivalists shakes his auditors with

sudden transitions from humor to invective, and stampedes them with violent physical contortions, jumping in a frenzy from the platform to the floor of his "tabernacle," or throwing himself on his face on the platform as he makes, in the colloquial speech he affects, a base-ball-slide in a home-run to heaven.

"It is a nice question," writes one of the social psychologists, "to what extent is the lapse from orthodox observances—so remarkable and wide-spread among the more highly civilized peoples at the present time—due to the general softening of religious teaching, to the lapse of the doctrine of divine retribution to a very secondary position, and to the discredit into which the flames of hell have fallen." It would appear, from the success of the revivalists, that the lapse was indeed largely due to this softening of the religious teaching; but when the revival is over, and the crowd disperses to less excited thought, do the softening influences of civilization return to discredit the flames of retribution? And, if so, of what permanent value to religion is this appeal to a doctrine which civilization has discarded?

## In Defense of Property

WHEN Bismarck supported the socialist program for the protection of the laboring-classes in Germany, it was not because he was a socialist, but because he did not wish the laborer to be exploited to a point of physical degradation that should leave him unfit to endure the hardships of war. Property has no hands with which to defend itself, and in the wiser states of Europe, for the last generation, the leaders of the propertied classes have seen to it that the laborer was fit and willing to defend them. That seems to be at once the explanation of German state socialism, of German military efficiency, and of the German's patriotic willingness to fight.

In this country property has no foreign invasion to fear, and we are a century behind Germany in the protection of the unpropertied classes. We suffer with all the worst abuses of unemployment, of child

labor, of commercial monopolies, of uninsured accident and death in dangerous occupations, of pauperized old age, and criminal vagabondage. We suffer with the general failure of our civilization to be anything but a business administration for business ends. Property, opposing reform, has become the great enemy of social progress. We are told that we are the most-untidy, the worst-governed, the least-defensible country in the world.

History digs up, in the deposits of archæology, the fossil remains of such civilizations, now extinct, as if the human race, in its struggle to protect itself from the forces of nature, had accumulated property as lower orders of life in evolution formed their protective shells, only to find that the shell itself at last becomes the curse of the life it shelters, and the propertied organism is devoured, in the progress of evolution, by a freer form.

## Beauty's Vote

IN one of the Western suffrage States, a few years ago, there was an able woman who was a born leader intellectually and a brilliant public speaker, but masculine in her dress and altogether careless of her appearance; and she could never get a nomination for office from the women, because they did not wish to be dowdily represented by any one who looked so much like the suffragist of the comic papers.

In the campaign for woman suffrage now being waged in New York, it has been observed by the neutral that the suffrage speakers have a conspicuous advantage over their opponents in point of personal charm; that, in fact, the "anti" more often looks like the strong-minded suffragist of caricature than the suffragist does. And it may be that in putting out their public speakers in the East, the leaders of the suffrage party have been careful to choose those who look least like the

cartoons of enmity. Or it may be that they pick those speakers who have, for the masculine audience which must be converted, the Shaksperian pulchritude that "doth of itself persuade the eyes of men, without an orator."

Either way, there still remains unexplained the fact that the suffrage leaders have so much comeliness to choose from. Is it that beauty is a suffragist because so many men have made fools of themselves about her that she has no longer any belief in the traditional mental superiority of men? And is the faith in masculine superiority accepted by the sisterhood of anti-suffrage for the opposite reason? That is an argument of which the suffragists should have thought. Let them ever establish it by evidences of proof sufficient to make it probable that good-looking women are always suffragists, and the anti-suffrage party will be ruined in a week.





"A butterfly, men said,  
While you were here"

( See poem, "Butterfly" )

From a painting made for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE  
by Anna Whelan Betts



# THE CENTURY

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## Dear Enemy<sup>1</sup>

By JEAN WEBSTER

Author of "Daddy-Long-Legs," etc., etc.

With sketches by the author and an illustration by Herman Pfeifer

### *Part I*

STONE GATE, WORCESTER,  
MASSACHUSETTS,  
December 27.

Dear Judy:

Your letter is here. I have read it twice, and with amazement. Do I understand that Jervis has given you, for a Christmas present, the making over of the John Grier Home into a model institution, and that you have chosen me to disburse the money? Me—I, Sallie McBride, the head of an orphan-asylum! My poor people, have you lost your senses, or have you become addicted to the use of opium, and is this the raving of two fevered imaginations? I am exactly as well fitted to take care of one hundred children as to become the curator of a zoo.

And you offer as bait an interesting Scotch doctor? My dear Judy,—likewise my dear Jervis,—I see through you! I know exactly the kind of family conference that has been held about the Pendleton fireside.

"Is n't it a pity that Sallie has n't amounted to more since she left college? She ought to be doing something *useful* instead of frittering her time away in the petty social life of Worcester. Also [Jervis speaks] she is getting interested in that confounded young Hallock, too good-look-

ing and fascinating and erratic; I never did like politicians. We must deflect her mind with some uplifting and absorbing occupation until the danger is past. Ha! I have it! We will put her in charge of the John Grier Home."

Oh, I can hear him as clearly as if I were there! On the occasion of my last visit in your delectable household Jervis and I had a very solemn conversation in regard to (1) marriage, (2) the low ideals of politicians, (3) the frivolous, useless lives that society women lead. Please tell your moral husband that I took his words deeply to heart, and that ever since my return to Worcester I have been spending one afternoon a week reading poetry with the inmates of the Female Inebriate Asylum. My life is not so purposeless as it appears.

Also let me inform you that the politician is not dangerously imminent; and that, anyway, he is a very desirable politician, even though his views on tariff and single tax and trade-unionism do not exactly coincide with Jervis's. Your desire to dedicate my life to the public good is very sweet, but you should look at it from the asylum's point of view. Have you no pity for those poor defenseless little orphan children?

I have, if you have n't, and I respectfully decline the position which you offer.

I shall be charmed, however, to accept your invitation to visit you in New York, though I must acknowledge that I am not very excited over the list of gaieties you have planned. Please substitute for the New York Orphanage and the Foundling Hospital a few theaters and operas and a dinner or so. I have two new evening frocks and a blue and gold coat with a white fur collar. I dash to pack them, so telegraph fast if you don't wish to see me for myself alone, but only as a successor to Mrs. Lippett.

Yours as ever,

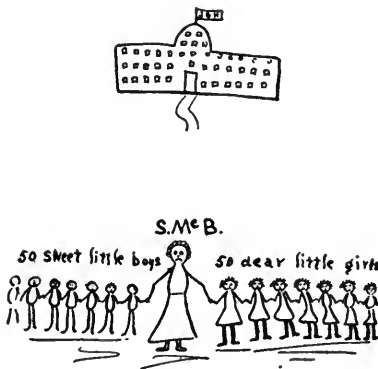
Entirely frivolous,

And intending to remain so,

SALLIE McBRIDE.

P.S. Your invitation is especially seasonable. A charming young politician named Gordon Hallock is to be in New York next week. I am sure you will like him when you know him better.

P.S. 2. Sallie taking her afternoon walk as Judy would like to see her:



I ask you again, have you both gone mad?

JOHN GRIER HOME,

February 24.

Dear Judy:

We arrived in a snow-storm at eleven last night, Singapore and Jane and I. It does not appear to be customary for super-

intendents of orphan-asylums to bring with them personal maids and Chinese chows. The night-watchman and house-keeper, who had waited up to receive me, were thrown into an awful flutter. They had never seen the like of Sing, and thought that I was introducing a wolf into the fold. I reassured them as to his dogginess; and the watchman, after studying his black tongue, ventured a witticism. He wanted to know if I fed him on huckleberry pie.

It was difficult to find accommodations for my family. Poor Sing was dragged off whimpering to a strange woodshed, and given a piece of burlap. Jane did not fare much better. There was not an extra bed in the building, barring a five-foot crib in the hospital room. She, as you know, approaches six. We tucked her in, and she spent the night folded up like a jack-knife. She has limped about to-day, looking like a decrepit letter S, openly deploring this latest escapade on the part of her flighty mistress, and longing for the time when we shall come to our senses, and return to the parental fireside in Worcester.

I know that she is going to spoil all my chances of being popular with the rest of the staff. Having her here is the silliest idea that was ever conceived; but you know my family! I fought their objections step by step, but they made their last stand on Jane. If I brought her along to see that I ate nourishing food and did n't stay up all night, I might come—temporarily; but if I refused to bring her—oh, dear me, I am not sure that I was ever again to cross the threshold of Stone Gate! So here we are, and neither of us very welcome, I am afraid.

I woke by a gong at six this morning, and lay for a time listening to the racket that twenty-five little girls made in the lavatory over my head. It appears that they do not get baths,—just face-washes,—but they make as much splashing as twenty-five puppies in a pool. I rose and dressed and explored a bit. You were wise in not having me come to look the place over before I engaged.

While my little charges were at breakfast, it seemed a happy time to introduce myself; so I sought the dining-room. Horror piled on horror—those bare drab walls and oil-cloth-covered tables with tin cups and plates and wooden benches, and, by way of decoration, that one illuminated text, “The Lord Will Provide”! The trustee who added that last touch must possess a grim sense of humor.

Really, Judy, I never knew there was any spot in the world so entirely ugly; and when I saw those rows and rows of pale, listless, blue-uniformed children, the whole dismal business suddenly struck me with such a shock that I almost collapsed. It seemed like an unachievable goal for one person to bring sunshine to one hundred little faces when what they need is a mother apiece.

I plunged into this thing lightly enough, partly because you were too persuasive, and mostly, I honestly think, because that scurrilous Gordon Hallock laughed so uproariously at the idea of my being able to manage an asylum. Between you all you hypnotized me. And then of course, after I began reading up on the subject and visiting all those seventeen institutions, I got excited over orphans, and wanted to put my own ideas into practice. But now I ’m aghast at finding myself here, it ’s such a stupendous undertaking. The future health and happiness of a hundred human beings lie in my hands, to say nothing of their three or four hundred children and thousand grandchildren. The thing ’s geometrically progressive. It ’s awful. Who am I to undertake this job? Look, oh, look for another superintendent!

Jane says dinner ’s ready. Having eaten two of your institution meals, the thought of another does n’t excite me.

LATER.

The staff had mutton hash and spinach, with tapioca pudding for dessert; what the children had I hate to consider.

I started to tell you about my first official speech at breakfast this morning. It dealt with all the wonderful new changes

that are to come to the John Grier Home through the generosity of Mr. Jervis Pendleton, the president of our board of trustees, and of Mrs. Pendleton, the dear “Aunt Judy” of every little boy and girl here.

Please don’t object to my featuring the Pendleton family so prominently. I did it for political reasons. As the entire working-staff of the institution was present, I thought it a good opportunity to emphasize the fact that all of these upsetting innovations come straight from headquarters, and not out of my excitable brain.

The children stopped eating and stared. The conspicuous color of my hair and the frivolous tilt of my nose are evidently new attributes in a superintendent. My colleagues also showed plainly that they consider me too young and too inexperienced to be set in authority. I have n’t seen Jervis’s wonderful Scotch doctor yet, but I assure you that he will have to be *very* wonderful to make up for the rest of these people, especially the kindergarten teacher. Miss Snaith and I clashed early on the subject of fresh air; but I intend to get rid of this dreadful institution smell, if I freeze every child into a little ice statue.

This being a sunny, sparkling, snowy afternoon, I ordered that dungeon of a play-room closed and the children out of doors.

“She ’s chasin’ us out,” I heard one small urchin grumbling as he struggled into a two-years-too-small overcoat.

They simply stood about the yard, all humped in their clothes, waiting patiently to be allowed to come in. No running or shouting or coasting or snow-balls. Think of it! These children don’t know how to play.

STILL LATER.

I have already begun the congenial task of spending your money. I bought eleven hot-water bottles this afternoon (every one that the village drug store contained) likewise some woolen blankets and padded quilts. And the windows are wide open in the babies’ dormitory. Those poor little tots are going to enjoy the perfectly

new sensation of being able to breathe at night.

There are a million things I want to grumble about, but it's half-past ten, and Jane says I *must* go to bed.

Yours in command,

SALLIE MCBRIDE.

P.S. Before turning in, I tiptoed through the corridor to make sure that all was right, and what do you think I found? Miss Snaith softly closing the windows in the babies' dormitory! Just as soon as I can find a suitable position for her in an old ladies' home, I am going to discharge that woman.

Jane takes the pen from my hand.

Good night.

Dear Judy:

Dr. Robin MacRae called this afternoon to make the acquaintance of the new superintendent. Please invite him to dinner upon the occasion of his next visit to New York, and see for yourself what your husband has done. Jervis grossly misrepresented the facts when he led me to believe that one of the chief advantages of my position would be the daily intercourse with a man of Dr. MacRae's polish and brilliancy and scholarliness and charm.

He is tall and thinnish, with sandy hair and cold gray eyes. During the hour he spent in my society (and I was very sprightly) no shadow of a smile so much as lightened the straight line of his mouth. Can a shadow lighten? Maybe not; but, anyway, what *is* the matter with the man? Has he committed some remorseful crime, or is his taciturnity due merely to his natural Scotchness? He's as companionable as a granite tombstone.

Incidentally, our doctor did n't like me any more than I liked him. He thinks I'm frivolous and inconsequential, and totally unfitted for this position of trust. I dare say Jervis has had a letter from him by now asking to have me removed.

In the matter of conversation we did n't hit it off in the least. He discussed broadly and philosophically the evils of institutional care for dependent children, while

I lightly deplored the unbecoming coiffure that prevails among our girls.

To prove my point, I had in Sadie Kate, my special errand orphan. Her hair is strained back as tightly as though it had been done with a monkey-wrench, and is braided behind into two wiry little pigtails. Decidedly, orphans' ears need to be softened. But Dr. Robin MacRae does n't give a hang whether their ears are becoming or not; what he cares about is their stomachs. We also split upon the subject of red petticoats. I don't see how any little girl can preserve any self-respect when dressed in a red flannel petticoat an irregular inch longer than her blue checked gingham dress; but he thinks that red petticoats are cheerful and warm and hygienic. I foresee a warlike reign for the new superintendent.

In regard to the doctor, there is just one detail to be thankful for: he is almost as new as I am, and he cannot instruct me in the traditions of the asylum. I don't believe I *could* have worked with the old doctor, who, judging from the specimens of his art that he left behind, knew as much about babies as a veterinary surgeon.

In the matter of asylum etiquette, the entire staff has undertaken my education. Even the cook this morning told me firmly that the John Grier Home has corn-meal mush on Wednesday nights.

Are you searching hard for another superintendent? I'll stay until she comes, but please find her fast.

Yours,

With my mind made up,

SALLIE MCBRIDE.

SUP'T'S OFFICE,  
JOHN GRIER HOME,  
February 28.

Dear Gordon:

Are you still insulted because I would n't take your advice? Don't you know that a reddish-haired person of Irish forebears, with a dash of Scotch, can't be driven, but must be gently led? Had you been less obnoxiously insistent, I would have listened sweetly, and been saved. As

it is, I frankly confess that I have spent the last five days in repenting our quarrel. You were right, and I was wrong, and, as you see, I handsomely acknowledge it. If I ever emerge from this present predicament, I shall in the future be guided (almost always) by your judgment. Could any woman make a more sweeping retraction than that?

The romantic glamour which Judy cast over this orphan-asylum exists only in her poetic imagination. The place is *awful*. Words can't tell you how dreary and dismal and smelly it is: long corridors, bare walls; blue-uniformed, dough-faced little inmates that have n't the slightest resemblance to human children. And oh, the dreadful institution smell! A mingling of wet scrubbed floors, unaired rooms, and food for a hundred people always steaming on the stove.

The asylum not only has to be made over, but every child as well, and it's too herculean a task for such a selfish, luxurious, and lazy person as Sallie McBride ever to have undertaken. I'm resigning the very first moment that Judy can find a suitable successor; but that, I fear, will not be immediately. She has gone off South, leaving me stranded; and of course, after having promised, I can't simply abandon her asylum. But in the meantime I assure you that I'm homesick.

Write me a cheering letter, and send a flower to brighten my private drawing-room. I inherited it, furnished, from Mrs. Lippett. The wall is covered with a tapestry paper in brown and red; the furniture is electric-blue plush, except the center-table, which is gilt. Green predominates in the carpet. If you presented some pink rosebuds, they would complete the color scheme.

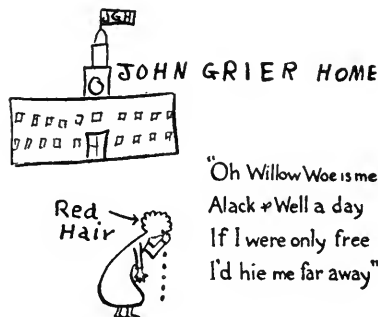
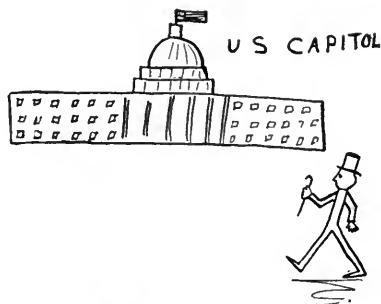
I really was obnoxious that last evening, but you are avenged.

Remorsefully yours,

SALLIE MCBRIDE.

P.S. You need n't have been so grumpy about the Scotch doctor. The man is everything dour that the word "Scotch" implies. I detest him on sight, and he

detests me. Oh, we're going to have a sweet time working together!



February 29.

My dear Gordon:

Your vigorous and expensive message is here. I know that you have plenty of money, but that is no reason why you should waste it so frivolously. When you feel so bursting with talk that only a hundred-word telegram will relieve an explosion, at least turn it into a night lettergram. My orphans can use the money if you don't need it.

Also, my dear sir, please use a trifle of common sense. Of course I can't chuck the asylum in the casual manner you suggest. It would n't be fair to Judy and Jervis. If you will pardon the statement, they have been my friends for many more years than you, and I have no intention of letting them go hang. I came up here in a spirit of—well, say adventure, and I must see the venture through. You would n't like me if I were a short sport. This does n't mean, however, that I am sentencing myself for life; I am intending to resign just as soon as the opportunity comes. But really I ought to feel some-

what gratified that the Pendletons were willing to trust me with such a responsible post. Though you, my dear sir, do not suspect it, I possess considerable executive ability, and more common sense than is visible on the surface. If I chose to put my whole soul into this enterprise, I could make the rippingest superintendent that any 111 orphans ever had.

I suppose you think that 's funny. It 's true. Judy and Jervis know it, and that 's why they asked me to come. So you see, when they have shown so much confidence in me, I can't throw them over in quite the unceremonious fashion you suggest. So long as I am here, I am going to accomplish just as much as it is given one person to accomplish every twenty-four hours. I am going to turn the place over to my successor with things moving fast in the right direction.

But in the meantime please don't wash your hands of me under the belief that I 'm too busy to be homesick; for I 'm not. I wake up every morning and stare at Mrs. Lippett's wall-paper in a sort of daze, feeling as though it 's some bad dream, and I 'm not really here. What on earth was I thinking of to turn my back upon my nice cheerful own home and the good times that by rights are mine? I frequently agree with your opinion of my sanity.

But why, may I ask, should you be making such a fuss? You would n't be seeing me in any case. Worcester is quite as far from Washington as the John Grier Home. And I will add, for your further comfort, that whereas there is no man in the neighborhood of this asylum who admires red hair, in Worcester there are several. Therefore, most difficult of men, please be appeased. I did n't come entirely to spite you. I wanted an adventure in life, and, oh dear! oh dear! I 'm having it!

*Please write soon, and cheer me up.*

Yours in sackcloth,

SALLIE.

THE JOHN GRIER HOME,

February 29.

Dear Judy:

You tell Jervis that I am not hasty at

forming judgments. I have a sweet, sunny, unsuspecting nature, and I like everybody—almost. But no one could like that Scotch doctor. He *never* smiles.

He paid me another visit this afternoon. I invited him to accommodate himself in one of Mrs. Lippett's electric-blue chairs, and then sat down opposite to enjoy the harmony. He was dressed in a mustard-colored homespun, with a dash of green and a glint of yellow in the weave, a "heather mixture" calculated to add life to a dull Scotch moor. Purple socks and a red tie, with an amethyst pin, completed the picture. Clearly, your paragon of a doctor is not going to be of much assistance in pulling up the esthetic tone of this establishment.

During the fifteen minutes of his call he succinctly outlined all the changes he wishes to see accomplished in this institution. *He* forsooth! And what, may I ask, are the duties of a superintendent? Is she merely a figurehead to take orders from the visiting physician?

It 's up wi' the bonnets o' McBride and MacRae!

Yours indignantly,

SALLIE.

Monday.

Dear Dr. MacRae:

I am sending this note by Sadie Kate, as it seems impossible to reach you by telephone. Is the person who calls herself Mrs. McGur-rk and hangs up in the middle of a sentence your housekeeper? If she answers the telephone often, I don't see how your patients have any patience left.

As you did not come this morning, per agreement, and the painters did come, I was fain to choose a cheerful corn color to be placed upon the walls of your new laboratory room. I trust there is nothing unhygienic about corn color.

Also, if you can spare a moment this afternoon, kindly motor yourself to Dr. Brice's on Water Street and look at the dentist's chair and appurtenances which are to be had at half-price. If all of the pleasant paraphernalia of his profession

were here,—in a corner of your laboratory,—Dr. Brice could finish his 113 new patients with much more despatch than if we had to transport them separately to Water Street. Don't you think that 's a useful idea? It came to me in the middle of the night, but as I never happened to buy a dentist's chair before, I 'd appreciate some professional advice.

Yours truly,

S. McBRIDE.

March 5.

Dear Judy:

Do stop sending me telegrams!

Of course I know that you want to know everything that is happening, and I would send a daily bulletin, but I truly don't find a minute. I am so tired when night comes that if it were n't for Jane's strict discipline, I should go to bed with my clothes on.

Later, when we slip a little more into routine, and I can be sure that my assistants are all running off their respective jobs, I shall be the regularest correspondent you ever had.

It was five days ago, was n't it, that I wrote? Things have been happening in those five days. The MacRae and I have mapped out a plan of campaign, and are stirring up this place to its sluggish depths. I like him less and less, but we have declared a sort of working truce. And the man *is* a worker. I always thought I had sufficient energy myself, but when an improvement is to be introduced, I toil along panting in his wake. He is as stubborn and tenacious and bulldoggish as a Scotchman can be, but he does understand babies; that is, he understands their physiological aspects. He has n't any more feeling for them personally than for so many frogs that he might happen to be dissecting.

Do you remember Jarvis's holding forth one evening for an hour or so about our doctor's beautiful humanitarian ideals? *C'est à rire!* The man merely regards the J. G. H. as his own private laboratory, where he can try out scientific experiments with no loving parents to object. I

should n't be surprised any day to find him introducing scarlet fever cultures into the babies' porridge in order to test a newly invented serum.

Of the house staff, the only two who strike me as really efficient are the primary teacher and the furnace-man. You should see how the children run to meet Miss Matthews and beg for caresses, and how painstakingly polite they are to the other teachers. Children are quick to size up character. I shall be very embarrassed if they are too polite to me.

Just as soon as I get my bearings a little, and know exactly what we need, I am going to accomplish some wide-spread discharging. I should like to begin with Miss Snaith; but I discover that she is the niece of one of our most generous trustees, and is n't exactly dischargeable. She 's a vague, chinless, pale-eyed creature, who talks through her nose and breathes through her mouth. She can't say anything decisively and then stop; her sentences all trail off into incoherent murmurings. Every time I see the woman I feel an almost uncontrollable desire to take her by the shoulders and shake some decision into her. And Miss Snaith is the one who has had entire supervision of the seventeen little tots aged from two to five. But, anyway, even if I can't discharge her, I have reduced her to a subordinate position without her being aware of the fact.

The doctor has found for me a charming girl who lives a few miles from here and comes in every day to manage the kindergarten. She has big, gentle brown eyes, like a cow's, and motherly manners (she is just nineteen), and the babies love her. At the head of the nursery I have placed a jolly, comfortable middle-aged woman who has reared five of her own and has a hand with bairns. Our doctor also found her; you see, he is useful. She is technically under Miss Snaith, but is usurping dictatorship in a satisfactory fashion. I can now sleep at night without being afraid that my babies are being inefficiently murdered.

You see, our reforms are getting started; and while I acquiesce with all the

intelligence at my command to our doctor's basic scientific upheavals, still, they sometimes leave me cold. The problem that keeps churning and churning in my mind is, How can I ever instil enough love and warmth and sunshine into these bleak little lives? And I am not sure that the doctor's science will accomplish that.

One of our most pressing *intelligent* needs just now is to get our records into coherent form. The books have been most outrageously unkept. Mrs. Lippett had a big black account-book into which she jumbled any facts that happened to drift her way as to the children's family, their conduct, and their health; but for weeks at a time she did n't trouble to make an entry. If an adopting family wants to know a child's parentage, half the time we can't even tell where we got the child!

"Where did you come from, baby dear?"

"The blue sky opened, and I am here,"

is an exact description of their arrival.

We need a field worker to travel about the country and pick up all the hereditary statistics she can about our chicks. It will be an easy matter, as most of them have relatives. What do you think of Janet Ware for the job? You remember what a shark she was in economics; she simply battened on tables and charts and surveys.

I have also to inform you that the John Grier Home is undergoing a very searching physical examination, and it is the shocking truth that out of the twenty-eight poor little rats so far examined only five are up to specification. And the five have not been here long.

Do you remember the ugly green reception-room on the first floor? I have removed as much of its greenness as possible, and fitted it up as the doctor's laboratory. It contains scales and drugs and, most professional touch of all, a dentist's chair and one of those sweet grinding-machines. (Bought them second-hand from Doctor Brice in the village, who is putting in, for the gratification of his own patients, white enamel and nickel-plate.) That drilling-machine is looked upon as an infernal en-

gine, and I as an infernal monster for instituting it. But every little victim who is discharged *filled* may come to my room every day for a week and receive two pieces of chocolate. Though our children are not conspicuously brave, they are, we discover, fighters. Young Thomas Kehoe nearly bit the doctor's thumb in two after kicking over a tableful of instruments. It requires physical strength as well as skill to be dental adviser to the J. G. H.

Interrupted here to show a benevolent lady over the institution. She asked fifty questions, took up an hour of my time, then finally wiped away a tear and left a dollar for my "poor little charges."

So far my poor little charges are not enthusiastic about these new reforms. They don't care much for the sudden draft of fresh air that has blown in upon them, or the deluge of water. I am showing in two baths a week, and as soon as we collect tubs enough and a few extra faucets, they are going to get *seven*.

## SEVEN BATHS A WEEK!!

Unprecedented Cruelty  
on the part of an Orphan  
Asylum Superintendent



But at least I have started one most popular reform. Our daily bill of fare has been increased, a change deplored by the cook as causing trouble, and deplored



by the rest of the staff as causing an immoral increase in expense. ECONOMY spelt in capitals has been the guiding principle of this institution for so many years that it has become a religion. I assure my timid co-workers twenty times a day that, owing to the generosity of our president, the endowment has been exactly doubled, and that I have vast sums besides from Mrs. Pendleton for necessary purposes like ice-cream. But they simply *can't* get over the feeling that it is a wicked extravagance to feed these children.

The doctor and I have been studying with care the menus of the past, and we are filled with amazement at the mind that could have devised them. Here is one of her frequently recurring dinners:

Boiled potatoes  
Boiled rice  
Blanc mange

It's a wonder to me that the children are anything more than one hundred and eleven little lumps of starch.

Yours, very busy, and with scarcely time to be homesick,

SALLIE MCBRIDE.

Dear Judy:

Dr. Robin MacRae and I fought another battle yesterday over a very trivial matter (in which I was right), and since then I have adopted for our doctor a special pet name. "Good morning, Enemy!" was my greeting to-day, at which he was quite solemnly annoyed. He says he does not wish to be regarded as an enemy. He is not in the least antagonistic—so long as I mold my policy upon his wishes!

We have two new children, Isador Gutschneider and Max Yog, given to us by the Baptist Ladies' Aid Society. Where on earth do you suppose those children picked up such a religion? I did n't want to take them, but the poor ladies were very persuasive, and they pay the princely sum of four dollars and fifty cents per week per child. This makes 113, which makes us very crowded. I have half a dozen babies to give away. Find me some kind families who want to adopt.



You know it's very embarrassing not to be able to remember offhand how large your family is, but mine seems to vary from day to day, like the stock market. I should like to keep it at about par. When a woman has more than a hundred children, she can't give them the individual attention they ought to have.

Sunday.

This letter has been lying two days on my desk, and I have n't found the time to stick on a stamp. But now I seem to have a free evening ahead, so I will add a page or two more before starting it on a pleasant journey to Florida.

I am just beginning to pick out individual faces among the children; it seemed at first as though I could never learn them, they looked so hopelessly cut out of one pattern, with those unspeakably ugly uniforms. Now please don't write back that you want the children put into new clothes immediately. I know you do; you've already told me five times. In about a month I shall be ready to consider the question, but just now their insides are more important than their outsides.

There is no doubt about it—orphans in the mass do not appeal to me. I am beginning to be afraid that this famous mother instinct which we hear so much about was left out of my character. Children as children are dirty, spitty little things, and their noses all need wiping. Here and there I pick out a naughty, mischievous little one that awakens a flicker of interest; but for the most part they are just a composite blur of white face and blue check.

With one exception, though. Sadie Kate Kilcoyne emerged from the mass the first day, and bids fair to stay out for all time. She is my special little errand girl, and she furnishes me with all my daily amusement. No piece of mischief has been

launched in this institution for the last eight years that did not originate in her abnormal brain. This young person has, to me, a most unusual history, though I understand it's common enough in foundling circles. She was discovered eleven years ago on the bottom step of a Thirty-ninth Street house, asleep in a pasteboard box.

"Sadie Kate Kilcoyne, aged five weeks. Be kind to her," was neatly printed on the cover.

The policeman who picked her up took her to Bellevue, where the foundlings are pronounced, in the order of their arrival, "Catholic, Protestant, Catholic, Protestant," with perfect impartiality. Our Sadie Kate, despite her name and blue Irish eyes, was made a Protestant. And here she is growing Irish and Irish every day, but, true to her christening, protesting loudly against every detail of life.

Her two little black braids point in opposite directions; her little monkey face is all screwed up with mischief; she is as active as a terrier, and you have to keep her busy every moment. Her record of badness occupies pages in the Doomsday Book. The last item reads:

"For stumping Maggie Geer to get a door-knob into her mouth—punishment, the afternoon spent in bed, and crackers for supper."

It seems that Maggie Geer, fitted with a mouth of unusual stretching capacity, got the door-knob in; but could n't get it out. The doctor was called, and cannily solved the problem with a buttered shoe-horn. "Muckle-mouthed Meg," he has dubbed the patient ever since.

You can understand that my thoughts are anxiously occupied in filling every crevice of Sadie Kate's existence.

There are a million subjects that I ought to consult with the president about. I think it was very unkind of you and him to saddle me with your orphan-asylum and run off South to play. It would serve you right if I did everything wrong. While you are traveling about in private cars, and strolling in the moonlight on

palm beaches, please think of me in the drizzle of a New York March, taking care of 113 babies that by rights are yours—and be grateful.

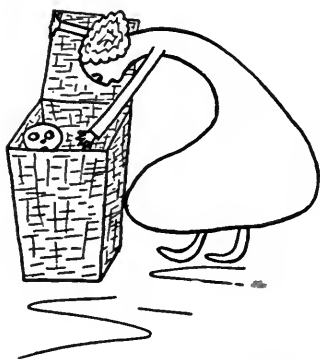
I remain (for a limited time),

S. McBRIDE,  
SUP'T JOHN GRIER HOME.

Dear Enemy:

I am sending herewith (under separate cover) Sammy Speir, who got mislaid when you paid your morning visit. Miss Snaith brought him to light after you had gone. Please scrutinize his thumb. I never saw a felon, but I have diagnosed it as such.

Yours truly,  
S. McBRIDE,  
SUP'T JOHN GRIER HOME.



March 12.

Dear Judy:

I don't know yet whether the children are going to love me or not, but they *do* love my dog. No creature so popular as Singapore ever entered these gates. Every afternoon three boys who have been perfect in deportment are allowed to brush and comb him, while three other good boys may serve him with food and drink. But every Saturday morning the climax of the week is reached, when three superlatively good boys give him a nice lathery bath with hot water and soap. The privilege of serving as Singapore's valet is going to be the only incentive I shall need for maintaining discipline.

But is n't it pathetically unnatural for these youngsters to be living in the country and never owning a pet? Especially

when they, of all children, do so need something to love. I am going to manage pets for them somehow, if I have to spend our new endowment for a menagerie. Could n't you bring back some baby alligators and a pelican? Anything alive will be gratefully received.

I have just made out a chart for next week's meals, and posted it in the kitchen in the sight of an aggrieved cook. Variety is a word hitherto not found in the lexicon of the J. G. H. You would never dream all the delightful surprises: brown bread, corn pone, graham muffins, samp, rice, thick vegetable soup, macaroni, Italian fashion, polenta cakes with molasses, apple-dumplings, ginger-bread—oh, an endless list! After our biggest girls have assisted in the manufacture of such appetizing dainties, they will almost be capable of keeping future husbands in love with them.

Oh, dear me! Here I am babbling these silly nothings when I have some real news up my sleeve. We have a new worker, a gem of a worker.

Do you remember Betsy Kindred, 1909? She led the glee club and was president of dramatics. I remember her perfectly; she always had lovely clothes. Well, if you please, she lives only twelve miles from here. I ran across her by chance last Tuesday morning as she was motoring through the village; or, rather, she just escaped running across me.

I never spoke to her in my life, but we greeted each other like the oldest friends. It pays to have conspicuous hair; she recognized me instantly. I hopped upon the running-board of her car and said:

"Betsy Kindred, 1909, you've got to come back to my orphan-asylum and help me catalogue my orphans."

And it astonished her so that she came. She's to be here four or five days a week as temporary secretary, and somehow I must manage to keep her permanently. She's the most useful person I ever saw. I am hoping that orphans will become such a habit with her that she won't be able to give them up. I think she might stay if we pay her a big enough salary.

She likes to be independent of her family, as do all of us in these degenerate times.

In my growing zeal for cataloguing people, I should like to get our doctor tabulated. If Jervis knows any gossip about him, write it to me, please; the worse, the better. He called yesterday to lance a felon on Sammy Speir's thumb, then ascended to my electric-blue parlor to give instructions as to the dressing of thumbs. The duties of a superintendent are manifold.

It was just tea-time, so I casually asked him to stay, and he did! Not for the pleasure of my society,—no, indeed,—but because Jane appeared at the moment with a plate of toasted muffins. He had n't had any luncheon, it seems, and dinner was a long way ahead. Between muffins (he ate the whole plateful) he saw fit to interrogate me as to my preparedness for this position. Had I studied biology in college? How far had I gone in chemistry? What did I know of sociology? Had I visited that model institution up at Hastings?

To all of which I responded affably and openly. Then I permitted myself a question or two: just what sort of youthful training had been required to produce such a model of logic, accuracy, dignity, and common sense as I saw sitting before me? Through persistent prodding I elicited a few forlorn facts, but all quite respectable. You'd think, from his reticence, there'd been a hanging in the family. The MacRae *père* was born in Scotland, and came to the States to occupy a chair at Johns Hopkins; son Robin was shipped back to Auld Reekie for his education. His grandmother was a M'Lachlan of Strathlachan (I am sure she sounds respectable), and his vacations were spent in the Hiellands a-chasing the deer.

So much could I gather; so much, and no more. Tell me, I beg, some gossip about my enemy—something scandalous by preference.

Why, if he is such an awfully efficient person does he bury himself in this remote locality? You would think an up-and-coming scientific man would want a hos-

pital at one elbow and a morgue at the other. Are you sure that he did n't commit a crime and is n't hiding from the law?

I seem to have covered a lot of paper without telling you much. *Vive la bagatelle!*

Yours as usual,

SALLIE.

P.S. I am relieved on one point! Dr. MacRae does not pick out his own clothes. He leaves all such unessential trifles to his housekeeper, Mrs. Maggie McGurk.

Again, and irrevocably, good-by!

Tuesday.

Dear Gordon:

Your roses and your letter cheered me for an entire morning, and it's the first time I've approached cheerfulness since the twenty-third of February, when I waved good-by to Worcester.

Words can't tell you how monotonously oppressive the daily round of institution life gets to be. The only glimmer in the whole dull affair is the fact that Betsy Kindred spends four days a week with us. Betsy and I were in college together, and we do occasionally find something funny to laugh about.

Yesterday we were having tea in my *hideous* parlor when we suddenly determined to revolt against so much unnecessary ugliness. We called in six sturdy and destructive orphans, a step-ladder, and a bucket of hot water, and in two hours had every vestige of that tapestry paper off those walls. You can't imagine what fun it is ripping paper off walls.

Two paper-hangers are at work this moment hanging the best that our village affords, while a German upholsterer is on his knees measuring my chairs for chintz slip-covers that will hide every inch of their plush upholstery.

Please don't get nervous. This does n't mean that I'm preparing to spend my life in the asylum. It means only that I'm preparing a cheerful welcome for my successor. I have n't dared tell Judy how dismal I find it, because I don't want to

cloud Florida; but when she returns to New York she will find my official resignation waiting to meet her in the front hall.

I would write you a long letter in grateful payment for seven pages, but two of my little dears are holding a fight under the window. I dash to separate them.

Yours as ever,

S. McB.



Friday.

My dear Judy:

I myself have bestowed a little present upon the John Grier Home—the refurnishing of the superintendent's private parlor. I saw the first night here that neither I nor any future occupant could be happy with Mrs. Lippett's electric plush. You see, I am planning to make my successor contented and willing to stay.

Betsy Kindred assisted in the rehabilitation of the Lippett's chamber of horrors, and between us we have created a symphony in dull blue and gold. Really and truly, it's one of the loveliest rooms you've ever seen; the sight of it will be an artistic education to any orphan. New paper on the wall, new rugs on the floor (my own prized Persians expressed from Worcester by an expostulating family). New casement curtains at my three windows, revealing a wide and charming view, hitherto hidden by Nottingham lace. A new big table, some lamps and books

and a picture or so, and a real open fire. She had closed the fireplace because it let in air.

I never realized what a difference artistic surroundings make in the peace of one's soul. I sat last night and watched my fire throw nice high lights on my new old fender, and purred with contentment. And I assure you it's the first purr that has come from this cat since she entered the gates of the John Grier Home.

But the refurnishing of the superintendent's parlor is the slightest of our needs. The children's private apartments demand so much basic attention that I can't decide where to begin. That dark north play-room is a shocking scandal, but no more shocking than our hideous dining-room or our unventilated dormitories or our tubless lavatories.

If the institution is very saving, do you think it can ever afford to burn down this smelly old original building, and put up instead some nice, ventilated modern cottages? I cannot contemplate that wonderful institution at Hastings without being filled with envy. It would be some fun to run an asylum if you had a plant like that to work with. But, anyway, when you get back to New York and are ready to consult the architect about remodeling, please apply to me for suggestions. Among other little details I want two hundred feet of sleeping-porch running along the outside of our dormitories.

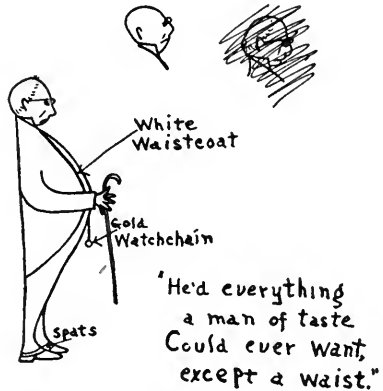
You see, it's this way: our physical examination reveals the fact that about half our children are ænemic—aneamic—anæmic (Mercy! what a word!), and a lot of them have tubercular ancestors, and more have alcoholic. Their first need is oxygen rather than education. And if the sickly ones need it, why would n't it be good for the well ones? I should like to have every child, winter and summer, sleeping in the open air; but I know that if I let fall such a bomb on the board of trustees, the whole body would explode.

Speaking of trustees, I have "met up with" the Hon. Cyrus Wykoff, and I really believe that I dislike him more than Dr. Robin MacRae or the kindergarten

teacher or the cook. I seem to have a genius for discovering enemies.

Mr. Wykoff called on Tuesday last to look over the new superintendent.

### The Honorable Cyrus Wykoff



Having lowered himself into my most comfortable arm-chair, he proceeded to spend the day. He asked my father's business, and whether or not he was well-to-do. I told him that my father manufactured overalls, and that, even in these hard times, the demand for overalls was pretty steady.

He seemed relieved; he approves of the utilitarian aspect of overalls. He had been afraid that I had come from the family of a minister or professor or writer, a lot of high thinking and no common sense. Cyrus believes in common sense.

And what had been my training for this position?

That, as you know, is a slightly embarrassing question. But I produced my college education and School of Philanthropy certificate, also a short residence in the college settlement (I did n't tell him that all I had done there was to paint the back hall and stairs). Then I submitted some social work among my father's employees and a few friendly visits to the Home for Female Inebriates.

To all of which he grunted.

I added that I had lately made a study of the care of dependent children, and ran over my list of seventeen institutions.

He grunted again, and said he did n't

take much stock in this new-fangled scientific charity.

At this point Jane entered with a box of roses from the florist's. That blessed Gordon Hallock sends me roses twice a week to brighten the rigors of institution life.

Our trustee began an indignant investigation. He wished to know where I got those flowers, and was visibly relieved when he learned that I had not spent the institution's money for them. He next wished to know who Jane might be. I had foreseen that question and decided to brazen it out.

"My maid," said I.

"Your what?" he bellowed, quite red in the face.

"My maid."

"What is she doing here?"

I amiably went into details. "She mends my clothes, blacks my boots, keeps my bureau drawers in order, washes my hair."

I really thought the man would choke, so I charitably added that I paid her wages out of my own private income, and paid four dollars and fifty cents a week to the institution for her board; and that, though she was big, she did n't eat much.

He allowed that I might make use of one of the orphans for all legitimate service.

I explained—still polite, but growing bored—that Jane had been in my service for many years, and was indispensable.

He finally took himself off, after telling me that he, for one, had never found any fault with Mrs. Lippett. She was a common-sense Christian woman, without many fancy ideas, but with plenty of good solid work in her. He hoped that I would be wise enough to model my policy upon hers!

And what, my dear Judy, do you think of that?

The doctor dropped in a few minutes later, and I repeated the Hon. Cyrus's conversation in detail. For the first time in the history of our intercourse the doctor and I agreed.

"Mrs. Lippett indeed!" he growled.

"The blethering auld gomerel! May the Lord send him mair sense!"

When our doctor really becomes aroused, he drops into Scotch. My latest pet name for him (behind his back) is Sandy.

Sadie Kate is sitting on the floor as I write, untangling sewing-silks and winding them neatly for Jane, who is becoming quite attached to the little imp.

"I am writing to your Aunt Judy," say I to Sadie Kate. "What message shall I send from you?"

"I never heard of no Aunt Judy."

"She is the aunt of every good little girl in this school."

"Tell her to come and visit me and bring some candy," says Sadie Kate.

I say so, too.

My love to the president,

SALLIE.

March 18.

Mrs. Judy Abbott Pendleton,

Dear Madam:

Your four letters, two telegrams, and three checks are at hand, and your instructions shall be obeyed just as quickly as this overworked superintendent can manage it.

I delegated the dining-room job to Betsy Kindred. One hundred dollars did I allow her for the rehabilitation of that dreary apartment. She accepted the trust, picked out five likely orphans to assist in the mechanical details, and closed the door. For three days the children have been eating from the desks in the school-room. I have n't an idea what Betsy is doing; but she has a lot better taste than I, so there is n't much use in interfering.

It is such a heaven-sent relief to be able to leave something to somebody else, and be sure it will be carried out! With all due respect to the age and experience of the staff I found here, they are not very open to new ideas. As the John Grier Home was planned by its noble founder in 1875, so shall it be run in 1915.

Incidentally, my dear Judy, your idea of a private dining-room for the superintendent, which I, being a social soul, at

first scorned, has been my salvation. When I am dead tired I dine alone, but in my live intervals I invite an officer to share the meal; and in the expansive intimacy of the dinner-table I get in my most effective strokes. When it becomes desirable to plant the seeds of fresh air in the soul of Miss Snaith, I invite her to dinner, and tactfully sandwich in a little oxygen between her slices of pressed veal.

Pressed veal is our cook's idea of an acceptable *pièce de résistance* for a dinner party. In another month I am going to face the subject of suitable nourishment for the executive staff; meanwhile there are so many things more important than our own comfort that we shall have to worry along on veal.

A terrible bumping has just occurred outside my door. One little cherub seems to be kicking another little cherub downstairs. But I write on undisturbed. If I am to spend my days among orphans, I must cultivate a cheerful detachment.

Did you get Leonora Fenton's cards? She's marrying a medical missionary and going to Siam to live! Did you ever hear of anything so absurd as Leonora presiding over a missionary's menage? Do you suppose she will entertain the heathen with skirt-dances?

It is n't any absurder, though, than me in an orphan-asylum, or you as a conservative settled matron, or Marty Keene a social butterfly in Paris. Do you suppose she goes to embassy balls in riding-clothes, and what on earth does she do about hair? It could n't have grown so soon; she must wear a wig. Is n't our class turning out some hilarious surprises?

The mail arrives. Excuse me while I read a nice fat letter from Washington.

Not so nice; quite impertinent. Gordon can't get over the idea that it is a joke, S. McB. in conjunction with one hundred and thirteen orphans. But he would n't think it such a joke if he could try it for a few days. He says he is going to drop off here on his next trip North and watch the struggle. How would it be if I left him in charge while I dashed to New

York to accomplish some shopping? Our sheets are all worn out, and we have n't more than two hundred and eleven blankets in the house.

Singapore, sole puppy of my heart and home, sends his respectful love.

I also.

S. McB.

Wednesday.

My dearest Judy:

You should see what your hundred dollars and Betsy Kindred did to that dining-room!

It's a dazzling dream of yellow paint. Being a north room, she thought to brighten it; and she has. The walls are kalsomined buff, with a frieze of little molly cottontails skurrying around the top. All of the woodwork—tables and benches included—is a cheerful chrome yellow. Instead of table-cloths, which we can't afford, we have linen runners, with stenciled rabbits hopping along their length. Also yellow bowls, filled at present with pussy-willows, but looking forward to dandelions and cowslips and buttercups. And new dishes, my dear—white, with yellow jonquils (we think), though they may be roses; there is no botany expert in the house. Most wonderful touch of all, we have *napkins*, the first we have seen in our whole lives. The children thought they were handkerchiefs, and ecstatically wiped their noses.



To honor the opening of the new room, we had ice-cream and cake for dessert. It is such a pleasure to see these children anxiously but cowed and apathetic, that I

am offering prizes for boisterousness—to every one but Sadie Kate. She drummed on the table with her knife and fork and sang, "Welcome to dem golden halls."

You remember that illuminated text over the dining-room door—"The Lord Will Provide." We've painted it out, and covered the spot with rabbits. It's all very well to teach so easy a belief to normal children, who have a proper family and roof behind them; but a person whose only refuge in distress will be a park bench must learn a more militant creed than that.

"The Lord has given you two hands and a brain and a big world to use them in. Use them well, and you will be provided for; use them ill, and you will want," is our motto, and that with reservations.

In the sorting process that has been going on I have got rid of eleven children. That blessed State Charities Aid Association helped me dispose of three little girls, all placed in very nice homes, and one to be adopted legally if the family likes her. And the family will like her; I saw to that. She was the prize child of the institution, obedient and polite, with curly hair and affectionate ways, exactly the little girl that every family needs. When a couple of adopting parents are choosing a daughter, I stand by with my heart in my mouth, feeling as though I were assisting in the inscrutable designs of Fate. Such a little thing turns the balance! The child smiles, and a loving home is hers for life; she sneezes, and it passes her by forever.

Three of our biggest boys have gone to work on farms, one of them out West to a RANCH! Report has it that he is to become a cow-boy and Indian fighter and grizzly-bear hunter, though I believe in reality he is to engage in the pastoral work of harvesting wheat. He marched off, a hero of romance, followed by the wistful eyes of twenty-five adventurous lads, who turned back with a sigh to the safely monotonous life of the J. G. H.

Five other children have been sent to their proper institutions. One of them is

deaf, one an epileptic, and the other three approaching idiocy. None of them ought ever to have been accepted here. This is an educational institution, and we can't waste our valuable plant in caring for defectives.

Orphan-asylums have gone out of style. What I am going to develop is a boarding-school for the physical, moral, and mental growth of children whose parents have not been able to provide for their care.

"Orphans" is merely my generic term for the children; a good many of them are not orphans in the least. They have one troublesome and tenacious parent left who won't sign a surrender, so I can't place them out for adoption. But those that are available would be far better off in loving foster-homes than in the best institution that I can ever make. So I am fitting them for adoption as quickly as possible, and searching for the homes.

You ought to run across a lot of pleasant families in your travels; can't you bully some of them into adopting children? Boys by preference. We've got an awful lot of extra boys, and nobody wants them. Talk about anti-feminism! It's nothing to the anti-masculism that exists in the breasts of adopting parents. I could place out a thousand dimpled little girls with yellow hair, but a good live boy from nine to thirteen is a drug on the market. There seems to be a general feeling that they track in dirt and scratch up mahogany furniture.

Should n't you think that men's clubs might like to adopt boys, as a sort of mascot? The boy could be boarded in a nice respectable family, and drawn out by the different members on Saturday afternoons. They could take him to ball-games and the circus, and then return him when they had had enough, just as you do with a library book. It would be very valuable training for the bachelors. People are forever talking about the desirability of training girls for motherhood. Why not institute a course of training in fatherhood, and get the best men's clubs to take it up? Will you please have Jervis agi-





“Robin MacRae  
Smiled to-day”



tate the matter at his various clubs, and I'll have Gordon start the idea in Washington. They both belong to such a lot of clubs that we ought to dispose of at least a dozen boys.

I remain,  
The ever-distracted mother of 113,  
S. McB.



Dear Judy:

I have been having a pleasant respite from the 113 cares of motherhood.

Yesterday who should drop down upon our peaceful village but Mr. Gordon Hallock, on his way back to Washington to resume the cares of the nation. At least he said it was on his way, but I notice from the map in the primary room that it was one hundred miles out of his way.

And dear, but I was glad to see him! He is the first glimpse of the outside world I have had since I was incarcerated in this asylum. And such a lot of entertaining businesses he had to talk about! He knows the inside of all of the outside things you read in the newspapers; so far as I can make out, he is the social center about which Washington revolves. I always knew he would get on in politics, for he has a way with him; there's no doubt about it.

You can't imagine how exhilarated and set-up I feel, as though I'd come into my own again after a period of social ostracism. I must confess that I get lonely for some one who talks my kind of nonsensical talk. Betsy trots off home every week-

end, and the doctor is conversational enough, but, oh, so horribly logical! Gordon somehow seems to stand for the life I belong to,—of country clubs and motors and dancing and sport and politenesses,—a poor foolish, silly life, if you will, but mine own. And I have missed it. This serving-society business is theoretically admirable and compelling and interesting, but deadly stupid in its working details. I am afraid I was never born to set the crooked straight.

I tried to show Gordon about and make him take an interest in the babies, but he would n't glance at them. He thinks I came just to spite him, which, of course, I did. Your siren call would never have lured me from the path of frivolity had Gordon not been so unpleasantly hilarious at the idea of my being able to manage an orphan-asylum. I came here to show him that I could; and now, when I *can* show him, the beast refuses to look.

I invited him to dinner, with a warning about the pressed veal; but he said no, thanks, that I needed a change. So we went to Brantwood Inn and had broiled lobster. I had positively forgotten that the creatures were edible.

This morning at seven o'clock I was wakened by the furious ringing of the telephone bell. It was Gordon at the station, about to resume his journey to Washington. He was in quite a contrite mood about the asylum, and apologized largely for refusing to look at my children. It was not that he did n't like orphans, he said; it was just that he did n't like them in juxtaposition to me. And to prove his good intentions, he would send them a bag of peanuts.

I feel as fresh and revived after my little fling as though I'd had a real vacation. There's no doubt about it, an hour or so of exciting talk is more of a tonic to me than a pint of iron and strychnine pills.

You owe me two letters, dear Madam. Pay them *tout de suite*, or I lay down my pen forever.

Yours, as usual,

S. McB.

Saturday, 5 P.M.

My dear Enemy:

I am told that during my absence this afternoon you paid us a call and dug up a scandal. You claim that the children under Miss Snaith are not receiving their due in the matter of cod-liver oil.

I am sorry if your medicinal orders have not been carried out, but you must know that it is a difficult matter to introduce that abominably smelling stuff into the inside of a squirming child. And poor Miss Snaith is a very much overworked person. She has ten more children to care for than should rightly fall to the lot of any single woman, and until we find her another assistant, she has very little time for the fancy touches you demand.

Also, my dear Enemy, she is very susceptible to abuse. When you feel in a fighting mood, I wish you would expend your belligerence upon me. I don't mind it; quite the contrary. But that poor lady has retired to her room in a state of hysterics, leaving nine babies to be tucked into bed by whomever it may concern.

If you have any powders that would be settling to her nerves, please send them back by Sadie Kate.

Yours truly,

S. McBRIDE.

Monday morning.

Dear Dr. MacRae:

I am not taking an unintelligent stand in the least; I am simply asking that you come to me with all complaints, and not stir up my staff in any such volcanic fashion as that of yesterday.

I endeavor to carry out all of your orders—of a medical nature—with scrupulous care. In the present case there seems to have been some negligence; I don't know what did become of those fourteen un-administered bottles of cod-liver oil that you have made such a fuss about, but I shall investigate.

And I cannot, for various reasons, pack off Miss Snaith in the summary fashion you demand. She may be, in certain respects, inefficient; but she is kind to the

children, and with supervision will answer temporarily.

Yours truly,

S. McBRIDE.

Tuesday.

Dear Enemy:

*Soyez tranquille.* I have issued orders, and in the future the children shall receive all of the cod-liver oil that by rights is theirs. A wilfu' man maun hae his way.

S. McB.



March 27.

Dear Judy:

Asylum life has looked up a trifle during the last five days—since the great Cod-Liver Oil War has been raging. The first skirmish occurred on Saturday, and I unfortunately missed it, having accompanied four of my children on a shopping trip to the village. I returned to find the asylum teeming with hysterics. Our explosive doctor had paid us a visit.

Sandy has two passions in life: one is for cod-liver oil and the other for spinach, neither popular in our nursery. Some time ago—before I came, in fact—he had ordered cod-liver oil for all of the {ænemic} —Heavens! there 's that {aneamic} word again!—children, and had given instructions as to its application to Miss Snaith. Yesterday, in his suspicious Scotch fashion, he began nosing about to find out why the poor little rats were n't fattening up as fast as he thought they ought, and he unearthed a higeous scandal. They have n't received a whiff of cod-liver oil for three whole weeks! At

that point he exploded, and all was joy and excitement and hysterics.

Betsy says that she had to send Sadie Kate to the laundry on an improvised errand, as his language was no fit for orphan ears. By the time I got home he had gone, and Miss Snaith had retired, weeping, to her room, and the whereabouts of fourteen bottles of cod-liver oil was still unexplained. He had accused her at the top of his voice of taking them herself. Imagine Miss Snaith,—she who looks so innocent and chinless and inoffensive—stealing cod-liver oil from these poor helpless little orphans and guzzling it in private!

Her defense consisted in hysterical assertions that she loved the children, and had done her duty as she saw it. She did not believe in giving medicine to babies; she thought drugs bad for their poor little stomachs. You can imagine Sandy! Oh, dear! oh, dear! To think I missed it!

Well, the tempest raged for three days, and Sadie Kate nearly ran her little legs off carrying peppery messages back and forth between us and the doctor. It is only under stress that I communicate with him by telephone, as he has an interfering old termagant of a housekeeper who "listens in" on the down-stairs switch; I don't wish the scandalous secrets of the John Grier spread abroad. The doctor demanded Miss Snaith's instant dismissal, and I refused. Of course she is a vague, unfocused, inefficient old thing, but she does love the children, and with proper supervision is fairly useful.

At least, in the light of her exalted family connections, I can't pack her off in disgrace like a drunken cook. I am hoping in time to eliminate her by a process of delicate suggestion; perhaps I can make her feel that her health requires a winter in California. And also, no matter what the doctor wants, so positive and dictatorial is his manner that just out of self-respect one must take the other side. When he states that the world is round, I instantly assert it to be triangular.

Finally, after three pleasantly exhilarating days, the whole business settled it-

self. An apology (a very dilute one) was extracted from him for being so unkind to the poor lady, and full confession, with promises for the future, was drawn from her. It seems that she could n't bear to make the little dears take the stuff, but, for obvious reasons, she could n't bear to cross Dr. MacRae, so she hid the last fourteen bottles in a dark corner of the cellar. Just how she was planning to dispose of her loot I don't know. Can you pawn cod-liver oil?

LATER.

Peace negotiations had just ended this afternoon, and Sandy had made a dignified exit, when the Hon. Cyrus Wykoff was announced. Two enemies in the course of an hour are really too much!

The Hon. Cy was awfully impressed with the new dining-room, especially when he heard that Betsy had put on those rabbits with her own lily-white hands. Stenciling rabbits on walls, he allows, is a fitting pursuit for a woman, but an executive position like mine is a trifle out of her sphere. He thinks it would be far wiser if Mr. Pendleton did not give me such free scope in the spending of his money.

While we were still contemplating Betsy's mural flight, an awful crash came from the pantry, and we found Gladiola Murphy weeping among the ruins of five yellow plates. It is sufficiently shattering to my nerves to hear these crashes when I am alone, but it is peculiarly shattering when receiving a call from an unsympathetic trustee.

I shall cherish that set of dishes to the best of my ability, but if you wish to see your gift in all its uncracked beauty, I should advise you to hurry North, and visit the John Grier Home without delay.

Yours as ever,

SALLIE.

March 29.

My dear Judy:

I have just been holding an interview with a woman who wants to take a baby home to surprise her husband. I had a

hard time convincing her that, since he is to support the child, it might be a delicate attention to consult him about its adoption. She argued stubbornly that it was none of his business, seeing that the onerous work of washing and dressing and training would fall upon her. I am really beginning to feel sorry for men. Some of them seem to have very few rights.

Even our pugnacious doctor I suspect of being a victim of domestic tyranny, and his housekeeper's at that! It is scandalous the way Maggie McGurk neglects the poor man. I have had to put him in charge of an orphan. Sadie Kate, with a very housewifely air, is this moment sitting cross-legged on the hearth rug sewing buttons on his overcoat while he is upstairs tending babies.

You would never believe it, but Sandy and I are growing quite confidential in a dour Scotch fashion. It has become his habit, when homeward bound after his professional calls, to chug up to our door about four in the afternoon, and make the rounds of the house to make sure that we are not developing cholera morbus or infanticide or anything catching, and then present himself at four-thirty at my library door to talk over our mutual problems.

Does he come to see me? Oh, no, indeed; he comes to get tea and toast and marmalade. The man hath a lean and hungry look. His housekeeper does n't feed him enough. As soon as I get the upper hand of him a little more, I am going to urge him on to revolt.

Meanwhile he is very grateful for something to eat, but oh, so funny in his attempts at social grace! At first he would hold a cup of tea in one hand, a plate of muffins in the other, and then search blankly for a third hand to eat them with. Now he has solved the problem: He turns in his toes and brings his knees together; then he folds his napkin into a long, narrow wedge that fills the crack between them, thus forming a very workable pseudo-lap; after that he sits with tense muscles until the tea is drunk. I suppose I ought to provide a table, but

the spectacle of Sandy with his toes turned in is the one gleam of amusement that my day affords.

The postman is just driving in with, I trust, a letter from you. Letters make a very interesting break in the monotony of asylum life. If you wish to keep this superintendent contented, you 'd better write often.

Mail received and contents noted.

Kindly convey my thanks to Jervis for three alligators in a swamp. He shows rare artistic taste in the selection of his post-cards. Your seven-page illustrated letter from Miami arrives at the same time. I would have known Jervis from the palm-tree perfectly, even without the label, as the tree has so much the more hair of the two. Also, I have a polite bread-and-butter letter from my nice young man in Washington, and a book from him, likewise a box of candy. The bag of peanuts for the kiddies he has shipped by express. Did you ever know such assiduity?

Jimmie favors me with the news that he is coming to visit me as soon as father can spare him from the factory. The poor boy does hate that factory so! It is n't that he is lazy; he just simply is n't interested in overalls. But father can't understand such a lack of taste. Having built up the factory, he of course has developed a passion for overalls, which should have been inherited by his eldest son. I find it awfully convenient to have been born a daughter; I am not asked to like overalls, but am left free to follow any morbid career I may choose, such as this.

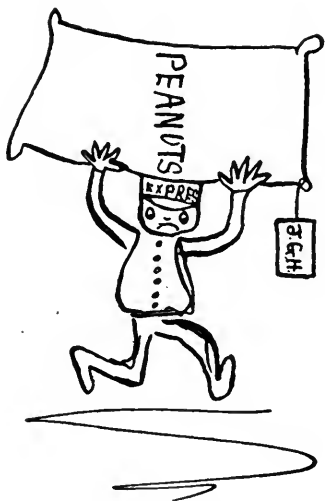
To return to my mail. There arrives an advertisement from a wholesale grocer, saying that he has exceptionally economical brands of oatmeal, rice, flour, prunes, and dried apples that he packs specially for prisons and charitable institutions. Sounds nutritious, does n't it?

I also have letters from a couple of farmers, each of whom would like to have a strong, husky boy of fourteen who is not afraid of work, their object being to give

him a good home. These good homes appear with great frequency just as the spring planting is coming on. When we investigated one of them last week, the village minister, in answer to our usual question, "Does he own any property?" replied in a very guarded manner, "I think he must own a corkscrew."

LATER.

Gordon has made honorable amends to my children. His bag of peanuts is here, made of burlap and three feet high.



Do you remember the dessert of peanuts and maple sugar they used to give us at college? We turned up our noses, but ate. I am instituting it here, and I assure you we don't turn up our noses. It is a pleasure to feed children who have graduated from a course of Mrs. Lippett; they are pathetically grateful for small blessings.

You can't complain that this letter is too short.

Yours,

On the verge of writer's cramp,  
S. McB.

J. G. H., Monday.

Dear Judy:

I have placed out Isador Gutschneider. His new mother is a Swedish woman, fat and smiling, with blue eyes and yellow hair. She chose him out of the whole nurseryful of children because he was the

brunettest baby there. She has always loved brunettes, but in her most ambitious dreams has never hoped to have one of her own. His name is going to be changed to Oscar Carlson, after his new dead uncle.

Your last letter has arrived, and no suggestion in it of traveling North. Is n't it about time that you were turning your faces back toward Fifth Avenue? Hame is hame, be 't ever sae hamely. Don't you marvel at the Scotch that flows so readily from my pen? Since being acquent' wi' Sandy, I hae gathered a muckle new vocabulary.

The dinner gong! I leave you, to devote a revivifying half-hour to mutton hash. We eat to live in the John Grier Home.

SIX O'CLOCK.

The Hon. Cy has been calling again; he drops in with great frequency, hoping to catch me *in delictu*. How I do not like that man! He is a pink, fat, puffy old thing, with a pink, fat, puffy soul. I was in a very cheery, optimistic frame of mind before his arrival, but now I shall do nothing but grumble for the rest of the day.

He deplores all of the useless innovations that I am endeavoring to introduce, such as a cheerful play-room, prettier clothes, baths, and better food and fresh air and play and fun and ice-cream and occasional kisses. He says that I will unfit these children to occupy the position in life that God has called them to occupy.

At that my Irish blood came to the surface, and I told him that if God had planned to make all of these 113 little children into useless, ignorant, unhappy citizens, I was going to fool God! That we were n't educating them out of their class in the least. We were educating them *into* their natural class much more effectually than is done in the average family. We were n't trying to force them into college if they had n't any brains, as happens with rich men's sons; and we were n't putting them to work at fourteen if they were naturally ambitious, as happens

with poor men's sons. We were watching them closely and individually and discovering their level. If our children showed an aptitude to become farm laborers and nurse-maids, we were going to teach them to be the best possible farm laborers and nurse-maids; and if they showed a tendency to become lawyers, we would turn them into honest, intelligent, open-minded lawyers. (He 's a lawyer himself, but certainly not an open-minded one.)

He grunted when I had finished my remarks, and stirred his tea vigorously. Whereupon I suggested that perhaps he needed another lump of sugar, and dropped it in, and left him to absorb it.

The only way to deal with trustees is with a firm and steady hand. You have to keep them in their places.

Oh, my dear! that smudge in the corner was caused by Singapore's black tongue. He sends his respectful regards and three wags of the tail.

Yours til deth,

S. McB.



Off and on all day Wednesday.

Dear Judy:

You will be interested to hear that I have encountered another enemy, the doctor's housekeeper. I had talked to the creature several times over the telephone, and had noted that her voice was not marked by the soft, low accents that mark the caste of Vere de Vere; but now I have seen her. This morning, while returning from the village, I made a slight detour, and passed our doctor's house. Sandy is evidently the result of environment—olive green, with a mansard roof and the shades pulled down. You would think he had just been holding a funeral. I don't won-

der that the amenities of life have somewhat escaped the poor man. After studying the outside of his house, I was filled with curiosity to see if the inside matched.

Having sneezed five times before breakfast this morning, I decided to go in and consult him professionally. To be sure, he is a children's specialist, but sneezes are common to all ages. So I boldly marched up the steps and rang the bell.

Hark! What sound is that that breaks upon our revelry? The Hon. Cy's voice, as I live, approaching up the stairs. I've letters to write, and I can't be tormented by his blether, so I am rushing Jane to the door with orders to look him firmly in the eye and tell him I am out.

\* \* \* \* \*

On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined. He's gone.

But those eight stars represent eight agonizing minutes spent in the dark of my library closet. The Hon. Cy received Jane's communication with the affable statement that he would sit down and wait. Whereupon he entered and sat. But did Jane leave me to languish in the closet? No; she enticed him to the nursery to see the *awful* thing that Sadie Kate has done. The Hon. Cy loves to see awful things, particularly when done by Sadie Kate. I have n't an idea what scandal Jane is about to disclose; but no matter, he has gone.

Where was I? Oh, yes; I had rung the doctor's bell.

The door was opened by a large, husky person with her sleeves rolled up. She looked very businesslike, with a hawk's nose and cold gray eyes.

"Well?" said she, her tone implying that I was a vacuum-cleaning agent.

"Good morning," I smiled affably, and stepped inside. "Is this Mrs. McGurk?"

"It is," said she. "An' ye 'll be the new young woman in the orphan-asy-lum?"

"I am that," said I. "Is himself at home?"

"He is not," said she.

"But this is his office hour."



"He don't keep it regular'."

"He ought," said I, sternly. "Kindly tell him that Miss McBride called to consult him, and ask him to look in at the John Grier Home this afternoon."

"Ump'!" grunted Mrs. McGurk, and closed the door so promptly that she shut in the hem of my skirt.

When I told the doctor this afternoon, he shrugged his shoulders, and observed that that was Maggie's gracious way.

"And why do you put up with Maggie?" said I.

"And where would I find any one better?" said he. "Doing the work for a lone man who comes as irregularly to meals as a twenty-four-hour day will permit is no sinecure. She furnishes little sunshine in the home, but she does manage to produce a hot dinner at nine o'clock at night."

Just the same, I am willing to wager that her hot dinners are neither delicious nor well served. She's an inefficient, lazy old termagant, and I know why she does n't like me. She imagines that I want to steal away the doctor and oust her from a comfortable position, something of a joke, considering. But I am not undeceiving her; it will do the old thing good to worry a little. She may cook him better dinners, and fatten him up a trifle. I understand that fat men are good-natured.



TEN O'CLOCK.

I don't know what silly stuff I have been writing to you off and on all day between interruptions. It has got to be night at last, and I am too tired to do so much as hold up my head. Your song tells the sad truth, "There is no joy in life but sleep."

I bid you good night.

S. McB.

Is n't the English language absurd? Look at those forty monosyllables in a row!

April 5, also April 6.

Dear Judy:

I've instituted a new method of spending your money. We are henceforth to buy a part of our shoes and dry-goods and drug-store comestibles from local shops, at not quite such low prices as the wholesale jobbers give, but still at a discount, and the education that is being thrown in is worth the difference. The reason is this: I have made the discovery that half of my children know nothing of money or its purchasing power. They think that shoes and corn-meal and red-flannel petticoats and mutton stew and gingham shirts just float down from the blue sky.

Last week I dropped a new green dollar bill out of my purse, and an eight-year-old urchin picked it up and asked if he could keep that picture of a bird. (American eagle in the center.) That child had never seen a bill in his life! I began an investigation, and discovered that dozens of children in this asylum have never bought anything or have ever seen anybody buy anything. And we are planning to turn them out at sixteen into a world governed entirely by the purchasing power of dollars and cents! Good heavens! just think of it! They are not to lead sheltered lives with somebody eternally looking after them; they have got to know how to get the very most they can out of every penny they can manage to earn.

I pondered the question all one night, at intervals, and went to the village at nine o'clock the next morning. I held conferences with seven storekeepers; found four open-minded and helpful, two doubtful, and one actively stupid. I have started with the four—dry goods, groceries, shoes, and stationery. In return for somewhat large orders from us, they are to turn themselves and their clerks into teachers for my children, who are to go to the stores, inspect the stocks, and do their own purchasing with real money.

For example, Jane needs a spool of blue sewing-silk and a yard of elastic; so two little girls, intrusted with a silver quarter, trot hand in hand to Mr. Meeker's. They match the silk with anxious care, and watch the clerk jealously while he measures the elastic, to make sure that he does n't stretch it. Then they bring back six cents change, receive my thanks and praise, and retire to the ranks tingling with a sense of achievement.

Is n't it pathetic? Ordinary children of ten or twelve automatically know so many things that our little incubator chicks have never dreamed of. But I have a variety of plans on foot. Just give me time, and you will see. One of these days I'll be turning out some nearly normal youngsters.

Sunday.

I've an empty evening ahead, so I'll settle to some further gossip with you.

You remember the peanuts that Gordon Hallock sent? Well, I was so gracious when I thanked him that it incited him to fresh effort. He apparently went into a toy shop, and placed himself unreservedly in the hands of an enterprising clerk. Yesterday two husky expressmen deposited in our front hall a crate full of expensive furry animals built to be consumed by the children of the rich. They are not exactly what I should have purchased had I been the one to disburse such a fortune, but my babies find them very huggable. The chicks are now taking to bed with them lions and elephants and bears and giraffes. I don't know what the psychological effect will be. Do you suppose when they grow up they will all join the circus?

I have just been reading a pamphlet on manual training for girls, and another on the proper diet for institutions—right proportions of proteids, fats, starches, etc. In these days of scientific charity, when every problem has been tabulated, you can run an institution by chart. I don't see how Mrs. Lippett could have made all the mistakes she did, assuming, of course, that she knew how to read. But there is

one quite important branch of institutional work that has not been touched upon, and I myself am gathering data. Some day I shall issue a pamphlet on the "Management and Control of Trustees."

I must tell you the joke about my enemy—not the Hon. Cy, but my first, my original enemy. He has undertaken a new field of endeavor. He says quite soberly (everything he does is sober; he has never smiled yet) that he has been watching me closely since my arrival, and though I am untrained and foolish and flippant (sic), he does n't think that I am really so superficial as I at first appeared. I have an almost masculine ability of grasping the whole of a question and going straight to the point.

Are n't men funny? When they want to pay you the greatest compliment in their power, they naïvely tell you that you have a masculine mind. There is one compliment, incidentally, that I shall never be paying him. I cannot honestly say that he has a quickness of perception almost feminine.

So, though Sandy quite plainly sees my faults, still, he thinks that some of them may be corrected; and he has determined to carry on my education from the point where the college dropped it. A person in my position ought to be well read in physiology, biology, psychology, sociology, and eugenics; she should know the hereditary effects of insanity, idiocy, and alcohol; should be able to administer the Binet test; and should understand the nervous system of a frog. In pursuance whereof, he has placed at my disposal his own scientific library of four thousand volumes. He not only fetches in the books he wants me to read, but comes and asks questions to make sure I have n't skipped.

We devoted last week to the life and letters of the Jukes family. Margaret, the mother of criminals, six generations ago, founded a prolific line, and her progeny, mostly in jail, now numbers some twelve hundred. Moral: watch the children with a bad heredity so carefully that none of them can ever have any excuse for growing up into Jukeses.

So now, as soon as we have finished our tea, Sandy and I get out the Doomsday Book, and pore over its pages in an anxious search for alcoholic parents. It's a cheerful little game to while away the twilight hour after the day's work is done.

*Quelle vie!* Come home fast and take me out of it. I'm wearying for the sight of you.

SALLIE.

Wednesday morning, April 10.  
My dear Pendleton Family:

I have received your letter, and I seize my pen to stop you. I don't wish to be relieved. I take it back. I change my mind. The person you are planning to send sounds like an exact twin of Miss Snaith. How can you ask me to turn over my darling children to a kind, but ineffectual, middle-aged lady without any chin? The very thought of it wrings a mother's heart.

Do you imagine that such a woman can carry on this work even temporarily? No! The manager of an institution like this has got to be young and husky and energetic and forceful and efficient and red-haired and sweet-tempered, like me. Of course I've been discontented,—anybody would be with things in such a mess,—but it's what you socialists call a holy discontent. And do you think that I am

going to abandon all of the beautiful reforms I have so painstakingly started? No! I am not to be moved from this spot until you find a superintendent superior to Sallie McBride.

That does not mean, please observe, that I am mortgaging myself forever. Just for the present, until things get on their feet. While the face-washing, airing, reconstructing period lasts, I honestly believe you chose the right person when you hit upon me. I *love* to plan improvements and order people about.

This is an awfully messy letter, but I'm dashing it off in three minutes in order to catch you before you definitely engage that pleasant, inefficient middle-aged person without a chin.

Please, kind lady and gentleman, don't do me out of me job! Let me stay a few months longer. Just gimme a chance to show what I'm good for, and I promise you won't never regret it.

S. McB.

Dear Judy: Thursday afternoon.

I've composed a poem—a pæan of victory.

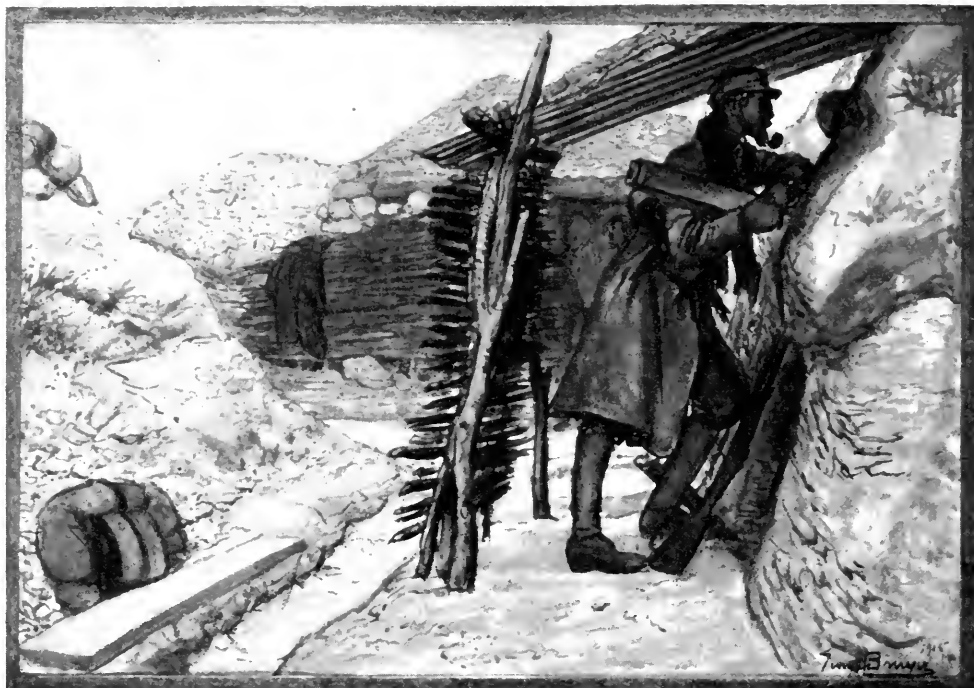
Robin MacRae  
Smiled to-day.

It's the truth!

S. McB.

(To be continued)





The Lookout  
(After an original sketch by Georges Bruyer)

## Art in the Trenches

By ARMAND DAYOT

Inspector-General of Fine Arts, Paris

Paris, April, 1915.

THE reader will notice at once that most of the illustrations for which this article serves as a setting and a commentary have rather the appearance of rough drafts, sketches, rapid outlines, and hasty drawings than works slowly elaborated in the calm and silence of the studio.

This is because, truth to tell, the artists who sign them have scarcely been in a position to work at ease. It is, moreover, from the very special circumstances in which they have been executed that these designs and water-colors borrow the greatest part of their interest. They are precious notes—notes that have not hitherto seen the light, taken from life by the aid of methods often very primitive, and in the midst of the smoke of the battlefield and the thunder of cannon.

It is in this fashion that one of the

young soldier-artists whom we have called upon to contribute to the illustration of this article, and who will soon take one of the highest places among our contemporary artists if death spares his valiant youth and his blossoming talent, has written us while sending from his trench the drawings which appear for the first time in this number of *THE CENTURY*:

These few sketches were made yesterday while, with our knapsacks on our backs, we were waiting to repulse the enemy's attack. I am going to amuse myself with sketching for you something from which to make a few little vignettes—if I am still living in five minutes; for what with the mines, the shells, the cannon-balls, the attacks, and counter-attacks, one can never answer for the next moment. Do not let my strange handwriting surprise you. I am writing with the little end of a sharpened birch-twig.

It is also with this same little birch-twig, undoubtedly, that he has, under the influence of an emotion born from the vision of the unexpected scenes taking

his note-book a charming little water-color, a powerful harmony of blue and buff.

In the packet he has been good enough to send us let us also notice the somber and impressionistic page on which, in the middle of the night, under a sky heavy with snow, a soldier on watch, scarcely protected by a small intrenchment, observes the parabola which a rocket describes in the darkness. What a disquieting impression of mystery in this curious image of modern warfare!

Then, not far from a soldier who in a relaxed attitude is peacefully playing cards, he shows us a poor wounded fellow, spread out on the earth, rigid, with his knapsack as a pillow. All this is taking place in the first line of battle, beneath the flight of shells and to the

place before him, in the cold winter light, in the shadow of an ever-present death, caught with such rapid and such sure strokes the expressions and the attitudes of these inspiring motives—motives very often destitute of any epic magnificence, and appearing, for the most part, like unrelated glimpses of the war—a war without “plumes” and without any decorative or theatrical charm. But, taken together, the rich collection of graphic documents inclosed in the artist’s note-book will soon form, as it were, a curious synthesis of this war of the trenches, in the semi-obscurity of which the most clear-eyed observer could notice only little details, preparations for the approaching terrible last act of the drama.

Thus M. Georges Bruyer shows us two shaggy fellows in the act of digging a trench, then a soldier on the lookout in a trench specially made for him, his periscope over his arm, and alone in his retreat, his eye fixed on a horizon full of menace. From this last motive he has been skilful enough, by very summary methods, to execute on a leaf torn from



Number 223, Wounded  
(After an original drawing by Georges Bruyer)



A Soldier's Family at the Front  
(After an original water-color by Georges Bruyer)

whistling of the bullets. It is war itself. Sometimes, several hundred meters behind the bloody, miry line of the front



Digging a Trench

(After an original water-color by Georges Bruyer)

trenches, during a stretch of several days of rest necessary for the relaxation of nerves overexcited by the frightful noise of the shells, the artist sees passing before him the most amusing incidents, and hastens to catch them on the wing: a halt of young men, for instance, who arrive fresh from the depot, and stop for a moment before passing on to the firing-line to receive the baptism of the German *marmites*. And the freshness of their new sky-blue uniforms contrasts oddly with the colorless, torn, mud-soiled uniforms of the veterans who have been fighting since the beginning of the war, and to the aid of whose indomitable courage they have brought, for the defense of the nation, their young enthusiasm.

M. Georges Bruyer has also seen, in the midst of all this carnage and suffering, a gay and charming young woman who, with her baby, has succeeded in penetrating to the front to see her husband, perhaps for the last time; and from this sweet vision, which evokes in the artist-soldier a touching remembrance of his own family, he has made an exquisite little water-color, fresh like a flower.

The incomparable charm, the powerful interest, of these rapid and vibrant sketches is, I repeat, not only the skill of the artists who have done them, but the exceptional circumstances in which they have been conceived and the altogether special and very difficult conditions under which the artists have been able to catch them.

When I say very difficult, I should say very dangerous, for all the illustrations that appear in this article, even that in which M. Desvarre, painter to the ministry of war, on a mission to the army, represents for us a French regiment marching under the flag bearing the legend, "For the right and for liberty," have been composed from notes taken on the battle-front while the shrapnel was raining about the artist.

So, also, in the case of this poor ruin of the "Ferme de la Jouissance," situated in Flanders, where they have been fighting with terrible slaughter on one side or another. A very important strategic point, which ended by remaining in the hands of the French, it is this henceforth historic spot that an artist of great talent, M.

Henri Jacquier, who took the first *grand prix* of the Salon, and who has just made from life a superb and, so to speak, final portrait of General Joffre, has thought to perpetuate for all time with his sure and rapid pencil.

I know that while M. Jacquier, seated in his motor, was finishing this drawing with very rapid pencil-strokes—rapid for good reason—a shell burst near him, and actually flung the earth into his car. But the drawing was finished.

Such precious details as these, it seems to me, are of the very sort that should all the more attract the reader's interested attention to these precious illustrations.

As for Charles Hoffbauer, one of the best known of our young artists, the admired creator of the magnificent canvas which hangs in the Luxembourg under the title, "*Coin de bataille*," the best war painter, perhaps, since Alphonse de Neuville, this is what he writes me:

Ah, my dear M. Dayot, I am disheartened by this war of the trenches. With too much leisure, we live like veritable stockholders; in our holes one becomes an idiot. Here everybody gets fat, and fat soldiers disgust me. . . .

I hope my drawings will reach you in time. It is the water-color by moonlight in the trench of the advance post that I prefer. The others are bad. . . . The water-color was made in the glass-works of La Neuville, near Rheims, as you wished. But under the most critical conditions. Enormous *marmites* fell among us regularly every three minutes, and I have more than once abandoned the water-color, my arms and my baggage, to seek shelter under a big wall. Be good enough, then, to excuse the mediocre quality of what I am sending you. *I have had too many distractions.* . . .

What does the reader think in regard to this last phrase? As for myself, I ex-



The Moment of Pause  
(After an original water-color by Georges Bruyer)



Worn Out! Warmth after the Rain and the Snow  
(After an original drawing by Mathurin Méheut)

perience a kind of remorse in considering that it was at my request that Corporal Charles Hoffbauer, in circumstances so tragic, executed this water-color, with a touch so impressionistic, despite such poverty of means, despite the *distractions*.

The names of Lieutenant Alexis de Broca and Sub-Lieutenant Mathurin Méheut, also two artists of note, can be added, outside the military hierarchy proper, to the names of non-commissioned officers and common soldiers who have lent us their precious aid for the illustration of this article. M. Méheut, whose exhibition of decorative pictures won a brilliant success at the Louvre two years ago, was fulfilling a mission in Japan when the war broke out. He left as a common soldier, and has just been made a sub-lieutenant on the field of battle. He has been able to send us only two pencil sketches.

M. de Broca shows us, in a slight water-color of broad design and delicate coloring, a convoy of cattle and autobusses traveling toward the front across the plains of the north. It is no commonplace sight, this black line of Parisian

autobusses, accustomed to rolling along the boulevards amid the confusion of the gay and noisy crowds, and used to-day for the rapid revictualing of our brave soldiers. Among the troops, along the dunes, under the pale winter sky, they roll now across the silent and melancholy fields. I may say that the services rendered to the army by these autobusses, the thunder of which used to terrify and deafen Parisians, have been invaluable, and that the question has been seriously entertained of renovating and glorifying them, and, after the war, of making them defile, garlanded with laurels and flowers, like triumphal chariots in the wake of the victorious army.

Another small pencil sketch by the same artist, a sketch caught rapidly on the tiny leaf of a note-book, is, despite its trifling appearance, of the greatest interest.

The scene is in a trench. It represents a superior officer observing through a periscope the movements of the enemy, and communicating to the telephone operator, crouching by his receiver a few steps away, in one of the dark corners of the trench, all the details of this movement.



At once the communications of the chief are transmitted with perfect clearness to the commander of the nearest battery, situated perhaps a few kilometers away.



The Card-Party in the Trench

(After an original water-color by Georges Bruyer)

And immediately the shells of our 75-mm. guns rain with admirable precision in the midst of the close-pressed ranks of the attacking forces, mowing them down frightfully. This is what the official *communiqué* calls, in its laconic style, "arresting the attack of the enemy."

As we see, no detail, not even the most technical, in this strange war, where scientific arrangements play a very important rôle, escapes the observation of our brave soldier-artists, buried in the trenches until the day, soon to come, when they will at last be able to cry, "Forward!"—the day desired by all that will dawn with the great sun of summer, which will make the horses, too long shut up inactive, paw the ground, and will set a-glitter the sabers and bayonets dimmed by the darkness, the chill, and the dampness of the trenches.

Then will come, as in other days, the terrible mêlée, over which the flags will rise and shiver; there will be mad bayonet charges, to the chant of the "Marseillaise"; there will be the rumbling of heavy squadrons of cuirassiers and dragoons, eager for their turn to fight, and drunk with the spirit of vengeance. And the voices of the thousands of cannon,—cannon of all calibers, sounding the approaching general counter-attack, will mingle terrifyingly with the uproar of battle.

Then we shall find ourselves in the midst of truly epic events, and from this tremendous moment will be born, no doubt, works of art of another sort than the light sketches and rapid drawings that are being published now in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*. But I doubt whether from this outburst of official pictures and works done to order, which will probably be signed by celebrated names, will rise so vivid an air of truth, so sympathetic an emotion, as that communicated by these artistic jottings, taken from life without any thought of interpretation, without any forcing of the imagination, with the sole aim of sketching sincerely the impression received from a genuine vision.

And it is this, above all, that makes the incomparable interest of these art notes made in the trenches, which will possess for the future not only the importance of



The Letter

(After an original sketch by Mathurin Méheut)

true works of art, but also of living documents of a vastly higher interest than photographic views. For here the artist's emotion communicates itself through the almost instantaneous expression of the vision which has caught his attention and evoked this emotion.



The Rocket above the Snow  
(After an original drawing in Chinese ink by Georges Bruyer)

It would perhaps be a little paradoxical to say that the trenches that for eight months of war have been the protecting shelter and defense of our troops have also been a sort of *conservatoire* of art and literature for the youth of France. And yet we should not be at all surprised if there should come from them a superb flowering of military art and literature when the final advance, which is approaching, shall have overturned everything, and of these protecting trenches there remains only a mass of bloody earth.

Undoubtedly, a good many of those who, like new troglodytes, have been living in trenches and who have known how to brighten this dark and monotonous life

by the gaiety of their songs, by the picturesque of their stories, or by the spirited play of their "sharpened birch-twigs" on the leaves of their note-books, will no longer be in this world, and will have paid gloriously their debt to their country, though their memory will not perish. But they will still be numerous enough, let us hope—our young artists and our young writers—to celebrate in works that will take shape in the course of time the glory of this subterranean war, this war of patience, little suited, as it is, to the French soul, ever eager for movement and adventure, this war of shadows, from which victory, like truth, will emerge more brilliant and more luminous.

And it will be even later, with a profound surprise, that the generations to come will learn that the brave soldiers who fought to defend the soil of their in-



Ruins of the "Ferme de la Jouissance," the scene of many bloody encounters

(After an original drawing by Henri Jacquier)

vaded fatherland still possessed, in the face of a death incessantly menacing them and striking blindly about them, enough creative energy and imperturbable good humor to paint what was taking place about them, and to sing and to express in the most spirited manner, typically French, their impressions of each day. Yes, the trench, where in very restricted space all classes of society mingle, under the soldier's uniform, to form a sort of popular and patriotic knighthood, will be a source of intense life, and of new energies that will have a fertilizing influence in all the manifestations of the social life, the artistic life included. The expression of sincere emotion, born in the midst of perpetual danger, is going to succeed to the insane interpretation of false sentiments, from which French art was slowly dying.

From the bottom of our hearts let us pray that after this war of extermination, where death, alas! strikes blindly, there will still remain enough young men of genius and talent to raise again the heaped-up ruins, and once more to make blossom from them that beauty without which a people is like a body without a soul.

In conclusion, I have here two fragments of letters, the first from one of the

artists who have helped to illustrate this article,—military rules prevent me from giving his name here,—the second from a letter which he himself has just received from his son, also an artist. These are two pieces of life which I give in their original form to the readers of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*. I have every reason to believe that they will read them with interest and not without a poignant emotion. The father writes:

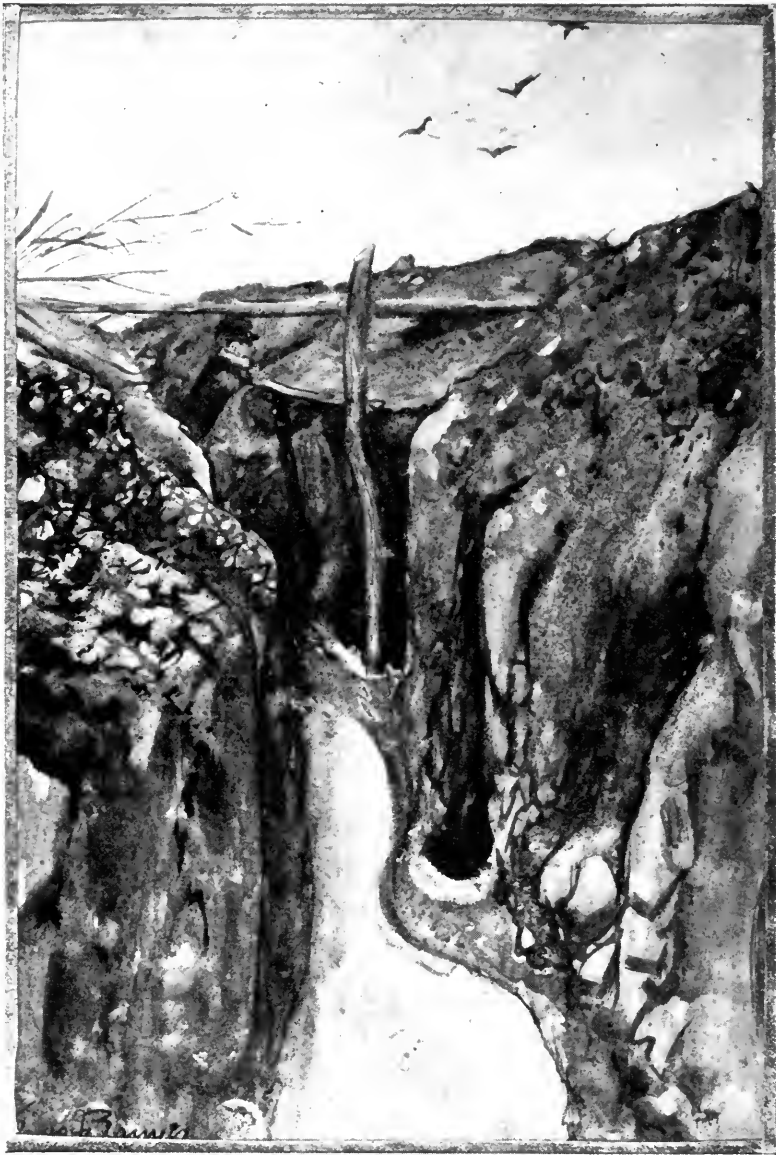
As for my impressions, they are rather those of an artist than of a soldier, and I shall not deny that despite having resolved to do my duty to the end, despite having sworn an implacable hatred to our cruel adversaries, my heart vibrates above all with a feeling of pity when I see our cheery, swaggering little

soldiers marching by, and when I think of to-morrow. . . .



In the Trench: a Superior Officer Directing the Fire  
(After an original sketch by A. de Broca)

It is true that I am a father, and that I have myself a little *poilu* of nineteen years,



Birds Flying over a Trench  
(After an original water-color by Georges Bruyer)

a brigadier of dragoons, and at present in the trenches. Here, by the way, is a letter I have just received from him. . . .

And here are some fragments of the letter of the little "*poilu*" of nineteen, a letter terribly tragic in tone:

You must have heard, my dear father, of the furious attacks which took place at the Aisne. I was there. It was frightful. I

am still quite stunned, and must beg you to forgive me for not having answered your letters sooner. What anguish my silence must have caused you! . . . What I have seen is impossible to describe. It was carnage in all its horror. You must guess the place. It is near S——. There have been frightful engagements in that region. The battle of the Marne, murderous as it was, did not have so many dramatic episodes. It is impossible for me to understand how civ-



A Convoy of Cattle, Followed by a File of Parisian Autobusses, Passing to the Front with Provisions  
(After an original water-color by A. de Broca)

ilized beings can destroy one another so furiously. It is mad, mad, mad. . . .

The Germans wished to break through, no matter at what cost, and to crush us by sheer numbers. But we made a counter-attack, which pushed them back brutally enough.

Imagine a hail-storm of bullets. Our 75's were mowing men down at four hundred metres. Our artillery were firing into the mass. Then the Zouaves flung themselves forward fiercely and mercilessly. We were drunk with carnage. The calmest had become insane. You know I am very calm. Well, in that moment I could have torn the throat of an enemy with my teeth. . . .

For a whole kilo-

meter I galloped over corpses. The night was black, and rain was falling in torrents. The cannonade had stopped, and in the midst of the darkness it was like an immense concert of cries of agony. What horror! . . .

After the storm I returned to my cantonment unwounded. It is unbelievable. . . .

Except for all this, I am very well.

I have an excellent appetite. I am quartered with a good butcher's wife, who cooks me excellent food, which I carry off in my knapsack. . . .

And you, my dear father, what are you doing? Where are you? How I should like to feel myself near you!

*Au revoir.* Perhaps we shall see each other again. I send you all my heart in a kiss. *Vive la France!*



Reading Plutarch  
(After an original drawing in Chinese ink by Georges Bruyer)



The First Line of the Trenches: in the Moonlight  
(After an original sketch by Charles Hoffbauer)

Most of the letters we receive from the front end, for that matter, with this cry of "*Vive la France!*" which sums up all the enthusiasms and all the indomitable hopes of our heroic soldiers, every one of whom is filled with a sense of his duty and knows that he fights for *la patrie* and for liberty.

THIS article was already signed, and I was on the point of putting it into its

envelop when my dear and illustrious friend Rodin, to whom I had shown it, said, in handing it back:

"If you wish, I can furnish you with an interesting addition to this series of notes on art and the war by authorizing you to reproduce an admirable letter that I received from the trenches some little time ago, but which has, however, not yet been published, and which will always remain of the highest interest because of the in-



A Crater Formed by the Bursting of a Great German Shell  
(After an original drawing by A. de Broca)

comparable nobility of the sentiments to which it gives expression. It is signed with the name of a young French artist, to-day a captain in one of the trenches in the north."

This is the letter:

Dear master and friend:

It is a long time now since I have had news of you. I know only through R. R. [Romain Rolland] that you have written him an admirable letter about the great crime of this war, the sacrilege of Rheims, but I have not read this letter. How many

griefs of other sorts the civilized world will have to endure! What scars, what wounds, that will never heal!

I was one of the last travelers who saw Ypres in all its glory and its proud beauty ten days before the bombardment.

It has not been given me to see the ruins, but how many others I have seen! How many churches ruined, how many yawning roofs, how many mementos of grace and beauty torn up by the roots!

We have been fighting for two tremendous months, and we have suffered much, but we have fought well, and our dead have



not died in vain. They have stopped with their bodies the passage which the enemy must not break through, and has not broken through in twenty-five days of furious assault.

I remain quite well, and here I am a captain, . . . which signifies that there have been many missing and many empty places

in our ranks. And we are going to spend Christmas in the trenches. We shall celebrate there a splendid midnight mass, the birth of a new world, the reign of divine justice.

*Adveniat regnum tuum.*

Good-by for the present, my dear master.

Your L.



"For the Right and for Liberty"  
From the painting by Raymond Desvarreux







# Marrying Ann

By ETHEL M. KELLEY

Author of "Making over Mary," etc.

Illustrations by Florence Minard

ANN and I had known each other, if not all our lives, still a generous proportion of them. I fell in love with her over some war-maps that we were studying at the close of the eleventh year of our acquaintance. She was the only woman I knew whose attitude toward the great European struggle did not exasperate me beyond endurance. She considered it neither a personal grievance nor a world-wide shame. She did not writhe and grimace at the mention of the word "atrocities," or seem convinced that the women in New York State, with the privilege of the ballot, would soon put an end to the fighting. She seemed to know that war was war, and she kept her judgment of the warring nations balanced as nicely as that of any fair-minded man I know.

I fell in love with Ann, as I have said, one summer evening when we were discussing the movements of the Allies, and tracing the line of battle on a series of maps spread over the dining-room table of the Wentworths' Long Island summer home. She was wearing a sheer white dress of the new full-skirted variety, and a waist that folded over in front, with a pink silk rose where the crease came. Her hair was done in that tossed-up way that is very becoming, and such a delightful contrast to the sleek, close look that makes it necessary for one to look twice at every ugly woman to see if she is not really

pretty, after all. Why women will disfigure themselves for the sake of some frankly outrageous fashion in hair-dressing it is hard for any mere man to understand. "Soften every severe outline"—that ought to be the rule they hang up over their dressing-tables instead of those exhortations to be good, and let who will be clever, that are popular in pink and blue boudoirs. Instead of looking their prettiest, they seem possessed—but I am riding a hobby again, an indulgence that I have been tactfully denied for the last several months.

Dressed as I have described her, with her eyelashes, I should say, specially waved for the occasion, I simply, and without any particular excitement, fell in love with her. She became wholly desirable to me from that moment. I had dropped in to see her—I have a summer bungalow on the north shore, too—quite casually, because I was bored, and wanted something tall and cool served on a tray, with a sprig of mint in it, and a cool-looking woman to share it with me. What I got was the dining-room in a full blaze of electricity and the war-maps. There was no mention of any refreshment, but in the glare of light I was able to see the woman before me, to gaze at her over the edge of our occupation, so to speak, uninterruptedly for two hours at a stretch, with the result that I have mentioned.

Perhaps I had been in love with her

before, and this was the moment for the revelation. I can only say that if this were true, I had kept it very effectually concealed from myself at periods when it would have been greatly to my advantage to realize the situation.

We had been camping together the summer before with a party of youngsters and a chaperon so ingénue and indiscriminating that we had been commissioned to go along and look after her and her rattle-brained husband and charges. We had been thrown together in those Maine woods in the most romantic and unromantic circumstances,—it was technically after black-fly time, but the black flies had not been notified of it,—and we had come back merely better friends than we had been before.

It was, therefore, a trifle disconcerting to me to find myself falling in love with Ann when I was really past all occasion for it. I did n't particularly wish to be married, but I had always known that the time would come when I should be. I don't believe in getting married before your time, or in trying to escape it when it is really upon you; but the whole proposition for a lazy man involves a good deal of trouble and rearrangement of existing conditions.

However, being in love with Ann made it necessary for me to take action. It is part of my theory that every woman deserves, and desires, to be wooed and won. I don't believe in these modern courtships. Henry Warren proposed to Gertrude over a camp-fire coffee-pot before breakfast. It was last summer; all of our crowd were camping somewhere or other. Neither of them knew how to make coffee. They were bending over the battered tin pot together. "Look here," he said, "kiss me." (Gertrude considered it too good a joke to keep.) Then he followed that with, "Oh, well, we had better be married." I don't believe it was "Oh, well." I know Henry; but women are funny. Gertrude would tell that story, but she would n't give Henry the credit of the classic simplicity with which he had really spoken. Henry would n't say "Oh,

well" while there was an *h* left in the language.

Ann would n't marry a man who could n't approach her with some sort of *em-pressement*. I hate those French words, but we have n't any English equivalent for the way Ann would wish to be approached. Before I went home that evening,—over the tall drink on the side porch that had come just when I had given up all hope of it,—I had mapped out my plan of action. Ann, sitting beside me, sweet and unsuspecting, diffusing a delicate odor of talcum powder and Russian violets, the fresh keen scent of crushed mint mingling pleasantly with my impressions of her, was to find her old friend and comrade subtly turned into the lover. She was going to be made love to, ideally, exquisitely, romantically, after all the traditions of my Southern ancestry. My mother was a Virginian.

"Good night, old Top," Ann said, as I stood up to go,—it was the name my small nephew had for me,—"I 'm glad you 're going, because I 'm sleepy, and I 'm not going to get up because my foot is asleep, and I 'm putting off the inevitable hour of its waking."

I had meant to hold her hand a moment on the top step. As it was, I approached her in her chair.

"Is your hand asleep, too?" I inquired. She put her little curled rose-leaf of a fist into mine.

"Stop squeezing," she said. "Your hand 's horny, and it hurts."

"Good night, Ann." To me the evening had been epoch-making. I stood looking at her, wondering how I could make her, too, feel this hour memorable. She returned my gaze interestedly.

"Good night," she said at last. Then she added dreamily: "Your nose is awfully shiny. I wonder if mine is."

"Your nose," I said—any opening that would lead to a discussion of her features seemed propitious to me—"your nose—"

"If it affects you that way," she said saucily, "I 'll buy it a massage mitten to-morrow. It would be good for you, Bobby. Just massage briskly with it be-



"Ann thanked me very prettily at exactly ten-forty-five"

fore you dress for dinner, and your face will keep its beautiful dull finish all the evening."

I thanked her somewhat sarcastically for her interest and went away.

The next day I went into town to select her first roses for her. It was a painfully hot morning, and I could have telephoned for them, but I wanted the sentimental satisfaction of seeing them put in the box and addressed to her. Also I wanted to send her a message with them that would give her a little idea of the change in my feeling. All the way to town I tried to compose it. I was anxious to say something that would convey the idea that I was always her friend and now her lover, but I could n't frame it in any way that did n't sound absolutely asinine. Then I racked my brain for something in the way of a quotation that would be appropriate; but it was so hot and my wits were working so feebly that the only quotation in the world that I could think of was, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." After an hour's hard labor I managed to extricate another one: "It was roses, roses all the way, and myrtle mixed in my path," but that was worse than the other.

I bought six dozen of those new salmon pink buds that are popular with women this season, and with which I defy any lover, however inspired, to make any sort of original combination, and sent them with my card inclosed, and "Bobby's dear love" written on it. It was n't the way I had imagined doing it. I hate those wet marble flower shops and the incredible freshness of the flowers in them. The salesman had a prominent gold tooth that annoyed me.

The next day I hung around the house all the morning waiting for Ann to telephone and say, "Thank you." I was taking a month away from the office, but the European crisis had so muddled my business affairs that I thought it wiser to be within easy reach of them. Maybe my growing infatuation for Ann had been one of the reasons operating subtly against leaving Long Island that season. If it

was, I can only say that I was absolutely unaware of it when I made my plans.

Ann thanked me very prettily at exactly ten-forty-five A.M. She said she adored Fragonard roses, and thought it was particularly clever of me to select them. She said she had put them in all the Tiffany glass she had (I made a mental note of Tiffany glass for future reference), and some in a brown mixing-bowl from the kitchen, and they all looked equally well. That seemed to be all right as far as it went, but it troubled me vaguely. The girls to whom I send roses are usually quite willing to regard the tribute as significant, or at least to suspend judgment until I've done it again. Early in the afternoon I strolled over to the Wentworth place. Ann greeted me demurely, but after ten minutes of rather restrained conversation she burst into laughter—the ringing, rippling kind of laughter that a few rare women have, as musical as a peal of chimes. Probably that was what I first loved about Ann. I should think it might easily have been, anyway.

"Are n't you feeling well, Bobby?" she said.

"Why, yes, I'm all right."

"Then you've been talking scandal about me, and you're sorry."

"Scandal?" I gasped.

"There's always a motive when a man that you've known all your life takes to sending you roses."

"Yes, there is," I acknowledged.

"Think again, Ann."

She thought. I turned a grave face to her wide-eyed, investigating scrutiny.

"Well?" I said.

At that moment Adeline pounced on us. Adeline is "little sister," a tall, slender young person, with a good deal too much *know-how* for her age and her style of hair-dressing. She was swinging a white sunbonnet with a wreath of silk rosebuds about the brim, which was to have been expected of her. I like David Wentworth and Mrs. Wentworth and Jimmie Wentworth exceedingly, but I can't go Adeline. She belongs to that class of professional

débutantes that gets on my nerves and affects them seriously. Adeline was the only thing I regretted when I realized my feeling for Ann. In fact, I had lain awake an extra half-hour the night before planning to marry her to some one in the Russian service. After twenty-five minutes of conversational *lalu pa do*, she left us, and I crossed the room to Ann and took her in my arms. The child's shallow chatter, the sheer waste of precious moments when I might have had Ann to myself if my right were acknowledged, drove me mad. I resolved the suspense should be over.

I did n't attempt to kiss her, I did n't want to frighten her; I only held her, and held her. She did n't seem to mind, but neither did she seem to be particularly comfortable. I let her go after a moment, and found she was laughing.

"Ann, Ann dear," I said.

She patted my shoulder.

"Poor Bobby!" she said. "Did some little lady girl abuse you? You tell your Aunt Annie all about it."

"Don't be an idiot," I said. Then I shook her by the shoulders. Alabaster and cream those shoulders are when displayed under tulle in the evening, but they were covered with something scratchy in the shirt-waist line at that minute. "Don't be an idiot, Ann."

"What is your trouble then, Bobby, if it is n't a lady? Either you've got something heavy on your chest, as Jimmie says, or you're sick. You can't tell me that you're perfectly normal, after that bear's hug you just gave me and those flowers. When a man goes around craving affection like that, there's something the *matter*. There always is."

There is a way women behave when they're not willing to let you know they're *on*; but this was n't it. Ann was acting in perfect good faith. She is not one of those restless women who are always looking for trouble in the man line. There are women you can't convince that you're *not* in love with them. Ann belonged to that rarer variety who won't believe it when you are. The cool, sweet way that

she looked at me, unsuspecting, amused, yet a little maternal, was very hard to bear. It made me mad to know what she would be like in the other relation—how she would look if she cared—and was standing so close to me.

"There is n't any woman but you." The words were on my tongue, but I could not say them. I simply could not say them. She stood looking at me as if she was going to pull my hair, and I know she was thinking of it.

"Well, if it's not a woman or malaria, let's get out and play some golf," she said. Then she smiled, and put her hand on my sleeve. "Bobby, if there is anything you really want of me, remember, I'm on hand. I'll nurse you through delirium tremens or chaperon any poor little thing to the altar, or if you're just feeling seedy, I'll help you to exercise it out of you; but I don't need a houseful of Fragonard roses to bribe me."

I don't believe in assuming that there is anything you want you can't get—not until you've proved that you can't, at least. The proposition of proving anything by Ann was growing increasingly difficult. It is not a simple matter to tell a woman in cold blood that you want to marry her, not if you mean it, and have been her friend through a long period of years before it occurred to you.

To Ann I was a sort of familiar convenience, like the piano or the telephone. I had all the advantage, and disadvantage, of propinquity. I was in the strange predicament of discovering the position I had always occupied with her become false; but Ann made no such discovery. To her I was still a primrose by a river's brim, and nothing more. Here she was, a full-blooded, exquisite, desirable woman, quite heart-free. Here was I, a healthy and eligible bachelor, head over heels in love with her. Here was a long succession of summer nights and the sea, summer days with their easy intimacy of golf and tennis and bathing-dress, and I was as absolutely incapable of making the transition between friend and lover as if there had been some insurmountable barrier be-

tween us. It was preposterous; but it was a fact, nevertheless.

If there came an afternoon when all the family was away and we had the whole house to ourselves, Ann would spend it poring over photographs of Egyptian ruins or reading, and consulting me about a collection of grocery catalogues she had! She was the housekeeper, and did all the buying and ordering, and she liked to pore over long lists of domestic vegetables in glass, and to involve me in discussions about dried citron and the proper uses of the prune.

"Have you ever been in love, Ann?" I asked her one day. "You're so very domestic—your housekeeping talents—"

"Of course I've been in love—"

"Well, why did n't you marry him?"

"Them. Oh, different reasons. Whole French capon in aspic. Does n't that make your mouth water, Bobby?"

It did. I admitted it.

"Don't you ever think of matrimony?"

"Of course I do. I'm going to be married when I find a man who can make a good salad dressing."

"I could learn it."

"I doubt it, Bobby darling. Truffled rillettes—I wonder what those are."

"Look here, Ann," I said, "let's do some talking. You tell me why you are not married yet, and I'll tell you why I'm not."

"I'm not married because—oh, I don't know. It never came quite right. What's the difference between Westphalia ham and Virginia?"

"I don't know. What do you mean by never came quite right?"

"I never happened to want to be married or to fall in love at the same time they wanted to. You know, we never felt the same way at once."

"Oh."

"I'm going to order some okra."

"You're a maddening woman," I said.

"Yes, indeed, I'm crazy about brandied peaches, and I hope they choke you if you order them out of that catalogue."

"Poor Bobby! He wants to get to *him* now. Well, he shall, so he shall. Poor

Bobbsy! And would n't they marry him, or did they insist on waiting till they were asked? And did he feel very sentimental in the heat, and want to tell his auntie one more time about the big girl from Chicago?"

I had become rather involved with an Amazon from Chicago three years before; but she talked through her larynx, and disgusted me in time. This was not exactly an auspicious moment for recalling the incident. I did what any gentleman would have done in the circumstances—snatched the catalogue out of her hand and fled to the beach with it, where I flung it abroad to the tide before she caught up with me.

It was one night two weeks later that the heat drove half a dozen of us out on the water. Sleeping was impossible, and we decided to row slowly about until the molten earth cooled a trifle. Jimmie Wentworth and his wife were with us, and Gertrude Warren's older sister, Hilda, and her lank fiancé. Ann and I took the flat-bottomed boat I bought from one of the natives.

At first we kept together. Then Jimmie went to sleep, and his wife, who spoils him atrociously, began rowing off toward a bend in the beach where the lights and chatter would n't disturb him. Hilda's young man began to quote Celtic verse to her. Ann and I, feeling vigorous, were both rowing, and we soon shot out into the black-and-silver seas. As we approached the Connecticut shore it got cooler—so much cooler that Ann was all for investigating the stretch of beach before us.

"If it's really so much cooler than our side," she said, "we can have evening picnics over here. Whose land is it, anyway?"

"I don't know," I said. "It belongs to a rather extensive and neglected property. There is a calico mare that sometimes grazes on the bluff here; that is the extent of my information."

We started exploring. In the moonlight the place looked enchanting, though it is a trifle grubby and dog's-eared by



"It was true. I had been criminally careless"

day. We scrambled up the steep bank, and stood high above the restless water in the radiance of the moon. There was nothing in the least French about the landscape, of course, but it composed like Corot—a single tree here and there against the shifting night. We sat under the most decorative of these trees for a long while. It was late, and we should n't have done it, but after ten days of shriveling New York heat, the conventional "thou shalt nots" assume very meager proportions. You seek a spot where you are more likely to survive than in any other, and you stay in it until moving for some reason becomes necessary, accompanied by whatever fellow-sufferer it may be. Ann and I, having paid the penalty of our effort with the oars, were for the moment cool. We fell silent.

"Ann," I said presently, "let's pretend this is a desert island. You and I alone here without hope of rescue."

Here, if anywhere, it seemed I could speak of the thing that lay nearest my heart.

"Oh, Bobby," she interrupted me, "the boat—"

"The boat is all right."

"You did n't pull it up very far," she said.

It was true. I had been criminally careless. I had intended to pull the boat high above the water's reach, if we decided to climb the bluff. Ann had beckoned to me suddenly, and I had forgotten it.

"It's a desert island all right," Ann said when we had confirmed our forebodings and found the boat gone; "the same idea, anyway."

"We can scramble our way to the highway and then walk toward the town. I don't know what town it is, but we can walk toward it."

"And then?" Ann asked politely. "I have n't any money. Have you?"

She knew that I had n't. I had been telling her how, when I changed to my flannels, I had forgotten to transfer the things from my pocket. I had told her as an illustration of the fact that I was

getting more and more absent-minded, hoping she would say, "You must be in love." Every one always says it, no matter how sulphuric they are. Then I was going to say— But she did n't; she only said, "Poor Bobbsy!"

"No, I have n't any money," I said.

"Well, then, what shall we do?" she asked briskly.

"Start out walking until we find a hotel. I can leave you at it, with my watch for security, if necessary. Then I can telephone some one or arrange it in some way."

"Somehow that seems rather an imbecile plan," Ann said.

"Can you think of a better?"

"I can't."

"Well, come on. Say we do it."

"I don't want to," said Ann. "I don't want to."

And we did n't. We stayed where we were until morning. Ann went to sleep on my coat, and I watched over her. Finally I went to sleep, too. It was half-past one when we discovered our plight, and it was really wiser and simpler to stay where we were.

"Ann," I said, when we began actively nursing mosquito bites at sunrise, "I'm going round the world."

"Not in war-time."

"Yes, I am; and when I come to a place where I want to get into the scrap, I am going to get into it."

"You're not," she said. "It is n't your fight. It's none of your business."

"I'll make it my business."

"I would n't," said Ann. "I don't believe in this vicarious belligerency."

"There is such a thing as the higher nationalism," I retorted. There is n't, but I wanted to show her that I could be high-brow at four o'clock in the morning, if she could.

"What are you going to do that for?"

"For luck," I said savagely. "I'm in love." I squashed a peculiarly large and bloody mosquito. They were raging about us. "I'm in love with a woman who is n't in love with me. I'm in love with you, Ann, if you must know. I've been





“If you say ‘Poor Bobbsy!’” I warned her, ‘I shall take you by the slack of your shirt-waist and throw you into the sea!’”

in love with you all summer, and I 'm tired of the whole damned situation. I 'm sorry I swore, but this blooming desert island is the last straw."

Ann looked at me long and contemplatively.

"If you say 'Poor Bobbsy!'" I warned her, "I shall take you by the slack of your shirt-waist and throw you into the sea. It 's as bad as that." I know I succeeded in looking quite sheepish. "It 's as bad as that. Now do your worst, Ann."

"How long have you been in love with me, Bobby?" She spoke very sweetly. I told her.

"I 've been in love with you," she said slowly, "for exactly ten years. Keep your distance, if you please. It never occurred to me that you could change now. When we were camping last summer I gave you up definitely. That *moon*, that lake, and those *trees*, Bobby, and you never even saw them! Oh, I don't believe you 're in love with me now."

"But I am, dear. *These* trees and this sunrise and this blank desert island. Be good to me. I 'm in love with you, really."

She considered; then she kissed me quite sweetly and kindly.

"I almost don't care if you are," she said, "it 's been such a long time, and this

summer has been such a strain. You 've been so sort of peevish and difficult."

"But you understand that now?" I said anxiously.

At about five o'clock Jimmie's launch came nosing along the shore. He gave a shout of relief when he saw us. He had discovered that Ann had n't come in, and had sneaked out to find us. He was somewhat abusive when he discovered we were really all right. He hates having his sleep interfered with.

"Be kind to him, Jimmie," Ann said. "He 's coming into the family. At least I think he is."

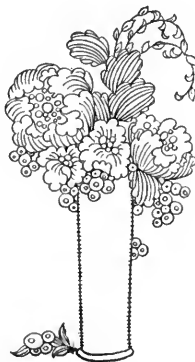
"She 's not pleased with me, Jimmie," I complained. "I don't know why. But she 's not pleased with me all of a sudden."

Jimmie surveyed me with an unflattering scowl.

"She 's pleased with you all right," he said, "but you can't blame her for being depressed when she 's getting engaged to you; for of all the inconceivable donkeys—"

"I 'll take it out of him, Jimmie," Ann promised comprehensively, "for everything he has ever done to me. You don't have to bother."

And with this I was perfectly satisfied to steam home in silence.





## No. 45,637 Missing

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Author of "'Planmaessig' and 'Ausgeschlossen,'" etc., etc.

JAN VAN LEUVEN lived on the main road between Maldeghem and Bruges in the third little house on your right when you came from Antwerp and Eecloo and had passed the village.

The house in which Jan lived was small. There were two rooms on the ground floor, and there was an attic. In one of the rooms down-stairs the family lived; in the other the parents slept. The three children slept in the attic. A few years ago plans had been made for a separate kitchen. But that fall the beets had not done well, and at the end of October there had been a loss of almost two hundred francs. This loss had to be made up during the next spring, and the kitchen was not built. The family lived and cooked, ate and drank, in the room on the left side of the small hallway. The room on the right was the bedroom. It contained a large bed with carved posts. In one corner there stood a heavy oak cupboard. That was the linen chest. On top of this cupboard there was a large blue plate. When Jan's grandfather and grandmother had been married fifty years, some one had sent to Delft, Holland, for this plate. It showed a large apple-tree in full bloom, and gave the years 1837-1887, and the initials J. v. L. (for the name Jan had been in the family for many centuries) and C. A. The C. A. stood for Catheryn Anderlecht. She had been Jan's grandmother and had come from near Brussels.

In the kitchen there was a large table, a stove, big and small chairs, and a cupboard for the crockery. Upon the walls there was a picture of Napoleon, showing that monarch entering the old gates of Bruges. There was a very brilliant litho-

graph of Pope Leo, with his sharp smile and his long pointed nose. Under this portrait there was a small china crucifix, with a little bowl for holy water. But the bowl was usually empty, for what with the work in the kitchen and the stable there was little time for the wife to keep on filling little bowls with holy water. Finally there was a large picture of Queen Elisabeth, the wife of the King of Belgium. Jan, who loved his wife simply, but very sincerely, had been struck by the similarity in names between his wife and the queen. It had pleased him. It was a direct bond with the royal family, and one day he had sent to Bruges for a picture of the queen. There was a large German department store in Bruges, run by a Jew from Berlin. This store sold very beautiful pictures of her Majesty, with a colored coat of arms of Bavaria and her name in gold print. The pictures were made in Munich, where the father of the queen was a doctor to all the poor people, and the Belgians were glad that their king had married such a good woman who at the same time looked so lovely.

On the cupboard in the bedroom, to the right of the blue plate made in Delft, there was an old photograph of Jan himself. His wife kept it there, and she was as proud of his picture as Jan was of his queen. It showed the husband in the uniform of a corporal of the Seventh Regiment of infantry of the line. This photograph had been taken in Liège fourteen years ago, when Jan had done his military service. He had almost forgotten these days. They had not been very pleasant; neither had they been very unpleasant. They had been just a loss of time; three hundred and sixty-five days filled with

dull routine work, peeling potatoes, cleaning sleeping-quarters, drill, marching, cleaning the kitchen, a little more drill. Jan had been a good soldier, and had been promoted to the rank of corporal, which gave him six cents a week increase of pay. He had found himself easily under the mild discipline of that day. Belgium was not a fighting nation. It had no foreign policy that might get it into trouble with its neighbors. On the north there was Holland, and Holland was a peaceful nation engaged upon its own affairs. On the south there was France, and France long since seemed to have lost all love for war. On the east there was Germany, but Germany was a hard-working nation of busy merchants. Surely Germany would never be an enemy to Belgium, for the land between the Schelde and the Meuse was a second fatherland to thousands of Germans. In the large cities of Belgium one saw almost as many German signs as one did Flemish and French. The Belgians welcomed those immigrants, who were industrious and got along well with their neighbors. They soon picked up the language of their new country, married the Belgian girls, and their children went to Belgian schools.

Therefore, although Belgium must keep an army (it was so ordained by some treaty of which the people in general did not remember the details, but which said something about this being a neutral country that must be able to maintain its neutrality by force of arms), the army was not taken very seriously. The officers were nice young fellows. They were for the greater part the sons of rich manufacturers who liked a life of leisure and open air combined with some definite duties. They married nice girls, settled down in small garrison towns, kept horses, and were very good friends with their men. In the course of time they went to Brussels, were made colonels, grew stout, and somewhat red in the face, until they were promoted to be brigadier-generals and were then pensioned.

Of his own family Jan had known little. His father and grandfather had been

small farmers before him. There was a tradition in the family about the name. Many centuries ago (in the fourteenth century, the schoolmaster had told Jan) the family had lived in Louvain and had been wool-carders. But there had been trouble with some German duke, and the wool-carders had thrown a dozen members of an unjust town council out of the window of the town hall. Perhaps there had been only ten, or perhaps twenty. Anyway, they had been killed, and the duke had come to reestablish order, and many of the men had been obliged to leave the city. Jan's family had then moved to Bruges, and because they had come from Louvain, they had been named van Leuven, which in Flemish indicates that they came from Louvain. Gradually they had kept this as their surname. In Bruges, however, the day of the wool-carder was over, too. The family had then gone to near Westcapelle, and had settled down upon a small piece of land; but the same wind which had filled up the harbors of Bruges and Ypres with sand had blown the sand of the dunes upon the lands of Westcapelle. The peasants worked hard, but the wind blew harder. They had been obliged to give up the game, and they had moved farther inland, and had become small farmers near Maldegheem.

Jan had known his grandfather, who had been a man of great strength of character, and who for almost all his many years had been a member of the town council. Of his father, who had died in the late nineties, Jan kept a pleasant recollection. He had been a simple man, a good Catholic, a citizen of few and quiet words. In the same way the mother had been a kindly woman who, when she grew older, became more and more interested in the church, and who had done her simple duties in a cheerful way, and now lay buried with her husband and three children in the little cemetery about the church of Eecloo. Jan, as the only surviving child, had inherited the farm. He had worked it for five years alone. By nature he was very shy, and although he wanted

a wife, he had not known how to go about getting one. Then one year at the annual fair he had danced with Elisabeth, the daughter of the postman of Eecloo. He had married her, and she had brought him five hundred francs, which they had used to put a new roof upon the house and to build a very fine pigsty. There had been three children. The eldest, a girl, was called after the mother. When she was ten years old, and when her nameday came around, she had written a poem for the queen and had sent it to Brussels. This, she felt, she was allowed to do because the queen and she both had the same name. After a week the secretary of the queen had sent her a very pleasant letter of thanks. The letter had been framed, and was hanging in the attic where Elisabeth slept. At present she was still at school, but she would soon leave, for she knew all that she would ever need to know. Then she was going to take a place in the house of the notary of Eecloo. It was a good place, for the wife of the notary was a very kind woman, and little Elisabeth would make as much as a hundred francs a year. If she was very careful, she could save four hundred francs before she was twenty-two, and then she could marry.

Of the little boys, the elder was called Jan, after the father, and the younger was called Hendrik. This was a bit of romance on the part of Jan. Hendrik Conscience, the great Flemish story-writer, had been his one enduring admiration, and when he got a second boy, he insisted upon calling him after his favorite author, who had populated the land of Flanders with such wonderful heroes. He had never told his wife, because she was rather matter of fact, and she might have laughed at him. So he told her about a certain Uncle Hendrik who had gone to America as a child and who might return some time with fabulous wealth, and then would he not be pleased to find a little nephew called after him?

So much about this little family. Their lives went by in complete peace, in sufficient material well-being, in small duties, small pleasures, small griefs. Whatever

came to them they shared with the full understanding of great comradeship. Their little corner of old Flanders did not see much of the big world. Once or twice a year the family went to Bruges to get a few necessary articles at the big German department store where one bought things cheaper than elsewhere. Twice a week there was a little newspaper, the "Gazette de St. Nicholas" (from the small town of St. Nikolaes near Antwerp). It was read carefully by the grown-ups, and then hidden with care from all the children, because it might make them too fond of the world.

The years came and the years went, and the month of August of the year of grace 1914 was there, and everybody was happy.

"ELISABETH," said Jan, who had been to Eecloo to settle about a shipload of sugar-beets sold to a refinery in Holland—"Elisabeth, they said in the inn that there was going to be a war."

"War?" answered the wife. "War is something which big countries make upon each other. What do we care? Belgium is not a big country. How much did you get for those beets?"

Then they went to bed.

It was eleven o'clock of the night, and the moon shone. The slate roof of the old church of Maldegheem shone with a strange light. The few houses of the village stood like strange dark animals, heavily asleep, crowding about the protecting mother church. The ancient tower, erect and threatening, guarded the landscape for miles around. In only one house a light still shone. The baker was making up his weekly accounts. All was quiet.

Suddenly, with a terrific clanging an automobile drew up before the small lighted window. It had come so fast that it seemed to have arisen from the earth. There was a loud blowing of the horn.

"Town rowdies," said the baker, who had lost count. "Let them toot. Let them toot themselves to hell. I shall not open."

Somebody was beating upon his door with a stick.

"Here, open that door, if you are still awake. Open, and make haste about it." The baker went to the window and opened it very carefully (night air is bad for the health), and said:

"Stop that noise, you old drunkard! Go away and let us sleep, or I will send for the constable."

"Don't be an ass!" the man outside, who was an officer, and had been hammering upon the door with his saber, commanded. "Open the door! the king's business."

The baker was no fool. Indeed, he was somewhat of a Socialist, and had read a great deal.

"The king's business," he answered, "sounds very well in old stories. But the king is in Brussels, fast asleep, and you ought to be, too. Go away!"

"The king is in Brussels, and the Germans are across the Meuse—"

"Hold on; wait." The window was closed with a bang. A second later the door was opened. "The Germans? It is impossible."

"It is true," said the officer. "And now take us to the mayor, for we have orders for mobilization, and we want to see him."

"I will get my slippers and I will come." The baker, clad in a long woolen nightgown, and with enormous leather slippers, came out of his door into the street. The moon shone as before, but now the shadow of the tower fell black across the glistening slate roof. Here and there a light appeared and a window opened.

The mayor himself, a grocer, leaned out of his window, and, seeing the commotion in front of the baker's house, shouted:

"Hey, Jef, what is the matter?"

"War!" shouted the baker. "There is war! Here is a captain with orders for all men to come to the army. Get up and come out here. He wants to show you himself."

The captain was officially polite when the mayor came near him dressed in a big blue ulster and with a knitted nightcap on his head. "Sorry to disturb you, Mayor, but here is a letter for you."

The mayor took it, and looked at the big seal.

"Is it bad?"

"Very bad. I advise you to get the town-crier."

"He is sick," interrupted the baker.

"Never mind; get some one with a trumpet or a drum, and let him wake up all people and put up those announcements. Let him go down the road as far as Syssele and tell the men to leave at once. Good night, Mayor. I have to cover half the province to-night. Go to work, for there is little time." With a polite military salute the captain left them. Blowing its horn like a demon on a joy ride the car shot forward. The small street was empty and quiet. Then a woman broke out weeping. Her husband took her into the house. The windows now lighted up everywhere.

That night Jef the baker, who in times of peace was a Socialist and against all kings and war, and who doubted the economic value of patriotism, but in his younger days had been a bugler in a cavalry regiment, walked twelve miles (he was sixty-three years old), and upon all the corners of the road pasted the small white slip of paper that told the country that Germany had forced her way into Belgian territory. Then he blew his trumpet, and the sleepy birds in the trees fluttered about in the dark, with the vision of some demon owl chasing them. Then he read the official order of mobilization.

The country had been attacked, and must make ready to defend itself against the greatest military power of the world. All men of the first and second reserves, besides the regular militia, must hasten to their garrison. God bless Belgium!

Jan van Leuven was in the second line of reserves, but for three years he had done no service. He had heard Jef's terrible trumpeting, and had gone out to discover the reason of all the noise. Jef, standing all alone in the road, in his right hand a small lantern and his old bugle, clad in his night-shirt and a big brown ulster, with a pair of old spectacles on his

nose, had read him the order of mobilization.

"Does that mean that you have to go, too?" Elisabeth asked when he came back and brought Jef with him, to give the baker a drink and warm his cold lungs for further trumpeting.

"It does," said Jan.

"When does he have to leave?" she asked Jef.

"To-morrow morning." After a few minutes Jef went on his way, and the others went back to sleep until five o'clock.

"Get up," said Elisabeth to Jan. "It is after five. It is time to milk the cow."

"And go to war," her husband answered.

"That is true. I will get your uniform, and see whether all the buttons are sewn on properly."

At five o'clock an automobile stopped in front of the house. The occupants needed a pail of water. Jan asked them for news.

"It is very bad," said the first syndic of Bruges, who was in the automobile, and was on his way to Antwerp to consult with the military commander. "It is very bad. The Germans have taken Liège, and they are crossing the Meuse on three bridges."

"I shall have to be going then soon."

"The sooner the better."

"You don't happen to know when there is a train for Mechlin?" Jan asked the syndic.

"There are nothing but extra trains now, and they run every hour or so. Good luck to you, and thank you for the water. Take this for the children," and he offered Jan a five-franc piece.

"Oh, no," the farmer refused. "This is war, and I am to help you for nothing."

"This is war," the syndic answered, "and your children will need it. Don't be a fool, but take it."

"All right, then, and thank you," said Jan, and went to the kitchen and gave the five-franc piece to his wife. She was sitting at the table putting on the buttons of Jan's coat.

The thread had worn out, she explained

to him, and he must be made comfortable before he left. The daughter was repairing the braces which went with the trousers. Soon everything would be fixed.

"I might as well keep busy while I am here," Jan said, and he went out to the stable. There the cow was chewing her cud, and refused to be disturbed in this agreeable occupation of two meals for one price.

"Good-by," Jan said to the cow, and the cow chewed on. The goat, in the dark corner of the stable, suddenly poked its head above the low wooden partition which Jan himself had built for his pet animal. "Good-by, my boy," the farmer said, and stroked the rough black hair. The goat, expecting something to eat, rubbed its wet nose into his hand.

"I will bring you a piece of sugar from the Germans," Jan promised and left. Before he went out of the stable he came back. He took the horns of the goat, lifted up the head, and kissed its nose.

"Perhaps it will be the last time, and we are such old friends." When he went back to the house his coat and trousers had been repaired and his knapsack had been filled.

"I have given you one extra shirt and two pairs of socks," his wife told him. "I suppose that will be enough."

"More than enough," replied Jan, and went to the cupboard and took a piece of black bread, which he wrapped in an old paper and packed with his clothes. "That will last me for a few days."

At that moment a voice sounded from the street:

"O-o-o-h Jan!"

"Yes. What is it?" the farmer shouted back.

"We are driving to Bruges, and there is room for one more. Do you want to come?"

"You had better drive," said Elisabeth. "You will not get so tired then." She picked up the knapsack. The eldest boy came forward.

"Mother, is father going away?" he asked.

"Father is going to the war."

"What is war?"

"When people kill each other."

"Is father going to be killed?"

The Flemish peasant is not given to meditations. Sentiment has little room in the slaving existence of those who must live from the soil. The mother did not answer. She had been happy as far as happiness went. Her husband had loved her and had been true to her. He did not drink. He worked very hard. All his spare time he spent at home. Now he was going to the war. She was sure that she had never wanted him to go. Her conceptions of the large world were very vague. Her ignorance of politics was profound. She respected the powers that were, but she felt that all this was wrong. For her the world ended when her husband left. She knew that she must be brave. Weeping never did anybody any good. She called to the daughter:

"Say good-by to father."

The child, crying bitterly, kissed her father, then miserably slunk back into the house, and wept her soul out upon the kitchen table. The small boys fled in perfect horror, and hid in the attic.

Jan turned to Elisabeth.

"Good-by, my wife. You have been a very good wife."

"Husband mine," she said, "you have made me very happy. Good-by." Then with a sudden violence she cried, "And may God strike the man who hurts you!"

With her head erect she went into the house and made the beds. That evening she filled the little bowl of holy water and kept it filled thereafter. And when the night came, she called for the daughter and the little boys, and together they said a prayer for father, and asked the Holy Virgin to have him in her most special care.

At supper time the children got sugar on their bread, and at eight o'clock they all went to sleep.

THIS is a very simple little story, not remarkable in any way. There were four hundred thousand men in the land of Belgium to whom the same thing happened.

Most of these were not heroes. They were simple farmers and laborers, who went when they were called for. They did not understand the reason why. To them their fatherland meant a little town or a village. The larger bond of a common country had never been very strong, but now all this had changed. The Germans, whom they had received well, to whom they had offered a new home, had betrayed their country and had killed hundreds of Belgians. This was very, very wrong, and without any excitement they all went forth and did their duty.

During the first days this new life of being a soldier was rather strange to most of them. The old unfamiliar uniform was uncomfortable. How different, too, was the life from that at home! When six o'clock in the morning came, one did not get up and milk the cow. At four o'clock one went out of town and learned how to shoot. Some day soon they would have to know how to shoot. They would pull the trigger, and somebody would be killed. They did not want to kill anybody. They did not even want to kill a German. But the Germans had come and had killed the Belgians, and this was all very wrong. When they were not drilling or learning the theory of warfare in the barracks, they sat in the little inns and talked. They always talked about the same thing, how wrong it had been of the Germans to attack their country. Finally they became so excited that they swore loudly about the things that they would do to the Germans. Then the officers told them to be quiet and not say such words, for this war was a very serious business, and all men must keep their heads cool.

In this way the month of August passed and September came, and the world seemed to be going toward its end. Liège had been taken, and several thousand brave fellows lay dead beneath the ruins of the steel fortifications. Namur had been taken so rapidly that there had been talk of treason within their own ranks; but this had not been true. Then the Germans had swarmed all over the coun-



try. Many horrible things had happened. Between the Meuse and the Schelde, few villages and towns had been left undestroyed. Here the market-place was gone, there the entire town had disappeared, and, a little farther toward the south a number of beautiful old churches had been shot to ruins.

Many people had been killed, too. The Germans were stern masters, and resistance to military orders was punished with death. In some places a few men and women had been shot by order of a court-martial; in other small cities almost the entire population had been put against a wall and had been butchered with the help of machine-guns.

It was all very horrible. Jan read about it in the newspapers, and he heard about it from the endless procession of frightened people who, moving in despair and fear toward the safety of the Dutch frontier, were obliged to pass through Mechlin. These people had lost everything. Their young men were dead or in a German prison; what had become of many of their daughters they did not know. They were given to eat and to drink by kind people in Mechlin, and then they went on to Antwerp and to Holland, where they would be safe and well looked after.

Then one day a long procession of automobiles came rushing through the city. The Government of Belgium was obliged to leave Brussels and to go to Antwerp. In one automobile Jan, who was on guard duty, had caught sight of the king and the queen, and he was happy that his wife should have the same name as this lovely-looking woman. She had reminded him a little bit of a statue in the church in Maldeghem. But it was better not to think of those things, because it made one very homesick.

Mechlin was now the farthestmost post upon the road to Brussels that was still in Belgian hands. The town was not fortified. It must not be defended, for then the Germans would have had the right to bombard it, and this must be prevented. So one night at two o'clock the troops were called and were told to make ready

for a forced march. Some of the troops were to retreat to Antwerp, but others must go down the road toward Brussels and try to stop the Germans. Meanwhile the regular army, tired out with fighting and marching for more than a hundred hours—a hundred hours without any rest or sleep—must be given a chance to get to Antwerp and have a two-days' rest.

Jan got ready. He had little to carry. The uncomfortable knapsack had long since been discarded. The men now carried their few belongings in old sacks, which they slung across their shoulders. In the pocket of his waistcoat Jan put three postal-cards. These he had received from Elisabeth, and they told him that everything was well at home. Jef, the baker, was now mayor, for the regular mayor had gone to the war. The little boys worked in the stable. The daughter was helping her mother very well. Would Jan please excuse those postal-cards? They were cheaper than a letter, and everything was so terribly dear now. She had sent Jan another pair of socks, and hoped that they would reach him. The war was terrible. Why had the Germans ever done this? She was his loving wife Elisabeth.

First Jan put these cards in his sack, but then he became afraid that he might lose this, and he put them into the pocket of his waistcoat. This waistcoat did not belong to the uniform, properly speaking. It was brown, and had been knitted of wool that Elisabeth had bought in Antwerp many years ago. It was almost October, and the nights were cool. It was nice to have a warm waistcoat.

At twenty minutes past two the men left the barracks. They went southward.

"We shall soon be in a fight," Jan said to his neighbor.

"The sooner the better," was the answer. "The Germans have killed my brother near Aerschot. I want to get even."

The town of Mechlin was awake; the people were making ready to leave, hastily packing their household goods together by the light of a few lanterns. No street

lighting was allowed since a Zeppelin had flown across the city and thrown three bombs. The bombs had killed only a few people, but a great deal of material damage had been done. The household goods were loaded on carts, and on top of tables and chairs came the bedding. The blue-and-white checkered mattresses reminded Jan of home. When Elisabeth aired the beds, the children used to play "mountain," and roll down the soft side of their blue-and-white hills. It was pleasant to think of home, but it was difficult to think and keep step in the dark. Jan stopped thinking.

It was very cold, and Jan was glad that he wore his waistcoat. The men moved their feet automatically and cursed the Germans who had driven them out of their comfortable beds so early in the morning. Soon they were out on the high-road, and then they marched for two hours and stopped. It was not so dark now, for the moon had risen. On the road a few dozen pioneers, naked to the waist, were hacking down trees, sweating like horses and throwing the tall poplar-trees across the road to prevent the Germans from making a raid upon Mechlin with armed automobiles. The soldiers were told to lie down on both sides of the road. The grass was very wet, but the men were tired, and made ready to sleep a while longer.

"Might as well smoke," said Jan, "while we are waiting," and he got his pipe.

His neighbor borrowed some tobacco.

"Perhaps it is my last chance," he said, and tried to smile with eyes that were filled with the fear of death.

"Keep cheerful," said Jan. "You can weep when the time comes."

"Quiet!" commanded the captain, who, with his collar up to his nose, was standing in the middle of the road and leaning on his sword while he tried to peer into the dark. "Quiet, men! These hacking fellows make too much noise as it is. The Germans might be near."

The men stopped talking, and began to smoke.

A sergeant came creeping along the side of the road to the captain.

"The trees are down for over two hundred meters," he whispered. "The pioneers are through with their job, and are going back. What shall we do?"

"Send out some out-posts," the captain told him. "Let them keep to the side of the road and be very careful. I am afraid that we are late and that the Germans may be nearer than we suppose."

At that moment the pioneers came wandering down the road. They were putting on their clothes as they came. A big motor-truck was waiting for them, and they got on board. The chauffeur tried to start the car, but two months of very rough wear had not improved the starter.

"I must crank the damned thing," he swore, and made ready to take the handle in front of his machine. At the same moment, with a terrific crash, a shell burst not twenty feet away from the car. The Germans had aimed well in the dark. The top of the truck was blown off, and three men fell in a bleeding mass. The engine, however, caught this time, and with a big leap it darted forward. Several of the soldiers, struck with fear (it was their first shell), ran toward the truck and tried to get hold of it. The captain rushed up, and with his sword hit at the men.

"Get off! Get off! damn you, you cowards! Let go! Stay where you are." Then turning back toward his men, he shouted: "Get out into the fields. Make ready to fire. Sergeant, get the men away from the road." Then there came a crash like thunder, and a second shell burst right among the small group of men. The captain was gone. It had hit him full in the body. Other men were not so lucky. The sergeant threw up his hands. He had been a few meters away. A bullet from the bursting shrapnel had cut the artery of his throat, and he fell dying. The worst of all happened to a soldier who had hidden behind a tree. The tree was knocked down, and it pinned the man under its heavy trunk. Both his legs were broken, and he swore pitifully. Several

men rushed up to help him. In the dark they tried to pull him out of his dangerous position, but the man with the broken legs, crazed with pain, almost unable to speak, told them to stop. They did not understand. With his free arm he grabbed his gun and thrust it at the man who held his right arm.

He made a big gashing wound in the man's cheek, and the soldier, caught by surprise, kicked his poor comrade under the tree, then repented, but was almost killed by a second savage thrust of the bayonet. Then they let go of the man with the broken legs, and he twisted and swore and prayed until a third shell made an end to all his suffering. It killed three of the soldiers who were trying to discover the enemy in the dark, and then the rest stampeded. Like sheep, they ran down the road. Jan, who was now the oldest corporal, tried to assume some sort of command.

"Get out of the road!" he shouted. "Get away, you idiots! They will kill you here." With the butt of his rifle he pushed the men into the fields at the sides of the road, where they would be safe from pieces of shell that might hit the cobblestones and rebound.

The men ran. They ran until their sides ached; they kept on running until their hearts threatened to burst within their breasts. They kept on running until they felt the throbbing of their arteries in their necks, and their throats seemed closed with iron bands. They threw away their sacks; they threw away their guns; they tried to loosen their sabers while they ran. The sweat flowed down their backs and down their legs until even their outer clothes were wet; their feet were as heavy as lead. Yet they kept on running, driven by one single idea—to get away from this hell of bursting shells and fire.

Don't blame them for their fear. Fighting at night is dangerous work. Only the best of well-trained troops can stand the strain. These men were raw troops who had never been in battle before. Discipline had not yet subdued the primitive instinct of living.

Jan had run with the rest of them. He had kept his pipe in his mouth, and the tobacco, mixing with his breath, had almost stifled him. He had also kept his gun. Not for any damned German was he going to throw away his own gun. Besides, you never could tell whether it would come in handy. After all, he was the corporal, and he must show the example. With that thought, he began to slow down. Presently he found himself with two other men alone on the road. One was a soldier whom Jan knew only slightly; the other was from his own village, and a distant cousin through his wife.

The Germans seemed to have given up the pursuit, and the shells no longer exploded upon the road. The men, terribly fatigued by their headlong flight, walked slowly. After a few minutes they came to a bend in the road, and there they saw a little house. A woman was standing in the doorway. She was holding her dirty apron and rolling it up and down in an aimless sort of way, saying in a slow, monotonous voice, "Oh, my God! oh, my God!"

"Get us some water," said Jan. "Do your praying afterward. Get us some water first."

Her senses came back to her, and she told them to come into the house.

"There is milk for you—in the kitchen."

They went through the low hall and turned into the kitchen on the left. All houses are the same in that part of the world, and they found their way instinctively.

The milk was standing in a pail, and they drank one after the other. Jan as corporal came first, then the cousin, and then the other soldier.

"We must go now," said Jan.

"All right," the soldier answered, stopping long enough to get his breath. "Just one more swallow."

They thanked the woman and left the house. The soldier, who was wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, went out of the door first of all. At the same moment the sharp click of a rifle-shot

sounded, and the soldier tumbled back into the house. A bullet had hit him in the chest. He vomited blood while he tried to steady himself against the door-post.

"The Germans," said Jan. "Damn their souls!" and while he put his gun against the wall, he dragged the wounded man into the house, locked the door with a great bang, and supported his comrade into the kitchen. There he put him upon the floor, next to the table. The wounded man coughed miserably, like a man in the last stages of asthma, and the floor was covered with his blood. The woman, dazed with the horror of the sight, again stood rigidly in her corner, fumbling her dirty apron, and repeating in a mechanical way snatches of a Latin prayer that she had learned without knowing what it was all about.

All this takes some time to describe, but it took little time to occur. The Germans were apparently all about the house, and through the thin wooden door bullets whizzed into the hall.

"Have you a cellar?" Jan asked.

The woman stopped her mumbling.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, come down into the cellar."

The woman did not move.

"Come along, or you will be killed."

She tried to move, but could not.

The man on the floor, in his last agonies, tried to lift himself up. Jan knelt by his side.

"Good-by, comrade. God bless you!" said Jan, putting an arm about his shoulder. At the same moment a bullet crashed through the window and landed in the wooden partition that divided the kitchen from the stable.

"Go away, Jan!" the wounded man said, and with his last strength pushed him away. At the same moment a volley sounded. The woman in the corner, still repeating her, "O Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me! O Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me!" crumpled together into a soundless pile of clothes and red flesh. One bullet had hit her in the brain; another had shot away her lower jaw. On his knees Jan crept out of the room, keep-

ing well below the window. The bullets kept splashing against the wall. The house was being besieged, and the Germans took no chances. At that moment, with a great noise of breaking window, a burning torch came falling into the room. It fell under the table, but the pool of blood of the dying man had spread across the entire floor, and the torch, spluttering a moment, burned lower and lower, and went out. The man on the floor, with his mouth wide open to get air, made a horrible grimace. His tongue stuck outside of his mouth. "Funny!" he whispered, looking at the torch. "Funny!" and he died.

All this time Jan had stood in the doorway of the kitchen. The bullets went by him in parallel lines, but the door-posts were heavy, and he was not hit. On the other side of the hall, in the door leading to the kitchen, his cousin stood.

"Take your chance and jump," he shouted to Jan.

Jan jumped, and fell into the arms of his cousin. For the moment they were both safe.

"It is a fine stone cellar," the cousin told him. "We shall be safe in there."

"The longer we keep the Germans here, the better for our own men," Jan thought to himself, and then he asked his cousin how many bullets he still had with him. The cousin had thrown away two packages, but he still counted forty. Jan had eighty.

"Suppose we do some firing, too, through this door," he suggested. "It may not do any good, but they will think that there are a lot of us, and they will stop to take our little house first. It will help our own men."

It was clumsy work to fire from this small door-post, but they managed to do it. For five minutes they kept up a volley through the door, which had now been shot to pieces. The little hall was filled with smoke. A steady downpour of lead hit the plaster of the walls. Then an unfortunate thing happened. The cousin, excited with the noise, noticed how he had shot a man who apparently was taking

careful aim at their doorway. In his enthusiasm he now left the safe cover of the heavy oaken beams, and at once fell back with a bullet in his arm and one through his neck. Jan put his right arm about the man's shoulder, and supported him down the few steps of the cellar. The right arm hurt terribly, and the man groaned. In a corner Jan found a heap of raw potatoes. Upon these he put the dying man.

"Not very comfortable, that bed," he tried to console the dying man, with a smile. "You are wasting good potatoes—twelve guilders a bushel."

Then he covered the man with some old sacks, and rushed to the cellar door, which was very heavy, and locked it. It was none too soon, for at once an ax came down upon the door, and the Germans began to hack it away. Jan went back to his cousin. Thick blood flowed from his neck. From an old potato sack Jan made a prop, and tried to stop the bleeding. The poor fellow told him not to.

"It hurts too much. Mary, blessed Virgin, help me! It hurts so terribly." Then very softly: "Jan, lift me up. It's so very dark in here! Jan, you will see my wife—you are not holding me now; you must hold me. Jan, stay by me; I want to live a little longer, and now I must die. O Mary, our Blessed Lady, pray for me! Jan, be good to my wife and children." Then in a sudden fit of anger, with his greenish pale face he stared at the ceiling, and almost lifted his body from the potatoes: "Damn these murderers! God punish these murderers! I have been murdered. I want to live, and they have killed me. Jan, are you there? Kiss me. I want you to give this kiss to my wife and this to my child." But that kiss was never given, for the man was dead, and Jan tenderly put him back upon his last bed of raw potatoes.

"Now it is my turn," he thought, and looked for his tobacco and pipe. "My last smoke." He sat down next to the dead man and lighted his pipe. "He will not mind the smoke now," he said, and tenderly stroked the hand of his dead

cousin, of whom, after a fashion, he had been fond. Then he closed his eyes and folded the hands. There was some firewood in a corner. Out of this he took a small piece, which he broke in two across his knee. The two pieces in the form of a cross he put upon the dead man's chest; then he sat down again to smoke. Meanwhile the hacking up-stairs had gone on with rapid violence. Jan kept quiet. After ten minutes the door was suddenly pushed out of its hinges.

"Clever work!" thought Jan.

From the hall a voice came through the open door.

"Hey there, you Belgian swine, surrender, or we will burn the roof over you."

Jan puffed his pipe. Flemish and German are sufficiently alike to make him understand what the voice was saying.

"You must surrender, or we will burn the house down and burn you with it."

Jan kept on smoking. Then he heard the men up-stairs talk together. The axes were put against the wall. Apparently they made ready to come down-stairs to investigate. Jan took hold of his gun, which he had kept near him. He put his pipe upon the wet stones and got up. In the half-darkness of the cellar the stout legs of a man appeared upon the stairs, then his belly. With the violence of the most frightful hatred, with the desire of revenge of a man who has been hurt in his holiest of sentiments, Jan threw himself against that body. He felt a sudden sense of indescribable horror when the sharp point of his bayonet first touched the soft flesh. But the rage at the death of his two men drove his hand on, and with the violence of his thrust Jan pinned the man against the wooden stairs. The blood spurted out of the wound and covered Jan's face. The German bellowed in pain. Jan tried to pull out his bayonet but the force had been so great that the point of the steel was deeply driven into the wood behind. Jan put his foot against one of the steps, and pulled the bayonet out. The German tumbled down the stairs. Jan took his gun, spat at the man, and brained him.

"Now we are even," he said, and fired his last two bullets up the stairs.

There was a commotion, and then there was quiet. Apparently the Germans were not going to waste any more men.

"They will now burn me out," he said to himself. And after a moment the smell of burning wood reached him. The little house caught the fire as if it had been made of straw. It was at the end of a long and dry summer. The old timbers burned with noisy violence. Through the open door the smoke came pouring down.

"Time for me to leave," said Jan, and went to a small window. Several shots met him there. The window was guarded. But then luck served him. There was another window in the back that had been covered with boards by the owners of the house, and from the outside it did not look like a possible exit. Jan pulled away the boards and looked out. Nobody was in sight. With a quick jerk he got through the window and into the garden. He ran for a fence covered with vines, took hold of the top, and swung himself half-way across. He was almost across when he heard a sudden shout, and a volley of bullets hit the wooden planks.

"Never touched me," he said, and dropped down on the other side and ran. What luck! Here he was in another bean-field, and the Germans could not see him.

After a few minutes he came to the other side of the field. He stood in front of a small ditch, and then waded through the water. As he did so, he noticed that the water on both sides grew red. "Funny!" he thought; "probably the light of the sun." The sun was now high in the heaven.

"We must have stopped the Germans a full hour," Jan told himself, and hastened on across a piece of pasture-land. In the distance he could now see the tower of Mechlin. He must reach this tower before it was too late, and tell the commander what had happened. The commander, no doubt, would be pleased to hear how well these three men had held up a large number of Germans. Then he thought of his dead comrades.

"Too bad. Yes, that happens in time of war."

It was lucky he had got out himself in such a miraculous way. He was getting very tired now, and he opened his coat and dropped it. Then he took off his waistcoat. A little while later he remembered that he had left his wife's postal-cards in it, and he turned back to get it. A little clod of dirt hit him in the face, and he heard soft splashes in the mud all about him. They were shooting at him. Far away at the other end of the pasture, and along the other side of the ditch, he saw men kneeling to take aim at him. Jan did not mind.

"They cannot hit me, for I am looking for my wife's letters. The Virgin has me under her protection," he said, and went on with his search. Another shot took away a piece of his left sleeve. "Elisabeth will have to fix that when I go home; but where in the name of heaven is my vest?"

He walked about like a drunken man. Great black spots began to swim in front of his eyes, and the sun looked queer. But finally he found his waistcoat, which was only a few feet away, and the letters were there.

He took them, but at the same moment he felt a stinging pain in his right arm. The postal-cards had suffered considerably during the long flight. Here was another curious thing: they did not look yellow, and they were very wet.

"Of course they are wet," Jan reasoned to himself. "I have run so fast." Only it did not feel like sweat. He tried to look at the cards closely, but he could not make them out. He tasted them, and they gave him a curious sickly impression of something sweet. Never mind; all this was foolishness. He had his letters; that was the main thing. Now he must be on his way to Mechlin.

Where was the tower? The tower had gone, but there was a brilliant red spot high up in the air, and that must be the sun; and when he kept the sun on his left side, he must soon reach Mechlin.

He came to another ditch. Water!

That was nice. He was glad to find it, for he was very thirsty. He knelt down, but once upon his knees he could no longer steady himself, and fell forward, with his face near the edge of the water.

He drank. He drank for a very long time; but then he noticed this same horrible taste of something that was sweet, yet did not give the impression of sugar, and he stopped drinking. Now, where were his postal-cards? He must not lose them. In his right hand. But where was his right hand? He could see it, but the fingers felt numb and queer, as if they were asleep, and they would not be moved. Really and truly in war all sorts of strange things happened to a perfectly healthy and sane man.

So he rambled on for a while, and then he noticed that he was too near the water's-edge. This would never do. He could not keep his head up all day long. Once indeed his mouth got under water for such a long time that he felt frightened, and with a sudden jerk threw himself upon his back, with his face staring into the glowing sky. How funny the world was! Ha! ha! Here he had almost been drowned in an open field. It was funny. When he went home he must tell Elisabeth his joke. How can a man drown on land? And he would tell her everything that had happened this morning. He had a fine story, and she would be proud of him. All alone—that is to say, with two others; they were dead now, poor devils!—he had stopped the German army. Perhaps he had saved Mechlin. Anyway, he had stopped them for a long time. And then on his way to warn the other soldiers he had almost got drowned in the middle of a field. How funny!

For a while he lay perfectly still. It was very hot, but the grass was wet, and that was very pleasant. The moist grass; too, felt rather warm, but that was to be expected, with the sun burning down from the high heaven.

"Now, where had he been when he stopped thinking? Oh, yes, he was on his way home. He figured it all out very carefully. Hewould go to Bruges, and hewould

not let Elisabeth know anything about it; but he would hire a carriage in Bruges that would take him right to Maldegheem.

But he would not go as far as the road. Before he got to the last bend he would stop the carriage and get out. Then he would walk. He would carry his gun across his shoulder, but in a nonchalant fashion. For almost alone he had stopped the Germans, and in the illustrated papers one saw how all soldiers after a battle carried their guns in any fashion, just to show the sort of men they were. How proud Elisabeth would be! She would probably be working in the kitchen. He must bring her a present, a silk shawl, bought at the department store in Bruges. But the department store was closed now. All Germans had been sent away. Damn these Germans, anyway! That right arm hurt like the very devil. The Germans had done that. No, they never could come back. They had been false friends. They would always be hated like fiends. Jan must teach his children that all Germans were bad men. They had tried to kill their father. Only that their father had given them the laugh. Yes, indeed; he had got out of this scrape, and he was good for many another fight. The children, too, would be proud of their father. Strange, when you came to think of words. He was a father; so was the Lord. Only the Lord lived way up there where the sun shone. And he was called the Father in heaven. His grandmother had taught him to pray "Our Father in heaven." Only now he seemed to have forgotten the prayer. "Our Father in heaven—" No, he could not remember the rest. Perhaps he could remember some other prayer. There was the prayer to the Virgin. There was a fine statue of the Virgin in Bruges made by some Italian artist, some very famous man. He must look at it again when he went to Bruges and took a carriage there to drive home. *Maria adorata*—yes, that was the beginning of the prayer. Or, no! That was what the priest said. "Blessed Mother of God—" that was it—"Blessed Mother of God."

The Germans did not find him. That

night a terrible storm broke, and it rained steadily for two days. The wet soil of the good old Flemish earth, which he had colored with his blood, slowly absorbed

the body of this brave man, and tenderly clasped her beloved son for all eternity.

The official gazette read, "No. 45,637 missing."

## The Ice-cart

By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

**P**ERCHED on my city office stool,  
I watched with envy, while a cool  
And lucky carter handled ice—

And I was wandering in a trice  
Far from the gray and grimy heat  
Of that intolerable street,  
O'er sapphire berg and emerald floe,  
Beneath the still, cold ruby glow  
Of everlasting polar night,  
Bewildered by the queer half-light,  
Until I stumbled, unawares,  
Upon a creek where big white bears  
Plunged headlong down with flourished heels  
And floundered after shining seals  
Through shivering seas of blinding blue.  
And as I watched them, ere I knew,  
I 'd stripped, and I was swimming, too,  
Among the seal-pack, young and hale,  
And thrusting on with threshing tail,  
With twist and twirl and sudden leap  
Through crackling ice and salty deep,  
Diving and doubling with my kind,  
Until at last we left behind  
Those big, white, blundering bulks of death,  
And lay, at length, with panting breath  
Upon a far, untraveled floe,  
Beneath a gentle drift of snow—  
Snow drifting gently, fine and white,  
Out of the endless polar night,  
Falling and falling evermore  
Upon that far, untraveled shore,  
Till I was buried fathoms deep  
Beneath that cold white drifting sleep—  
Sleep drifting deep,  
Deep drifting sleep—

The carter cracked a sudden whip;  
I clutched my stool with startled grip,  
Awakening to the grimy heat  
Of that intolerable street.





# We Discover New England

## The Chronicle of Two Happy Motorists

*Part Two: The Green Mountains*

Recorded by LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Illustrations by Walter Hale

WE were loath to leave Bennington. Indeed, we found ourselves quitting each charming old town with a regret that was equaled only by a desire to see more charming old towns. Besides, the day was coquettish, blue sky to tease you along, and gray clouds, like fat policemen, hovering about, as much as to say, "Dance in the sunshine when you can, we are apt to 'close up' this nonsense."

As we turned out of the new town toward Manchester, we passed a soldiers' home, fittingly located here. One old fellow was walking feebly along the road. Both the chauffeur and the illustrator saluted him, but he did not reply, and I felt that the Grand Army of the Republic was getting old indeed when it found no joy in the return of a salute.

We stopped at the ancient covered bridge across the Walloomsac River for W—— to make a sketch. He went about it full of Revolutionary zeal, and I assisted him over a stone wall and handed him his materials. It was one of his arguments when we first tremulously discussed buying a car that it would be a great saving of expense. On pinning him down, the saving was in a sketching-stool and occasional pennies for the borrowing of a chair; for, he contended, he would never have to get out of the machine at all.

But compositions in nature must be wooed by sitting in damp alleys or wet

fields or dirty farm-yards—anywhere, in fact, that a motor cannot go. In this case he leaped from rock to rock in the river, seeking the best vantage-points, each leap followed by a contortion of the body, in the effort to recover his balance, that would have been funny except that our artist could both see and hear me.

Having explored the river, he returned to the less-dangerous spot, which he had first selected,—the usual course of procedure,—and went to work. It was very quiet; I could hear our little clock tick and the click of golf-balls on the course on the opposite side of the road. The tumbling of the river only added to the peace, or, as some one else has more beautifully put it, "the noise that goes to make up the great silence."

After a while W—— spoke, in fragments and, to the stranger, after the fashion of a madman.

"Well—don't," he said. A pause. "I'll give you five more minutes." Another pause. Our young driver looked at me inquiringly. I shook my head. "Oh, come on!" impatiently said the artist.

I watched the road and called to him: "It will be here soon."

And the sun, creeping down the road, shone upon the illustrator's subject. With hasty strokes he put in the lights and shadows, which he had been waiting to get.

The sun has always been at variance

with him. In England, owing to his tenacity of purpose, I have often despaired of motoring beyond the first sketch. And it is particularly annoying, after putting in weak high lights, as it were, to find oneself in a white heat of sunshine a little farther on.

We stopped at four cross-roads because there we found a mill and a pond and ducks. I was some time learning that the place was South Shaftsbury, for I asked the name of a man driving by in a wagon, and found that he was tongue-tied. Still, Thouth Thathbury was fascinating, barring the sun and the ducks. The sun would shine on the illustrator, but not on his subject, and while I photographed him a number of times in a strong high light, and told him so, he replied savagely that he could not sketch himself, and if he did, a cloud would burst all over him.

The ducks, when it came time to be drawn, swam under the bridge, and had to be pebbled into position. A pretty girl of about sixteen crossed the bridge, carrying her father's dinner. She was the miller's daughter and very good at pebbling. She said ducks were "kind of unruly," and laughed pleasantly; her hair blew about, and she was so altogether what a miller's daughter ought to be that I found our young chauffeur making frantic efforts to get out his derby hat before she passed on.

Manchester had been prefaced by advertisements urging us to buy Dutchess trousers on one board and twin beds on another. Our chauffeur, under the impression that the title duchess was spelled with a *t*, became wildly anti-suffrage over the sign. He said Plymouth Rock was a good-enough name for trousers, but to call them after a lady was an insult both to the lady and the wearing apparel. He, for one, would never wear them.

We passed the famous Ekwanok Country Club on our right before arriving at the E—— House. Here the national amateur golf championship was played in July over a course as perfect as one can find in America. Indeed, this country club appears to be the *raison d'être* of Manchester and the hotel. The Equinox

Mountains on our left and the Green Mountains on the right may have had something to do with the success of Manchester years ago, but one feels that the beauties of climate and landscape are at present subsidiary to the value of the clicking ball.

The hotel is like a vast club in itself. A bulletin-board in the hallway is plastered with announcements of coming events and records of past contests; sporting prints adorn the wall; and I could find no stationery at the desks in the writing-room, but an unlimited number of score-cards.

The rooms were very pleasant. A selection of furniture can be harmonious, though not limited to any one period. One cannot see this more charmingly exemplified than in the present instance. Outside it was perfectly uniform, with its succession of white temples added to the old building as requirements demanded; but inside was a medley of past and present, with none of the air of an auction-room.

The men and women were in outing-clothes, but there was the same controlled enthusiasm among them that we found in all of the hotels. It was rather a relief to hear one husband ask his wife if she had packed up everything.

"I have, Crosspatch," she answered.

"Bet you left out something," he growled. But he had lost his morning game of golf.

We left just as the orchestra had started to play,—for one is spared eating to rag-time,—and we motored away to the tune of "He would n't Believe Me." Neither "he" nor any one else would believe that, after the turn of the road at Manchester depot, we were still within a stone's throw of luxury. It is this sudden plunging into what appears to be unexplored country after one has enjoyed every comfort known to hotel science that makes motoring in America distinct from any other land. It is hard to find a more satisfactory combination. Rugged scenery and a soft bed at the end of the day should reach both Stoic and Epicurean.

We crossed the Green Mountains, with

Cornish for our destination,—provided we were not too highly entertained en route,—over the Peru Turnpike. A turnpike originally meant a road on which a toll-gate was established, and the custom is still maintained over the Peru Mountain. The collection was made by a man as ancient as the sign on which was painted the tariff, both of them disinclined to any innovation beyond an addendum in irregular script at the bottom of the list of taxable vehicles, to the effect that an automobile must pay fifty cents.

This was a bit stiff for a road not worth a dime, yet not out of proportion to other charges, for a "pleasure sleigh" drawn by two horses commanded twenty cents, and one can imagine nothing less wearing to the road than a pleasure sleigh.

For the honor of Vermont, we were glad to learn that this pass over the mountains was owned by a private concern. Years ago they had secured a franchise as enduring as an endless chain, and had so far defeated the legislature from taking over the road, and the care of it, by the State. As we bumped along, there were men at work improving the way, wearing red flannel shirts, like individual danger-signals, each hiding his shame of the road-bed behind a fierce mustache. I caught the eye of one as it was uneasily shifting from one rut to another.

"Ideal tour, eh?" I questioned.

"I get you," he answered.

We have a flippant friend who has evolved a creed out of mental science, pure-food talks, and the current urgings to better ourselves. It recurred to me as we went over this pass: "Look up, not down; look out, not in; chew your food; lend a hand."

One need follow only the first mandate to feel that this five miles of poor going is worth the effort. When we looked up all difficulties ceased, for nothing could be more lovely than the woods through which we were passing or the views of rolling mountains that the cleared spaces disclosed. It was from these hills that Ethan Allen drew those wondrous "Boys," as stern as the rock-ribbed land in their pur-

pose, as rich as the forest growth in their strength, yet with a surface equipment as poor as the road which we traversed. Come to think of it, now that we are over the mountain, I should n't have that road any different.

As though we were not appreciating the landscape sufficiently, a clean new sign suddenly announced: "Go slow, you are approaching—" leaving us in delicious doubt until we had rounded the next curve and found that this was only the first instalment of a series. "Some of the grandest scenery on earth," continued the eulogy, until it ended up in a fifth placard advising us to stop at the B—— House, Peru.

We did this, attracted by a large stuffed bear outside the hotel, with our affections held by an English sheep-dog and a collie, that, in the friendliest fashion, leaped upon and knocked me down.

The proprietor of the inn came vaguely down to greet us. His face had been recently cut and scarred, and it was evident that he was suffering under some mental and physical depression. As a result of this it was difficult to find his vulnerable point. The geniality of a Boniface seemed to be entirely lacking. He had on the exterior wall of his home a large fireplace of cobblestones, and although this was a novelty, he was indifferent to our praise of it. Preferably we should not have praised it, as it seemed rather foolish to heat all creation when, by going around on the other side of the wall, one could be more comfortable with less expense for fuel.

Nor did he grow warm to our mild enthusiasm over the stuffed bear. It was not until I, feeling that it was time for the truth, admitted rather tartly that I hated to see wild animals stuffed and set up for people to stare at that he thawed at all. He said he did not like it either, and so far as he was concerned, he would rather have a live bear for a companion than a live man.

He walked down the road with us toward a large paddock where he had brought up some deer. They came run-

ning to greet him, and leaped in the air like little lambkins at play. The dogs were very jealous, and all the animals vied with one another for his favor. He owned large tracts of virgin forests about there. *Virgin* forests he emphasized, and there was a glow in the words that set the imagination tingling. Forests where man had never trod! And if we ever had time to come back and stay with him, he would take us there.

We shook hands at parting, and he broke through his wall of Yankee reserve to ask that we pardon any stiffness we might find in his manner.

"I had a bad fire last week," he said, as though ashamed of his emotion. "My ancestral home burned down. I like old things, and I'm sort of lonely still. You come back in the spring. The spring makes everything all right."

We learned more of our old gentleman at our next stopping-place. We need not have stopped; we knew that we never could get to Cornish that night if we continued puttering along the way. But puttering is one of the joys of the motorist. For years I have looked from car windows—looked regretfully as we whirled past old farm-houses that deserved a second glance, past brooks that one should sit by, woods one should enter for a while; but the relentless wheels carried us on until we had arrived at some dull wooden station that no one wished to see, bearing on the front the name of a muddy town that no one wished to visit. In revenge for these years we now stop whenever we wish, and at R——'s Inn, near Simonsville, we flung ourselves out and rushed upon Mr. R——. There is a tumbling brook within sound of the bedrooms in this spotless inn, there are mountains at the back, with a good road for good cheer in front, and there is Mrs. R—— in the kitchen, famous for her cooking, and Mr. R—— on the front porch to tell us all about it.

He asked immediately of the melancholy old gentleman whom we had just left, and if his scars had healed. It was then we learned that he had risked his life

trying to get his mother-in-law out of his burning ancestral home. "He is a hero," said Mr. R——. We thought it very like the proprietor of B——'s Inn to have said nothing of this, rather permitting us to carry away an impression of his taciturnity than any more glowing attribute.

"And to do it for his mother-in-law!" delicately commented the illustrator.

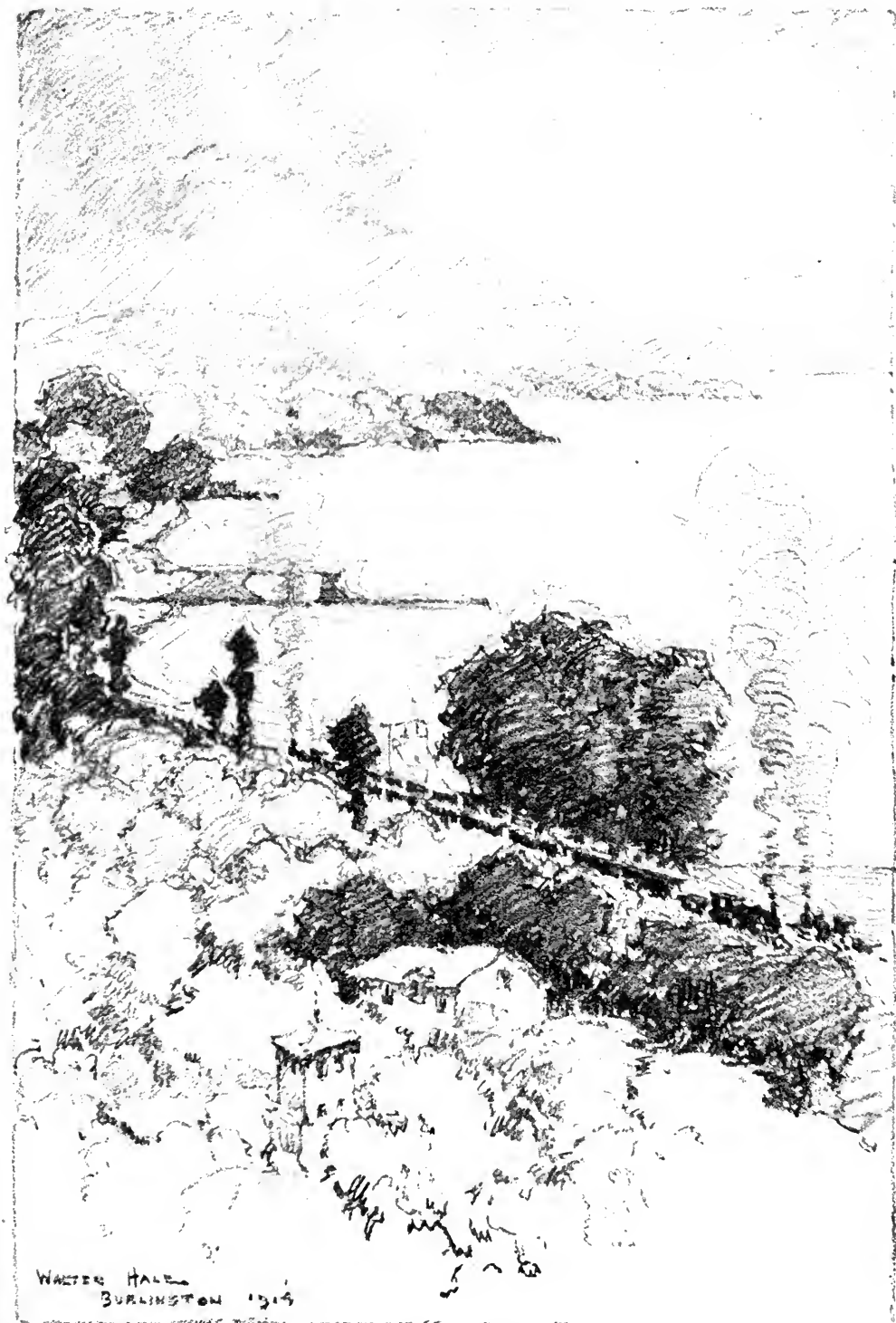
We departed from Simonsville not knowing we had entered it, so minute is the village, and in this manner acquired and left minuter Londonderry, going on past scattered houses each with something to sell: sweet cider and soft drinks; rag carpets and gasoline; home-made pies and overalls.

There are sawmills along the route, and the only one thing not for sale was sawdust. Stern placards at every mill absolutely forbade us to buy sawdust. As time went on we grew peevish over this, and felt the necessity of sawdust as we never had felt it before.

At Chester we stopped for the cheapest gasoline on the trip. The boy who brought it out said, between set teeth, that Chester was bound every auto should stop there, if only for a minute, and nothing stopped a rich man like cheap gasoline. In the shop was another sign indicating that mileage could be "Bought, Sold or Rented." And this brought us up with a bump against the railway once more. When one motors, he immediately forgets that there is any other way of getting about, and after a day in the woods is snobbishly surprised to hear that trains are running at all.

In the growing dusk we picked our way toward Springfield, directed, or, rather, misdirected, by a perfect fury of red arrows, which, had they not been nailed to trees, could have slaughtered a regiment. It was this deadly, insistent attack that set me to wondering who put up the first arrow as an emblem to point the way.

I leaned over and asked W—— this, and, not knowing, he pretended not to hear me. But who did? Who thought of it first? I again prodded the illustrator. "The worst of it is," I said to him,



WALTER HALE  
BURLINGTON 1914

From the hotel roof-garden, Burlington

"there is n't any way of finding out except to ask and ask and ask." Still he did not answer, and I sat back moodily.

We were approaching the mill town of Springfield, Vermont, in a thick darkness. We could never get to Cornish, and, while not admitting it, we were looking for the A—— Hotel for our resting-place. It was on our left, and could not be missed, and while it was not a tourist hotel, a lanky boy came out promptly to take off the baggage. I started briskly up the stairs toward the desk, as it is ever my duty to look after the rooms; but the illustrator stopped me. He is a marvelous man; he always knows of what I am thinking.

"I absolutely forbid you," he said, "to ask the clerk who put up the first arrow to point the way. This is a traveling-man's hotel, and they 'll think we 're crazy."

There are traveling Americans who have never seen the inside of the hotel that depends upon commercial men to keep it going. They may know the large houses of Florida, the huge structures along the Northern beaches, the caravansaries in New York, but they pass through life without experiencing the soggy "comforters" of the Middle West, the short sheets of the South, or anywhere the overpowering odor of an abandoned cigar stub that cannot be found. It is a pity, for this traveler never fully knows the world.

In every mill town where there is power you will find your room blazing with light, and every year you will find added private bath-rooms, a decorous array of towels, and an inclination on the part of the chambermaid to let one sleep in the morning without rattling the door-knob every five minutes.

This is not due to the automobilist; rather to the keen little men who arrive with huge packing-cases, lay out their wares on long tables, and, I regret to say, leave the door open to stare out as you pass in the hall.

It is the drummer, supposed to be composed entirely of jokes, who is as vigorous in his demands for long sheets as is the motorist for good roads. His presence

continues after we have entered a room and he has left it, for now we find a Bible in most of the hotels. "Placed in this hotel by the Gideons," is the gold-lettered explanation on the black binding.

For this band, while wanderers in the days of the Old Testament, are now an organized body of traveling-men, scattering stories and Bibles and all the commodities of life throughout the land. And since they possess a sense of humor, they do not, as did a certain church house that made an effort to spread the gospel in this fashion, chain the holy books to the dressing-tables.

THE road was a very good one out of Springfield, with the sun shining on both the illustrator and me—the unjust and the just. With benevolent intention, we stopped the car for a black dog, which held to an inclination to suicide by racing us under the wheels. Life seemed uncommonly good to him after his rescue, and he twisted himself gratefully when we descended to sketch his ancestral mansion.

The owner of the black dog (the black dog's name was Brownie) lived in the house, and took me up to see his wife, who thought—out loud, through the window—that she ought to change her apron, but was induced to let it remain, clean and blue-checked.

She was wiry and gray-haired and cheery, and we hippity-hopped together among her flower-beds. Many of the posies were planted in old stone jars, which they had found in the house when they took it, and "he" had painted a blue design on the surface, for his father had been a sea-captain, and he had always liked the Chinese ginger-jars that he once brought home from a cruise. She feared an early frost, as the nights were so cold and that her late roses might get a "nippin'," and we deprecated the chill of life, which must "blight us all," as she put it.

I congratulated them upon having a stone house in which to keep warm, and it was then I learned that stone houses were not warm, and had an unfortunate,



The mill-pond in South Shaftsbury

if industrious, way of storing up damp, and letting it out when the winter fires began. The farmer was in a position to know; they had had thirty years of it. The property was not "quite clear" yet, he said, with that tight-lipped New England dignity which must tell the truth, though it hurt him.

The pathos of thirty years of mortgage! And to think that we ask for them at the bank as an investment, and are disgruntled when they are paid off!

The farmer had a niece in Indiana who was married to a jeweler, but with his honest gray eyes looking at me I could not say that I was acquainted with them, although I should have enjoyed doing so that we might both exclaim, "How small the world is!" I could truthfully report that the crops had been excellent, for I remembered a phrase in my mother's letter (who writes me solemnly of the crops once a year) to that effect. And he said rather wistfully that he guessed they always were good out there.

I looked over his domain, the settled beauty of the old house, the taste of the blue-painted jars, the shimmering river, the stretch of the Connecticut Valley, the hills prodding the sky-line gently, and in all sincerity I thought him better off than in the rich, flat world of the unimaginative Middle West. I said this, and he asked me hesitatingly, as though he ought by rights to be talking of pumpkins, why so many authors come from these parts, then.

So I expounded to him my theory: it was because the country was ugly, and living rather mean, that the mind must create its own beauty and the soul must imagine what is not there, giving expression to its fancies by writing them down rather than by experiencing them.

We were quite caught up in the clouds until it came time to shake hands and say good-by. Shaking hands in America makes us conscious. It is like going to the train to see people off; there is nothing more to be said after the touch of palms. Only the Arabs do this with enthusiasm, the adieu growing to a full crescendo after

the handshaking. It is their cocktail of good-by.

At Windsor one must cross the river for Cornish, thereby quitting Vermont and entering New Hampshire. Our mapped-out itinerary demanded this, but if we ever find ourselves with leisure on our hands again, we will devote it to the Connecticut Valley from the source of the stream far up on the Canadian line down through its three hundred and sixty miles of sinuous beauty.

As Doctor Holmes says, "It loiters down like a great lord," which at this point of the river is a most perfect simile.

I had been polishing upon the history of the Connecticut Valley while rocking in my comfortable chair (secured for me by the insistent drummers) back in Springfield, and as we went on through the beaming sunlight I almost wished that I had not read it. For this gentle length of road over which we were "elegantly meandering" was the trail of the Indians who drove their captives from the settlements in lower Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut—the trail on which they beat them, tortured them, abandoned them to die, selling into slavery to the Frenchmen of Canada such poor fragments as endured.

Whole villages were at times rounded up like cattle and started northward. Each Indian was allotted one or more prizes, and while it was to the interest of the warrior to keep the settlers alive, at the end of every day's march such captives as gave evidence of flagging strength were killed. And yet it was these savages, these creatures of instinctive poetry, who called the river the Smile of God.

The number of settlers killed during the early wars is so small to us now, in this age of complete annihilation of regiments, that I hesitate to put it down. Yet while the toll of dead during the uprising of the Indians under King Philip was only six hundred in all, that represented one man out of every twenty living in New England. And the expense of the war, put down at half a million dollars, all but beggared the community.



Since our destination was Rutland, we could have motored on up the valley on the Vermont side, or could, after crossing the river, cling to the river-bank and continue over the Lebanon Turnpike, recrossing the river at West Lebanon.

But it is foolish to be so near Cornish and not become part of it for a moment, no matter how indifferent the Cornishmen may be about having you there. There is something rustic in the name Cornishmen, but there is nothing rustic about them in reality, with the exception of their gardens, and those are as beautifully cultivated as the minds which own them.

One does not think, as a rule, of minds owning beautiful stretches of property, and houses containing chairs, bolsters, flat silver, Oriental rugs, vacuum-cleaners, a phonograph (behind a Japanese screen), and other essentials to living. We see fat people owning such comfortable resting-places. But Cornish contains a summer colony noted for minds, and for the best ones, which means that they are not dull, ponderous masses of gray matter which confound you with facts, and fill you with a panicky feeling that you will not understand what they are going to say next.

One of the rewards of increasing years is an experience in proportion, and I have found, with relief, that the really great brain is not wrapped in a garment of perplexity, but is as simple and understandable as a nude figure.

The quality of a retiring mind is charming unless you are a motorist trying to see the great estates in Cornish; then you become exasperated, as the gardens for which the locality is famous are so retired from the road that one gets nothing but R. F. D.-boxes, with magical names on the outside to show that any one lives beyond the iron gates but Mother Nature.

We wished that all the houses could be inns, for an inn may be as modest as a daisy, but, like a daisy, it is indigenous to the roadside, and in plain view. We had no sooner crossed the river than we came upon one little white tea-house with blinds the color of fresh green lettuce, and a swinging sign painted, we knew immedi-

ately, by Maxfield Parrish, who is of this neighborhood.

A few yards farther on, overlooking the river, is another where one may dine as well as tea, and the traveler would do well to take a meal there. He may argue that he is not hungry, and I can only reply that he will be so by the time he reaches the hotel at White River Junction. Whereas, if you are not hungry when you arrive at the junction, you need not stop at that unromantic spot, but can motor on to Woodstock, and, replete with food, remain sensible to the beauties of nature. It is difficult to lay too great value on a well-filled stomach when one is out to admire scenery.

Through lovely country lanes we twisted ourselves in and out of various towns all called Lebanon, and, crossing a bridge again, were reluctantly at White River Junction. I defy any one to name a charming town, a moderately pretty one, or even a stylish village, that staggers under the appellation of Junction. It is as cruel as to name a girl Eliza or a boy baby Methuselah. The town could as well have been one of the Lebanons,—West-West Lebanon, possibly,—for while locomotives were busy running up and down in front of the hotel, after the manner of junctions, the name is not the result of the meeting of railroads, but of the engulfing of White River by the waters of the Connecticut.

We turned sharply to our right, upon leaving White River (I cannot say junction again), along the valley road of the—a halt to verify the spelling—Ottaquechee.

Two late haymakers or, rather, two makers of late hay, told us the name of the river. Strangely enough for those who live in the valley, they stumbled in the telling, and, while I am no farmer, they presented an equal incapacity for haymaking. Since their wagons were picturesque, I asked if they would allow me to photograph them. This is not an unusual request in the country, and in any clime the mention of a photograph is a sign for quick acquiescence, and a certain setting to rights of one's clothing.

But those incapable haymakers continued amazing by a burst of laughter and an acceptance of our offer without the hitching of a suspender. It was trying to my vanity, but I followed the usual formula, and upon the clicking of the camera offered to send them prints if they would give me their names. At this there was an ill-concealed attempt to muzzle more laughter, followed by a removing of old straw hats to beg my pardon; for they told us they were moving-picture actors rehearsing a scene, and they averaged about ten thousand pictures of themselves a day. The illustrator rummaged for his flask, and we chatted until a large motor came up with their camera-man and director.

On the outside was painted the name of the concern in vulgar lettering. There were other actors in the automobile going to their various "locations," and they were so sober and industrious about their "job" that we thought it a pity they must be labeled like zanies in a circus. One might as well paint "Attorney" across the car of a gentleman of that profession, or "Specialist in Ears" or "Minister of the First Baptist Church." Surely the actor is the servant of the public!

But on we went to Woodstock, without disapproval unexpressed and futile save that no mental disapprobation is without action of some sort, and in a few minutes we were mentally and vocally disapproving of each other in the sketching of an old doorway, which I thought an excellent bit, and the illustrator said was a "bust." If it is presented here, I leave it to the public to judge of my taste.

After Woodstock we began a steady ascent toward the Green Mountains, again over a road much better than the Peru Turnpike, and which cost us nothing at all. The stretches of farm-land were rich and ever richer. The lush grass grew smoothly to the edges of the streams, and the hills bounding the valley resembled a little the lower stretches of the Alps. Yet only a *little* little, for every country enjoys a topography peculiarly its own, and America is, to me, more individual than any other.

As usual, we reached our night's resting-place as the electric lights were changing the dusk into an admitted blackness. The authorities of Rutland point the way intelligently by signs, arrowing (I have coined this) the business portion of the town and that of the residences. I had hoped the hotel would be on a hill or a meadow or even in a park, for we were permeated with a sense of the country, and were impatient at the prospect of the lights of the moving-picture houses shining upon such respectable early-going-to-bed tourists as we had become. But it was squarely in the center of all the lights in Rutland—a commercial hotel with a stern disinclination to harken to the appeal of the drummer for its self-improvement.

It is only fair to Rutland County to say that it has overcome its ominous name by good roads, despite the fact that this part of the State has been largely quarried. I recall the fearful condition of the roads in Italy near the great Carrara marbles, cut by heavy hauling and liberally besprinkled with samples of their *spécialité du pays*. Possibly the American is too thrifty to scatter about pieces of marble large enough for gravestones of at least inconspicuous mortals.

The man who must spend a Sunday in New England is fortunate to be motoring in and out of the villages. In the country there is the continual assurance that life is going on, whereas there is no such optimistic note in a village. And, mark you, it is the houses that are to blame. Not even people are so deeply affected by a strict closing as are habitations. They are in natural opposition to nature, anyway, for they have no individual power to expand into more rooms, or a new porch even, while a mustard-seed goes on expressing itself as extensively as it wishes, and with no regard for Sundays.

I admit that the residents of houses are frequently affected by the stiff manner their enveloping walls acquire on Sunday. But to justify my contention, I beg the automobilist to watch the houses of the small town on Sunday and on Monday. Then, even if it be wash-day, he will ob-



WALTER HALL  
CORNISH  
SEP. 26<sup>th</sup> 19

A garden at Cornish

serve a certain winking joyousness about the windows that was not manifest twenty-four hours before.

Such inhabitants as we met upon the street in Brandon were all going to or from church, glad to be out of their stiff homes with such narrow views. Even through the country they were walking along the paths, and, apart from the ethical advantage of church-going, I was impressed anew with the great social opportunity that worship offers to the isolated. Men in this district once carried their guns on their shoulders when they escorted their females to and from the service. And I wonder if it was not the pleasant mixing of humanity, as well as the God-fearing impulse, which brought them to court an Indian attack by their weekly assembling.

To the traveler of the road a church generally stands as a landmark past which you go or do not go. In Brandon we were to go past it, and would have done so without difficulty, but we were detained by the falling of a trolley wire upon the top of our car. It was the only live thing in Brandon, yet had we not been traveling with the top up we might have been less alive now than we were then.

The top subject is not extraneous matter. It is, strangely enough, considering its position on the car, the base of many an unsuccessful motoring day. I like the top lifted, and W—— does not. He says one cannot "see up," that it is not going to rain; but if it does, the canopy can be raised in less than a minute.

This is not the truth, and he knows it. It takes longer than a minute; indeed, in our particular internecine strife it covers an indefinite period. If, by chance, we should start off on a cloudy day with W—— as conqueror (that is, with the canopy folded up), and the rain, despite him, should begin to fall, he does not see it or feel it.

It does not seem to rain on the front seat, and he is surprised when I call attention to the fact that I am getting wet. He is very optimistic over my damp condition. He says he thinks the storm is passing; anyway, that we are passing, and will soon

be "out of it." He says, too, that the wind will dry me off in no time.

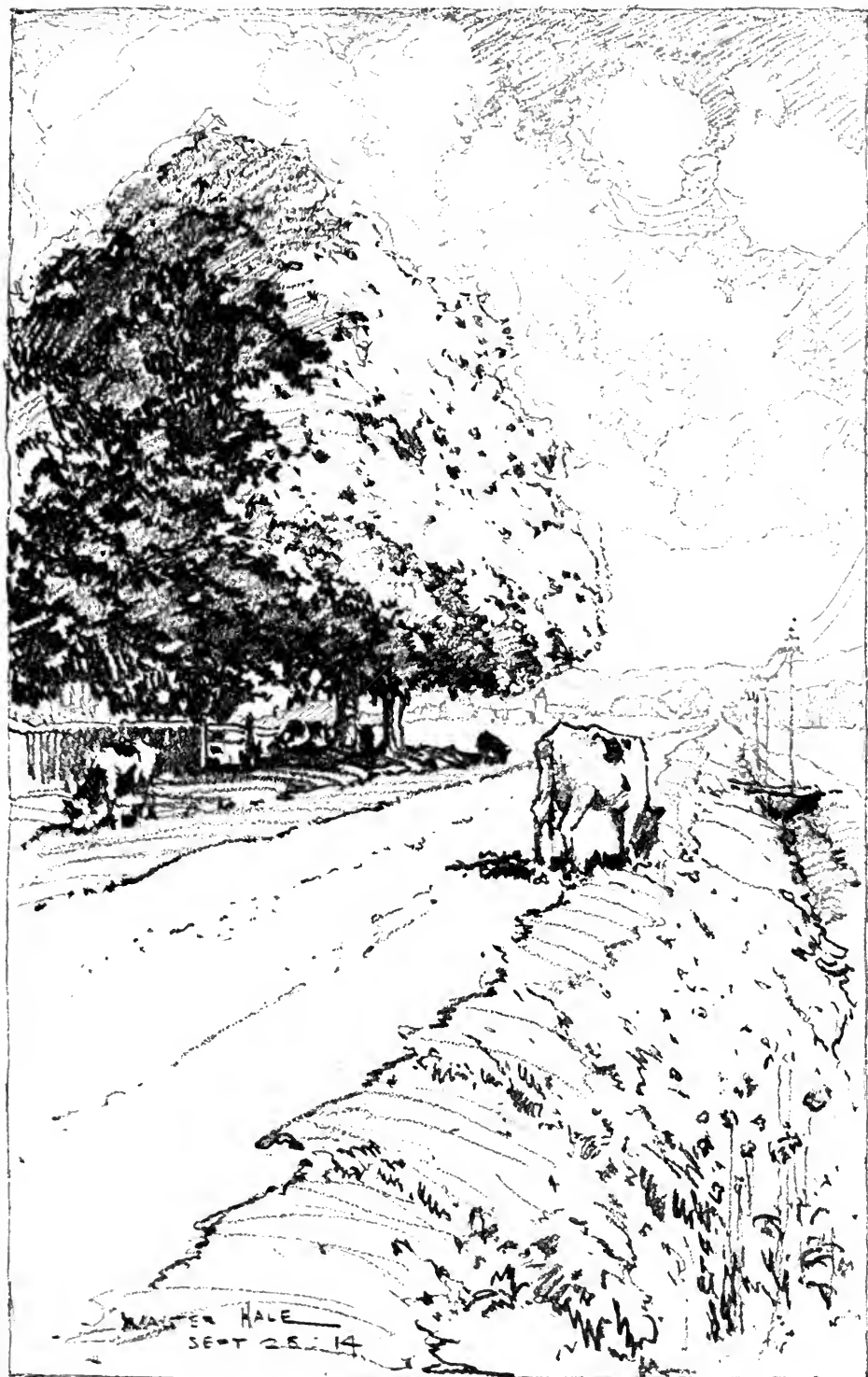
As we go on, and the downpour continues, he sometimes shakes the raindrops off his lashes surreptitiously, and asks me if I want the top up. And when I answer frozenly that I do, he wonders if I would mind taking from the receptacle formed by the folds of canvas the laundry-bag, his golf-shoes, a bottle of whisky, one of hair tonic, and some old shirts, to be used for waste, while he and the chauffeur make ready to lift the thing.

This frequently weakens me in my resolve, but if I hold out, and the top is put up, as sure as my cause is just and life is an enigma the sun will come out, and the scenery be limited to mountain-peaks overhanging the road. W—— will then sigh deeply. "It must be very pretty along here," he says.

Beyond Pittsford was a roadside monument to Caleb Houghton, who was killed by the Indians—not at this point, but half a mile away; for the monument served the double purpose of commemorating his death and the site of Fort Vengeance.

Fort Vengeance! Not a lovely name for the conciliation of two races, and in this land now oozing peace and plenty a name seemingly remote. Despite historical records and such wayside tablets, it is difficult to imagine New England as ever the home of the red men. The wide plains of the far West lend themselves more perfectly to the savagery. There is a sense of breadth and space in the topography which one can associate with the uncontrolled spirit. And I am inclined to believe that in time the Indians of this locality would have become civilized by the limitations of their environment if continual warfare had not exterminated them.

We were now heading for Lake Champlain. The tall peaks of the Green Mountains which inclose Rutland were still watching over us while, as we slipped over the curve of the earth, in the far West we espied the faint outlines of the Adirondacks. Between the two ranges lies the long lake, and at its southernmost tip is old Ticonderoga, a fort on the alert for three



The road to the east

centuries, and now, alas! sleeping lazily through the Sabbath day.

We did not learn this until we had turned south at Sudbury, and descended at H—— Manor for luncheon. It was Mr. H—— who told us. From father to son, for over a century, this fine old house has been open to guests. It is far enough from the center of things now to satisfy a Thoreau or John Burroughs, but once it was the main posting-inn on the highway leading up from Albany.

Summer boarders are now entertained there—summer boarders with “references,” the only chilling thought to be associated with a place of so much evident good cheer. By assuming our best manner we remained for an hour or two without creating distrust, and as far as I am concerned, I could have put off our trip indefinitely to sit by the side of the present Boniface and learn of Fort Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and all those acres roundabout which had been fought over from the wars of the seventeenth century to the last battle on the lake in 1814.

After luncheon I was pulled away from Hyde Manor, feeling the desire to go limp like a bad child clinging to the hand of a parent. On we went up the post-road toward Burlington, wonderfully early for us, as I was lured into the car by the promise that we would go out in a small boat on the lake if we arrived before dusk.

The illustrator was as full of hope of arriving before dusk as though he had ever done it. He said, while he had sworn to travel by no method of transportation other than a motor, that we could doubtless get a motor-boat. We met a party on the road just beyond the manor with this usual determination of the automobilist; at least they were sticking to the car, although a pair of horses was drawing it.

We could hear them laugh consciously as we passed, but we did not look their way. We had been in that same predicament ourselves, and we could see, without looking, that gay, defiant expression which each was wearing. Why do we take mechanical misdemeanors so much to heart!

It is n't as though a motor had been born and brought up with us. As the wife said of her husband, “Thank Heaven, he's no blood relation!”

Before we reached Vergennes the illustrator made a sketch—and swore at the sun. It was a lovely silent old farmhouse, with nobody at home save the cat looking severely at us through a closed window. There was an old sofa on the porch. There are old sofas on most of the porches, and rockers, but I have no recollection now of any one resting on them.

Nature continued prodigal without price. We now had the Green Mountains to the right of us, while beyond the shimmering water on our left were the well-defined ranges of the Adirondacks. The valley between was green and fertile. Then, too, the sun was still shining, and we were not far from Burlington.

“Boat, boat, boat,” the illustrator cried enticingly whenever I wanted to get out and watch the cows on the other side of the root fences. In fact, he said boat once too often, for our present vehicle, resenting his desire to abandon it, saw a nail in the road, picked it up with great skill, and in a few moments was lolling wickedly at the wayside with a tire down, and I was going up to a kitchen door to talk to the children.

It was dusk when we reached Burlington, and too late to go out in the boat, but I did not care much. It seemed that the joy of going out in the boat was too much for a person replete with blessings that she did not particularly deserve. I was almost glad that the rooms shown us were not attractive. And I was straightway rewarded for accepting them in the proper spirit, as a very pleasant clerk left his desk and came up himself to show us others that looked out upon the lake.

The roof garden was only a flight above our bedrooms, and we sat there for a while after supper, watching the lights of the plowing steamers which would have filled even the stout heart of Champlain with fear, could he have awakened from his three centuries of sleep.



# Me

## A Book of Remembrance

( Begun in the April Number )

XXIX

THAT Christmas visit of Roger's was the first of many in that house. From that time he came very frequently to see me, sometimes three or four times a month; in fact, a week rarely passed without his appearing. All of his visits were not so tempestuous as the one I have described, but he was a man used to ruling people, and he wished to govern and absorb me utterly. Well, I made a feeble enough resistance, goodness knows. I was really incredibly happy. I always used to come home from work with the excited hope of finding him there, and very often he was, indeed.

Of course he was exacting and at times even cruel to me. He really did n't want me to have any friends at all, and he not only chose all my clothes, but he tried to sway my tastes in everything. For instance, Bennet had cultivated in me a taste for poetry. Roger did n't care for poetry. He said I would get more good from the books he had chosen for me, and just because, I suppose, Bennet had read aloud to me, he made me read aloud to him, sometimes my own stories, sometimes books he would select; but never poetry.

The first thing he would always say when he came in, after he had examined my face, was:

"What's my wonderful girl been reading?"

Then I'd tell him, and after that I'd have to tell him in detail everything that had happened through the week, several

times sometimes. He knew, of course, that Bennet came regularly to see me, and he used to ask me a thousand questions about those visits; and I had a hard time answering them all, particularly as I did not dare to tell him that every day Bennet showed by his attitude that he was caring more for me. He asked me so many questions that I once asked him seriously if he was a lawyer, and he threw back his head and laughed.

I had secured a very good position through his influence, for I was private secretary to the president of one of the largest wholesale dry-goods firms in Chicago. I had easy hours, from ten till about four. I had no type-writing at all to do, for another girl took my dictation. What is more, I received twenty-five dollars a week.

Besides my good position, Fortune was smiling upon me in other ways. The Western magazine began to run my stories. I was the most excited girl in Chicago when the first one came out, and I telegraphed to Roger to get the magazine.

And now I must record something about Robert Bennet. He has been pushed from my pages, just as he was from my life, by Roger, and yet during all this time I really saw more of him than of Roger himself. The day I paid him back the money he lent me he told me he loved me. Now, I had for him something the same feeling I had for Fred O'Brien—a blind sort of fondness rather than

love, and overwhelming gratitude. It was not so much because of the money he had lent me, but for the many things he was always trying to do for me. In a way he and Mr. Butler tried to educate me. They planned a regular course of reading for me, and helped me in my study of English. I should not have dared to admit it to Roger, but those boys were really doing more for me than he was, and they wished me to enter the University of Indiana, and wrote to certain professors there about me.

It's a fact that nearly every man (and some women) who became interested in me during this period of my career seemed to think himself called upon to contribute to my education. I must have been truly a pathetic and crude little object; else why did I inspire my friends with this desire to help me? And everybody gave me books. Why, that Western editor, after he had met me only once, sent me all sorts of books, and wrote me long letters of advice, too.

But about Bennet. When he told me he loved me—and it is impossible for me to say in what a manly way he declared himself—I was overwhelmed with mingled feelings, and I was such a sentimental, impressionable little fool, that I did not have the strength to refuse him. The first thing I knew, there I was engaged to him, too!

It was a cruel, dishonest thing for me to accept him. I see that now; but somehow, then, I was simply too weak to tell him the truth—that I loved another man. Well, then, as I've said, I was engaged to Bennet.

In a psychological way it might be interesting to note my feelings at this time both to Roger and Bennet. I truly was more afraid for Bennet to find out about Hamilton than for the latter to find out about Bennet. To Roger I could have defended my engagement; but how could I have justified myself to Robert Bennet, whose respect and liking I desired very much? Indeed, they had become a potent influence in my life, a clean, uplifting influence.

Robert Bennet had unconsciously given

me a new ideal of life. My own crude, passionate views were being adjusted. It was slowly dawning upon me that, after all, this thing we call convention, which I had previously so scouted, is in fact a necessary and blessed thing, and that the code which governs one's conduct through life is controlled by certain laws we cannot wilfully break. I had just grown, not like a flower, but like an unwieldy weed. Robert Bennet and George Butler were taking me out and showing me a new world. I was meeting people who were doing things worth while, sweet women and big men, and there were times in my life when I realized that the spell under which Roger held me was an enchantment that in the end could lead only to degradation or tragedy.

Nevertheless, I could no more break away from his influence than the poor victim of the hypnotist can from the master mind that controls him. What is love, anyhow, but a form of hypnotism? It's an obsession, a true madness.

Yet Roger Hamilton, in his way, had not deceived me. He had never once professed to love me. On the contrary, he had denied that very thing in the presence of Mrs. Kingston and Mrs. Owens. Perhaps if he had cared for me, if he had given me even some slight return, my own passion for him, from its very force, would have spent itself. But he did not. He kept consistently to his original stand. I was his ewe lamb, his special protégé, his wonderful girl, his discovery, his oasis, and compensation for everything else in life, which he said was sordid, nasty, and wrong. But that was all I was, it seems, despite his incomprehensible jealousy, and his occasional unaccountable moods of almost fierce tenderness toward me.

There were few times that he called me by endearing terms. Twice, I think, I was his "sweetheart," and several times I was his "precious girl." Once I was his "poor little darling," and I was always his "wonderful girl."

Nor was he a man given to demonstrations of affection. My place was always on the stool at his knee. I used to put my



head there, and look with him into the fire. He never took me in his arms during those days, though I was always clinging to his hand and arm. He kissed my hands, my hair, and once my arms when I was in a new evening gown that he had chosen for me; but he never kissed my lips.

I loved him blindly and passionately. I used to save things that he had touched—absurd things, like his cigar-butts, a piece of soap he had used, his gloves, and a cap he wore on the train. He hunted everywhere for it, but I did not give it up. I was like a well-fed person, with an inner craving for something impossible to possess.

On my eighteenth birthday Roger gave me a piano. He had already given me many jewels, some of them magnificent pieces that I never wore except when he was there. I kept them locked up in the little safe. The piano, however, troubled me more than the jewels. It was big and, therefore, impressed me. When I protested to him about accepting it, he declared that he had bought it for himself as much as for me, but he arranged with a German named Heinrach to give me vocal lessons, and with a Miss Stern to teach me the piano. Heinrach said I had an exceptionally fine contralto voice, but I think Roger told him to say that. However, I enjoyed the lessons, though I soon realized that my voice was just an ordinarily good contralto. Roger said it was good enough for him, and that he wanted me to sing to him only. He chose all my songs, French, German, and English.

If I stop here to tell of the attentions and proposals I received from other men at this time, I'm afraid you will agree with Lolly that my head was a bit turned.

But, no, I assure you it was not. I realized that almost any girl, thrown among men as I was, half-way good-looking, interesting, and bright, was bound to have a great many proposals. So I'll just heap all mine together, and tell about them briefly.

One of the chief men in the firm where I worked asked me to marry him. He

was a divorcee, a man of forty-five, but looked younger. He said he made fifteen thousand dollars a year. He wanted me to marry him and accompany him on a trip he was to make to England to buy goods. I refused him, but—away from Roger, I confess there were the germs of a flirt in me—I told him to ask me again as soon as he got back. I might change my mind. Before sailing, he brought his young son, a youth of twenty, to see me. Papa had scarcely reached the English shores before the son also proposed to me! He was a dear child.

An insurance agent offered himself to me as a life policy.

An engineer, a politician (Irish), and two clerks in our office were willing to take "chances" on me.

A plumber who mended our kitchen sink proposed to me just because I made him a cup of tea.

I had a proposal from a Japanese tea merchant who years before had been my father's courier in Japan. Now he was a Japanese magnate, and papa had told me to look him up. He made a list of every person he had ever heard me say I did not like, and he told me if I would marry him, he would do something to every one of them.

A poet wrote lovely verse to me, and the Chicago papers actually published it. Finally, that Western editor proposed to me upon his fourth visit to Chicago, and I am ashamed to confess that I accepted him, too. You see, he had accepted my stories, and how could I reject him? He lived far from Chicago, and the contemplated marriage was set for a distant date, so I thought I was safe for the present.

I was now, as you perceive, actually engaged to three men, and I was in love with one who had flatly stated he would never marry me. I lived a life of not unjoyous deceit. I had only a few qualms about deceiving Roger, for with all these other men proposing to me, I resented his not doing so, too. However, I was by no means unhappy. I had a good position, a charming home, good friends, a devoted admirer in Bennet, and was not only writ-

ing, but selling, stories, with quite astonishing facility. Add to this my secret attachment to Roger, and one may perceive that mine was not such a bad lot. But I was dancing over a volcano, and even dead volcanos sometimes unexpectedly erupt.

Bob was not an exacting fiancé. As he worked at night, he could not often come to see me; but he wrote me the most beautiful letters—letters that filled me with emotion and made me feel like a mean criminal, for all the time I knew I could never be more to him than I was then.

Like me, he was an idealist and hero-worshiper, and in both our cases our idols' feet were of clay. I deliberately blinded myself to every little fault and flaw in Roger. His selfishness and tyranny I passed over. It was enough for me that for at least a few days in the month he descended like a god into my life and permitted himself to be worshipped.

I made all sorts of sacrifices and concessions to his wishes. Time and again I broke engagements with my friends, with Bob and with others, because unexpectedly he would turn up. He never told me when he was coming. I think he expected some time to surprise me in doing some of the things he often accused me of doing, for he was very suspicious of me, and never wholly trusted me.

### XXX

It was Bennet's letters that finally got me into trouble with Roger. I had been engaged to him only a little more than two weeks, and I must have dropped one of his letters in Roger's sitting-room, for on arriving home from work one afternoon I found that he had come in my absence, and, as Margaret warned me before I went up-stairs, seemed to be in a "towering rage" about something.

He was walking up and down, and he swung around and glared at me savagely as I stood in the doorway. He had a paper in his hand (Bennet's letter), and his face was so convulsed and ugly and accusing that involuntarily I shrank back as he came toward me. I have never seen a man in such an ungovernable rage. He

did not give me a chance to say anything. There was nothing of which he did not accuse me. I was a thing whose meaning I did not even know. He, so he said, had been a deluded fool, and had let himself be led along by a girl he had supposed too good to take advantage of him. Yet all the while, while I was taking gifts—yes, the clothes on my back—and other favors, even my position, which I kept only because of Mr. Forman's obligations to him, I had, it seems, given myself to another man!

The accusations were so gross and monstrous and black that I could not answer him. I knew what was in Bennet's letter—terms of endearment, expressions of undying love, *and* (this is where I came under the judgment of Roger) the desire to see me soon again and hold me in his arms.

Yes, Bob had held me in his arms,—he believed I was to be his wife,—but I was not the thing Roger accused me of being. My relations with Bennet were as pure as a girl's can be. It would have been impossible for a girl to have any other kind of relations with a man like Bennet. I stood bewildered under the storm of his accusations and cruel reproaches, and the revelation of the things he had done for me without my knowledge or consent. At first, as he denounced me, I had flinched before him, because I was aware of having really deceived him, in a way; but as he continued to heap abuse upon me, some rebellious spirit arose in me to defy him. I had not had an Irish grandmother for nothing.

I waited till he was through, and then I said:

"You think you are a man, but I declare you are a brute and a coward. Yes, it is true, I am engaged to Mr. Bennet, and I defy you to say to him what you have said to me."

Then I fled from his room to my own. I locked myself in there. He came knocking at my door, and rattling at the handle, but I would not open it,—and then he called out:

"Nora, I am going away now—forever

—never to come back, you understand. You will never see my face again unless you come out and speak to me now.”

But I would not open my door. I heard him going down-stairs and the slam of the front door. Now I realized what had happened. He had actually gone! Never before had he left me like this. I opened my door, went down-stairs, and then I saw him waiting for me in the living-room. I tried to run back, but he was too quick for me. He sprang after me, caught me in his arms, and half carried me up to his room. There he locked the door, and put the key into his pocket. I would n't look at him, I would n't speak to him. He came over, and tried to put his arms about me, but I shoved him away, and he said in a voice I had never heard from him before:

“So I've lost you, have I, Nora?” And then, as I would not answer him: “So Bennet cut me out. That's it, is it?”

I said:

“No; no one cut you out but yourself. You've shown yourself to me just as you are, and you're ugly. I *hate* you!” and I burst into tears.

He knelt down beside me. I was sitting on the edge of the big Morris chair, and all the while he talked to me I had my face covered with my hands.

“Listen to me, Nora. I know I've said things to you for which I ought to be horsewhipped; but I was nearly insane. I am still. I don't know what to think of you, what to do to you. The thought that *you*, whom I have cherished as something precious and different from every one else in my life, have been deceiving me all these months drives me distracted. I could *kill* you without the slightest compunction.”

I looked at him at that, and I said:

“Roger, you don't think I've done anything wrong, do you?”

“I don't know what to think,” he said. “It is a revelation to me that you were capable of deceiving me at all.”

“But I am only *engaged* to Bob; that's all.”

“Only *engaged*! In heaven's name!

what do you mean? Do you intend to marry this man?”

“No, I never did; but—”

I was beginning to soften a bit to him. I could see his point of view. He was holding me by the arms so I could n't get away from him, and when you are very close like that to a man you love (almost in his arms) you cannot help being moved. I was, anyway, and I said:

“I'll try and explain everything to you, if you won't be too angry with me.”

“Go on.”

“Well, you know when I got that fifty dollars, and gave up my position? Well, I spent it all and got down to ten cents, and I could n't get work, and I was nearly starving—honestly I was. That last day I did n't have any dinner and hardly any luncheon or breakfast. Well then, I met Bob, and I told him—that very first night—and he lent me ten dollars, and insisted that I should take something from him each week till I got a position.”

“In God's name, why did you not ask *me*?”

“I *could* n't, Roger; I could n't.”

“Why not? Why not?”

“Because—because—I *loved* you. I could take help from a man I did n't love, but not from one I did.”

I began to sob, and he sat down in the Morris chair, and lifted me up on his knee, but he held me off, so I could continue with my story.

“Go on now.”

So then I told him everything: how, later, when I at last returned the money to Bennet, he had proposed to me, and how I could n't help accepting him. “And, anyway,” I finished, “engagements are nothing. I'm engaged to two other men as well.”

I thought this was my chance to make a reckless clean breast of everything.

He tumbled me out of his lap at that, stared at me, gasped, threw back his head, and burst into a sort of wild laughter, almost of relief. Then suddenly he pulled me up into his arms, and held me hard against his breast for the longest time, just as if he were never going to let me

go again, and then I knew just as well as anything that he did love me, even though he would n't admit it. So, with that knowledge, I was ready to forgive him for anything or everything.

You see, things were all turned about now, and I was in the position of the accuser and not of the accused, and that despite the attitude he pretended to assume. He wanted to know if all three of my friends had kissed me, and I had to admit that they had, and tell him just how many times. Tom had kissed me just that one time, Bob four times, and the Western editor just once.

It was a bitter pill for Roger to swallow, and he said:

"And I have been afraid to touch you."

"That 's not my fault," I said. "You can kiss me any time you wish."

He did n't accept my hint or invitation. He was walking up and down now, pulling at his lip, and at last he said:

"Nora, get your things all packed. I 'll have to take you with me."

"Where?"

"I 'm obliged to go abroad on a certain pressing matter. I came here to-day specially to be with you before leaving. I see I can't leave you behind."

"Do you mean—" I said, and for one delirious moment I imagined something that was impossible.

"I mean simply that, though it will be devilishly inconvenient, I shall be obliged to take you with me. I can't trust you here."

That thought still persisted in my foolish head, and I said:

"Roger, do you mean that we are going to be married?"

He stared at me a moment, and then said shortly:

"No. That 's impossible."

I swallowed a lump that came up hard in my throat, and I could not speak. Then after a moment I said:

"You want to take me, then, because you are afraid some other man might get me, not because you want me yourself."

He said, with a slight smile:

"The first part of your statement is cer-

tainly true; the second part is questionable."

"I 'm not going," I told him.

"Oh, yes, you are."

"Oh, no, I 'm not."

"Are we to have another combat?"

"I 'm not going."

"Can't leave your fiancé?" he asked.

"I 'm just not going, that 's all."

"What do you intend to do, then, while I 'm gone?"

"Just what I 'm doing now."

"You intend to continue your—er—engagement?"

"No; I 'll break that off." I looked at Roger. "I owe that to *him*."

"H-m! Owe nothing to me, eh?"

My eyes filled up. I did owe much to him. He came over, picked my face up by the chin, and then drew me back to the seat by the fireplace, seating himself in the Morris chair, with me on the stool. He talked very gently to me now, and as if he were speaking to a child; but I could think only of one thing—that he was going away and I *could* not go with him. Why, he had not even told me he loved me, and though a few moments before I had believed he did, now the torturing doubts came up again. If he loved me, would he not want to marry me? Other men, like Bob and Tom, did.

"Roger, tell me this," I said. "Suppose I went to school and then to college, would I be like—other girls—I mean society girls—girls in your class?"

"You 're better than they are now. You are in a class all by yourself, Nora."

"Don't answer me like that. You know what I want to know. Would I be socially their equal, for instance?"

"Why, naturally. That 's a foolish question, Nora."

"No, it is n't. I just want to know. Now, supposing I got all that—that—culture—and everything, and I had nice manners, and dressed so I looked pretty and everything—and you would n't be a bit ashamed of me, and we could say my people were all sorts of grand folks,—they really are in England—my father's people,—well, suppose all this, and then

suppose that you really loved me, just as I do you, then would n't I be good enough to be your wife?"

"Nora, why do you persist about that? I tell you once and for all that that is absolutely out of the question. I'm not going to marry you. In fact, I can't."

"Why?"

"I won't go into details. Let it suffice that there are reasons, and put the idea out of your head."

So, after that, there was nothing more for me to say; but he realized I would not go with him. When he at last resigned himself to this, he made me promise that while he was gone I would not only break my engagements with Bennet and the Western editor and Tom, but that I would in no circumstances let any man kiss or touch me, or make love to me in any way. He said if I'd promise him that, he'd be able to make his trip to Europe without undue anxiety, and that he would come back just as soon as he could.

"All right, then," I said; "I cross my neck."

I wrote three letters that night, all of which he read. If he had had his way, I would have rewritten them and worded them differently. He thought I ought to say: "Dear Mr. Bennet," "Dear Mr. Morris," etc., instead of "Dear Bob," "Dear Tom." My letters were virtually the same in each case. I asked to be released from my engagement; but I begged Bob to forgive me, and I said I should never forget him as long as I lived. Roger argued with me a whole half-hour to take that out. But I did n't, and I even cried at the thought of how I was hurting this boy who loved me. I was so miserable, in fact, that Roger said we'd go out and hear some music, and that would cheer me up.

Conscience is a peculiar thing. We can shut it up tightly, and delude ourselves with diversions that infatuate and blind us. I did not think of Bob while Roger was with me. I put on my prettiest dress, one of the dresses I now knew that he had paid for! It was a shimmering,

Oriental-looking thing that had the stamp of Paquin upon it, and I had a wonderful emerald necklace, and a wreath of green leaves, with little diamonds sprinkled like dew over it, in my hair. Roger said that there was no one in the world like me. I suppose there was not. I certainly hope there was not. I was a fine sort of person!

I think it was the Thomas Orchestra we heard. I forget. I should have enjoyed it, I suppose, in ordinary circumstances, but I could not think of anything that night except that Roger was going away and that I might never see him again. And I thought of all the accidents that occurred at sea, and even though he was holding my hand under the program, I felt that I was the most unhappy girl in the world.

We could n't stop to have even a little supper after the theater, for he was taking a train to New York, whence he was to sail.

His man Holmes (it was the first time I had ever seen him) was at the house when we got back, and had his bag and everything ready, waiting for him. I thought as he was going away on such a long trip he would at least kiss me good-by, and I could not keep from crying when, after we got in, he said right before Holmes, who *would n't* leave the room:

"I'll have to rush now. Be a good girl."

Then he said I was to go down to Mr. Townsend's (his lawyer's) office, and he would tell me about some arrangements he himself had made for me, and I was to write to him every day, though he said nothing about writing to me. He wrote down an address in London where I was to send my letters. The only thing he did that approached a caress was that, when his man went ahead of him down the stairs, he stopped in the upper hall, lifted my face, and gave me a long, searching look. Then he said:

"I'm not likely to think about anything but you, darling." Then he went quickly down the stairs, leaving me sobbing up there.

## XXXI

I HAD enough to occupy my thoughts now without thinking of Bennet. Passionately as I loved Roger, I perceived that night, in a dim sort of way and with a burning remembrance of his brutality to me, that I was fast becoming the infatuated victim of one who was utterly unworthy. He had not hesitated to denounce and accuse me of things of which I was certainly incapable of being guilty. Though he had said I was his cherished and precious girl, and he knew I was a good girl (in the sense the world calls good), yet he did not consider me worthy of being his wife. It irritated him, that poor aspiration of mine. Yet other men, better men than he, men who, I do not doubt, though not possessing his great wealth, were his social equals,—Bennet and my editor,—had not thought me beneath them. I puzzled and tortured myself over it, but I could find no answer.

No one could deny that I was a clever girl. I was not the genius O'Brien and perhaps Roger believed, but I certainly was above the average girl in intelligence. Not many girls of eighteen are writing stories and having them accepted by the magazines. And yet, queerly enough, beyond my one precocious talent, I was in many ways peculiarly gullible and stupid. Why, Lolly and the other girls teased me in all sorts of ways because of this, and Estelle used to say a blind beggar could sell me a gold brick at any street corner, and I would believe every word he said. This peculiar streak of credulousness in me was, I suppose, the reason I never found out anything about Mr. Hamilton.

He never talked to me about his business or home affairs. I knew he was president of half a dozen big firms, because I saw his name on stationery. Sometimes he talked to me about his horses and dogs,—he had many of these,—but he always said my little dog Verley, which he had never given back to me, and which was not, after all, a thoroughbred, was his inseparable companion. Even Mrs. Kings-

ton and Mama Owens and Lolly knew more about this man than I did.

Love, it seems, is not only blind, but deaf, dumb, and paralyzed. I heard nothing, I knew nothing, and, what is more, I would have believed nothing that was not good of him. Surely a faith like that is deserving of some reward!

There is an adage of my mother's land something like this, "Our actions are followed by their consequences as surely as a body by its shadow." That proverb recurred to me in the days that followed.

The morning after Roger went, our bell rang before I was up. Our servant "slept out," and had not yet arrived. So Margaret went down, grumbling about the girl, supposing she had lost her key. As I did n't have to be at my office till ten, and as I had been up late, I turned over to go to sleep again, when I heard Margaret at my door. She came in in her bath-robe. She said Mr. Butler was down-stairs, and wanted to see me at once.

I don't know what I thought. I know I felt panic-stricken and afraid. Roger had sent my note to Bob by messenger the previous evening, so he had had it over night.

I slipped on a dressing-gown quickly and went down-stairs.

Butler was sitting stiffly in the middle of the reception-hall, and as I came down he stood up, though he did not touch the hand I held out to him. He said abruptly:

"What did you do to Bennet?"

I felt like an overtaken criminal. I could not say a word. I could not look at the face of Bennet's friend. He said:

"Bob had a dinner engagement with me at a friend's house last night. He did n't turn up. I feared something was wrong. In fact, I've feared for Bob ever since he became infatuated with you." Butler did not mince his words; he just stabbed me with them. "He has been walking about the city like a madman all night long. What did you do to him?"

"Oh George," I said falteringly, "I had to break it off."

As if distinctly to cut me for calling him "George" (I had always called him

that), he addressed me as "Miss Ascough."

"Miss Ascough, were you ever really engaged to Bennet?"

He asked that as if the thought of it was something not at all to his liking. I nodded.

"And you broke it off, you say?"

Again I nodded.

"Why?"

"Because I did n't love him," I said truthfully.

I was so nervous and conscious-smitten and unhappy, and the room was so cold, that I was seized with a shivering fit, and could hardly keep my teeth from chattering; but Butler did not seem at all moved by my condition.

"May I ask if you were 'in love,' as you call it, with him when you accepted him?"

I shook my head. I could not trust myself to speak.

"Why did you accept him, then?"

"He had been good to me," I faltered.

"Oh, I see. It was his reward, eh?" He sneered in my face. "I came here," he said, "with some idea of patching up things. I wanted to help Bennet. He's in a bad way."

What could I say? After a while he said:

"Will you go back with me? I have him at our rooms."

"It would do no good."

"You mean you could not be made to reconsider the thing? You may be mistaken. You may care for him, after all. There are few like him, I assure you. You're dead lucky to have a man like poor Bennet care for you. He's of the salt of the earth."

"I know; but—I can't deceive him any longer. I'm—in love—with another man."

There was a long silence after that, Butler just staring at me. Then he asked:

"Been in love long?"

I nodded.

"Before you met Bennet?"

Again I nodded.

He laughed bitterly.

"Personally I suspected you from the first. I had an intuitive feeling that there was something under cover about you. I never could see what Bennet saw in you. He was head and shoulders above you in every way. You're not in his class at all. I don't mean that in the cheap social sense—simply morally. Bennet's been my friend for years. I know him. There's no one like him. It's damned hard luck, I can tell you, for me to see him come up against a proposition like you. According to your own story, you must have deceived him from the first. Women like you—"

He stopped there, for I was crying so bitterly that mama came in to see what the trouble was. Margaret was listening all the time at the head of the stairs. Butler then just clapped his hat on his head, picked up his stick, and went.

And that was the opinion of me of one of the brightest men in the United States, a man who subsequently became internationally famous. Nothing could have equaled the contempt of his looks or his cutting words. He had stripped me bare. For one startling moment the scales dropped from my eyes. I *saw* myself! And I shrank before what I saw—shrank as only a weak coward can.

O'Brien had called me a "dead-game sport"; Roger once said I was a "mongrel by blood, but a thoroughbred by instinct"; Lolly had called me a "snake"; but George Butler, that keen-sighted, clear-headed man, knew me for something to be despised! What did I think of myself? Like every one else, I was capable of staring wide-eyed at my own shortcomings only for a little while, and then, like every one else, I charitably and hastily and in fear drew the curtains before me, and tried to hide myself behind them.

I pitied Bennet, whom I had hurt; but I had a vaster pity for myself, whom Roger had hurt.

Perhaps it will not be out of place for me to say here that Bennet achieved all that I tried to do. Such fame (if fame I may call it) as came to me later was not of a solid or enduring kind. My work

showed always the effect of my life—my lack of training, my poor preparation for the business of writing, my dense ignorance. I can truly say of my novels that they are strangely like myself, unfulfilled promises. But Bennet! He climbed to the top despite me, and there he will always be.

It may well be believed that the days that followed were unhappy ones for me. Not only had I lost my two best friends, Bennet and Lolly, but Roger had disappeared, as it were, completely from my life.

I went to Mr. Townsend's office, as he had told me to do, but I did not accept the "arrangements" that Roger had made for me, and this despite the very earnest exhortations of his lawyer. I did not want, and I would not touch, the money that Roger had directed should be put in banks for me. He ought to have known I would not do that.

All day long my face burned. Something within me, too, was burning like a wild-fire. A thousand thoughts and ideas came rushing upon me. Everything that Roger had ever done for or said to me recurred to my mind, and jumbled with these thoughts came others of Bennet.

His was the most honest heart in the world. The little he had done for me had all been open and above board. He had not even declared his love for me until the day I was out of his debt, and free to give him an honest answer.

But Roger! When I would not take what he tried to force upon me, he had found tricky channels through which they would fall upon me, anyway, and then had taunted me with their possession!

When I got home from work that night I asked Margaret if she knew that Roger had been paying for most of my clothes. She answered, with a chuckle:

"Naturally."

"What made you think that?" I asked.

"Because no girl working as you are could afford such things. That Paquin gown alone is easily worth two hundred dollars, if not more."

"I paid twenty for it," I said.

She laughed. I told her about the shop where there were "bargains," and she, as Lolly had done, laughed in my face.

"No shop," she said, "could give you a bargain in sables such as you have."

I had a brown fur set. I did not know they were sables. I had been less than a year in America. I was just eighteen. I came from a large, poor family. I did not know the value of clothes or jewels any more than poor, green Irish or Polish immigrant girls would know it in that time. What could I know of sables?

We lived very quietly now. I had to stay at home, as I had promised Roger to go out with no one till he returned. And then, of course, Bennet and Butler no longer came, and I abandoned my music lessons. I had never taken more than a half-hearted interest in them.

A restless spirit possessed me at this time, and I could not settle my mind to anything. I used to wander about Roger's rooms, with my thoughts disjointed and jumbled. I thought I was brooding over his absence, and then again I thought I was worrying about Bob. Then one day as I stood staring into the leaping flames of that fireplace, almost like an inspiration there came to me a great idea for a story.

For an hour I sat staring into the flames, the story slowly taking root in my mind, and the fascinating plot and characters unraveling before me. It was ten o'clock at night when I began to write, and I worked without stopping till the dawn.

That was how I began to write my first novel. I lived now with only one avid thought in my mind—the story I was writing. It infatuated me as nothing I had ever done before had infatuated me.

I resigned my position, and took a half-day place. I had a little over a hundred dollars saved, and the new position paid me seven dollars a week. As I supplied my own type-writer, I had the privilege of taking outside work in the afternoons.

I think Mr. Forman was really re-



lieved when I told him I had decided to go, though he asked me anxiously whether I had consulted Mr. Hamilton about it. I said that I had written and told him. I had done my work there adequately (he gave me an excellent reference), but he had dismissed a faithful secretary, to whom he was attached, to make a place for me at Mr. Hamilton's request. I never knew this when I took that position, else I would not have taken it.

I left because of what Roger had said, for one thing. I preferred not to be under obligations to him for my position. Besides, I wanted a little more time in which to write my novel. The seven a week just paid for my board, and I had enough saved to carry me along otherwise.

My new position was in a school, a sort of dramatic school where calisthenics, fencing, and other things were also taught. I had a chance to see something of the young men and women who were studying there, mostly of wealthy families. The courses were very expensive. A great many Chicago society women took fencing lessons there, and one of them was kind enough to offer to pay for lessons for me. I would have liked to learn, but I could not afford the time. Every minute that I had away from the school I gave to my precious novel. I used to get home about two. I'd have a glass of milk and a cracker for my luncheon, and then I would write until six. Then came dinner, and then again I wrote, sometimes till as late as midnight. I wrote my novel in twenty-two days. It is impossible for me to describe my delight and satisfaction when I put the last word to my manuscript.

Then for a long time I sat by the fire and re-read my story, and it seemed to me I had created a treasure. Roger, who professed to know something about palmistry, had averred there was a gold-mine in my hand, and he said that it was he who was going to put it there; but when I read my story that night I had a prophetic feeling that my mine would be of my own creating.

I now had to revise and type-write my story, no light task.

Outside of the work I did for the school, I had secured bits of copying for a few people in the building; but I had made very little above my salary. The head of the school was an imposing and majestic woman of about fifty, very handsome and charming and gracious in her manner, though I always resented the difference between her tone to me and that she assumed to her pupils and the people who frequented her studios—she called them studios. She had a little salon in a way. Nearly all Chicago's important people, and especially the celebrities, came to her "afternoons." I had a chance to see authors who had arrived.

There was one very tall woman who wore glasses and talked through her nose. She was very well known at that time, having had a witty serial published in the very magazine that bought my first little story. She was much sought after, and was suffering from a bad case of what O'Brien always called "the big head." She looked and talked as if she were a personage of great superiority, and her sharp retorts and witty comments, always a bit malicious, were quoted everywhere in Chicago. I think she believed me to be one of her many silent admirers. I was not. I knew that when one has reached a stage of complete satisfaction with oneself, one has reached one's limitation. Chicago's celebrated writer at the zenith of her fame was not to me a particularly attractive object.

Then there was a celebrated Western author who was a giant in size and a giant in heart. I secretly adored him both as a writer and as a man. He wore his straight hair rather long, and though his face was becoming florid and full, he had a fine, almost Indian-like, profile. He was tremendously popular in Chicago, and Mrs. Martin, my employer, flattered and courted him despite his careless and rather grimy clothes and utterly unmanicured nails. Behold the measure of my sophistication! I who knew not the meaning of the word "manicure" less than a year

before, took pride in my own shining nails now, and remarked the condition of those of a great author!

There was another less famous, but more exclusive, author who fascinated me chiefly because he had a glass eye. I had never before seen a glass eye.

I have mentioned the authors because they interested me more than the artists, sculptors, musicians, and actors and actresses who also came to these studios where I worked. The building itself was full of artists' studios.

Do not think of me as being one of this distinguished "set." I was, in fact, simply on the outskirts, a rather wistful, perhaps envious, and sometimes amused observer of these great people who had obviously arrived.

Why does the average author and artist and actor, when he succeeds, make such a noise about it? They clang bells as noisily when they "arrive" as when a circus comes to town.

Few of these celebrities noticed me. Several of the artists asked me to pose for them. I did not pose, because I had no time. I did go up to the studio of a hunchback artist who painted divinely and had a pretty wife and an adorable baby. I became very friendly with that lovely family, and even shyly confessed to them that I, too, wrote. Just fancy! I, who only a few months before had forced every one to listen to my poems, now when I was in contact with people who did the very things I wished to do, experienced a panic at the thought of their finding out about it or of revealing myself to them!

Even Mrs. Martin never suspected me. I was simply a stenographer who had come to her from a mercantile firm. The only thing about me that ever appealed to her was my looks. Think of that! She said to me one day as I was going out:

"Miss Ascough, you look like a poster girl. Where did you get that hat?"

I told her, and she raised her eyebrows.

"Well," she said, studying me through her lorgnon, "your hair looks astonishingly well against that silver fur. Have you ever thought of going on the stage?"

I replied that I had not.

She regarded me speculatively a moment, and then said:

"There are worse-looking girls than you in the choruses."

I told her I could sing a little. Whereupon she said:

"Oh, I don't mean sing or act. However, you'd better stick to what you're doing until my season closes, and then, if you're a good girl"—she smiled very graciously—"I'll see what I can do for you."

Her season ended in June. You perceive I had something to look forward to!

And now I come to the author who was the cause of my discharge from this place.

Mrs. Martin herself had brought him to my desk and introduced him to me. He had with him a thick manuscript when he asked me, with a very charming smile, if I would type-write for him. You may be sure I was glad to get this extra work, as my funds were running low. So I put aside the copying of my own novel, and went hard to work upon the play of this Chicago author. It was a closely written manuscript, a play in six acts. He required eight copies, only four of which were to be carbons. In order to get the work done as soon as possible and resume the copying of my own story, I went down to the office three nights and worked till eleven.

As I have said, there were six acts, and each was of forty pages. So, you see, it was a fairly big manuscript. A public stenographer would have charged at the rate of five cents a folio,—that is, one hundred words,—and there were about two hundred and eighty words to a page. She would also have charged about two cents a page for the carbon copies. I made out my bill for five cents a page, and did not charge for the carbon copies.

He had been coming every day and going over the work as I did it, and he had me not only bind his play, but rule parts of it in red ink—the descriptive parts. I felt mightily pleased when I handed him the completed manuscript. Rather apologetically I proffered him my bill.

He took the latter, and looked at it as if much surprised and pained, and then said:

"Why, Miss Ascough, I brought this to you as a friend of Mrs. Martin."

I said:

"Yes, that 's why I did not charge for the carbons, and made you just a half-rate."

"There seems to be some mistake," he replied. "I understood from Mrs. Martin that you would do this work just as if it were for her."

"Do you mean," I said, "for nothing?"

He made a gesture with his hands, as much as to say, "Don't put it so baldly."

I stared at him. I could not believe that any one would be mean enough to let me do all that work for nothing. He was a greatly admired author. His play seemed, in my youthful judgment, a fine thing, and yet was it possible that he would impose upon a poor working-girl? Could he really believe that I, who was being paid only seven dollars a week for my morning services, would have worked afternoons and evenings to type-write his play without charge?

He put his play in a large envelop, and then he said:

"I appreciate very much what you have done, and I am pleased with your work. I shall make a point of recommending you to friends of mine." He cleared his throat. "I 've also brought you a little present in token of my appreciation." He took from his coat pocket a book, one of his own. "It 's autographed," he said, smiling, and gave it to me.

I held his book with thumb and forefinger, as if it were something unclean, and then I deliberately dropped it into the waste-paper-basket.

He turned violently red and walked into Mrs. Martin's studio.

I had started in aimlessly to change the ribbon,—I had worn out one for his play,—when Mrs. Martin sailed majestically from her room and up to my desk.

"Miss Ascough," she said, "I won't require your services any further. You may leave at once."

I shrugged my shoulders, sneered, and laughed right up in her face, as if the loss of such a job as that was a matter of supreme indifference to me. She became as red as her friend, and walked haughtily back to her private quarters.

### XXXII

I CARRIED my machine home. They are heavy things. A sort of raining snow was falling, and though it was only four in the afternoon, it was beginning to grow dark. The streets were in a bad state with slush and mud and ice, and I got very wet on my way to the car, for I could n't put up an umbrella, as I had to carry my machine under one arm and my manuscript under the other.

As soon as I walked into our house, Margaret called out from the dining-room:

"Mr. Hamilton is here."

Then he got up—he was having tea with them—and came over to me. I had the type-writer in my hand, and I don't know whether I dropped it or set it down on the floor.

I had n't had any luncheon, I was soaked through. I had worked for weeks on my novel, and, besides the office work, I had type-written that long play. I had been working day and night, and I had been insulted and discharged. I was tired out, cold, and wet. Add to this the sudden shock of seeing Mr. Hamilton, and you will understand why even a healthy girl of eighteen may sometimes faint.

It was only a little faint, and I came to while Roger was carrying me up-stairs; but I did not move, for his face was against mine.

Mama had come up with us, and when Roger set me on the couch, she said she 'd take charge of me. She told him to go down-stairs and have Margaret make me a toddy, and to bring it up on a tray with my dinner. I felt like a big baby to have her fussing over me and taking off all my wet things. I had a lovely pink eider-down dressing-gown that she had made me, and she forced me to get into that and into dry stockings and slippers.

By this time Roger and Margaret came up with the tray, and all three were doing things for me. Roger himself mixed me a drink. It was hot, with brandy and lemon in it. As soon as I drank it, it went right to my head, for I had eaten nothing since morning, and I tried to tell them about Mrs. Martin's discharging me, and how that author had not paid me for all my work.

Cloudy as my head was and stumblingly as I talked, I won their sympathies. Roger said that the author was a mean little sneak, a cursed small cur, and that he 'd like to kick him all over the town.

Then, because I started to cry, they tried to make me eat something and drink some coffee; but I was so sleepy I could not keep my eyes open. The first thing I knew, I was in my bed.

I slept and slept; I slept till ten o'clock the next day. The first thought I had was that Roger must have gone. I never dressed so quickly, and I ran to his room and knocked; but he was not there.

Margaret also had departed for work, but I found mama in the kitchen. She was making me an oyster stew, a thing for which I had acquired a liking. As soon as I appeared, she cried:

"You bad girl, what did you get up for? Here 's a note for you."

With hands trembling with excitement, I read Roger's first letter to me. It was like him, those two brief, laconic sentences:

Back by noon. Stay in bed.

ROGER.

Stay in bed! I never felt better in my life. I had my stew, and then I went upstairs and finished copying my novel.

At noon to the minute Roger returned. He had all sorts of things for me: flowers,—orchids, mind you!—squab, fruit, jelly, and magazines. One would think I was an invalid, and I had to laugh at his look of disapproval when he discovered me busy at work. He said I was incorrigible.

He made no effort that day to conceal his feelings for me. It was not that he

petted or caressed me; but he fussed over me all day, kept me right by the fire, and brought up my luncheon to me, as he said the lower floor was drafty. He kept feeling my head to see if I was feverish. I think I gave him a good fright the night before. He said he ought to have returned to Richmond the previous night, as there was important business there that needed his attention. He 'd been obliged to keep the wires scorching all the morning. He would have to get away that night, however; but he wanted to make absolutely certain that I had recovered.

He said that he had been obliged to hasten his return, neglecting certain business in Europe, because I had not written to him as I promised to do. I did write him once, but the letter must have miscarried. However, he was not in a scolding mood that day, and every minute I thought he was going to pick me up in his arms.

He wanted to know if I had missed him, and I tried to pretend that I had n't, that I had been absorbed in my writing. He looked so solemn over that and so far, far away from me that I wanted instantly to put my arms about his neck, and I debated with myself how I could reach him. I pulled up the stool in front of him, stood on it, and in that way reached his face. I gave him a quick kiss, and then jumped down. I thought he would laugh at that, but he did n't. I did though; but while I was laughing I suddenly thought of something that frightened me, and I asked him if he had had a fine time in Europe, and added that I supposed he had seen many lovely women.

I had a vague idea that France was simply brimming with fascinating, irresistible, and beautiful sirens whom no man could possibly resist, and the thought that Roger had been there made my heart almost stop beating; but not for long, for he said very gravely:

"I never noticed anything or any one. My mind was engrossed with one thought only—my *own* little girl in Chicago."

Then he asked me if I realized that he had spent fewer than ten days in

Europe, and that he had come here to me before even going to his home.

"Goodness!" I said slyly, "you *are* interested in me, are n't you?"

He looked at me queerly then, and he said:

"Nora, I 'm 'dippy' about you."

"Is that slang for love, Roger?" I asked, which made him laugh, and then he tried to frown at me; but he could not. So he changed the subject abruptly, and made me tell him about all the things that had happened to me while he was away.

He said I was a "precious angel" for giving up Bennet, and that Butler was a "conceited pup," and I was a "little idiot" to mind anything he said. He wished *he* had been there. He said Mrs. Martin was a sycophant and a kowtowing old snob, and that he knew her well; and as for my going on the stage! One would think I was considering jumping off the face of the earth.

I told him he was pretty nearly as bad as the little Japanese, and he laughed and said:

"That Jap 's all right. By George! I like his idea. It would give me peculiar satisfaction to wring the necks of one or two people we know," and he clapped his fist into his hand.

I said mischievously:

"Well, you know that Jap hated those enemies of mine because he loved me."

Roger chuckled, and said I might sit on that stool and hint till doomsday, but he was not going to tell me he loved me till he was good and ready.

"When will that be?" I asked, and he said solemnly, with mock gravity:

"I 'm sure I don't know,"

Said the great bell of Bow."

"My father always said that there was no time like the present," I replied.

He laughed, but said seriously:

"Nora, if you play with fire, you 'll be burned. Burns leave scars. Scars are ugly things, and I love only pretty things, like my precious little girl."

"Aha!" I said triumphantly, "then you admit it at last."

He burst out laughing and said:

"Trapped! Help!"

After a while he wanted to hear my novel. So then I read it to him, my beautiful story.

I read it well, as only an author can read his own work—not well in the sense of elocution, but with every point pricked out. It took me two and a half hours to read it, and when I was through, twilight had settled. I had read the last words chiefly by the light of the blazing fire. Roger got up, and walked up and down the room. I watched him from my seat on the stool by the fire. Then he suddenly came back to me, seized my manuscript, and made a motion as if he would consign it to the flames. At that I screamed, like an outraged mother, and caught at it, and he stood towering over me, watching me curiously.

"I wanted to try you then, Nora," he said. "Now I know that I have a bigger rival in your work than any man. What am I to do?"

I held my novel out to him.

"Burn it if you wish to, then. It represents only the product of my fancy; but *you* are my life," I said.

"Do you mean that?" he asked me, and I replied:

"Oh, yes, I do, I do."

"If I asked you to give up your writing, as I asked you to give up Bennet, would you do it for me?"

"Yes, everything and every one, Roger," I replied, "if only you will love me. Won't you?" In a voice full of emotion, he then said:

"Can you doubt it?"

A moment later he seemed to regret having revealed himself like that, and he swiftly made ready to go. He was taking an early train for Richmond. His man was waiting for him at some hotel. I wanted to go down to the door with him, but he would not let me, and we said good-by before mama, who had come up to say dinner was ready. He did n't kiss me, but I kissed him right before mama, on his hand and sleeve. If I could have reached his face, I would have kissed him

there. He kept smoothing my hair. He said he would be back very soon, and that he would never stay away from me long now.

I watched him from the window. The rain of the previous day had frozen on the trees, and everything was glistening and slippery. A wind was coming from the north, and the people went along the street as if blown against their will.

Roger looked up before getting into the cab and waved to me at the window, and I thought, as once before I had thought, as I watched his carriage disappear, that perhaps it would always be like this. He would always go. Would there ever come a day when he would not come again?

That was on the twenty-sixth of February. He could not have stayed in Richmond more than a few hours, for at ten o'clock the following night he came back to me.

I was running over some new pieces at the piano when I heard the bell ring; but I had no idea it was he until he came into the room without knocking. There was something about his whole appearance and attitude that startled me. His face had a grayish, haggard look, as if he had not slept. I ran up to him, but he held me back and began to speak rapidly:

"Nora, I've only a few minutes in Chicago. I must catch the 11:09 back to Richmond. It's after ten now. My cab's at the door. This is what I've come for. I want you to go to-morrow, on as early a train as you can get, to a little hunting-lodge of mine in the Michigan woods. Holmes [his valet] will come and take you, and I want you to stay there for a week or ten days."

The oddness of his request naturally puzzled me, and of course I exclaimed about it, and wanted to know why he wished me to go there. He said irritably:

"What does it matter why? I want you to go. I insist upon it, in fact."

"But what will I do up there?" I asked.

"Anything you wish. Write, if you like. I've a man and woman there. You'll not be entirely alone. The change will do you good."

"Are n't you going to be there, too?"

"I'm afraid not. I'll try to get there for the week-end if I possibly can."

"But I don't want to go to a place all alone, Roger."

"I tell you, you won't be alone. I have a man and a woman there, and Holmes will take you."

"But I don't see the sense in going away out there in the middle of winter."

"I particularly want you to go. Are my wishes nothing to you, then? I want you out of Chicago for a few days. You've not been well and—"

"I never felt better in my life."

"Nora, I want you to go. You must go. Do this thing to please me."

As, puzzled, I still hesitated, he began to promise that he would join me there the next day, and when I still did not assent, he tried coaxing me in another way. He said he'd bring Verley and a hunting-dog, and he'd teach me how to ride horseback and to shoot. He had horses, too, somewhere near there; a big stock farm, I think. I told him I did n't want to shoot or kill things.

By this time he had worked himself up to a state of exasperation at my stubbornness, and his request really seemed to me so ridiculous and capricious that I began to laugh at him, saying jokingly:

"You're worse than a dog in a manger: you're a Turk. You want to shut me up in a box."

"That's true enough," he replied. "I wish I'd done it long ago."

He was standing very tall and stiff by the door, with his coat still on, and his arms folded grimly across his breast. I looked at him, and a half-mischievous, half-tender impulse overwhelmed me. I went closer to him, and put my hands on his folded arms as I said:

"I'll go, Roger, if you'll take me in your arms and kiss me."

He gave me *such* a look at that, and then his face broke, and he opened his arms. I went into them. I don't know how long I was in his arms. I never wanted to leave them again.

I presently heard his voice, low and

husky, and felt he was trying to release himself from my hands. He said:

"I must go. I'll miss my train."

"O Roger, please don't leave me now!" I begged.

"I must," he replied, and then he went quickly out of the room. I followed him into the hall, though he was striding along so swiftly I could not keep pace with him. Just where the stairs began, I caught at his arm and held him.

"O Roger, you do love me, don't you?" I asked sobbingly, and he said hoarsely:

"Yes, I *do*."

Then he went down the stairs, and I after him. At the door he said I must go back; but I was still clinging to his hand, and when he opened the door I, too, went out.

Snow was falling densely, and the great north wind had brought on its wing a blizzard and storm such as Chicago had seldom known; but Roger and I, in that porch, saw nothing but each other.

He kept urging me to go in, saying I would catch my death of cold, and stooping down, and without my asking him this time, he took me in his arms and kissed me again and again.

"I love you, Nora," he said. "You're the only thing in the world I have ever loved. I swear that to you, darling."

Then he kissed me again, opened the door, and turned me back.

"Roger, tell me just this, at least," I pleaded. "Is there any other woman in your life?"

The question was out now. Like a haunting shadow that I dared not face there had always been that horrible thought in my mind, and now for the first time I had voiced it. With his arms still about me, looking down into my face, he said:

"No; no one that counts. I swear that, too, Nora."

Then I went in. I was like one in a beautiful trance. That room seemed to me the loveliest place on earth. Everything about it spoke of him. He had chosen the softly tinted Oriental rugs, the fine paintings, my piano, and the

great long table where I wrote. He had chosen all these things for me, and now I knew why he had done it. He loved me; he had said so at last.

I went about the room touching everything, and gathering up little things of his—papers and books; I went into his bedroom, and found his bath-robe. I put it on, and for the first time—though he had said the rooms were mine, I had not used them—I threw myself down there in the room where he had slept and all night long I lay dreaming of him.

### XXXIII

THE next day found Chicago enveloped in one of the worst snow-storms that had ever come out of the north. Of course the idea of my going to the Michigan woods was out of the question. It was impossible even to leave the house. All the trains were stalled, and many wires were down. I could not have gone, even had I tried. So I was obliged to remain at home, and even Holmes did not appear at the house, though he telephoned to say he would be up as soon as the storm stopped.

Shut in as we were in a great city caught in the paralyzing grip of a snow-storm, I did not come out of my exalted mood of intense happiness. All through that long day, when I had nothing to do but to watch the blinding snow and the vehicles and people that had dared to venture out, I was with Roger, alone this time, never to be parted again. All the barriers were down between us. All we knew was that we loved each other. What did anything else matter? My work? Ah, it was a feeble little spark that had fluttered out before this vast flame in my heart. I had no room, no thought, for anything else.

I loved. I had loved for many months in hunger and work and pain, and now at last the gods had rewarded me. My love was returned; Roger loved me. That was the most wonderful, the most beautiful, the most miraculous thing that had ever occurred in the world.

The telephone was ringing all day, and so was the door-bell. Mama, who wan-

dered in and out to chat with me about the storm or other things, kept grumbling. She said some one had been trying to get Margaret on the long-distance telephone all day, but Margaret had to go out on a case. Whoever it was, he would leave no message.

Once I answered the telephone myself, and though the voice sounded as if it were far away, I fancied it was Roger's. Oh, I had only him on my mind! It was some one for Margaret, and when I said:

"I'm Miss Ascough. Can't I take a message?" he replied:

"No," and rang off.

Margaret came in about five, and when we told her about the telephone, she seemed much mystified, and called up the information bureau to ask who had called her, and the bureau said Richmond had been calling.

Naturally, we were surprised that the calls were really from Richmond, and we were sure it must be Roger. Mama said he was probably anxious about me, but I could not help wondering why, if it was he on the telephone, he had not spoken to me. Margaret said it was probably his secretary or a clerk, and when I spoke of the voice, she said all Southern voices were alike.

She was called out again as soon as she had changed her clothes; but it was in the neighborhood, and she had only thrown a shawl about her and run out, saying I was to take any messages that came.

So when a telegram came, I signed for it, and then, though it was addressed to Margaret, I opened and read it, thinking it might be important. I could n't for the life of me understand it, and I handed it to mama. She read it, glanced at me, and then said that Margaret would probably understand.

It was really from Roger, but why he should telegraph Margaret not to let me see some papers, I could not understand. This was the telegram:

On no account let Nora see the papers.

While I was puzzling over this, Margaret came in, and I gave her the telegram.

She took a long time to read it, and then she said carelessly that he referred to some papers,—deeds and things like that,—and he probably wished to surprise me.

It was a poor sort of explanation, but it satisfied me. I was too far up in the clouds to give the matter much thought, so Margaret and mama and I had dinner together. I prepared spaghetti, a dish of which they were fond, and which I made better than any one else. However, I burned the spaghetti,—let it go dry,—and mama said:

"You're a nice cook, with your mind away off in Richmond."

Margaret was in the pantry, but I knew she was listening. I said, after giving mama a squeeze for forgiving me about the spaghetti:

"You're going to find out a thing or two about him soon. You don't know what a beautiful character he has, and you know very well no man ever had a nicer smile than Roger."

Mama nodded, and went on stirring what she was cooking.

"You're a foolish old angel," I went on. "You just don't like him because you're fond of me. If it were n't for me, you would like him, would n't you, Mama?"

She said:

"It may be a case of prejudice, dearie, but he's got to 'show' me first, though."

"Oh, he will," I assured her. "You'll see." Then I added: "Anyhow, you'll admit that he does care for me, won't you?"

"Any one can see with half an eye that he's head over heels in love with you; but—"

Margaret had come out of the pantry, and she banged some things down so noisily that we both jumped.

"For heaven's sake! don't talk about that man!" she said.

Then mama and I laughed, and we had dinner. I had been up-stairs only a few minutes after dinner when I heard Margaret at the telephone again. I went down to learn what the trouble was. As I was going down I heard her say:

"It's impossible. A dog could n't go



out in a storm like this." Then after a moment, she added, "I said I'd do what I could," and then: "You need n't thank me. It's not on your account, d—you!" She hung up the receiver.

"Who was that?" I asked. She answered savagely—she had never spoken so crossly to me before:

"None of your business!" and slammed out into the kitchen.

The storm abated during the night, and by morning it had ceased; but the city was still snow-bound, though workers were out all night clearing the streets, and an army of snow-shovelers went from house to house as soon as daylight came. They began ringing our door-bell as early as six o'clock, and that awoke me; so I dressed and went down-stairs. Margaret was ahead of me. I went to the porch to get the papers, but she was irritable because I opened the door and let in the cold. She said she wished to goodness I'd stay in my own room.

At breakfast we were without the papers, and Margaret told mama they had not come. The storm had probably prevented their delivery. I said I did n't mind running out to the nearest news-stand, but she said:

"For heaven's sake! Nora, find something to amuse yourself with without chasing wildly round! Now the storm's over, that man Holmes will be here, and you'd better get ready."

So, though I thought we'd have some difficulty in getting a train,—none was running on time,—I packed the few things I intended to take with me.

If any one sees anything particularly immoral in my calmly preparing to go on a trip with this man, I beg him to recall my previous experiences with him. He had never done anything that caused me to fear him, and now he could do nothing that would have been wrong in my eyes.

I was love's passionate pilgrim. I could not look ahead; I turned not a glance back; I only thrilled in the warmth of the dear present.

About ten, Holmes arrived. He said we could get a train at eleven and one at

four. The four o'clock one would be better, as by that time the snow would be cleared off; but Mr. Hamilton had telephoned and telegraphed instructions that we should take the very first train.

So, then, with my bag packed, I came down-stairs, and went to the kitchen to say good-by to Margaret and mama. When I opened the door, they sprang apart, and I saw the morning paper in their hands; mama was crying. All of a sudden I had a horrible fear that something had happened to Roger, and I sprang over and tried to take the paper from mama. She tried to put it behind her, and we struggled for the sheet, but Margaret cried out:

"For God's sake! let her have it! We may as well end this."

And then I had the paper.

It was on the front page, so important was he, that vile story. I saw his face looking up at me from that sheet, and beside him was a woman, and under her picture was another woman. The type danced before me, but I read on and on and on.

And this was my love, my hero, my god—this married man whose wife was divorcing him because of another woman; whose husband in turn had divorced her because of him, Roger Avery Hamilton. I read the sordid story; I read the woman's tale in court, of his many infidelities, which had begun soon after their marriage, of the gay and fast life he had led, and of his being named as co-respondent by his best friend in Richmond, whose wife had admitted the truth of the charge, and had been cast out by her husband.

This wife of his, of whose existence I had never even dreamed, said in an interview that although she did not believe in divorce and had endured her husband's infidelities for years, she was now setting him free for the sake of the other woman, whom he was in honor bound to marry. They had all been friends, they were of the same social set, and the relations between this woman and Hamilton, his wife declared, had existed for three years, and still continued.

If one's body were dead, and the mind still alive, how might that vital, mysterious organ find utterance through the paralyzed body? I have often wondered. Now I was like one dead. There was no feeling in any part of my body but my poor head, and through it surged, oh, such a long, long, weird procession of all the scenes of my life since I had left my home! It seemed as if every one I had ever known danced like fantastic shades across my memory, each one in turn beckoning to me or beating me back. And through that throng of faces, blotting out the black one of Burbank, the sensual one of Dr. Manning, the kind, grotesque face of O'Brien, and the rough, honest mask of Bennet, like a snake *his* bitter face rose, and stared at me with his half-closed, cruel eyes.

I was before the fireplace where I had often sat with him. Some one, mama or Margaret, had brought me there. They fluttered in and out of the room like ghosts, and they spoke to me and cried over me, but I do not know what they said. I had lost the power of hearing and of speech. I tell you I was dead—dead.

Then that little valet of his came up to the room and asked me if I was ready!

"Go away! Go away!" I murmured when he came around in front of me and looked at me curiously. Then Margaret came in and called shrilly at him:

"You get out of here—you and your d—— master!"

That commotion, I think, roused me slightly, for I went to my room, and I took from my lower drawer all of the foolish little things of his that I had collected at various times and treasured. I gathered them up in a large newspaper, carried them into his room, and dumped them into the fire.

Then I took that newspaper and spread it out on the desk, and I read the story all over again, slowly, because my brain worked like a clock that has run down, and pulls itself to time only in spasmodic jerks. I found myself studying the picture of that woman who was not his wife. I cared nothing about the wife, but only

of that other one, the woman his wife said he still loved.

She was all the things that I was not, a statuesque beauty, with a form like Juno and a face like that of a great sleepy ox. Beside her, what was I? Women like her were the kind men loved. I knew that. Women like me merely teased their fancy and curiosity. We were the small tin toys with whom they paused to play.

I crushed that accursed sheet. No, no, she was not better than I. Strip her of her glittering clothes, put her in rags over a wash-tub, and she would have been transformed into a common thing. But I? If you put *me* over a wash-tub, I tell you *I* would have woven a romance, aye, from the very suds. God had planted in *me* the fairy germs; that I knew.

But rage! What has it ever done to heal even the slightest hurt or wound? Oh, I could tramp up and down and wring my hands till they were bruised, but, alas! would that bring me any comfort?

I went back to my own room, and I packed not my clothes—those clothes he had paid for, but my manuscripts. They at least were all my own. They filled my little old black bag—the bag I had brought from Canada.

Margaret came to my door, and when she knocked I controlled my voice and said:

"I am busy. Go away."

"O Nora dear, Mr. Hamilton is on the 'phone," she said. "He is calling from Richmond. He wants to speak to you, dearie."

"I will never speak to him again," I declared.

"O Nora," she said, "he is coming to you now. He is taking a special train. I am sure he can explain everything. He says that he can, dear."

"Everything is explained. I know *now*," I replied. Yes, that was true. I did know now.

I went stealing down the stairs on tip-toe. They had relaxed their guard, and I had watched for this moment as craftily as only one can who is insane, as indeed I was.

Outside the cold wind smote me. Snow was piled high on all sides. I passed along through great banks of it, and I climbed over sodden drifts and gigantic balls that children had rolled, and with my little black bag I went down to the beach. Where it began, I do not know, for I thought the white caps on the water, breaking against the shore, were great drifts of snow; and I went plodding on and on till I came to the water. There I stood and looked at it.

A policeman who had spoken to me when I turned down toward the lake must have followed me, for suddenly he came behind me and said roughly:

"Now, none of that," and I turned around and looked at him stupidly.

He took me by the arm and led me away, and he asked me what was my trouble, and when I did not answer (how could I, who could scarcely speak at all?) he said:

"Some fellow ruin you?"

Ruin!

That word has only one meaning when applied to a woman. I had not been ruined in the sense that Chicago policeman meant, but, oh, deeper than that sort of ruin had been the damnable effects of the blow that he had dealt me! He had destroyed something precious and fine; he had crushed my beautiful faith, my ideals, my dreams, my spirit, the charming visions that had danced like fairies in my brain. Worse, he had ruthlessly destroyed Me! I was dead. This was another person who stood there in the snow staring at the waters of Lake Michigan.

Where was the heroic little girl who only a little more than a year before, penniless and alone, had fearlessly stepped out into the smiling, golden world, and boldly challenged Fate? I was afraid of that world now. It was a black, monstrous thing, a thief in the dark that had hid to entrap me.

O Roger, Roger! I loved you even as my little dog had loved me. If you but glanced in my direction, I was awake, alert. If you smiled at me or called my name, my heart leaped within me. I

would have kissed your hand, your feet; and when you were displeased with me, ah me! how miserable I was! There was nothing you touched I did not love. The very clothes you wore, the paper you had read and crushed, the most insignificant of your personal belongings were sacred to me. I gathered them up like precious treasures, and I hoarded them even as a miser does his gold. I was to you nothing but a queer little object that had caught your weary interest and flattered your vanity. You saw me only through the cold eyes of a cynic—a connoisseur, who, seeking in vain for a flawless jewel, had stumbled upon a freak.

The policeman said:

"I could run you in for this, but I'm sorry for you. I guess you went 'dotty' for a while. Now you go home, and you'll feel better soon."

"I have no home," I said.

"That's tough," he replied. "And you look nothing but a kid. Are you broke, too?"

"No," I said, though I really was.

"Have you any friends?"

I thought painfully. Mama and Margaret were my friends, but I could not go back there. *He* was coming by a special train. O'Brien? O'Brien was in New York. Bennet? I had stabbed Bennet even as Roger had stabbed me.

Who, then, was there?

Lolly; there was Lolly.

Drifts of feathery snow kept flying down from the housetops as the policeman and I passed along, and as icicles came crashing down upon the sidewalks he led me out into the middle of the road.

We came to Lolly's door, and the policeman rang the bell. I don't know what he said to the woman who answered the door, but I ran by her and up the stairs to Lolly's room, and I knocked twice before she answered. I heard her moving inside, then she opened the door and stood there with her blue eyes looking like glass beads, and a cigarette stuck out between her fingers. And I said:

"O Lolly! Lolly!" She stood aside, and I went in and fell down on my knees

by the table, and threw out my arms upon it and my head upon them.

I felt her standing silently beside me for a long time, and then her hand touched my head, and she did a strange thing: she went down on her knees beside me, lifted up my face with her hand, just as Roger used to do, and stared at me. Then she threw her arms about me and drew me up close, and I knew that at last Lolly had forgiven me.

She could cry, but not I. I had reached that stage where tears are beyond us. They precede the rainbow in our lives, and my rainbow had been wiped away. I was out in the dark, blindly groping my way, and it seemed to me that though there were a thousand doors, they were all closed to me.

"I could have told you about him long ago," said Lolly, after a while.

I said mechanically:

"You spared me. I did not you."

"No, you did the right thing," Lolly replied. "If I had told you then what I knew—that Hamilton was a married man—I might have saved you this."

There was silence between us for a time, and then Lolly said:

"Did you know that Marshall Chambers is married? He married a rich society girl—a girl of his own class, Nora."

"Lolly, I don't know what to do. I think I am going to die," I said.

Lolly threw down her cigarette, and came and stood over me.

"Listen to me," she said. "I'll tell you what *you* are going to do, Nora As-cough. You are going to brace up like a man. You're going to be a dead-game sport, as O'Brien said you were. *You* have something to *live* for. You can start all over again. I wish that I could, but I have cashed *my* checks all in."

I looked up at her. There was something in her ringing voice that had a revivifying effect upon me. It aroused as the bugle that calls a soldier to arms.

"What have I to live for that you have not?" I asked her.

"You can *write*," she said. "You have a letter in your pocket addressed to posterity. Deliver it, Nora! Deliver it!"

"Tell me how! O Lolly, do tell me how!"

"Get away from this city; go to New York. Cut that man out of your brain as if he were a malignant cancerous growth. Use the knife of a surgeon, and do it yourself. Soldiers have amputated their own legs and arms upon the battle-field. You can do the same."

She had worked herself up to a state of excitement, and she had carried me along with her. We were both standing up now, our flashing eyes meeting. Then I remembered.

"I have no money."

She dipped into her stocking, and brought up a little roll.

"There, take it! I'll not need it where I'm going."

Then I told her I had no clothes, and she filled her suitcase for me.

"Now," she said, "you are all ready. There's a train leaving about seven. You'll get to New York to-morrow morning. O'Brien will be there to meet you. I'll telegraph to him after I've put you on the train."

"Come with me, Lolly."

"I can't, Nora. I'm going to another land."

O Lolly! Lolly! little did I dream what that "other land" was to be. Two weeks later, riding in an elevated train, I chanced to pick up a newspaper, and there I learned of Lolly's suicide. She had shot herself through the heart in a Chicago hotel, leaving a "humorous" note to the coroner, giving instructions as to her body and "estate."

I was in the Chicago train whirling along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. I lay awake in my berth and stared out at a black night; but in the sky above I saw a single star. It was bright, alive; and suddenly I thought of the Star of Bethlehem, and for the first time in many days, like a child, I said my prayers.



# “Pleasures and Palaces”

By PRINCESS LAZAROVICH-HREBELIANOVICH

(*Eleanor Calhoun*)

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

## Part I

A FEW months ago I revisited California, my native State, after having been absent from it in Europe since childhood, with the exception of a few short visits years ago. I went again to the Sierran valley of my infant days, to find no house there, as the ruins of the one we lived in had been carried away.

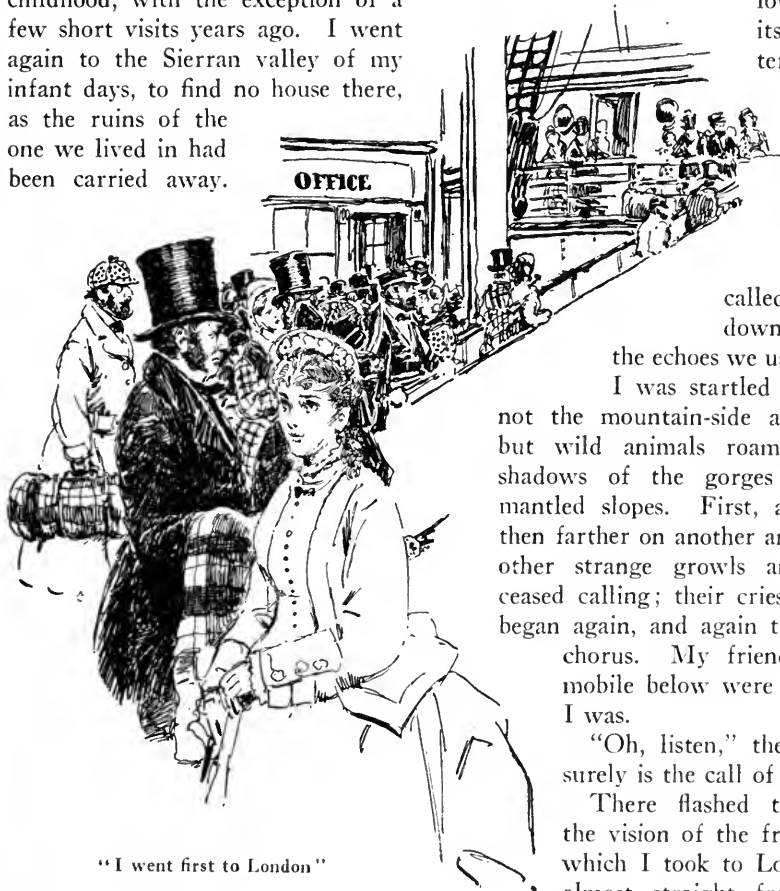
strain my eyes, hoping to see a solitary horseman—my father—returning after weeks of absence. Westward lay the lovely vale, with its oak-groves sheltering other memories of early years. At that moment it was flooded with golden sunset.

As I stood high on the rock, I called loud and long down the valley to the echoes we used to hear there.

I was startled at the response, not the mountain-side alone answering, but wild animals roaming within the shadows of the gorges and the pine-mantled slopes. First, a coyote yelped, then farther on another and another, with other strange growls and screams. I ceased calling; their cries died down. I began again, and again they took up the chorus. My friends in the automobile below were as astounded as I was.

“Oh, listen,” they said. “That surely is the call of the wild.”

There flashed to my thoughts the vision of the fresh young mind which I took to London and Paris almost straight from such wilds, as an eager girl about to enter upon a career imposed on me by circumstances. How hungry for life I had been in those childish days! How often I climbed to the topmost rock of the topmost peak, whence I could look down through the blue mists of distance across the



“I went first to London”

Upon leaving the place at sunset I asked my friends to wait in the car while I mounted the high ridge of the divide, whence I could see eastward the far ranges upon ranges of Sierras, with their intervening valleys, toward which, standing in the same spot, in childhood I used to

limitless deserts lying far below the mountains on one side of our valley! I panted for realms of human beings beyond. From the book-shelves of our valley home, Shakspere, Dickens, Thackeray, Cervantes, Victor Hugo, Schiller, Goethe, Homer, Dante, and many great ones had said a world of things to me. I was eager to see for myself. I was athirst for the great world of endless numbers of human beings. As a child I often spoke to my mother, of the things I should do when I grew up and went to London and Paris.

A young heart, freighted with all such impressions, I went first to London, in my chosen career of the stage bent upon serious accomplishment. I had thought only to study for a time there and in Paris, but circumstances decreed that those two cities were to be the scenes of nearly all my life's endeavors from that time to this.

I was a rank American, as tart as any green apple in my ideas of independence. I had once said to Mrs. James Russell Lowell, when, as the wife of the American ambassador, she took me under her protecting wing and showed me all the kindness of a mother:

"I want to see everybody and everything, but if I'm presented to any queens or princesses, I'll never make a curtsy; I'll not bend the knee to any of them."

But even the American eagle sat quite still at that speech, for Mrs. Lowell, who was a proud spirit, too, smiled and said kindly:

"Yes, my dear, we all of us had such sentiments once. I remember school-days when the word 'redcoats' roused old Revolutionary blood in us; we were ready to march on the instant. But you probably would n't like to be considered *gauche* or ill-bred; it would n't, perhaps, be your intention to make an act of ordinary courtesy the occasion of a national demonstration in favor of an issue which your forefathers settled on the battle-field long ago."

Shamefaced at my primitiveness, I said:

"Thank you so much for showing me my foolishness. Of course I should n't like to be ignorant of the ceremonies of

polite usage in a foreign land. The curtsy to the queen, and all that, is, I see, merely 'ze custom of ze country.' To object would put one on a par with that type of newly-made American citizen who thinks he practises 'independence,' when he speaks rudely to a lady."

Later, though, I heard things "to the contrary, notwithstanding." For instance, I heard a haughty British peeress say of the beautiful young American Vice-reine of India, "I'll never bob to Mary Curzon." As a matter of fact, she accomplished that act gracefully when the occasion arrived.

Another little story recounts of the liveliest of the present young royal princes in his earliest youth, that one day shortly after the death of Queen Victoria, he asked his father, "Who does the bobbing in heaven?"

"Sh! There is n't any bobbing in heaven."

"What," he exclaimed, "won't anybody bob to grandma? Oh, I say, grandma won't like that!"

I put myself unreservedly in Mrs. Lowell's hands and made myself acquainted with the English social formula, as if I myself had been the wife of an ambassador just entering upon a new post. As we all know, those ladies, in going to a capital for the first time, always take pains to have a thoroughly qualified official of that foreign land instruct them completely in every detail relating to the special usages and ceremony of the court to which they are accredited; for although there is not much perceptible difference between the manners of well-bred people, whatever their nationality, court customs and many small conventions vary with the country.

Shortly after my conversation with Mrs. Lowell, I met the first royal personage to whom I was presented in Europe, his late Majesty, King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, who came to bring me his congratulations upon an occasion of some importance to me. A fairy-story feeling came over me, charming, ambient images of castles and kings and queens.

At the instant of the presentation I dropped my curtsy as should be, and answered the compliment addressed to me with:

"I thank you, sir. Your kind appreciation gives me pleasure. Only one thing, sir, could possibly make me happier still—to know what her royal Highness the princess, thinks of my effort."

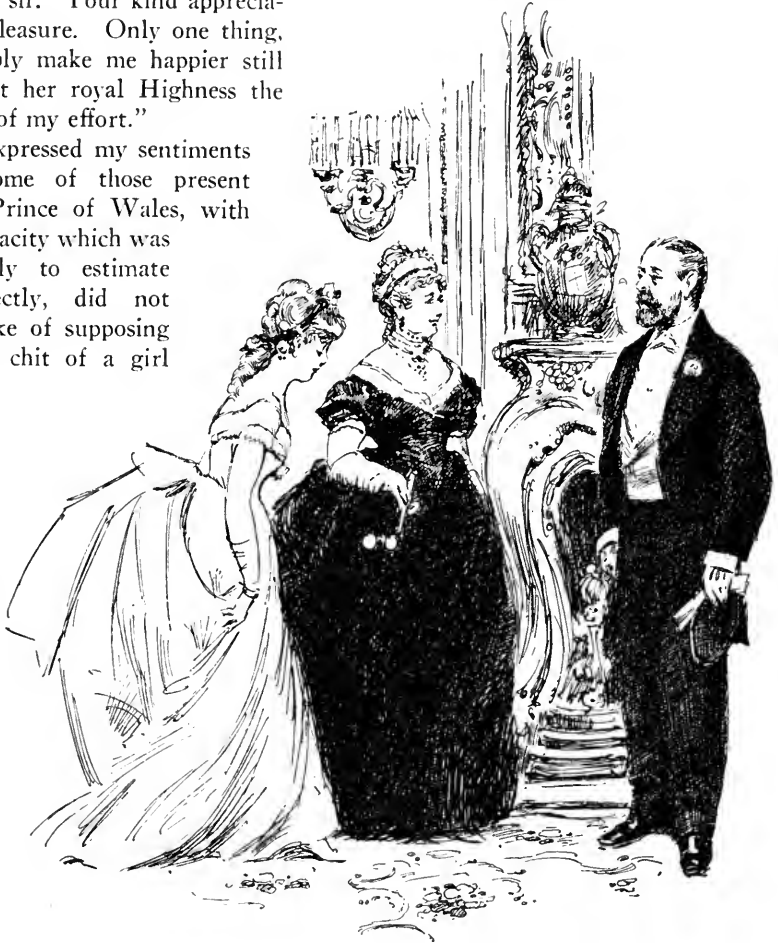
The words expressed my sentiments exactly, but some of those present gasped. The Prince of Wales, with that rare perspicacity which was able immediately to estimate character correctly, did not make the mistake of supposing that the young chit of a girl meant to read him a lesson. He appeared rather touched than otherwise, and his somewhat prominent blue eyes appeared half amused, understanding that the utterance was from a naïve heart. He at once made haste to say that he was on the point of delivering to me the message

which the princess had begged him to convey, etc.,

excusing her on account of a difficult staircase. Very soon afterward I was presented to that royal lady at Kensington Palace.

Then next day, when I talked this incident over with Mrs. Lowell, she said: "My dear child, in the innocence of your heart you did for yourself, in the esteem of both the Prince and the Princess of Wales, what no one else in the world could have done for you. You made yourself unequivocally known to them. Many things may be all the easier for you here in London because of that simple speech."

However that was, their attitude toward me throughout that part of my life which was passed in England was always one of homelike friendliness.



"I thank you, sir. Your kind appreciation gives me pleasure"

One morning an equerry came to bring me a "command" of her royal Highness Princess Louise to an evening reception at Kensington Palace, where I was to be presented to the Princess of Wales. The letter contained an intimation that I might come alone and early, and that Princess Louise herself would take charge of me, it being my custom never to attend any party without being chaperoned by some English friend also invited to the same party.

I wore a fresh little gown, made for the occasion, of finest and sheerest white

tissue, pleated with a wide satin border at the bottom and worn over a white satin slip, a white satin, low-cut bodice with old lace; white satin slippers; a Watteau fan; and roses with stems tied together in a bunch for a bouquet. My maid attended me, and waited for me in the room where the wraps were left.

The company assembled was one of great brilliancy, beside the heir to the British throne and the princess, the King of Sweden and many other royalties and personages of the diplomatic and court world, there being present Prince William of Prussia, shortly to mount the German throne, and strikingly to fulfil the declaration he had recently uttered in the south of France, according to reports then going the rounds in London, "When I am emperor, I shall be emperor in fact as well as in name and rule."

The hostess, Princess Louise,—sister of the late King Edward VII, and in many ways one of the most interesting women among all the British royal family—was, to my girlish imagination a perfect type of royal and womanly grandeur. An artist herself, therefore understanding those whose ambitions sought fulfilment in an art form, with charming looks and beautiful blue eyes, she was also possessed of that grace which gave the highest value to her other endowments: she was kind and sympathetic. That she had married for love the son of the Duke of Argyle touched her personality with romance. Scottish friends told me that the whole north country celebrated the alliance with joy. But the way the laddies of bonnie Scotland put it was, "Aw, but it 's a prood day for the Queen of England to see her doghter wed with Ar-gyll!"

Then my princess of romance lived in old Kensington Palace, full of fascinating memories. On the occasion of my first visit there she had shown me the wide, short flight of steps that marked a change of level from one floor to a large lower ceremonial room, and said, "Just there on that landing is where, on June 20, 1837, young Princess Victoria stood in her nightgown, in the light of a flickering

candle, as she was roused from sleep in the night, to see below her the Prime Minister of England and the Archbishop of Canterbury on bended knees, announcing the death of King William IV, hailing her as queen, and doing first homage to their young sovereign, who, hardly awake, timidly, as their liege lady, extended that small and exquisitely formed hand, famous since then all over Europe as the most perfect hand in the world, that for more than half a century was to set the imperial seal on the mighty acts of Britain."

That night at old Kensington I was presented to the Princess of Wales, later Queen Alexandra, for the first time. As she entered the drawing-room with the Prince of Wales, followed by a brilliant procession of princes, diplomats, lords, and ladies, Princess Louise lightly passed her arm about my waist, drew me forward some steps, and said, "This, Ma'am, is my young friend, Miss Eleanor Calhoun."

I made my curtsy, and the Princess of Wales took me with her to a sofa, about which other handsome and magnificently attired ladies remained standing, and talked with me. One of the first things she said was in admiration of my dainty little gown, which she likened to a white rose in the midst of the splendid array of jewels and dresses of the others present. I answered that I was proud to have her approval, as my dress had been invented by me for the occasion, and put together with the help of my maid. I noticed a slight ambiguity in the smile of some of the ladies near at the simplicity of that information, but the gracious compliment of the princess was, "As a girl I, too, used to do such things," whereupon I was immediately reinstated in the good opinion of the other ladies.

The whole London world, I think I may say, called upon me, and I received so many invitations to dinners, luncheons, balls, receptions, country-house visits, concerts, and all other kinds of entertainment, that I could not possibly answer, much less accept them all. However, peo-



ple were very kind and accepted my excuses without misjudging me. Princess Louise had warned me how it would be, and had said that I must not think it necessary to use time required for my work in attending to those other matters, as I would find that English people would understand I must have immunity. I believe that quality of understanding and of non-sensitiveness—that is, of quickly perceiving and considering the situation, together with the intention in social intercourse—is always a mark of the thoroughbred. It is only persons uncertain of themselves, who feel their pedestals oscillate beneath them, who are constantly on guard against the least jolt, trembling for their social equilibrium.

Nowhere more than in London does the blazing shield show a dark reverse. For, along with the splendors of life, that ancient city brought me too, the first overwhelming sense of the world's misery. For some time my work took me daily through a large stretch of London. It seemed to me that I was wading through vast tides of human woe. Age-long tyrannies of ignorance and vice and suffering have welded a fixity of type in the flesh, binding enormous segregations into more or less uniform kinds of people. The misery-besodden "lower classes," as I heard them called, seemed narrowed and fixed and starved and warped forever. The "lower middle classes" gave the impression of being jammed in between adamantine walls from above and below, as if all broad or noble feeling, or generous enjoyment of beauty, were kept from penetrating to them or issuing from them.

The "upper middle classes" and the "higher classes" appeared to look with horror upon any real contact with the others, while intermarrying with them was impossible. Yet those "higher" ones did not seem to have deliberately superimposed themselves upon the others; they seemed

just to be there naturally. They were born there, in the full light and enjoyment of a splendid state of existence, dwelling in their ancestral homes which still shelter ideals of chivalrous and non-commercial life, born to the duty of augmenting and upholding England's political and intellectual greatness.

Occasionally some shining spirit from the lower strata would pierce

through, and reach for a place in the world of finer and more exalted obligations. Apart from the ordinary share of human jealousy, which always rises to dispute the path with one who seeks a way to accomplishment or fame, I invariably observed in England a readiness to recognize unusual ability, and a certain sense of pride in bestowing award of place and honor upon such. Indeed, new members of the peerage and all lower ranks are constantly recruited from the purely "self-made man."

But it was the vast crowds of the others, the "wholesale lot," that reflected their discouragement in my mind; there were endless numbers of them, trudging along the streets, a dull and set look on their faces, the same desolate world within a world which to-day tramps all great cities and industrial centers. It saddened



"The whole London world, I think I may say, called upon me"

me to realize the great extent to which the human race partook of these piteous conditions, stinted of life. Not theirs to go forward to any higher hope, or even to the just recompense of common, peaceful labor.

Although my own work was fortunate, and a kind of home-heartiness carried me on to effort with the stirring sense of life's revealings, still the inexorable sorrows and burdens of the multitudes I passed through along the London streets bore down upon me until I began to find it difficult to keep my mind on my work.

Still, ideas of reform were in some manner considered or discussed in every house, and I think it can be said with truth that the nobler classes in England, who have arrived at a very high type of beautiful existence within their own order, were not at all heartless or unresponsive concerning the others. On the contrary, I often noticed the tender pity they expressed not only in word and general attitude, but in deeds. It was considered the acme of underbreeding to manifest any sense whatever of patronage in such deeds of charity.

The Lowells lived at 31 Lowndes Square, having moved there from another house in the same square. Their establishment was not magnificent, but adequate, with a sufficient complement of servants. These servants were engaged for special posts in the "service," as is always the custom in England, and each was a stickler for his prerogatives and perquisites, and quick to resent any demand that did not fall in the province of his sharply defined duties. It so happened that in moving, a carpet from the former house had been put down in the new one, leaving a few inches uncovered in a corner which the furnishers had overlooked. As there was a dinner-party at the embassy that night, and Mrs. Lowell possessed a piece of the carpeting to cover the bare spot on the floor, she rang for one of the men-servants, and asked him if he would kindly tack it down for her. He drew himself up, distinctly offended in his pride.

"I beg pardon, your Excellency," he

said, "but it is not my place to do that. I will ring for Alfred."

Alfred appeared, and his answer to the same request was:

"I beg pardon, your Excellency, but it is not my place to lay carpets. I will call Charles."

And Charles came with the same answer. Mrs. Lowell called up, I think, every male servant in the house, but one and all stuck their noses in the air and looked with disdain upon the humiliating hammer and tacks. She then had them stand in a row while she herself proceeded to nail down the small corner of carpet, and instantly dismissed them from her service.

Once this principle of "each his exclusive task" is mastered, there is no better domestic service than that of England, where there are still old retainers who make part of the families they serve, and which perhaps their fathers served before them. It must be said in justice that an exception must be made to the rule in the person of the butler, who, while generally of a stamp altogether superior to the others, often combines the offices of majordomo, chamberlain, and a kind of premiership in the household, and is respected and cherished by the whole family as a true and reliable friend—sometimes, indeed, almost its only reliable friend in a maze of intricate relationships. I have known of butlers who saved the honor, even the life, of a member of a family, and went about their duties as usual, with no one the wiser. Of course that kind of pride and character—idealism it may truly be called—is part of what made England great in days when she was acquiring greatness.

A gentleman of great riches and position in London, living in one of the most palatial houses in the region of Carlton House Terrace, had a secret drink-and-drug habit which was not suspected by any one outside of the family. For his political supporters to have known of it would have been instant ruin. In her desperate efforts to conceal and cure his fault, his beautiful and brilliant wife was



"Ancestral homes which still shelter ideals of chivalrous and non-commercial life"

seconded by the butler, who was always on the watch tactfully and quietly to protect him from himself. One freezing winter night this gentleman, in a mad moment, went to the room of his wife, dragged her down two flights of stairs by the hair of her head, flinging her fainting and half-clad form on the front steps, and locked the door. The butler, awakened by the noise, rescued her, and had the presence of mind, coupled with the necessary physical strength, to lock the husband in a room while he personally fetched the doctor. For several days the gentleman was kept a prisoner by them until he consented to legally defined conditions for the lady's protection, and thereafter, up to the day of his death, he was always virtually a prisoner on parole, with the doctor and the butler in surveillance. It was only after the gentleman died that the facts came to be partly known among those who had once hoped great things of him and had been puzzled at his gradual collapse.

During those days I was one of a house party at Coombe-hill Farm, where the other guests were the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra (then Prince and Princess of Wales), the present King

George, the princesses, his sisters, and one or two other persons. Remembrance of a most trivial incident of conversation at the dinner-table lingers in mind, a few words "as light as air," that have power to make the merry monarch, now dead, live again in thought, recalling vividly his laughing eyes and voice. It was much the fashion in those days for women and girls to put a small black line under the eyelashes, deepening their shadow. His Majesty had, it seems, a little joke which had amused him immensely to practise on the fair owners of particularly bright eyes, sometimes confusing them into confession. I had never heard of this joke, and was startled when he abruptly turned to me—I was seated on his left—and asked, as if shocked:

"My dear young lady, what *do* you do to your eyes?"

Taken aback,—black lashes inherited from my mother made the only "dark" under my eyes,—I answered:

"Nothing, sir. Nothing at all."

The whole table paused.

"What? Don't you dot your i's?" he asked triumphantly.

"N-n-no," I replied, saving myself in the nick of time; "I always use capitals."

The laugh was on my side; everybody applauded.

"Bravo!" said the prince, shaking with laughter. "You escaped my trap."

On the occasion of my first night as *Dora* in the Haymarket revival of Sardou's "Diplomacy," I met for the first time in my stage experience of a few months that strange thing—a theater full of human beings roaring like lions; so that for a moment I thought it was execration and that they wanted to tear me limb from limb. The next day many persons called to offer me congratulations. Among them were Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick. Sir Algernon, afterward Lord Glenesk, owned the "Morning Post." His words to me were:

"We came to see you glow; for you must be glowing with happiness to-day."

I answered:

"I was just ready to cry, thinking of the faults, of the weak places."

Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick thought the whole rendition a triumphant success. They were even excited, and he went on in an almost boyish way:

"My wife, too, is ambitious, as you are; her ambition is to have a great political salon."

Lady Borthwick was the founder of the Ladies' Grand Council of the Primrose League.

In talking with them a sudden joy came over me with the realizing thought of what it is to accomplish something, even with faults, in big London. What is won there is won. The people I met, the hostesses of great houses, all of them political, or who entertained in the interest of some idea, some intellectual or moral movement, and none of them for sheer frivolity; the statesmen; the men of science, literature, art; the renowned soldiers; the royalties—all in some way were creating or striving to create something, all were makers of worlds. That is why, I think, the merely rich, the mere users and abusers of money, are obliged to put forth such efforts to make themselves interesting in London or in any of the great capitals in Europe.

If they can only give in coin, heavy sums are levied upon them for hospitals and the like, as a matter of course; but still, with it all, they cannot become interesting until they have bestowed such fortunes upon public objects that they, too, become creative. Such persons, coming from other lands, are often astonished to discover that despite all their wealth, though they may have been dominant in their own country, the doors in European capitals do not fly open to them on that account alone. It sometimes occurs that they enter the magic portals under the protecting wing of some person poor in material goods, but interesting to the great world because of native wit and worth, or by reason of distinguished accomplishment in the regions of art, politics, letters, or science. The owner of a mind creative and original in one of these spheres is sure of a welcome.

The Lowells, whose exquisite culture imparted its charm to their official situation, knew wonderfully well, as did the Phelps after them, with their gentle dignity, their sweet and quaint humor, how to gain the austere respect of the British, coupled with a peculiar regard amounting in both cases to affection, and yet remain wholly and purely American and democratic. Not the democracy of the spurious type in which ignorance and moral ugliness, if they be but richly gilded, lay claim to consideration, or that type which makes liberty and uncouthness synonymous. Theirs was that proud acceptance of republicanism, which frees the humblest life that it may take the noblest flight, and also insists upon the attainment of such altitudes both in act and idea. There is now and then observable in American diplomats a curious trait never, I believe, manifested by representatives of other countries. That is, it has more than once occurred not only in England, but in other countries of Europe, that the American diplomat has appeared to "spill over," as it were, on the other side, busying himself to a large extent in doing what the foreign country wants done, as if his sole aim, instead of only half of it, was to make him-

self *persona grata* to that government. It is also a fact that those foreign representatives never really secure either for themselves or their country the true esteem of the people to which they are accredited. But though these too obliging diplomats are the cause of such amused sarcasm privately, their presence is much desired by those countries, and they are publicly flattered, sometimes to a degree bordering on the impertinent.

I have often heard people remark that they had been much disappointed, in meeting famous personages, not to hear them say something out of the ordinary; but my own experience has, as a rule, been different. I incline to think that just beneath the surface of even the most journeyman mind

lies something worth listening to, if only it is liberated.

One of my tests of this was in asking the first workman I met one day in London whether he was a Liberal or a Conservative in politics. He looked at his hard, cracked hands and grinned kindly.

"Well, Miss," he said, "ef I 'ad hany-think to be conservative with, I 'd be a conservative; but has I hain't got noth-ink I 'm a Rad."

People are like children: if they 're expected to show off, they don't, or they can't.

One night there was a large dinner at the American embassy, still at 31 Lowndes Square, but under the Phelps régime, to which the guests were bidden to meet H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, Field-Marshal and Commander in Chief of the British Army, that prince who came so near being King of England, as he was at

one time the next male heir in line of succession. It was only the dominating star of destiny which placed Victoria, daughter of his uncle, the Duke of Kent, before him on the throne. It was said that a certain awkwardness in his bearing and an aloofness from the full tide of affairs were caused by the bitterness of that situation.

That evening at the embassy dinner, almost at once after Mrs. Phelps had risen from the table, his royal Highness left the other gentlemen to smoke alone and came up to join her in the drawing-room. At the moment when his huge and bulky form, rather magnificent in his stars and ribbons, appeared within

the doorway, every lady present, including the hostess, was in the act of sipping a cup of hot water, following a fad of the time. Flattered by his unexpected attention in deserting the men down-stairs for them, they raised their heads, graciously waiting for his royal utterance, a matter of particular curiosity to one or two young American women who were encountering royalty for the first time. In the general pause the duke approached the nearest lady ponderously, looked into her tea-cup, and said:

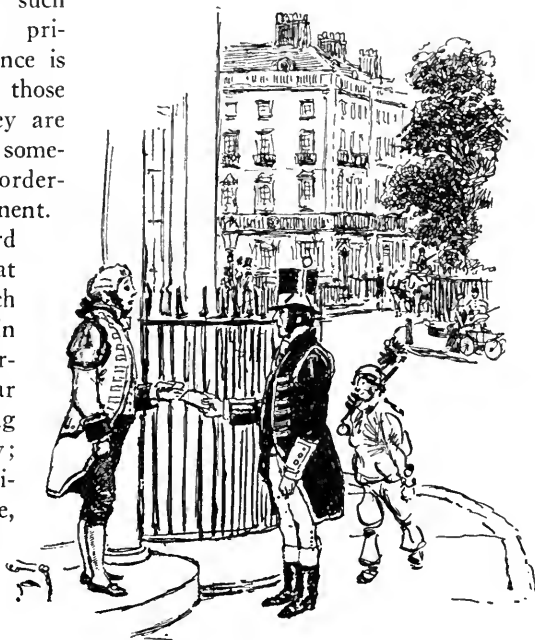
"What 's that in your cup, Madam?"

"Hot water, sir."

Then passing a few steps on, peering into the next cup, in the unconscious perfunctory manner of an officer inspecting troops at mess, he said, "And you—what are you drinking there, Madam?"

"Hot water, sir."

"Goot Gott! Do you all want to gif



"There is no better domestic service than that of England"

up your dinners?" was the royal speech that went down in one or two diaries that night.

THE revealing charm of London lay not alone in making acquaintance with those who "dwell in marble halls" (in England, be it said, they are not marble, but sculptured wood on sculptured stone and ancient tapestry), but in that vast universe of houses, big and small, whose lights glimmer softly through hazy atmosphere or blink morosely in the fog, where the aristocrats of genius also rove. On certain days, from gray and dull, the place suddenly brightened into a new enchantment, as into my picture there came along some poet or painter, some writer of novels, or other great one whose name since childhood had made my heart flutter like the yellow poppies on the California hills.

In response to the invitation, "Won't you come in for a cup of tea with us on Wednesday afternoon?" I had gone to the house of a new acquaintance, finding in reality a crush of fashionables in her drawing-room. She put me into a seat, and introduced me to an old lady on my right and an old gentleman on my left, both of whom looked very bright and alive.

"Mrs. Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), mother of Adelaide Procter; Mr. Browning—the poet, you know."

At the names my heart thumped. I was wedged in between them.

"I surely have a lucky star," I said. "To think of my good fortune in being placed just here!"

"Yes," piped the old lady, merrily, "it's nice to like one's fellow sardines."

Browning said:

"I am always glad to meet Americans, they are so appreciative, only in one way they're worse even than our people here. I think I may say that the thing that puzzles me most in the world is the Browning Society, and America seems full of Browning societies."

"That shows how much you mean to America," I ventured.

"H-m, yes," he answered dryly, "it is n't very flattering to think you can't be

understood without the aid of organized effort." He was very sweet and laughed at himself.

I mentioned Tennyson. Old Mrs. Procter said: "Look sharp. He does not love Americans. I simply adore Lowell, and Tennyson is one of my dearest. I've tried in a hundred ways to have him meet Lowell, but he answers like a brute. I'll not give up though. Lowell wrote me a poem on my birthday. I thought that would fetch Alfred, so I took it down to Hazlemere, flirited it before his face.

"'You sha'n't read it,' I said. He grunted. I folded it up and stuffed it into my pocket and said, 'I'm back to town.' He pouted like a naughty child, seized my hand and growled:

"'You may read it.'"

"'Oh, no, never,' I said. He finally insisted. 'Well, since you beg me to, it begins like this:—'I know a girl, they say she's eighty—' I paused. 'Damned familiar!' snorted Alfred, never cracking a smile." The old lady chuckled. "But he's an angel all the same, they're both angels."

In the midst of our talk somebody began to play a long classical piece on the piano. Everybody said, "'Sh!" Browning, who was in great vein, whispered, "I abominate piano-players—murderers of conversation." It was cruel; the piano ran the whole gamut of its possibilities for half an hour; Mrs. Procter and Browning rolled their eyes at each other and at me as if in agony. At last it stopped. Browning applauded frantically, holding out his hands, and looking back over his shoulder at us, while he began to say, "Thank God! it's over! I must tell you about the strangest experience I ever had. It was in France—" Just then the pianist began an encore. Browning almost groaned: "What's she doing? You don't think she is going to—"

"Yes," I said; "you applauded so hard she had to begin again."

"God forgive me!" he waived. "Never again will I commit that error."

The old lady choked with laughter, and Browning bolted for the door, dragging

me after him by the hand. Out in the corridor he said:

"I just remember that I'm specially invited by Mr. and Mrs. William Story to meet you on Friday. They're making a great fête to themselves of the affair."

"They know," I said, "how much I prize making your acquaintance. In the goodness of their hearts, I know it's true, they are looking forward to giving me that happiness."

"Yes," said Browning, "with the joy of children. We must n't let them know of our meeting to-day. When we are introduced, we must both act up to the occasion, as if we'd never met before."

When Friday came, I found that dear Mr. and Mrs. Story, who were in London from Rome only for a short stay, had asked several distinguished persons to meet me and witness my delight at being introduced to Mr. Browning. The poet had not yet arrived. I felt more and more like a cheat and a villain, and wanted to run away. Just then Browning came in. Mr. and Mrs. Story, one on each side of him, brought him up to me and beamed with a "There now!" look. Browning bowed with the greatest solemnity. I tried to control my countenance, and might have succeeded if he had n't looked at me while his head was still bowed, with an expression of surprise, almost of injured innocence. I strove not to laugh, but his sudden stern eye, fixed sidewise on me, was too much. I burst out frankly into peals of laughter.

"How could you! now, I could have

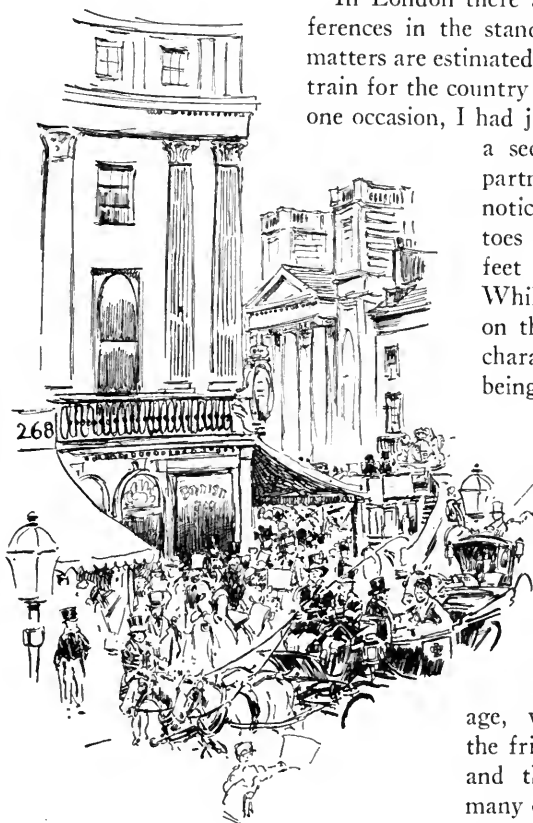
gone on looking like that till doomsday," exclaimed Browning.

The Storys had their pleasure all the same, and that evening, beginning in fun, was one of the merriest and happiest. Many deep and serious things were talked of, too.

In London there are strange differences in the standards by which matters are estimated. In taking the train for the country at Waterloo on one occasion, I had just sat down in a second-class compartment when I noticed opposite my toes two tiny feet in low slippers. While I was musing on their unpractical character, the day being showery, the owner of the dainty slippers exclaimed, "My dear Miss Calhoun!"

It was Lady Dorothy Nevill, one of the most famous women of her age, who had been the friend of Disraeli and the recipient of many of his published letters, and about whose table circled the

representative conservative element of all that was genius in England. Of her, too, Watts made a portrait, not beautiful, but subtler in realism and more epigrammatic, if such an expression of a painting can be pardoned, than any of his other works, and still not be able to convey completely the lively personality except to those who knew the original and could see in the portrait just where the dimples about the mouth would break forth in those sallies of wit and shrewd appreciation which made that little old lady engaging up to the very final curtsy of her exit. She was full of bright curiosity to know where I was going, and said that she herself was



"In that vast universe of houses"

on her way to her small place at Hazlemere. I said:

"I am going to Hazlemere, too."

"Now do tell me who you 're going to," she said.

"To Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw," I answered.

"How interesting! But—ain't he a shockin' socialist?"

When we arrived at the station it was sprinkling. Lady Dorothy said, "Good-by," invited me to see her, and trotted quickly away with a maid who was there with an umbrella. I could n't help smiling to myself as I drove up the winding road in the "shockin' socialist's" handsome and comfortable trap, while the Tory Lady Dorothy could be seen, far down the hillside, trudging through the mud and rain, carrying her net of little parcels, the maid holding some other packages and the umbrella.

On arrival at the Shaws' house at the top of the hill, with fine, far realms for the vision on all sides, Mr. Shaw, just recovering from illness, was at the door, and said, without other greeting, as he took my hand,

"Do you know what a disgusting occupation I 've been engaged in this morning? Counting up income!"

A few days after his marriage, Mr. Shaw sent me a post-card written closely

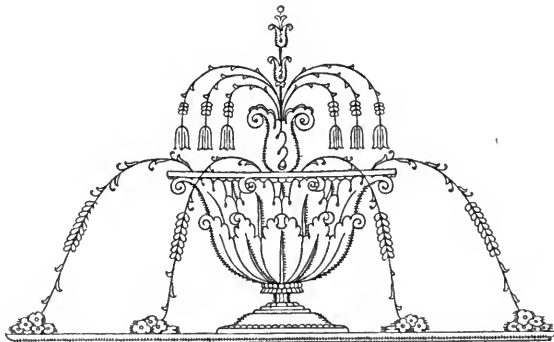
in his small, clear, exquisite script, describing the ceremony, which had taken place at the registrar's office. He had been ill, and said: "I made such a poor figure, was so shabbily dressed, you would n't have looked at me. The registrar wanted to marry my bride to my best man, whom he considered a much properer person."

One night Mr. Shaw and Mr. Balfour occupied a box together at a theater. When I commented to him with some surprise on that hobnobbing of the great socialist with the Tory leader, he answered:

"Why not? Balfour and I are probably more alike in our aims than any other two men in England."

Many persons used to think Bernard Shaw the very devil, unaware that, stowed away from sight, back of the satire and stabbing laugh, were large deeds of brotherliness—which he would never have called "kindness"—ready for the fellow-man who chanced to be too hard hit. Many were unwilling to read what Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb wrote, or one of Mr. Shaw's Fabian essays for fear of being "perverted." "If you leave your mind gadding about on the loose, one of these scoundrels will pick it up and set it going for you in a way you don't like," I heard somebody say.

(To be continued)







# America and the World's Peace

By ARTHUR BULLARD

Author of "National Defense," "A Man's World," etc.

SINCE the war broke out, I have been collecting peace projects. The pile on my desk grows daily. The most remarkable thing about them is their lack of variety. Almost without exception, no matter what part of the world they come from, and most of them come from America, the authors agree in basing their arguments on what they call "the lesson of history."

Once upon a time men fought with teeth and claws whenever they disagreed. After a long lapse of time fighting became formalized—the duel. At last a stage of civilization was reached when men submitted their disputes to tribunals, which, in theory at least, based their judgments not on the might of the litigants, but on the rights of the case. This evolution is illustrated by diverse historic examples, but most generally by the unification of the French monarchy, the period when the lawlessness of the feudal lords was suppressed by the "king's justice."

Arguing by analogy from this "lesson of history," these advocates of peace foretell a time when the nations of the world will reason together about their disputes before some high court of justice. So will the epoch of might give place to the era of right. Every nation in its historic evolution achieved internal peace, so the world can win to international peace. As this argument seems eminently plausible, the peoples of Europe are asked to lay down their arms. It is manifestly, and shockingly, stupid to allow questions of moment to be decided by the irrational chance of arms when they might be so much more reasonably determined by arbitration. The variations from this argu-

ment among these peace proposals are slight.

Their authors are equally in accord in ignoring or glossing over the ugly side of their "lesson of history." The triumph of law in the various states of Europe grew out of violence and manifold injustices. Internal peace was established not by argument or reason or good-will, but because one group in the community was able, *durch eisen und blut*, to impose its law on the rest. In France the court party won. The land was covered with gibbets on which outlaws, often better men than the kings, were hanged. In England, at Runnymede, it was the League of Barons; at Marston Moor it was the Parliament's army. More recently peace was brought to the German people by the mailed fist of Prussia. It was out of such desperate travail that law was born.

There are those who believe that the evolution toward world peace must follow the same violent course. Numerous efforts have been made in that direction. The Roman Empire was the most nearly successful. There have been few forces in the history of civilization more momentous than the *pax Romana*. Napoleon was always leading the French armies against those who disturbed *his* peace. If it had not been for the snows of Russia and the little island with too many ships, he might have imposed a long tranquillity on Europe. The British, after soaking India in blood, have brought to that unhappy land the first peace it has ever known. Our soldiers have suppressed tribal wars in the Philippines.

If the Germans win in this war, they

promise to establish a compulsory peace. And no statesman of the Entente makes a speech without reaffirming that his country will fight it out until the bases of a permanent peace have been laid.

While the authors of the peace proposals that I have gathered very generally ignore the unpleasant aspect of their "lesson of history," we may be sure that they wish to improve on the historic method. It was not only unreasonably brutal, it was slow. It took the kings centuries to disband the private armies of their unruly subjects. If we leave the work of peace to natural evolution, the thirtieth century may possibly see its realization.

What we want to do—for I assume that all men, in their sane moments, hate war—is to speed up evolution and change its method. The "lesson of history" shows us what natural evolution accomplished between men in its slow, bungling, accidental way. We want to achieve the same thing between nations speedily, and with precision, by the conscious exercise of our will.

Most people could be divided into two classes on this issue. Some are fatalists in such matters; they think there is nothing we can do about it, they believe in "letting things take their course." The German chancellor, Herr Bethmann-Hollweg, is reported to have said that it was idle to talk of disarmament "as long as men are men and nations are nations," and there are many like him who say, "You can't change human nature." But there are those who believe that the will of man can influence his fate.

Almost every one belongs to the second class in smaller issues. No one doubts that we can exercise our wills profitably on inert matter. We dig wells, build bridges, and every year plant the seeds of the harvest. A large majority of us believe that we can change human nature by exerting pressure on the minds and bodies of children. Our little red school-houses, our great universities, are nothing else but wilful efforts to improve on the happy-go-lucky scheme of evolution. We are not content to create the next generation after

our own image; we are resolved to make it an improvement on ours.

But for some reason there are more fatalists about these problems of foreign relations. Perhaps the reason why they are willing to let these things alone is that they do not see what can be done. Perhaps the projects they are asked to support seem too grandiose to promise success.

My criticism of these peace proposals is that they are dazzling—too dazzling. The substitution of reason for force, of right for might, throughout all the world seems an appallingly big undertaking to me. Personally I believe that we can change human nature. I am not interested in any reform which does not have this for its goal. But I doubt if we can do much to change other people's natures till we have succeeded in changing our own.

These American peace advocates ask the people of Europe to change their natures, gloriously, suddenly. They offer a wondrous picture of the commonwealth which is to come, but their propositions are too vague to take hold of. Archimedes was quite right when he said he could move the world if he could find a proper fulcrum on which to rest his lever. The peace movement needs a fulcrum.

Past efforts to bring the nations of the world together under a rule of law have not been very successful. A sincere desire for peace, a readiness for mutual sacrifice to the common good, have not been generally manifested. There can be no peace without justice, and justice means the renunciation by the strong of the privileges of their strength.

I do not wish to decry the work done at The Hague,—at least some worthy ideals were given official sanction,—but no real friend of peace can read the reports of the conventions without a heavy heart. The various nations were principally interested in getting or preserving advantages. The governments that had not begun to build air-craft wanted to prohibit not war, but aerial warfare. The countries with weak navies tried not to

prevent war, but to put through an agreement by which the property of non-combatants would be protected on the sea as they were supposed to be in warfare on land. Our United States delegates made it clear at every opportunity that we would not even discuss the Monroe Doctrine. We were no more willing to submit that to an international court than Great Britain was willing to arbitrate the Boer War.

International law, just like civil law, will have to clip special privileges. The two ideas are mutually antagonistic. The concept of justice is a late achievement in the history of civilization. It is not yet fully realized in our internal relations. And in international affairs the first step toward realization has hardly been taken. Justice does not happen; it is something which has to be created at the expense of immense and persistent effort.

Even in times of peace it was impossible to persuade the nations to give up their privileges—too often their plunder. They were not ready to put right above might. The war has rendered the situation vastly worse. A wave of rage is sweeping over Europe. This furor of hate is a matter of mob psychology; it is infectious. You can count on the fingers of one hand the men of note in any of the belligerent countries who are immune, who have kept their heads level through the crisis, who have preserved any objective sense of justice.

The situation of Holland gives a striking example. This little state is being ground between the upper and the lower millstone. The Dutch are a commercial people; their whole economic life depends on free communication with their distant colonies. Germany with her submarines, Great Britain with her battle-cruisers, are both raining blows on Holland in the hope of indirectly hitting their enemy. Neither in the French nor English papers have I seen any calm discussion of the rights of the case. The same statesmen who call down the wrath of Heaven on Germany because of her aggression on Belgium, find it quite natural to smother

Holland. With naïve cynicism people who in normal times would be quick to champion the rights of the weak now discuss how to force the Dutch to declare war on Germany. It seems impossible to fight and discuss ethics at the same time, and both sides believe that for them to stop fighting means destruction.

The pitiful spectacle of Europe gone mad is a very strong argument in favor of peace. When their blood cools, the combatants will see it themselves, and will doubtless repent of the extravagance of their hate. But to talk peace to them now, to urge them to the necessary mutual concessions, is the superlative of futility.

Imagine offering a peace prize to Cromwell and Charles I if they would disarm! The Roundheads believed that they were fighting for the right, and knew they were strong enough to get what they wanted, whether it was right or wrong. The king also was fighting for what he thought was right—a divine right. He might have consented to arbitrate at the foot of the scaffold, but not while his army was afield.

It is just as futile to try to argue with the present belligerents. They believe very sincerely that their cause is sacred. Neither side will listen to mediation as long as they have a hope to win. And whichever side is defeated will find in their overthrow another proof that might triumphs over right.

Their ideals of justice are worlds apart. It is unfortunate that we use the same word to translate *droit* and *recht*. What they mean is not only different; it is antagonistic. The French Academy of Sciences—and the same thing is happening in all the countries at war—is expelling from its membership German scientists. There is small chance that these men, in their present frame of mind, would consent to sit on the same bench with a German jurist to determine some fine point of international law.

Among my pile of peace proposals there are a few, a very few, from the pens of men of the belligerent countries. They do not consider peace as possible or even

desirable except on the basis of the defeat of the enemy. The Germans say that the disturbing element in Europe is the British naval supremacy. That destroyed, and there is a chance of peace. The pacifists of England are agreed that German militarism must be destroyed. I cannot see any reason to believe that one point of view is more sincere than the other.

Arbitration? Yes, between Liberia and Iceland. Perhaps even with the United States, *after the war*, over the commercial disputes arising from the various new brands of blockades each side is busily inventing. But arbitration over the Dutch complaints? Over the size of the German army or the British navy? Over France's interpretation of the Acte d'Algeciras? No; these are vital interests. "And, besides," say the belligerents on each side, "we are going to win; so why arbitrate?"

There will be no chance to mediate in Europe till both sides are utterly exhausted or one side knows that it is defeated. War has raised the Old World to a white heat of hate. The only possible theater for a campaign of peace is the Western Hemisphere. And, after all, it would be quite as well, in fact, better, for us to make sure that we have healed ourselves before we set out to cure Europe.

The A B C mediation in the Mexican embroglio was a step of the utmost importance. It did not solve the question at issue, but it planted a seed that, with proper culture, may grow into a peace league of the American republics.

There is no more promising field for peace work. Success—and if we resolve on success, we can find the means—would have immediate and tangible advantages. There is no excuse for pessimistic fatalism here. But it is not a matter which can be arranged by diplomats in conclave behind closed doors. Our institutions are in absolute opposition to such secret combinations. A democratic government cannot suddenly change the foreign policy of its people; it can only work fruitfully toward ends that are consciously desired by

the nation. There is little to be gained by sending peace deputations to Washington. The work to be done must be done in every city and town and village from New York to Valparaiso. And we cannot rely on a sudden burst of enthusiasm to carry us through. What is needed is a wide-spread, intense, and continuous campaign of education. Once the peoples of the two Americas really want a league of peace, their governments will have no trouble in solving the problems of detail.

There can be little doubt that a league of American republics would mean peace for us—order and justice within and safety from outside aggression. No matter who wins in this devastating European War, no one will lightly pick a quarrel with all the Americas united. Great oceans protect us from such sudden invasions as fell on Belgium and East Prussia. And within six months Great Britain was able to organize and equip a volunteer army which was bigger than any expeditionary force could be.

But despite its manifest advantages, wishing for such a league will do little good. Nothing worth having is won without effort. And it is well to realize some of the obstacles we must face. Most of the work would have to be done in the United States. The opposition to a peace league which would be encountered in Latin America would be real, but small in comparison to our reluctance to give up our position of predominance. Before we can establish the peace of justice on our hemisphere we must change the habits of thought—the human nature—of our people on a good many points. The South American republics are not going to ask us to establish a protectorate over them. They are ambitious to be something more than the tail of our kite. We shall have to outgrow a great deal of national egoism before we can accomplish any real work of peace.

To illustrate, I suggest three points—and there are others. Our public opinion must be ready to give up the Monroe Doctrine. Its existence in the past has been, I believe, beneficent, and I should

regret to see it abandoned until some substitute had been found. But to maintain it unchanged is to assert our political supremacy in the New World. Our neighbors to the south very naturally hesitate to admit their hopeless inferiority. And no league worth the name is possible without their cordial coöperation.

It is true that we have more miles of railroads and more schools per hundred thousand inhabitants than Argentina. It is quite a different thing to insist on our political superiority. New Jersey has more schools and railroads in proportion to its population than Nevada, but both have two senators at Washington, and until we are willing to treat the Latin republics as our equals in this sense our peace efforts will be fruitless.

Secondly, no league of American republics is possible unless we widen our interests immensely. We must study and strive to understand our neighbors. Few of us ever think of Brazil except to wonder if there is by any chance some way in which we could make easy money down there. It hardly occurs to us that the Chilians have political problems—tariff questions, trusts, and labor-unions. How many of us understand their struggle between church and state? We have been too busy with our own affairs to trouble about theirs. But it is hardly possible to be friends with complete strangers.

And thirdly, we must educate ourselves to the frame of mind in which we would consent to submit to the peace court of the league such disputes as our recent unpleasantness with Colombia. Unless we are willing to leave might out of such arguments, and reason them out on the sole basis of right, our peace talk is necessarily suspect.

The Colombian wrangle is a good example of the chief stumbling-block in the way of international law. Our Government would not, I believe, have used its might—and of course Colombia yielded only to a show of force—if it had not been convinced that we also had right on our side.

The British Government felt that it

was armed with the sword of Justice when it went to war with the Boer republics. The French Government believed that it was justified in dethroning the Sultan of Morocco, in tearing up the Algeciras treaty. As a general proposition, the statesmen of these countries would say, as ours say, that it is wrong for a great and powerful nation to add to its domains by picking a quarrel with a small and weaker people. But in these concrete instances there were special circumstances which justified a departure from the general rule: the Boers were impossibly irritating, the Sultan of Morocco was manifestly incompetent, the business of French merchants was certainly suffering. And our Government believed, on very good evidence, that the politicians of Bogotá were trying to blackmail us. And so the dual monarchy could find no end of special circumstances to salve its conscience in its stern demands on Servia.

But men are not permitted to determine for themselves when circumstances warrant a departure from the rule of law. They have to establish their rights in such cases before a competent tribunal. The frame of mind which recognizes and accepts this outside authority is what differentiates an outlaw from a citizen, a civilized man from a savage.

It is the same with nations. The states which have entered into federations have managed to climb this steep incline of progress. Bavaria does not determine for itself what are its rights in regard to Hesse. Texas takes its disputes with Delaware before the Supreme Court. We have refused to submit the Panama matter to a jury of our peers. And as long as we are determined to be the deciding judge in our own disputes, all talk of a civilized peace with our neighbors is a contradiction in terms. We may not have war. Nicaragua and Venezuela and Colombia may be afraid to fight us. They may sullenly prefer to accept what seems to them our injustice rather than risk the resort to arms. But such peace is not civilized.

We must make up our minds to it that

a régime of international law requires that we, as well as our neighbors, shall submit to its discipline. This seems to me the nubbin of the peace problem. One school of philosophy has taught that the motor force of life was "the will to power" and that war was a normal activity. If this is true, we must change our natures and develop a will to justice. There is no other foundation for peace.

There is still another difficulty to be faced before we can establish closer relations with South America. Our public opinion must not only be educated to a new attitude in foreign affairs; we must also contrive the means to convince skeptics that the conversion is sincere. Our Southern neighbors will be slow to put trust in our change of heart. According to a hoary tradition in the Latin republics, our ideals are far from those of peace.

It was a decided shock to me when I first visited Central America to find in one of the plazas of San José, Costa Rica, a monument in memory of the defeat of the filibuster Walker. An armed and beautiful lady—the spirit of Latin civilization—had her foot on the neck of a prostrate, but very villainous, scoundrel, who represented the gringo aggressor. When I went to school I was not taught anything about that incident, but I found that in the history text-books in Spanish there was a whole chapter devoted to the discreditable adventure. This traditional belief in our territorial greed will be hard to uproot. There is our Mexican War to support it, and of course it has been strengthened by our more recent annexations of Spanish-speaking countries. It takes effort to overcome the inertia of such well-established ideas. We have a bad reputation to live down.

To prepare the ground for a league of American republics will require great and persistent efforts. Such is the pioneer work, difficult, but necessary, which we must accomplish before we can expect others to take our peace talk seriously. But certainly any one who is daunted by these difficulties has no right to urge the peoples of Europe to lay down their arms

and to submit to an international court. It is decidedly insulting for us to assume that they are not intelligent enough to realize that our problems are child's play beside theirs. They are justified in sneering at our peace proposals so long as we have failed to put our own house in order.

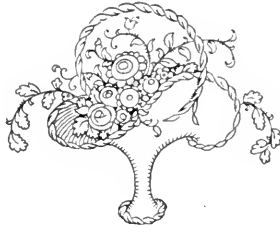
But great as are the difficulties for us to overcome,—and there is no gain in minimizing them,—they are very small compared with the benefits of success. Do we in America really want peace—the peace of justice? If we do, the first concrete step is clearly indicated: the league of American republics would give us peace. The effort would be richly repaid. And, granted a determined will, achievement would be assured.

The influence of the accomplishment would be vastly greater than the security it would give us. Somewhat more than a century ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation dedicated to the ideal of democratic liberty. Although we are still far short of realizing that ideal, it would be hardly possible to overestimate the effect of our effort on Europe. If our form of government were to fail, no one of us would be more disheartened than the republican of the Old World. Every advance of ours is a new weapon for them in their long fight against tradition.

And if our generation could establish the peace of justice and liberty in the Americas,—and we can, if we resolve to,—the effect around the world would be stupendous.

At last we should have a right to send peace proposals to Europe. The league of American republics could most cordially urge other countries to similar action, could lend a powerful helping hand to every peace movement; and as soon as any new group became organized, a union would be possible. So might we reach the federation of the world.

It is certainly easier to advise Europe to lay down its arms than it is for us to educate and discipline ourselves to peace; but an ounce of example is worth many pounds of advice.



# The Golden Goose

By VIRGINIA TRACY

Author of "The Web," "Persons Unknown," etc.

Illustrations by George Baker

"**B**UT they're often managed by their husbands, are n't they?"

"Yes. That's why we want to get her away from him before he is her husband."

Renton turned from the speakers with a little smile of superiority, which proclaimed his opinion that they need not trouble themselves: Miss Bayard would marry or not, as she thought fit. He was still young enough to believe, dramatist though he might be, that one quality signifies another—that because a beautiful woman is the most intellectual actress of her time she is therefore likely to know what she wants. Renton was a little bit in love with Evelyn Bayard,—it was every man's business to be a little bit in love with her,—but he himself would no more have thought of marrying her than of marrying the moon. He would have preferred to write the most wonderful play in the world, and pass the rest of his life in seeing her play it.

There were a great many people on the veranda of the hotel, and Renton sat down on the balustrade, whence he could command a view of Miss Bayard as she came out to the motor, now throbbing on the road below. He did not notice that the man sitting just at his back was James Hinney, that small, red-headed, surly manager of Miss Bayard whom she was reported to be engaged to marry; when she came straight in his direction, Renton had a moment's dizzying dream that it was he she sought. He slid quickly to his

feet, and stood waiting in the joyous panic of her splendid and gentle presence.

Evelyn Bayard, absent-minded as she always seemed, gave him a smile of gratitude, a small, grave inclination of her dark head, which mutely apologized to him for its being her manager with whom she wished to speak. Two ladies and a gentleman from among the hotel guests wafted her before them, cooingly, and a curly-headed girl of the "rough soubrette" type, with Miss Bayard's wrap over her arm, followed stolidly, frowning at the manager.

"Mr. Hinney," said Miss Bayard; the meager and formal phrase fell with a certain quaintness from her lips. As she introduced her followers, she spoke with an exquisite precision; it struck Renton, nevertheless, that she was nervous. The soubrette shifted her weight and stood impassive. Hinney acknowledged each introduction with a nod; not rising, continuing to grind a fragment of toothpick round and round in his teeth. "They all very much wish that I should recite at the concert to-morrow night."

"Is that so?" said Hinney.

The followers broke out into a flutter of explanations in which the phrase "for charity" was prominent. Miss Bayard, with her graceful awkwardness, habitually let her long arms hang straight down; Renton saw that at this moment she was pressing her hands tight together. The curly-headed soubrette burst into a short,

rude laugh and contrived to look at Hinney while she was still looking over his head.

A lady entreated:

"The least little thing—like *Portia's* mercy speech, you know, or—or the sleep-walking scene. Nothing elaborate—"

The others repeated, "Nothing elaborate—no, no!" and "For charity," and Miss Bayard, with her hands still clasping each other, kept her dark eyes in a bright quiet upon Hinney's face.

"Have n't you enough to do up here this summer?" He rose, as if to put an end to the question, and his eye impatiently sought the quivering motor. He put on his cap.

But these gentle pleaders were not so easily silenced.

"Just this once—" "Make the greatest difference to us—" "Miss Bayard's so obliging—"

"Yes; well, she's too obliging. She will oblige me a great deal better by keeping to herself." Seeing his path to the steps cut off, Hinney, intending a flank movement, had backed a trifle down the veranda, shielding himself with the sour smile, which now broke out into a snarl: "If she's anxious to act, I'll hire your new Lyric Hall, and anybody who's just as anxious to see her can pay his two dollars. What good do your charities do her?"

In the shocked pause Miss Bayard, who had stood perfectly still, with her folded hands and her faint, fixed, and passive smile, now said clearly, "Mr. Hinney,"—Renton had supposed her all along to be merely reserving her thunderbolt; there had been no instant of this strange business when he had not expected to see the manager shriveled to the earth by a word, by a glance, of his imperial mistress. But what she said was only,—“it would be a great pleasure to me to do the sleep-walking scene.”

Stillness. Renton felt that he was seeing history made. He was profoundly moved by the curbing of that spirit which he had often witnessed in great action, but he would have given much to know

why she curbed it. And having done so, why did she bring Hinney up sharp? No ordinary provocation could have made her risk a public tussle. She had been hard pushed, she had determined to seek some crisis; Renton, tingling to the unexplained drama, exulted at her acceptance of an issue where the victory could be only hers. He was the more amazed to hear Hinney answer her declaration, "It will be a great pleasure," with, "Well, it's a pleasure I'm afraid you will have to forego."

She took it straight in the face without a quiver. Dismissing her court with a bright, pale bow, she passed rapidly down to the automobile, sitting up straight beside the wraps which the soubrette threw in after her. Hinney mounted to the front seat, the car vibrated and leaped to his touch like some kindred monster, bearing away—Andromeda! Yes, a chainless, a free, a winged Andromeda, bound only by some secret spell, in that open day of brilliant sunshine, on that white road, into the reaching shadows of the pines.

Renton did not wait to hear the comments. He went straight back to Jane Rogers, of whom he had recently asked, "But they're often managed by their husbands, are n't they?" He had lost his superior smile at her, "That's why we want to get her away from him."

Jane turned to him now.

"Well?"

He answered:

"What do you want me to do?"

THE Hyperion Hotel was only an expensive hostelry, supported by those mere plutocrats whose lack of lineage excluded them from that little village lower down the mountain which, having been the home of John Standish, the painter, had acquired from his masterpieces a vogue that had not yet died with his recent death. The hotel was so new and so magnificent that poor Renton, the slave of a small publishing-house and the author of some plays of which people expected great things if they should ever get produced, gasped to find himself a part of it.

Nevertheless, he had deliberately fol-





"She was wearing a gown of silvery, grayish green that looked like water in the starlight, and round her long throat and over her breast fell and looped, and trickled on again, a swaying string of the gray-green of cats'-eyes and the shine of brilliants"

lowed there the summons of that old friend of his whom he had always envied as a still older friend of Evelyn Bayard. Jane had long intended for Renton the privilege of an introduction, but until the last two years Miss Bayard had been too obscure to be reached east of the Alleghenies, and then she had been too illustrious to be reached at all.

There could no longer be anything arrestive for her, he had lately told himself, in a devotee who for years had admired her photographs and leaned a charmed, a credulous ear to the slowly rising rumor of her powers; it could never again be anything special for her to hear that the first time a young dramatist had seen her act he had also seen the modern drama drop its disguise of shifting tatters and shine out regnant and fulfilling, vivified by an intellect capable not only of garnering all the rich harvests of the past, but of inspiring with new hope the sowing of the pioneers.

Jane's letter had scattered this counsel of humility with the remark, "If you want ever really to know her, now is the time." Really to know her! If he wanted!

"She is here," Jane wrote, "and she has me here with her, and little Lou Lorraine, who are the last of her old friends. I dare say he will get rid of us when he marries her, if he succeeds in marrying her. He and two decent, stupid fellows from her company and Danny Folliot, who goes with her next season, have a cottage on the grounds; they've put up a real little stage in its living-room, and he has advertised all over the mountains that she rehearses there for four hours a day on her new part. She does n't like any one there while she's rehearsing, but after rehearsal Lou and Danny and I go down and do physical exercises with her. She's teaching Danny to fence, and every now and then, when Hinney takes a hand, it's really something to see. I must admit he's a superb swordsman. How he ever managed to straighten up from the box-office accounts long enough to learn I can't imagine."

Renton had arrived on Saturday morning before breakfast; Jane's influence had procured him luncheon with Miss Bayard. It was at about three in the afternoon that he came back to Jane and Danny and Luella Lorraine and asked, "What do you want me to do?"

"Because I can see," he went on, "that you're conspirators. There's a plot, and I want to join, and you want me to. You've meant me to all along."

"It's not much of a plot," began Jane. "But you're just the sort of person to interest Evva. He's trying to get me away from her—"

"The same here," Luella interrupted. "I played boys with them my first season; he's never let her have any one two seasons—nor Jane at all. They were always just on the verge of stranding—never came up to time with your salary. I must say he's the best dead-beat I ever saw, Hinney is; he certainly did get us from one town to another somehow, and when he did have to leave our hotel trunks, he got the wardrobe through all right. Gee! we followed the cow-tracks that year, and there were times when the smell of coffee'd make your head swim! If there's anybody knows what it is to rough it, Evva does."

She! That presence as of moonlit dusk! Renton lifted his eyes to the whimsical flash that shot across Danny Folliot's thoroughbred and sensitive face.

"Can you imagine it?" he asked.

The boy's appetite for life grinned out at him.

"Is n't it corking?"

"Well, even then he was putting her up to all sorts of star's dodges she'd never thought of, trying to get her awful up-stage with the company. But you can't be so dire exclusive when you got to borrow a nightgown from any lady that's managed to save an extra one—at least Evva could n't. So he had to take it out in insulting people himself. As fast as she made a friendship he broke it off. But I would n't let on I was insulted, and I would n't be broken off. And here I am. He thinks I've got it in for him for the

rotten things he 's done to me. But he 's off. The only things I got against him are the things he 's done to Evelyn."

"What has he done to her, exactly?" Renton asked them.

"To start with, he 's kept her for ten years out of New York."

"But, Jane, how? And why? Why?"

"Do you think he did n't know that if he ever let Broadway set eyes on her he 'd lose her?"

"He has n't, it seems."

"Not yet. But if there 's any justice in heaven, he will."

"What 's his object in being disagreeable? Does he think that will keep her?"

"It has kept her. It 's hypnotized her; it 's stupefied her a little, I sometimes think. People used to say he struck her; I don't know. But he 's *bound* her somehow. Why, even when I was at school with her she was ambitious. She always had a wonderful deep, big voice; as I remember it now, it must have been very loud and inflexible and young, of course. But then we thought it was magnificent simply to be tossed about on such a great tide of it, even by the poorest, palest girl in school, with torrents of slipping black hair and an old brown cashmere dress and shabby shoes. That was only three years before she was leading-woman, even if it was in a one-night-stand melodrama. You can see how easily she got on. Then in some little town in the interior she put all her savings into a stock company; Hinney was the stage-manager, and he helped her run things. Well, the theater burned down. It was the chance of his life, and he took it. He did everything for her. He bound her hand and foot with gratitude, and he 's kept her so ever since. He got a little bit of money together, and took her out starring in what Lou would call 'the tall timber.' They had n't been creeping up and down the coast but a year or two, playing in any old rattletrap that had a roof to it, when people began to notice her and managers came to her with offers. But they did n't want him, of course, and he would n't let her go without him. He had to be her personal

representative, he had to direct her stage, he had to have an interest in the management. His nightingale was n't to fly away and take—it is n't the nightingale that lays golden eggs, is it? But he would n't have cared how much I mixed my metaphors. He did n't care anything about the bird at all; only that the golden eggs should n't be taken to market by anybody but him. Well, of course no manager will undertake a star who is managed by another man. So there came near being no golden eggs at all."

"Why did she stand it?" Renton marvelled. "Why?"

"All the big men came to her, and all the new men looking for new stars. Poor girl, I 've seen her almost stepping on to Broadway, holding up her skirts for whole harvests of gold and glory people were trying to throw into them, and then always the same thing! She would repeat, like an angelic parrot, Hinney's conditions, and the others would drop her as if she burned. And she would cry and cry and cry. For she despaired, as I despaired. All the time we could see her youth going, going. But—'He stood by me, Jennie, when I had no one else. He believed in me when no one else did. He 's worked for me all these years. He 's made me.' Oh! As if he 'd ever even have been heard of without her!"

"That 's true."

"Having no money, of course, he could n't get plays. And as a poor little scrub of an outside manager he could n't get booking. So they would go back again to one-night stands, to the old bills she was so tired of, the old debts, the old gowns, all the old obscurity and insecurity and shabby makeshifts—she that was made to live in Verona moonlight and drink pearls!"

Renton was trying to keep his head.

"Still, you know, he did get her into New York."

"She got into New York when some failure had left the theater dark for a fortnight. They let her creep into it, dragging Hinney after her, because she was playing creeks and coal-heaps in

Pennsylvania and could get there over Sunday. She opened with 'Magda' in an opera-cloak cut out of an old portière. Hinney had bought at a storehouse sale. And after that—ah, but if his crass stupidity could keep her down all those years, it can ruin her in the end!"

There was a long silence.

"But to marry him!" Renton cried. "Is n't that carrying even the most grateful loyalty rather further than you need fear? If she could do such a thing, would n't he have persuaded her long ago?"

"He could n't have married her before. He had a wife in Australia, or wherever he comes from. She died last fall."

"Oh. And Miss Bayard? It is n't possible she's in love with him?"

"How can she be? Of course that would explain all the impossibilities if it were n't more impossible than the impossibilities. But I don't want her sacrificed to him, even if she is in love with him. That would make her more and more the slave of his baseness. And it is n't love; it's some kind of fear. She's *bound*, I tell you—" Jane choked up, and pressed her knuckles against her lips. "To be married—Evva! Evva!—to that little poisonous toad! Oh, he's done her every injury in the world except to marry her! Can't we save her from that?"

Renton turned his eyes from those watchful eyes, fanatic with devotion, in Jane's plain, pale, and intelligent face and looked with relief at Luella's belligerent curls, ruffling about her round little head. Danny Folliot sat next to Luella, swinging his heels against the rail, and spying from one feminine countenance to the other and back again into Renton's with his bright, nervous, healthy glance, full of curiosity and mirth and the conviction of life. There was a refreshing sense of balance in that young man's gay worldliness which made Renton smile at him past the intensity of Jane's appeal as Danny put forth his hand and gathered her clenched fingers into a chivalrous squeeze.

"Trot out your bomb, Jane Rogers," said the boy. "We'll draw lots."

"All I can think of is this: it would be

something if we could get her, just in the least little thing, to defy him *once*. It might lead to a big quarrel. There's always the chance of his going too far and opening her eyes. Even her dear head must have reared a little higher lately; she can't think of herself just as she did out in Deer's Lick and Anaconda, when people used to say he knocked her down whenever there was a bad house. It seems to me that the first breach might be everything."

"Yes, but how are you going to get your breach? You've been nosing for one the last ten years."

"Listen. Do you know why they were so awfully anxious for her to speak to-morrow night? So as to make a precedent for the other, bigger benefit later on." She turned to Renton. "The big one's not for charity, you may be sure. It's for a memorial to John Standish; they want to build an arch or something. Hinney's made himself such an outsider that he has n't heard of it at all; there's an example of his ignorant touch on her career! Well, when the advertising begins, I want Evelyn Bayard's name to be in the announcements. There's to be a wood pageant, and all these society women around here are crazy to go on as dryads. Not that I want her to do anything with *them*, of course; but—you, Ernest Renton, could n't you write her a sketch?"

It was just as if she had struck Renton the happiest kind of blow on the heart. He was staggered, but he was electrified.

"Would—would she play it?" he gasped.

"She'll do anything to help people. We can tell her it's a great kindness. That's the whole point—that you're young and," said Jane, weightily, "obscure. We can tell her that it's your one chance at a great audience. If we can bring about a quarrel with Hinney, and at the same time a fresh triumph—" They all glared forward, palpitating.

People were dancing that evening in the ball-room of the hotel, and Miss Bayard came out to her little group on the

dark veranda. Mr. Hinney discouraged her dancing; he feared human intercourse, as bringing her off her pedestal and diminishing the curiosity of a paying public. She was wearing a gown of silvery, grayish green that looked like water in the starlight, and round her long throat and over her breast fell and looped and trickled on again a swaying string of the gray-green of cats'-eyes and the shine of brilliants. Her slender arms hung long and gloveless and very softly pale; she looked tired out. But her serenity was undisturbed, and as she sank into the chair that Renton proffered she had not forgotten her kind smile.

"Jennie," she said, "can you do me a great favor? Can you stay with me another month?"

"Why, will Mr. Hinney let me?" snapped Jane's savage, implacable love.

Miss Bayard responded tranquilly:

"Mr. Hinney will not be here. He is going to Paris on my business. He is worried about my play. Monsieur Hector has not finished it, and he is ill."

They were all struck into dumbness. It was too pat-like a hoax, like something conscious. And then Jane said slowly:

"Are you sure? And leave you here alone with us—with *me*?"

"Mr. Hinney is very much worried. There are endless things that Monsieur Hector was to have seen to. It is very unfortunate, but it cannot be helped." They were all greatly surprised when this reserved lady added, "And I think it is as well that I should have a little time to myself."

It was a thaw, a chance in a lifetime.

"See here, Evva, if I stay for you, will you do something for me? And for Mr. Renton? He adores you."

Without seeming to find anything remarkable in this latter statement, Miss Bayard turned eyes full of absent-minded sweetness upon the gentleman indicated.

"You wish me to do something for you?"

Renton's heart smote him to think how largely from this point of view the world must present itself to a successful actress.

"He's afraid to ask," said Jane. "But what he wants is for you to play a little sketch of his at the Standish benefit. He's awfully clever and a modern of the moderns, and his work's everything that you love and believe in. But he can't get a hearing. You know what that is, Evva. Won't you give him one?"

Miss Bayard looked slowly from Renton to Jane.

"At the Standish Memorial performance? Yes, they have been speaking to me about that."

"Well, Mr. Renton, although he came all the way from New York for the purpose, does n't like to speak to you because he was a witness of that agreeable scene out here this afternoon."

Again the actress slowly turned her eyes to Renton, and in a voice of ravishing gentleness she uttered the words:

"Mr. Hinney is always careful that I shall not overwork." And then: "Oh," she cried, "but that was wrong! That was cruel!" In the dead silence she rose quietly, as if to go because she had said too much. But she paused. "He should have spoken—differently. He hurt people." She lifted her eyes, and they were full of tears. "He hurt people. And they meant to be kind."

She looked hard, like an exile, at the lighted windows. Renton thought he had never heard anything more exquisite, more angelic, than the tender, selfless abnegation of that little cry.

"Then if you could make it up to them, Evelyn, please them without quarreling publicly with Mr. Hinney—while he was away, in fact—and make Mr. Renton's fortune, insure the benefit's success, and honor John Standish—Evelyn, would n't you do it?"

Evelyn Bayard turned directly to Renton, a tall, mild wonder in her gray gown of the light on darkened water, touched with stars. Seriously, with the innocent dignity of a child and a goddess, she asked him:

"You would like me to play something you have written?"

Renton swallowed.

"It would be the dearest honor in this world."

"I should like to do that." She considered. "And for the memorial to John Standish." She gave Renton a look which was more thrilling to him than if she had given him her hand. "Yes," she said, "I will do that."

Andromeda! dear Andromeda!

Renton felt himself consecrated to a supreme effort and a consummate hope.

WITHIN a fortnight items concerning the Standish Memorial performance began to be conspicuous in the newspapers. The name of Evelyn Bayard had made a successful magnet, drawing not the public alone, but other celebrities. Jane's bulletins brightened with the names of a tragedian, a comedienne, and a classic dancer. A great director was to produce the wood pageant, a great dramatist was to make the opening address.

"We 'll have the two most artistic managers in America. Well, do you suppose that when they see Evelyn here, without Hinney, they won't jump at one more try for her? And she, who knows nobody and never meets her equals equally, when she comes into the wings with them and sees what they think of her—pray, pray that it goes to her sweet head!"

Presently Renton looked down at the cold print where Miss Bayard's name was followed by the words "assisted by Mr. Blake and Mr. Merrill of her own company in 'The Nightingale,' a modern one-act play by Ernest Allen Renton." Beneath the wings of a high hope chills and fever brooded upon his heart.

But Jane's next note contained a quaver.

"As was only to be expected, Evva has had two cablegrams from Hinney forbidding her appearance. She did n't answer the first, and I wish she had n't answered the second. There was a propitiatory, explanatory note about having given her word which corroborates all my hidden terrors."

Renton lived through a day or two of ominous silence, and then read:

"Everything is going splendidly. Hin-

ney cabled the committee, threateningly, a most abusive, insulting message. If she were n't the highly advertised heart of the benefit, I am sure they would have dropped her then and there. The committee inclosed it to her, and I got her to sign an answer, saying Mr. Hinney had no rights in the matter. Was that a triumph or was it not? But I went to see some of the leading spirits, quite quietly, and begged them, if it were mortally possible, to put the benefit a little forward. For I know Hinney! They've moved it forward two days."

Renton had never realized how little expectation of fulfilment life had hitherto conveyed to him till he felt the almost nauseous stir of nervousness with which he presently tore open Jane's extravagant, ebullient telegram:

"Hurrah! He's started, but can't possibly get here till the day after the fair! Just the right time for a row!" Five days later Renton set out for the Standish Memorial performance.

Tearing a Saturday from his employers, he traveled all day, and on the late afternoon of the benefit Danny met him at the station with Miss Bayard's car.

"She's held out so far," that young gentleman gaily informed him; "but he lands some time this evening. To my mind, it would n't be any bad idea to put her pretty early in the bill."

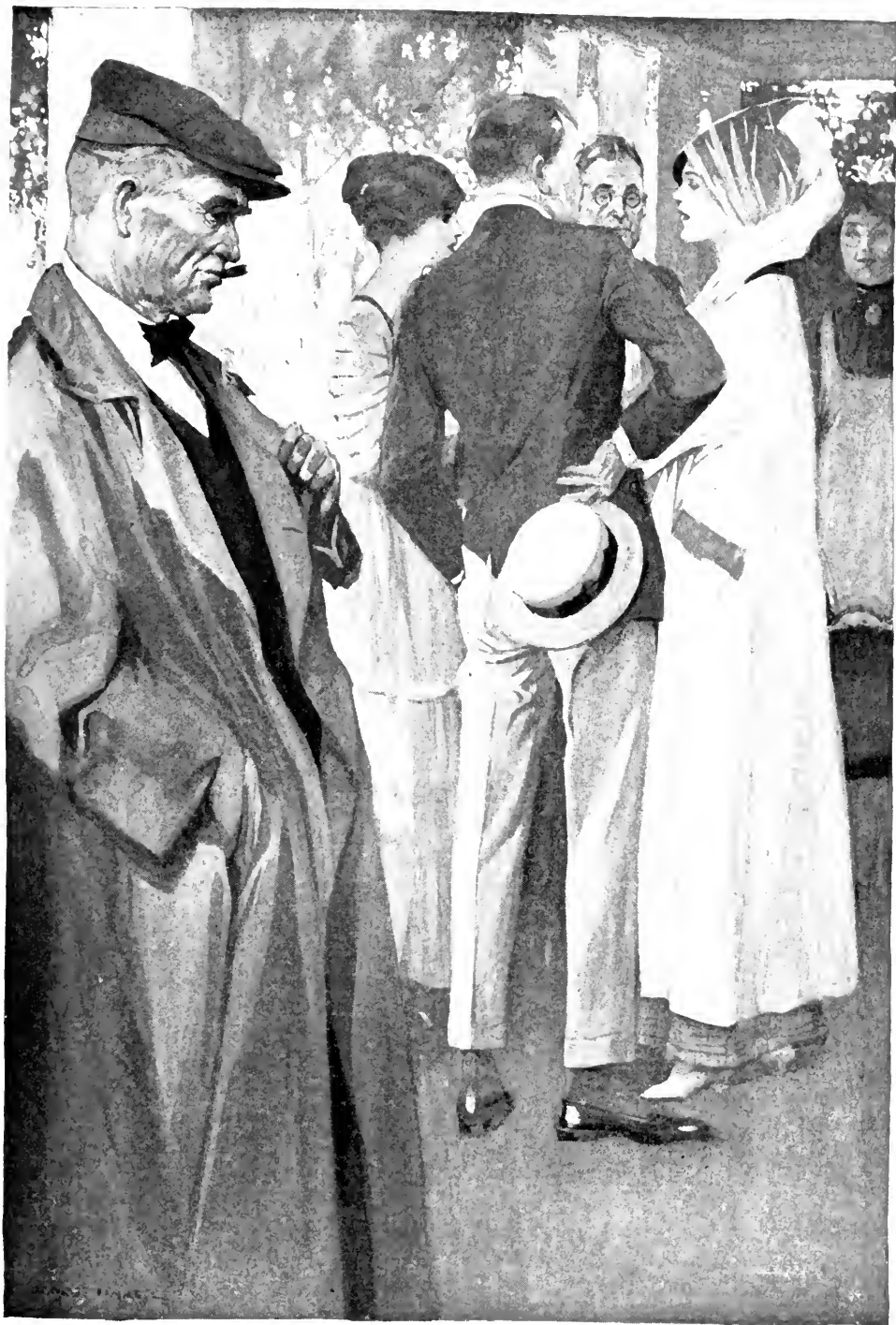
"You don't mean—"

"Oh, nothing definite. But perhaps I don't wish it were over! *Mephistopheles* is a little too close to suit me. You don't suppose Hinney can really pop up through a trap?"

"Rubbish!" Renton expostulated with the fervor of a lover. "She could n't fail us now!"

"She's found herself, you think? Very likely. All the same, I'm glad it's not my nightmare. I'm glad it's not D. Folliot who would have to step forth and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, a little red-headed rat has gnawed his way into our cheese, and owing to an organic weakness of character, our goddess refuses—'"

Danny was interrupted by their arrival



"Evelyn Bayard passed among her fondest friends, allowing each of them to take her hand and endeavoring to smile upon them—a kind, uncertain, troubled smile"



at the hotel and their passage into Jane's strenuous and sterner keeping. Would Renton have some tea? No one could see Evva; she had rehearsed all day, she was lying down, she was very nervous. He must realize what it meant to her, poor darling; what a breaking it was with her whole past, thank God! Jane thanked God with a somewhat sinister accent. If she served tea in Miss Bayard's sitting-room with the knit brows of an oracle, it was also with the wracked pulses of a conspirator who has one ear cocked for the police and the other for the defection of the chief, and Renton left her ordering up Miss Bayard's early dinner with something the manner of a queen's taster.

The contagion of exultant terror spread till he could eat no dinner of his own. The packed dining-room stirred him like a personal responsibility; the fever and the thrill of the warm night fed his nerves with a wine in which the ominous and brilliant lights before Lyric Hall expanded, trembled, and danced in triumph; and the song of the hissing motors as they swept in from house after house among the hills greeted him at the threshold of the palace of his hopes with a challenge and a cry of praise.

The hall was already filled by people in evening clothes, with animated faces. It was lighted by arches of mellowed electric bulbs, and the glass of its upper walls was still lowered to let in the summer night. As Renton followed incongruous little Lou Lorraine down the aisle, a bird circled sharply above their heads, and every now and then a swifter and a wider dart of darkness warned them that a bat sought the light, over the chatter and the expectation.

Luella was afraid of bats, and she said even birds made her feel creepy. But Renton's heart had begun to soar, and presently young Folliot joined them and said the last train before midnight was safely in. "Anyhow, the bouncer of the hotel bar's on the back door, and if Hinney gets past him, Jane has drawn up her own chair outside Miss Bayard's room; it would take a mighty thin stream of

gore to trickle in over that threshold from the knife in his dead heart." There was now no fear whatever, and as soon as the music struck up, Renton began to wonder if he had ever really entertained any fear.

It was a splendid program, and professional rigors were so far relaxed that, after finishing their respective numbers, the various artists came out into the auditorium and set up their stimulus and luster there. Danny, glancing hither and yon, crowed happily:

"Jane's right. It's an audience of crowned heads. Could n't find these people in the winter in any one house on Broadway."

Renton responded only with an excited grin. The swift advance of the crisis was straining, was lifting, his nerves. If, as a devoted champion, he found himself at white heat, the personal issue was also enormous.

The curtain music of their play—his play and hers—stole forth. It seemed scarcely to drown the drumming of his pulses. The lights sank low; the curtain rose; the music ceased. The two actors from Miss Bayard's company spoke the opening lines, and the thing was on, was going: Renton was an acted dramatist. It was too late for Hinney now; Fate had not played them false.

Renton, with his mouth a little open and his ears deaf to his own lines, watched the door through which she would come. And then she was there. Her presence struck him that dazzling blow of light which always seemed for the first moment to cut him off from the rest of the world; as though he were nothing but a single nerve wholly lost in its own fulfilment. The gale of applause, of released welcome, rocked round him, at first deafening him still further as he sat there motionless. Then it began to speak to his exultation, and tell him that even to those others she was not merely an illustrious fad; it was not in the minds of her intimates alone that to-night Andromeda defied her monster. Most of all the brethren of her working world, from whom she had been held apart so long, leaned to



her in utter welcome, with hands eager to do her honor.

She stood before them in her luminous beauty, silent perforce, swaying a little to their violence, bending in thanks her imperial head or lifting to theirs the radiant eyes, darker and brighter for quick tears. Renton saw her breast lift on a long breath, and when through the new silence he heard the first notes, golden-warm, but fresh as springtime, of her voice, he lowered his eyes in that excess of contentment which could forego for a moment half its riches. Oddly enough, it was then he began to be aware of mortality in perfection: what, as his heroine, was she doing in that dress?

An extraordinary sensation of something unfamiliar recalled him to the stage. Were those his lines? Was he awake? Was he dreaming? And was this Evelyn Bayard? There was her midnight loveliness, and there the thrilling music of her voice; the garish gown blighted, but could not destroy, the natural drama of that personality, that temperament, which were still sovereign there. But from those lips of poetry and passion fell lines flat, cold, and pointless, a little jerky, a little noisy, twisted to a hundred falsities, loaded with a by-play crude and common, of which Renton had never dreamed. What had happened? What did it mean? He was merely stupefied.

The play went on, and he began to get himself together. As the action deepened, he looked, half mazed, about the house, and watched the puzzled shadow on its lifted face. Into his own face Danny Folliot was sending a distended glance. "What 's got into her?" Renton shook his head. His whole vitality concentrated itself upon that magnificent, that dreadful changeling. Was she under an evil spell? Or were they? What was it? What could it be? What had changed her?

Oh, there were certain things that she could do! She could move, she could speak, she could modulate her great voice into the heavenly cadences that some musician had fashioned in her throat. But she felt nothing, she understood nothing,

she could portray nothing. Comedy fell from her like lead; noise flowed from her in a mad, unseemly stream; she pounded her emotion with a hundred raw and miserable tricks, like fireworks exploding damply, ridiculously, against the calm of night. And Renton longed to cry out, to spring upon the stage, to silence her and hide her face—the sacred loveliness of her dear face! Then that, too, passed. The sense of shame deadened to a sense of cold; of the dramatist's bitter disappointment, of the disaffected lover's emptiness and distaste, of youth's unbalancement, which loses the whole world in losing one soul. His entire artistic faith faded, crumbled, and dissolved before his eyes.

The curtain came down. There was a faint, chill flutter of applause. The curtain rose. She stood there bowing. Down came the curtain, and, having been prepared to rise a dozen times, went quickly up again. It caught the stricken audience off its guard, and they faced each other, Evelyn Bayard and her adoring public, in a grim silence—a silence long and profound and terrible. Slowly her eyes, bewildered, shocked, incredulous, began to reflect its crass embarrassment.

Renton still sat there until he felt Danny plucking at him.

"Come on! Let 's get out of this!"

ONCE again on a sunlit summer morning before the Hyperion Hotel, the Bayard-Hinney motor-car stood waiting on the broad, white road. It was very early, and the veranda was empty of guests save for Hinney himself. He walked up and down, with his cap on the back of his head and his cigar clenched between his teeth. Then there came out, in answer to his summons, one after the other of last night's conspirators.

To these he threw out the words: "Much obliged to you. I suppose I can rely on you to give it out that she 's off to New York to see a specialist—nervous breakdown last night? That 's all."

He stopped in front of them, however, with his legs wide apart and his hands clasped behind his back. "God! you 've

shrunk a bit!" he remarked. "And why? You were all a little in love with—*something* yesterday. Well, come and kiss me!"

He took his cigar tight between his teeth, but his smile sagged in an irony as loose as license. "Cheer up!" he said. "*I'm* here."

Danny Folliot cast him a quick stare of interest.

"Great Scott! but I should like to know—I wonder—"

He hesitated, and Hinney sang out:

"Yes, you've all wondered what was in that lovely head. Well, now you know: there was nothing in it."

Danny persisted.

"But—her—her temperament—"

"Temperament! Oh, yes, that's hers. It's the one thing that can't be made. It runs out of her eyelashes and the tips of her fingers. Temperament! If I'd had enough of it to cover a ten-cent piece, I—just as I am—I'd have moved the earth. But I had to take hers."

He blew forth a great gust of smoke. "As for hypnotizing her, Jane, a common stone-breaking slave-driver like me turns his tricks by the plain drudgery of coaching. *Svengali's* job was an easy one to mine; he just had to get it into her system—I had to get it into her head. They'll make a strange conflagration some day—the note-books of great directors! We untemperamental ones, if we signed all our public monuments—Believe me, I never could have hammered the sleep-walking scene into her in less than a month. We'll keep that play of yours, though, Ren-

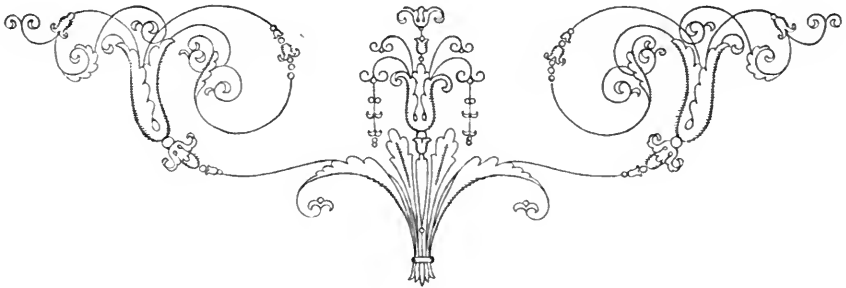
ton. You shall see it acted to its top note yet. Unless, of course, ladies and gentlemen, you happen to have cracked the bell."

"She never knew?"

"Sure not. She knew we were hard workers, but she supposed she was a great actress. Well, you got her up before the one out of a hundred of our rank audiences that could put her wise. Do you remember the line in the old piece, my Jennie, 'Nothing can work such havoc as a fool'?" He turned. "Hustle, Evelyn!"

Evelyn Bayard passed among her fondest friends, allowing each of them to take her hand and endeavoring to smile upon them—a kind, uncertain, troubled smile. She uttered no articulate phrase while her reddened, darkly circled eyes went searching quickly till they found Hinney, who had run down the steps and stood impatiently puffing his cigar beside the motor. Then the baffled hesitation of her face resolved itself into the content and confidence of a rescued child. She passed quickly down to him, and she had scarcely mounted into the motor, with the beautiful, free dignity which had molded so many of Renton's dreams, when Hinney turned the steering-wheel, and they were off. Just before they passed out of ear-shot, Hinney turned round, caught Renton's eye, and yelled out to him two words, "Farewell, Perseus!" There came back to Renton the memory of what he had most valued in Miss Bayard's acting—its trenchant, its luminous perceptions.

Then she was gone down the white road.





### The Blue Bowl

Portrait of Miss Jean Webster, by L. Fisk Thompson





# A Question of Morality<sup>1</sup>

A Comedy in One Act

By PERCIVAL WILDE

Author of "Dawn and Other One-Act Plays of Life To-day"

## CHARACTERS

SHELTON  
CARRUTHERS

DOROTHY SHELTON  
A BUTLER

SCENE: *At Shelton's.*

*As the curtain rises, Shelton and Carruthers are discovered. Shelton, a not unattractive social butterfly of thirty-five years, has inherited wealth, and, having never had to concern himself with productive labor, has acquired a fine diletantism—an ability to do many things badly without doing any one of them so badly that it becomes evident he has neglected it. Carruthers, his friend, has even less claim to distinction. They would pass in a crowd, if the crowd were large enough; but no one, with the possible exception of a society editor, would give either of them a second glance. Were one to seek something visibly commendable about them, one might remark that they are groomed and tailored to an exquisite nicety—too exquisite, perhaps. They are in evening dress, for they have just finished the evening meal, and as the assiduous butler lights their cigars, places the liqueur tray on the table, and discreetly effaces himself, they slowly push their chairs into more comfortable positions and look at each other. There is something in that look—something unusual, and the shadow of a smile curls about the husband's lips as he raises his arm to consult a wrist watch.*

*Carruthers:*

What time?

*Shelton:*

Twelve minutes of eight; no, ten minutes of. My watch is a little slow.

*Carruthers:*

*[Rather brilliantly, after a pause.]*

Thought it was later than that.

*Shelton:*

*[Having weighed the pros and cons carefully.]*

So did I.

*Carruthers:*

*[After another pause.]*

Thought it was at least quarter past.

*Shelton:*

So did I. *[Consulting the watch again.]* It 's eleven minutes of; that is to say, nine minutes of now. *[He pauses and smiles reflectively.]* Jerry.

*Carruthers:*

Yes?

*Shelton:*

I wonder what Cheever 's saying to her now.

- I wonder.
- Carruthers:*  
[*Examining a time-table.*]  
Their train pulls out at eight.
- Carruthers:*  
[*With a trace of animation.*]  
I thought you said they were leaving this afternoon.
- Shelton:*  
Eh?
- Carruthers:*  
The six-o'clock train, you said first.
- Shelton:*  
Oh, yes; but she had to do some shopping. You can't get any decent clothes in Chicago, you know. [*He chuckles slowly.*]  
I suppose she wanted the satisfaction of charging a final bill to me, eh, Jerry?
- Carruthers:*  
[*Nodding sympathetically.*]  
It 's cost you a pretty penny, all in all.
- Shelton:*  
[*Philosophically.*]  
Well, your wife does n't elope with some other chap every day, does she?
- Carruthers:*  
[*Undecidedly.*]  
Er. no.
- Shelton:*  
This is a special occasion. If Dorothy feels she has a right to *carte blanche* on her last day as my wife, I don't know but what I ought to agree with her. It 's sentimental, you know.
- Carruthers:*  
But expensive.
- Shelton:*  
Sentiment is always expensive. At any rate, I 'm footing the bills. A little more or less does n't matter. [*He rises, and produces a mass of papers from a convenient desk.*]  
Just look at these.
- Carruthers:*  
What are they?
- Shelton:*  
The detectives' reports. [*He thumbs them over, with a smile.*]  
It 's been like a continued-in-our-next story. I 've been reading them for the last month.
- Carruthers:* [*Surprised.*]  
I did n't know you had detectives following her.
- Shelton:* [*Confused.*]  
Er, yes.
- Carruthers:*  
Do you think that 's cricket?
- Shelton:* [*Hesitantly.*]  
Well, I could n't ask her if she was going to run away.
- Carruthers:*  
Why not?
- Shelton:*  
She 's too good a woman to lie to me, and I did n't want to embarrass her. [*Carruthers smiles cynically. Shelton crushes him politely.*]  
You would n't understand such things, anyhow, Jerry. [*He bundles the reports together again.*]  
The last instalment reached me to-day. It took her a month to make up her mind. Cheever wanted her to elope long ago, but she would n't hear of it. She has scruples. And to-morrow!
- Carruthers:*  
[*Thinking he is rising to the situation.*]  
To-morrow 's another day.
- Shelton:*  
[*With a faint frown.*]  
No. To-morrow I 'll be a free man—no wife, no responsibilities, no conscience. Rather clever of me, eh, Jerry? If I had told her I did n't mind, she never would have run off—never!

*Carruthers:*

She 's a moral woman, your wife.

*Shelton:*

[*Nodding emphatically.*]

Well, rather! [*Confidentially.*] Do you know, I 'm not sure that she is n't running off with Cheever because she wants to reform him. He 's a bad lot, you know: gambles and drinks, and a devil with the ladies.

*Carruthers:* [*Slowly.*]

I 'm not knocking anybody, but you used to travel around with him.

*Shelton:*

[*Not at all disturbed.*]

Yes, when I was single. Oh, I 'm not making any bones about it; I was as bad as he—worse. [*With satisfaction.*] Much worse. Cheever and I—well, we had reps! You knew what they were like.

*Carruthers:*

I did.

*Shelton:* [*Solemnly.*]

But that 's all over with now. I 'm a better man since I married Dorothy. She 's reformed me. There was lots to reform, too. I was a bad un. But that did n't bother her; she enjoyed it. She used to talk to me just like a mother, Jerry, and she got me to cut out cards and the ponies. [*He pauses reflectively.*] I used to lose a bale of money on the races, Jerry. [*Carruthers does not answer. He finishes emphatically.*] She 's had an awfully good influence on me.

*Carruthers:*

[*After a period of cogitation.*]

She 's helped you?

*Shelton:*

[*Enthusiastically.*]

Helped me? I can't begin to tell you how many ways—

*Carruthers:*

[*Interrupting.*]

Then why are you letting her go?

*Shelton:*

[*Taken aback.*]

Eh?

*Carruthers:*

Why are you letting her run off with Cheever?

*Shelton:* [*Nervously.*]

You don't keep on taking the medicine after you 're cured, do you, Jerry? I 'm cured, you know. And I don't want to be cured any more than I am. I 'm a good man. I 'm so good, Jerry, I 'm so good sometimes, that I 'm almost afraid of myself! [*He pauses, to continue candidly.*] It 's so different—and so strange. Before I married Dorothy I was n't good; that was when I went around with Cheever. But it was so comfortable; I was so sure of myself! I never had any regrets. I was n't afraid to drink, because even if I—well, even if I *did* take a drop too much, I would n't make a fool of myself; I 'd act just as if I was sober. [*He emphasizes his point with a clenched fist.*] Jerry, I was *consistent* then; I was dependable. I never had anything to be ashamed of. Whatever I did, well, I stood back of it. I did n't have to worry. And now? I 'm living on the brink of a volcano. I 'm full of all kinds of impulses to do good things—things I don't want to do. I never know what 's going to happen next, and, Jerry, I don't like it. It 's not fair to me. I 'm like a man who has swallowed a stick of dynamite: he 's expecting it to blow up any minute; but if it ever does blow up, there won't be enough of him left to be surprised at it. [*Carruthers, considerably beyond his depth, makes no reply.*] A man should be true to himself. I don't know whom I 'm true to, but it 's not Billy Shelton. There 's no Billy Shelton left: he 's nine tenths Dorothy and one tenth remnants.

*Carruthers:*

[*Shifting uneasily.*]

Is n't it time to go to a show?

*Shelton:*

[*Consulting his watch.*]

Eight o'clock; that is, two minutes after. Jerry, she 's gone!

*Carruthers:*

All right. Let 's get our coats on. [*He rises.*]

*Shelton:*

No; wait a minute.

*Carruthers:*

[*Glancing at him curiously.*]

What 's the matter with you?

*Shelton:*

It 's too sudden. I can't realize it yet.

*Carruthers:*

You 've been expecting it a month.

*Shelton:*

Yes.

*Carruthers:*

Waiting for it, counting the hours.

*Shelton:*

Yes. [*He throws his cigar away nervously.*] Jerry, it 's two years since I 've been to a show without Dorothy.

*Carruthers:*

Well?

*Shelton:*

What are you going to do afterward?

*Carruthers:*

Anything you like.

*Shelton:*

For instance?

*Carruthers:*

Stop in somewheres for a bite. Look in at the club: there 's always a game of stud.

*Shelton:*

[*Nodding thoughtfully.*]

I used to lose a lot of money at that, Jerry. [*He looks at him appealingly.*] Jerry.

*Carruthers:*

Well?

*Shelton:*

Would you mind—if I stayed home to-night?

*Carruthers:* [*Surprised.*]

What?

*Shelton:*

I mean it. I don't feel like going out so soon after—

*Carruthers:*

It 's not a funeral, you know.

*Shelton:*

No, but—

*Carruthers:*

But what?

*Shelton:*

Dorothy would n't like it.

*Carruthers:*

Good Lord!

*Shelton:*

[*Nodding seriously.*]

I mean it. Anyhow, you want to see some musical comedy, don't you?

*Carruthers:*

Why not?

*Shelton:*

It would bore me to death. [*Rather shamefacedly.*] I used to care for that sort of thing; but Dorothy taught me to enjoy the opera.

*Carruthers:*

[*Facing him resolutely.*]

Answer me one question.



- Well?
- Shelton:*  
*Shelton, alarmed, hastens to her.] Get some water, Jerry.*
- Carruthers:*  
*Is Dorothy your wife, or was she your wife?*
- Shelton: [Hesitantly.]*  
 I guess it 's "is." You see, she 's not more than ten miles away from New York now.
- Carruthers:*  
 And you 're afraid you may have to account to her?
- Shelton:*  
 No, it 's not that. She 's left me, and I 'm my own master; but the very day that she elopes, don't you think it would be a little [*He searches for a word*—a little indecent if I were to start celebrating? I 'm a gentleman, Jerry, and it would n't be quite respectful to Dorothy. She might n't like it. [*He lights on a happy simile.*] It 's like reading the will while the corpse is still warm, is n't it? Come, now, be honest, Jerry.
- Carruthers:*  
*[With warmth.]*  
 Well, I 'm thirty-three, and I 'm a bachelor.
- Shelton:*  
 What 's the point?
- Carruthers:*  
 I say, if that 's married life, I don't want to get married.  
 [*The door opens, and Dorothy, a tall, slim, rather attractive woman in her late twenties, stands on the threshold. She is excited, and she trembles a little. The men, thunderstruck at her sudden appearance, are unable to voice a greeting. Shelton, collapsed in his chair, gasps like a fish out of water, and Carruthers, petrified at the height of an oratorical gesture, is not much better.*]
- Shelton: [At length.]*  
 Good evening, Dorothy. [*Dorothy leaves the doorway, and staggers to a chair.*
- Dorothy:*  
 No, no. I want nothing.  
 [*Carruthers, carafe in hand, stands motionless. Shelton indicates the door. Carruthers nods, and goes.*]
- Dorothy:*  
 Is he gone?
- Shelton:*  
 Yes. [*Genuinely anxious.*] Is anything wrong with you, Dorothy?
- Dorothy:*  
 No—Billy.
- Shelton:*  
 Yes?
- Dorothy:*  
 I 've come back. I 've come home again.
- Shelton: [Lamely.]*  
 Yes, so I notice.
- Dorothy:*  
 You got my note?
- Shelton:*  
 Your note? What note?
- Dorothy:*  
 I sent it by a messenger half an hour ago.
- Shelton:*  
 I have n't seen it.
- Dorothy:*  
 No? [*She passes her hand over her forehead wearily.*] Billy, it was a farewell.
- Shelton:*  
*[With an affectation of surprise.]*  
 What?
- Dorothy:*  
 I was on the point of leaving you, of running off with another man.

Shelton:

With Cheever?

Dorothy:

You suspected? [*Shelton nods. She goes toward him with outstretched hands.*] Billy, at the last minute something stopped me. Something made me come home to you.

[*For an instant Shelton is silent; then comes the amazing question.*]

Shelton:

Why?

Dorothy: [*Staggered.*]

What?

Shelton: [*Insistently.*]

You were on the point of running away. You had planned everything carefully; people don't do such things on the spur of the moment. What stopped you?

Dorothy:

[*Gasping at the shock.*]

Don't you love me?

Shelton:

[*Not answering the question.*]

Cheever is a rich man. Of course he has n't as much as I have, but he has plenty to take care of you. The scandal you must have been prepared for. If you loved Cheever, what made you come back to me?

Dorothy:

You don't love me, Billy?

Shelton:

Would *that* have stopped you?

Dorothy:

Would that have— [*She stops, thunder-struck at what she sees within herself.*] I don't know. [*Breaking down and weeping.*] I don't know, Billy. [*There is a pause. Then she gathers herself together.*] Billy, look at me!

Shelton:

Well?

Dorothy:

Am I a good woman?

Shelton: [*Hesitantly.*]

Well—!

Dorothy:

Tell me the truth, Billy.

Shelton:

You *were* a good woman when you married me.

Dorothy: [*Excitedly.*]

Yes, that 's right; I was a good woman *then*. But am I a good woman *now*? [*He hesitates.*] Answer me! Tell me!

Shelton:

[*After a pause.*]

I don't know, Dorothy.

Dorothy:

[*Desperately.*]

Billy, neither do I! [*There is a pause.*] No girl was ever brought up as I was. We were good, *so* good! All the people I met were so good! I don't believe any of them ever had a normal impulse. They were saints, Billy, saints! Then I met you—you remember?

Shelton:

Yes.

Dorothy:

I thought you were the worst man I had ever seen. [*Shelton is a little upset, but Dorothy proceeds fluently.*] I had heard the most awful stories about you, oh, the most unbelievable things—you and Cheever!

Shelton: [*Nodding.*]

We were pals.

Dorothy:

Yes. I began to think. I knew that if I married a man as good as I was, I 'd go mad, stark, staring mad. [*She pauses.*] Billy, have you ever felt an impulse to do something outrageous?

Of course.

*Dorothy:*  
What happened?

*Shelton:*  
I did it.

*Dorothy:*  
So did I—for the first time in my life! I married you!

*Shelton:* [Offended.]  
Thank you, Dorothy.

*Dorothy:*  
Oh, I 've had no regrets. It was n't good for me, but I 've enjoyed it. I 've enjoyed it too much.

*Shelton:*  
What do you mean?

*Dorothy:*  
Billy, do you know, you 've had a great influence on me? [He cannot answer.] Do you imagine a woman can live with you for two years, as I have lived with you, and remain a perfectly good woman?

*Shelton:* [Floundering.]  
Is n't that a little strong?

*Dorothy:*  
The truth is always strong. I 'm not blaming you, Billy. You 've exerted an influence; it was the only influence you could exert.

*Shelton:* [Gasping.]  
A bad one?

*Dorothy:*  
The best that was in you.

*Shelton:*  
Which is to say, the worst?

*Dorothy:*  
I suppose so.

*Shelton:*  
And Cheever?

*Dorothy:*  
Another impulse. [She pauses.] Billy, I never knew until to-day how much bad there was in me. I did n't even know it when I began to go around with Cheever.

*Shelton:* [Bewildered.]  
Do you call him a good impulse?

*Dorothy:*  
I don't know. I did n't know whether it was the bad in him calling to the bad in me, or that which was capable of being reformed in him calling to the good in me. Which was it? There 's bad in me, and there must be some good left in me. But what am I? A good woman or a bad woman? I don't know.

*Shelton:*  
[After a moment's reflection.]  
You made me stop gambling.

*Dorothy:*  
Yes.

*Shelton:*  
And drinking.

*Dorothy:*  
Yes.

*Shelton:*  
Why?

*Dorothy:*  
I was n't trying to reform you.

*Shelton:*  
No?

*Dorothy:*  
That came to me to-day. I used to talk to you about your bad habits because, well, because I liked to talk about such things. I liked to hear you tell about them.

*Shelton:*  
[After a pause.]  
Anyhow, I 'm reformed.

*Dorothy:*

Yes.

*Shelton:*

What are you going to do about it?

*Dorothy:*

What *can* I do about it? I can't influence you any more; there is n't any *me* left. I look into myself, and I see oceans of Billy Shelton, nothing but Billy Shelton, as far as the eye can reach, and here and there, tossed by the waves, a little wreckage, such pathetic wreckage, that used to be something better. Billy, today I am what you have made me.

*Shelton:*

[*Thunderstruck.*]

Which is to say that it was *I* who eloped with Cheever!

*Dorothy:*

That 's what it amounts to.

*Shelton:*

Well, then, what I want to know is, why did n't it go through?

*Dorothy:*

What do you mean?

*Shelton:*

If the me in you made you run off with Cheever, what brought you back?

*Dorothy:*

[*After a pause.*]

Nothing brought me back.

*Shelton:*

No?

*Dorothy:*

Cheever *sent* me back. [*There is a long pause.*] We had arranged to meet at the station. I met him. We were to send our trunks ahead to Chicago. Mine left yesterday. I was ready to go through with it to the bitter end, but he—

*Shelton:*

He?

*Dorothy:*

He changed his mind at the last minute.

*Shelton:*

[*After deliberation.*]

Why?

*Dorothy:*

That 's what I 've been asking myself.

*Shelton:*

Did he give any reason?

*Dorothy:*

He did n't have to. Am I a good woman or a bad woman? Cheever knows. I 'm not what he thought I was. That 's why he did n't elope with me. He found out at the last minute.

*Shelton:*

That you were a good woman?

*Dorothy:*

Perhaps.

*Shelton:*

Or that you were a bad one?

*Dorothy:*

I 'd give anything to know. Cheever knows.

*Shelton:*

And he won't tell.

*Dorothy:*

No.

*Shelton:*

[*After a thoughtful pause.*]

I like his nerve! [*Dorothy looks at him in mute inquiry.*] My wife not good enough for him to elope with! [*She does not answer.*] Are n't you pretty enough? [*She shrugs her shoulders.*] Or clever enough? [*He surveys her critically.*] Is that something new you 're wearing?

*Dorothy:*

Yes. I bought it to-day. Do you like it? My farewell? [*He nods.*] Well?

*Shelton:*

[*Nodding his approval.*]

Yes. Looks well on you. [*There is a knock at the door.*] Come in.

*The Butler:*

[*Entering with a letter on a salver.*]

Messenger just brought a note, sir.

*Dorothy:*

Oh!

*Shelton:*

[*Glances at her. After an instant's hesitation, she nods her permission. He takes it, slowly opens the envelop, and reads the contents. The Butler waits. Shelton notices him.*]

Well, why are you waiting?

*The Butler:*

Is there an answer, sir?

*Shelton:*

An answer? No.

[*The Butler goes. In the ensuing silence Shelton tears up the note.*]

*Dorothy:*

*Shelton:*  
[*Slowly, as if stating a mathematical problem.*]

Whatever you are, good or bad, does n't matter. You've reformed me so thoroughly that you won't go far wrong in my company—and you're going to have lots of it.

*Dorothy:*

[*Submissively.*]

Yes, Billy.

*Shelton:*

You may make slips; I *expect* you to make slips, but while I'm here to watch you they won't be bad ones.

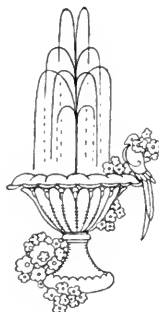
*Dorothy:*

No, Billy.

*Shelton:*

And before I forget: if you have any outrageous impulses, they will be in *my* direction. You understand? [*She nods. He folds her comfortably in his arms, and smiles happily.*] From now on I'm prepared to enjoy life.

THE CURTAIN FALLS





## Butterfly

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

See frontispiece by Anna Whelan Betts

SUMMER to-night! And just two years ago  
In summer you were with us. . . .  
I still can catch the echoes of the laughter  
And light and sweetness  
That made a ripple following where you went.  
Summer to-night . . . —and you, beyond all summers,  
In the dry dust are lying.  
Incredible! . . .  
The summer brings your laughter back—  
As much a part of it as sun  
And clouds and birds.  
It cannot be that you are lying  
In the dry earth, forgotten.  
Something of you breathes in the wind,  
Something of you glowed in that sunset,  
And now in twilight  
The warm soft silence, almost happiness,  
Is wholly yours.

I have not known your like again;  
I shall not know it.  
A butterfly, men said,  
While you were here.  
But now they think of you—  
And wonder. . . .

Oh warm heart, eager heart, full of the sun and summer—  
Send back your rays upon us, clear and joyful,  
Love us whose love for your sake still is lonely.





## “Miser’ble”

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

Author of “Idle Wives,” etc

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

JUST at dawn, and before the sun was up, a young couple paused at the western edge of Washington Square Park. They paused because the girl was startled by the promise of spring. A faint radiance of gold was in the eastern sky, beyond the housetops, beyond the river. Back of them, and even overhead, the night was fading; but the earth seemed darker than the heavens. Among the trees arc-lights still burned with sprawling shadows; and like four walls of the square, the rows of houses were still asleep.

In the center of the park, where the fountain was playing, stood a row of tar ovens, with dusky flames, and smoke curling up into the air like incense. The silhouettes of workmen passed black before the fires. There was an immense and utter hush of life, though three or four birds sang, and east and west a dim rumble gave warning of the city’s awakening.

The dawn had wonder in it, golden wonder, as if the whole city were going to rise up and gather on the roofs and sing to the new-born sun.

“Are n’t you glad,” said Vic, in a trembling and softly musical voice, “that we did n’t take a taxi, Tim?”

“Why?” he asked.

“Because we never would have seen this from a taxi.”

“Oh.” He suppressed a yawn.

“Look!” she cried eagerly. “One by one—”

Among the branches, one after the

other, the lights were going out, leaving a strange vacancy.

“The lamplighter is turning off the lights,” she said.

They were silent. Then she spoke again:

“It ’s all so fresh, and new, as if the world had been made this morning.”

He looked at her quickly. She looked enchanting at the moment: bareheaded, her hair as black as a raven; her black eyes with vertical high lights; the high forehead only half hidden; the lips of natural red; the fine ivory-colored complexion. The lips, parting, revealed teeth that were unusual; excellent biters, the eye-teeth as sharp as fangs. And over her sloping shoulders was thrown an opera-coat that had hints of leopard skin in its color scheme. Withal, she was adorable; and even as she stood there, dreaming, no least motion of hers was without its intimate grace and meaning.

He forgot he was tired.

“How old are you, Vic?” he asked.

“As if you did n’t know! Huh!”

“Tell me again. Come.”

“Twenty-two.”

He looked straight at her, and spoke irrelevantly:

“I ’ve never seen a more beautiful dawn.”

“Nor I,” she said, looking toward the east.

“Such black night, with two suns rising right beneath it!”

"Two suns?" She turned and stared at him.

"Two devil suns."

"You think you 're smart," she said.

"I think you 're—bewitching."

"If you tease me any more—"

"What, then?"

"We 'll go home."

"All right," he said sternly. "Come ahead. After dancing all night like mad in that hot glare, it 's about time we did."

"Ah, Tim," she said, with a soft silvery laugh, "please let 's sit down on a bench and watch the sun rise! Honest, I 'm not tired. It 's so good, this fresh air and the sky and the quiet after the dancing! Come on, Tim, please!"

He grumbled, but they found a bench facing east, and sat down. In silence they sat there. By imperceptible degrees the air grew lighter, and a new stir trembled about them. A rosiness was in the eastern sky.

The perfume in the air mingled for him with the delicate perfume she used, and again he glanced at her. Her face was troubled, the eyes large with unreleased tears.

"What 's the matter, Vic?"

"Oh, Tim," she said helplessly, laying her hand in his, "I 'm just miser'ble!"

"Nice little hand!" he murmured, and pressed his lips to it. Then she withdrew it. "What *is* the matter? Money?"

She laughed ripplingly.

"No, beast, not money, though heaven knows I 've got a plentiful lack of it. I worked just three days this week; and now that that picture is finished, there may n't be another in a fortnight. Hm! the movies!"

"You were better off at home, my Iowa blackbird."

"Better off there! I should say not!" she said, with contempt. "Fighting with my father, and being the belle of the town, and just aching to do something—and nothing to do but look pretty!"

"And when did you look pretty?"

"Oh, they thought I did."

"Provincials!" he muttered. "But here, lost and alone in a great, wicked city—"

"This city is *my* city," she broke in proudly. "I love every stone in it, and all the people, too."

"Then there 's hope for me," he muttered. "I 'm one of the people."

"You 're one of the—animals. And you 're conceited—and handsome."

"Thank you," he said.

He was handsome, with his mirthful blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and large dark head.

"But I 'd rather be a poor movie 'super' here than the belle of Lotonia; for if I were in Lotonia now, I would not be seeing the sunrise with a penniless artist in Washington Square, that place of ill repute."

"And if you were in Lotonia," he continued, "I 'd be asleep now, getting healthy, instead of being a low night-lifer."

"Yes," she flashed, "a lot you care! I suppose you think that blonde is pretty!"

"What blonde?" he asked innocently.

"What blonde! Why don't you marry her?"

"I can't afford it," he said.

"But *she* has money, and you know it."

"Has she? Oh."

"If there 's one thing I hate in a man," said Vic, "it 's conceit."

"Am I conceited, O Rose of Lotonia, Iowa?"

"Yes." She burst out laughing. "The worst of it is, Tim," she said, squeezing his hand, "I like it—in you."

"A good way to cure me!" he grumbled.

"What are they waiting for?" she asked.

"Who?"

"The people who give the sun his cue, so he can rise. This is the slowest sunrise I 've ever attended."

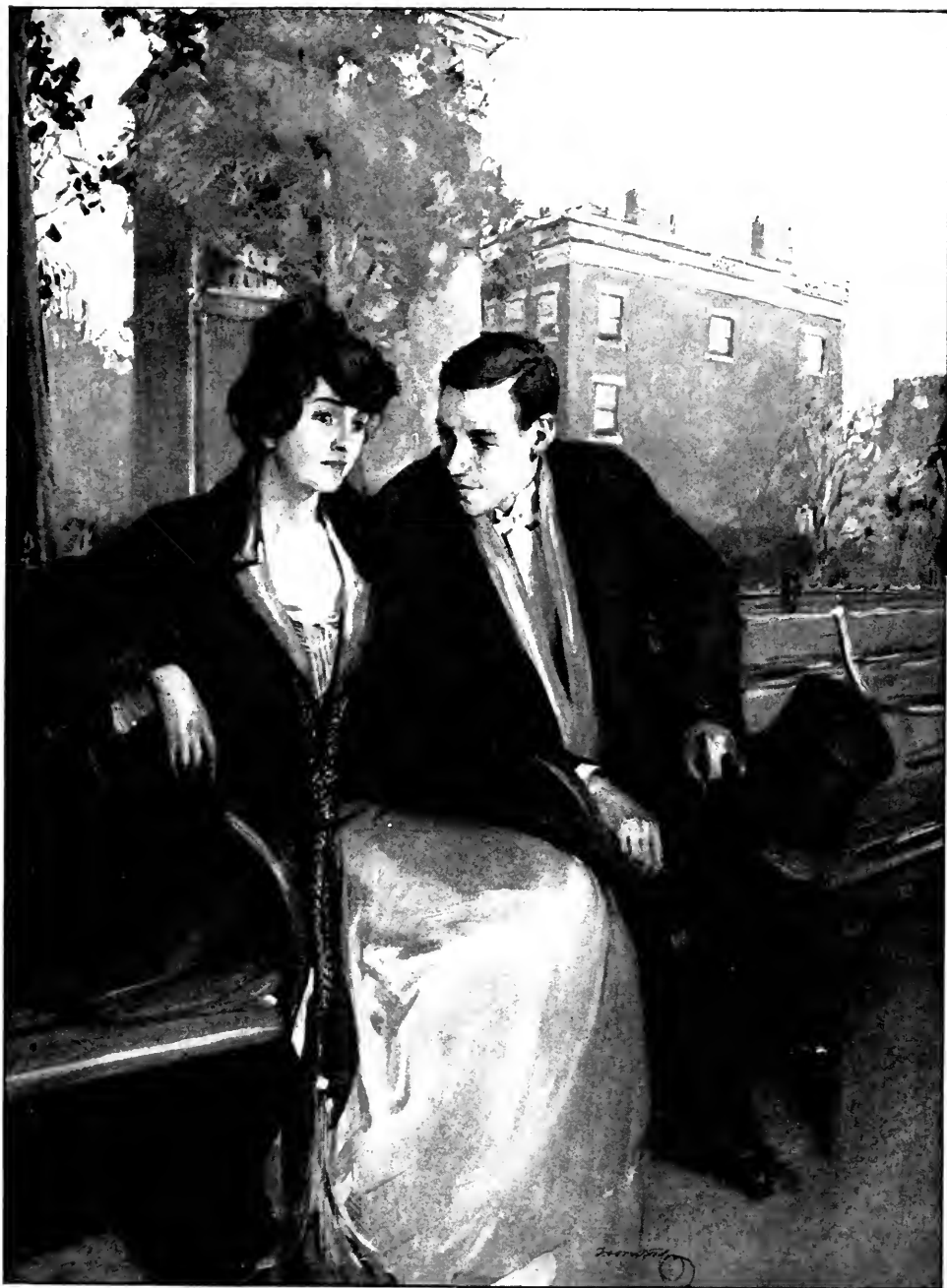
"The watched pot never boils," he murmured.

They were silent. Again she withdrew her hand, lowered her face.

"I 'm miser'ble!" she muttered. "Tim, I 've never been so unhappy in my life."

"You are, for a fact!" he said, astonished. "Now, say, Vic, come, you 've got





He looked straight at her, and spoke irrelevantly :

"I 've never seen a more beautiful dawn."

"Nor I," she said, looking toward the east.

to tell me. Don't you tell me everything?"

"Yes," she said, staring at him; "I really do. There is n't another soul in the world I tell my secrets to. But why do I tell you? You just mock at me and scold me—beast!"

He smiled at her and leaned near.

"But you just tell me, anyway, don't you, Vixen?"

She smiled back at him.

"Give me your hand."

He gave it, and she promptly inserted his first finger in her mouth and bit sharply. The teeth were indeed excellent biters.

"Ye gods!" he cried, wringing his hand. "You little demon!"

"Now," she said, "behave yourself."

"Hm!" he said darkly. "Now I see why you call me Tim."

"Why?" she asked.

"Vic-Tim."

She was amazed; her lips parted.

"Did you only guess that now?"

"Why?" he cried in wonder. "Did you do it on purpose?"

She shook with long rolls of laughter.

"Oh, goody! goody! And I thought you were so much cleverer than I! Goody! Such a stupid! It took him a whole month to find it out! Goody! Bless his heart!"

He collapsed.

"Well," he said grimly, "conceit is vain. The balloon has been pricked."

Her face saddened again, and she looked downward solemnly.

"Oh, Tim," she sighed, "I'm just miserable!"

"You are," he said seriously. "Come, please tell me."

"Well," she said shyly, "it's about Mr. Oakley."

"What about Mr. Oakley?"

Her eyes filled with tears again.

"Don't you think, Tim—"

"Think what?"

"That—that I ought to marry Mr. Oakley?"

"What do you mean," he asked fiercely—"marry that old man?"

"But he's not old," she insisted.

"He's forty-four, and you're twenty-two. He's twice as old as you are. He's old enough to be your father. What do you mean, anyway?"

"Well," she said, "I like men to be old."

"So that you can be a child all your life, and be taken care of and petted and spoiled. Will you never grow up? Mr. Oakley, huh! Has that old man been bothering you again?"

"Bothering? What do *you* mean?"

"Talking to you, getting on his knees, acting like a ninny. I suppose that dance you sat out with him—come on, tell me the worst."

"I knew you'd scold me," she said meekly.

"Come, come, what did he say?"

"Please, Tim, I just know I'm a fool; but he was crying."

"The poor simp! He? Both of you! Did you cry, too?"

She looked away, murmuring:

"A little bit."

"There you both sat crying in the middle of the festivities! By all the gods! I wonder which one is the greater idiot!" He leaned nearer, in deadly earnest. "You did n't make any promises, did you, Vic?"

"Well, not exactly. I said, I supposed if he felt it had to be, it had to be."

"Not exactly!" He was exasperated.

"I suppose if you two got a marriage license, and the preacher pronounced you man and wife, you'd feel you were n't exactly man and wife. You're engaged to be married to Henry Oakley."

Color fled from her cheeks.

"I'm not," she said breathlessly.

"You are. Did he kiss you?"

She looked shocked.

"Why, no. He does n't kiss me. He would n't dare."

He paused a moment, then threw up his head, and burst into hilarious laughter.

"Would n't dare! Yo-ho! Is this to be a kissless marriage?"

"I don't see anything funny about it," said Vic, sharply.

"Funny? It's about as funny as mur-

der. You don't know what you 're doing. Just throwing yourself away on a widower. And I suppose you think you are fit to take care of his child?"

She was very meek indeed. She shook her head sadly.

"I knew you would scold me, Tim."

"Then why do you do such things?" he asked roughly.

She looked at him beseechingly, and took his hand.

"Ah, now, please, Tim, won't you try to understand?" She could not see for tears. "He 's been so good to me; he 's been better to me than any one else in New York."

"No one else been good to you?"

"Not like Mr. Oakley. You know, you have n't. You 're never good to me—really. You just scold me and make fun of me, and call me names—"

"And this poor old man? He?"

"He has been good to me." Her voice broke. "He 's taken me out and let me alone and bought me things; and he turns pale if I get angry or if I 'm sick. He never crosses me—"

"Can you talk with him for half an hour without dying?"

"No," she said simply; "that 's just it. That 's why I make him take me to theater, so I won't have to talk to him."

"And there 's a man to marry!"

"I 'm not marrying for conversation."

"No; it 's as I said, you 're marrying to be taken care of. Lets you alone, ye gods! There 's a man for you! Half the time he treats you like a child, and the other half as if you were a queen. And that pleases you! To be petted and then knelt to! But he never treats you as if you were a woman. Are n't you ashamed of yourself?"

"A little," she admitted. "But you need n't get so mean about it. And I 'm not quite as bad as you say."

"You 're worse. You have a heart of mush—except when it comes to me. Huh!" he snorted, "I suppose if I were a doddering old man, too old to eat meat, you 'd feel so sorry for me you 'd marry me for the asking."

"No," she said seriously; "you—never. I know you, Mr. Tim. And a man of forty-four is n't a doddering old man, either."

"Come, don't you feel sorry for him?"

"Why—why should n't I feel sorry for him?" Again her eyes were blinded. "Poor fellow! You don't know how lonely he is, a widower, living all alone, and no one to love him. And his child neglected. When he talks about it, I 'm all in."

"I suppose his child will be less neglected after you marry him! I can just see you taking care of a child!"

"Well," she said weakly, "we can get a governess."

"Oh, can we!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see the man is selfish?"

"Selfish? He is n't. That I know."

"He is. He wants to be loved, so he 's willing to spoil a young girl's life in order to feel comfortable. What will you get out of it?"

"I knew it," she said humbly.

"Knew what?"

"You 'd scold me."

He sat back helpless; then he lowered his voice:

"Vic, listen." He took her hand and pressed it. "Really, now, I 'll ask you just one thing, and then I won't bother you any longer."

"Won't bother me?" she cried, alarmed. "What will you do?"

"Go home and stay."

"And you won't see me any more?"

"Can't you see that that is impossible?"

"No, I can't."

"But you 'll have him to tell your secrets to."

"No. I must have you."

"Even after you are married?"

"Of course."

Laughter burst from him.

"Well, you are—you are—what? Heaven help me!"

"Tim," she said anxiously, drawing nearer him, "you did n't mean that, did you? You know you must n't speak that way. I won't stand for it. I 'll take it in earnest; and never see you again—"

"All right," he said softly. "We won't talk of it—now. But, really, Vic, answer me: do you or don't you love him?"

Her eyes widened.

"No, I don't love him."

"And yet you will marry him?"

"But you know, Tim," she said exquisitely, "I'm just the same as you are: I can't love."

"Can't?"

"We artists can't really love. We just take fancies."

"Oh, that's it!"

"You see, we only love ourselves."

"Something in that," he muttered.

"We're just like Narcissus."

"Who was Narcissus?"

"Oh, he was the Greek lad who looked into the stream, and fell in love with his own face there, and so he fell in. But a flower grew out of him. That flower was art. Hm! So you can't ever love?"

"That's a lovely story," said Vic, musing. "Perfectly lovely. Dear Narcissus!"

"Is n't it, Narcissa?"

"You're mean!" She laughed softly.

They were silent.

"So," he said, with curious ripples in his voice, "you don't think I can love."

"I know you can't. You love your work, that's all." She laughed archly. "But you've met your match in me. I'm the same as you are."

"Perhaps that's why we get along so well together," he said.

"So well!" she exclaimed. "We can't talk five minutes without fighting."

He looked at her; there were little demon-gleams in her black eyes; there was a teasing expression about the lips.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, low, "you are—bewitching!"

She was startled and a little alarmed.

"Tim, did n't I really look pretty last night?"

He looked at her sharply.

"Pretty? You? With such an insipid face?"

"But, really!"

"You look—execrable."

"What do you mean?" she asked soberly.

"Mean? If you were pretty, Vic, I would n't have anything to do with you. A man can't have any fun with a pretty woman. She's always vain, and queens it over him, and makes him a slave. But you see a plain woman—"

"Yes, a plain woman—"

"Well, a plain woman, if she wants to have a man, must try to please him. She treats him decently. He can talk with her. I can talk with you, you see."

She was deeply hurt.

"Am I really so plain? Of course I know I'm not so beautiful—"

"—And how can a woman who has a bulbous nose—"

"Bulbous?" She felt of it.

"Why, the end simply mushrooms out."

"Yes." She breathed sharply. "I always knew that nose was wrong. Now you've made me perfectly miserable! I could just cry, you beast!"

There were, indeed, tears in her voice.

"Why can't you accept yourself as you are?" he said. "Why do you want to be something you're not?"

"But at the movies and in Lotonia—"

"Humbug! You believe those people! Bad taste, that's all."

"Tim!"

She was silent, biting her lips. He turned aside to conceal his smile of cruelty.

"Anyway—" she began in a whisper.

"Anyway, what?"

She suppressed a sob.

"Anyway, Mr. Oakley thinks I'm beautiful."

He gave a shout of laughter.

"Mr. Oakley! That doddering old man!"

"He's not so doddering."

"He's withered."

"He's not. Anyway, he never insults a person, as you do."

"Aw," he said as cooingly as a mother with a baby, "did I hurt the little heart?" He took her hand, and smoothed it down. "Was the man naughty? Did he say bad things to the little girl? Was her heart all broken?"

"Yes, it was," she said sadly.

"Bad man! Poor little broken heart!"



... I said, I supposed if he felt it had to be, it had to be''

Nice Mr. Oakley, that never said bad things to the little girl! Nice Mr. Oakley!"

She drew her hand away sharply.

"Oh, if—"

"If what?"

"If I only had a mirror! I just want to see if you know it all."

"But are n't you plain?"

"I don't think I 'm so *very* plain."

"No," he said, "you could be worse."

"Now I know!" she exclaimed.

"Know what?"

"You think that blonde is pretty!"

"Why, she is. Any one can see that. That white skin, faintly flushed with red—"

"With rouge. Huh! any one can do that!"

"With red. Those cerulean eyes, so sharply incised, almost enameled; that golden hair—"

"Golden!" she exclaimed. "Golden? You call that golden? And you call yourself an artist! It's a dowdy yellow."

"Golden as ripe corn."

"You 've never seen ripe corn in your life."

"I saw her hair."

"Well, if that's your taste, all right. But I always looked up to you, and thought you a real artist."

"And I always looked up to you, and thought you a real woman."

"A plain woman."

"No," he said, with a touch of bitterness, "I 'm serious now. I thought you a real woman, Vic, and not what you are showing yourself."

She spoke angrily:

"What am I showing myself?"

"A fool."

"Take that back!"

"When you take back your foolishness."

"No. Take that back."

"Now, look here, Vic," he broke out, "if you marry Mr. Oakley, you know it's just because he will take care of you. He simply caters to your weakness, your love of finery and ease and good suppers and theater and luxury."

"Well, all right," she exclaimed. "What of it? I know perfectly well I 'll never be a good actress; I 'm doing it to keep on here in New York, because I don't want to go home. There's no career for me here. And I know, I really know, I 'm simply incapable of loving. I was engaged twice, and broke off both of them. And I like Mr. Oakley. . . . And that's all there is to it."

"If that's it," he said, "all right. Go and marry him. I congratulate you."

Copious tears began to run down her face. He stared at her.

"Now, what in the name of all the gods is the matter?"

"Oh, Tim," she sobbed. "I 'm perfectly miser'ble."

"Why?"

"I knew—I just knew you would scold me, Tim."

"Why should n't I?"

She lowered her face.

"But you did n't have to call me plain, too, and you did n't have to—"

"Have to what?"

"Call that blonde a beauty; and besides—"

"What?"

"There!" She sobbed aloud. "I 'm too perfectly miser'ble!"

He sat back and watched her; then he began to laugh softly; then his laughter became a rumble; then it became a roar.

She stared at him through tears.

"Where—where is it so funny? You just let me go and marry him, and don't care a bit."

"So you 're the girl who can't love? Ninny!"

"What do you mean?"

"Ninny! Nincompoop! Idiot! Empty-head!"

"Tim!"

"Why, you stupid," he exclaimed, seizing her hands, "can't you see?"

"See what?" She was greatly alarmed.

"You 're head over heels in love."

"With Mr. Oakley?"

"No," he said; "with me."

She gasped, and turned pale.

"But," she began, "I thought you and I

could n't love. We 're artists. You said so yourself."

"Maybe we 're not artists, then."

"But I won't love you!" She tried to take her hands away, but unsuccessfully. "I won't! All the other fool women do, and you just laugh at them."

"At them, yes; but I won't laugh at Mr. Oakley. I 'll waylay him; I 'll knock him down; I 'll murder him."

"But, Tim—"

He drew nearer, and their eyes met.

"But, Vic—"

Slowly color came to her cheeks, her eyes grew radiant, her soul seemed to unfold in her face like an opening blossom.

"Oh, are n't we the stupid!" she murmured.

Then they kissed.

DAWN was singing. The trees were full of birds; radiance ran around them. Truly it seemed now as if the whole city had risen up and gathered on the roofs to sing to the new-born sun.

Vic looked up at the world and laughed.

"We sat down here to see the sunrise," she cried, "and look, look, the sun is high in the sky!"

He drew her near again.

"I saw the sunrise, though," he murmured devoutly. "I was watching your face."

A shadow crossed that face.

"A plain face, Tim," she whispered.

"Plain? About as plain as

. . . the face that launch'd a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium."

The shadow fled. Spring sang in her, and flushed her cheeks. The sun gleamed in her eyes, and lit the moist red of her lips. With adorable, delicate gesture, she put two fingers to her mouth, and bent her head a little, and threw him a kiss.

"After this—after this," she almost sang, "I 'm going to call you Tory."

"Why Tory?"

"It comes better after Vic than Tim does."

## Appeal

By EVANS CLARK

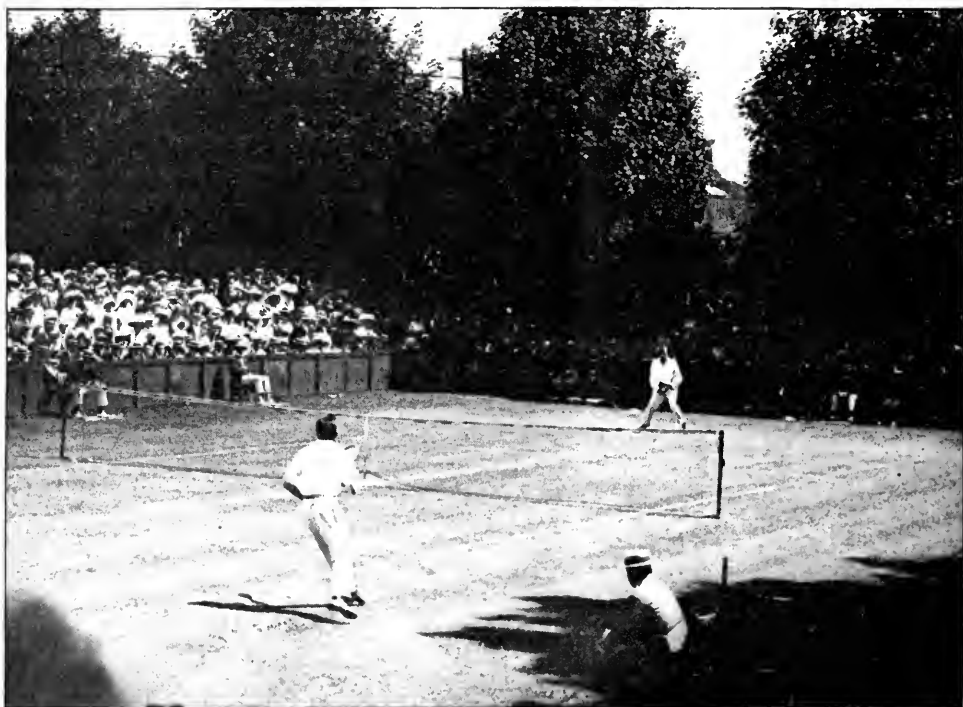
O GOD,  
Of all the ardent prayers  
That circle up to Thee as smoke;

O Art,  
Of all the hot desires  
That burst for thee in color, form, and tone;

O Science,  
Of all the cries to thee  
Wrung from hearts and minds in tragic conflict,

Hear mine!

Grant, oh, grant,  
The yearning, wistful, pleading thing release  
That all but cries aloud in brooding music,  
That struggles in the prisoning eyes of dogs,  
And beats and surges ceaselessly against  
The walls of my own heart!



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Tennis at Newport

## The Rise of Tennis

By LOUIS GRAVES

WHEN the red-headed Californian was streaking back and forth across the turf at Forest Hills last summer, driving and volleying and smashing his way to victory over Brookes of Australasia, many an old-time follower of the game marveled at the contrast the scene presented—the contrast to the little lawn-parties that served as a background for the lawn-tennis events of twelve or fifteen years ago. In those days a championship match was seen by a few hundred, sometimes perhaps by not more than a few dozen, well-to-do people; it was a pretty and pleasant social gathering, with women in fluffy summer-time gowns sitting on camp-chairs, and behind them men in flannels who now and then leaned forward for an exchange of gossip. But here, in August, 1914, was a real crowd on a real grand stand, intent upon the game and the game alone; with all the enthusiasm of a

base-ball crowd, though with much better manners. The press was represented in force, telegraph wires had been strung into the grounds, and the news of the match, point by point, went under the ocean and abroad over the land.

If you had n't known it before, you woke up to the fact then that a great change had come about in the public regard for the game of lawn-tennis, or, as we call it here, omitting the qualifying word that some purists still regard as indispensable, tennis. It has had its good seasons, its ups and downs. There have been times before when it seemed about to spread beyond the confines of the colleges and a few clubs. So the high esteem which it now enjoys may be called a revival; but that word does not tell the whole story. The game's present hold has a vitality and firmness that make the interest of an earlier period seem a mere ripple in the life



of sport. Tennis has become unmistakably, genuinely popular.

Explanations of this access of public favor will differ, but mine is this: tennis has lost the reputation of being a pink-tea, handkerchief-in-the-sleeve, deah-old-Algy sort of affair, and has come to be recognized as spirited, red-blooded, fast. People thought its chief ingredient was milk and water; now they know it is ginger.

True, aggressive net play is almost as old as the game itself. Back in the eighties the Renshaws were furious volleyers, and since their day volleying has been a recognized part of tennis. But it was not until ten years ago, about the time that Holcombe Ward treated the British at Wimbledon to a very spectacular (though unsuccessful) exhibition of rushing-in tactics that the public began to appreciate the possibilities that lay in the game. The style of play that was the exception at the beginning of the century is now an every-day sight. And the advent of McLoughlin, who combines dash and wonderful skill with a peculiarly engaging manner on the court, gave the finishing touch to the education of the public upon the real character of present-day tennis.

Every sport must have its heroes, and nobody can tell how much of its popularity it may owe to the personality and performances of some star player. One would not be far wrong, perhaps, in supposing

that the keen interest in tennis to-day is largely due to the appeal which the Californian makes to the popular imagination. It is a sort of appeal that, of course, you can't define or explain. I have never met McLoughlin. I don't know whether in a drawing-room he is clever or dull, grave or gay; but this I do know, that when you see him in action on the court, springing toward the net after his serve, or leaping into the air to murder a lob, you are possessed with a vast liking for him. For the spectators he has magnetism beyond that of any other player. And the newspaper reporters have been able, somehow,

to convey the sense thereof to the unfortunate part of the sport-loving public that could not get it at first-hand.

But how the enthusiasm for tennis was stimulated is not important. Let us be content to know that it is a fact. In the course of a walk through the upper west side of Manhattan Island you will come across a dozen or more plots that have been converted into tennis-courts for hire. The land so used has a potential value of millions of dollars, and some day will be covered by lofty apartment-houses. Until people discovered what a



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McLoughlin in action

splendid game tennis was, the land lay neglected, full of boulders and stagnant pools and rubbish, and brought no income. Upon a strictly commercial basis, as a permanent improvement, tennis-courts

upon one of these plots would not be considered for a moment; but they serve acceptably as what real-estate folk call taxpayers. They help to ease the distress of the owner at seeing his land lie idle and unproductive. Manhattan, the wise ones say, is badly overbuilt, so it is likely that for a long time to come there will be vacant lots, and tennis will be available at reasonable cost.

A few charges of dynamite to get huge rocks out of the way, a horse-drawn scraper to do the leveling, two or three dozen laborers, a boss with strident tones—and an acre of useless land is soon converted into a tennis-ground. When the white lines are drawn and the bill-board fences are supplemented by wire netting, a young woman assistant takes her place behind a counter at the entrance and starts a schedule of reservations, with a blank space for every hour of every day in the week. And there is a feverish rush for the privilege of being entered on that schedule. If you want a court, you must engage it early, and double rates for Saturday and Sunday, please! In good weather there seems never to be an idle court in any of these inclosures; and some of the enterprising proprietors have begun to install the new system of lighting which, even if it is not quite as good as daylight, makes tennis by night a capital pastime.

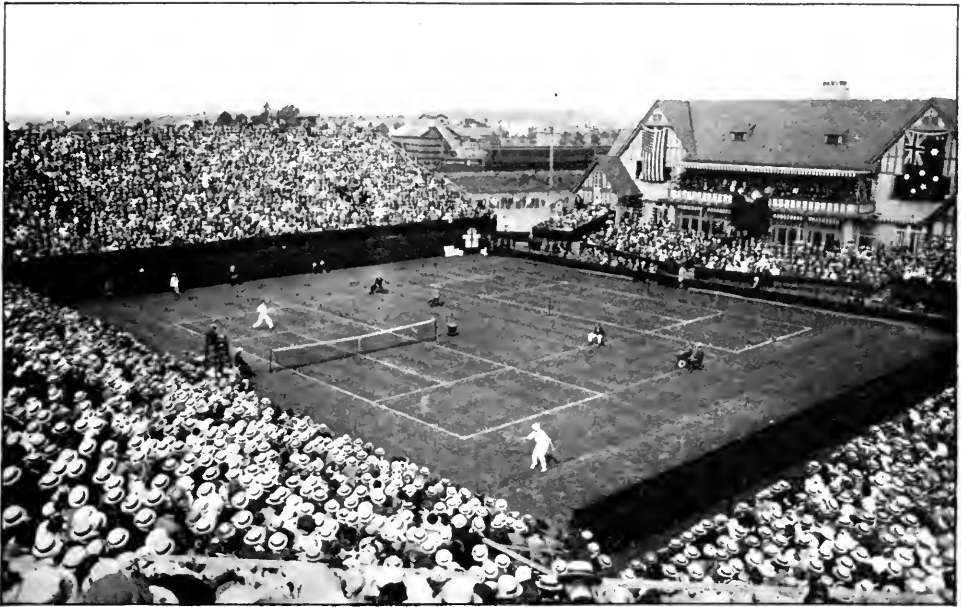
The recognition accorded to tennis by the municipal powers that be is another evidence of the popularity of the game. No longer content with turning fields of rough, clumpy grass over to citizens who might bring out their own nets,—and often draw their own lines,—park commissioners now have wide sweeps of ground carefully prepared, net-posts put in, and courts accurately laid out. In the parks of Greater New York, for example, dozens of new courts have appeared within the last year or two. There are like facilities for free tennis in many other cities and even in the smaller communities. I remember being astonished to find recently in a little town in Pennsylvania public courts that would be a credit to any club.

Why one form of sport is liked more

than another is always something of a puzzle. I once demonstrated in print with mathematical accuracy that base-ball was the dullest of all games—demonstrated it to my own satisfaction, but, as far as I could learn, to nobody else's. To me nothing brings more pleasure than to look at foot-ball; a lot of folks I know would not walk a block to see Harvard play Yale. Some ignorant persons do not like golf. And unquestionably there are people so benighted and undiscerning that they are not fond, and will never be fond, of tennis. Notwithstanding this, those who are devotees of the game are sure that the favor in which it now stands is not a mere passing whim. We refuse to accept as truly descriptive of its popularity offensive words like vogue and craze and fashion. We regard it as a case of scales falling from the eyes, a belated awakening to rare virtue that long ago should have been evident to all.

We have to admit that economic and social changes may have contributed to the awakening. Tennis is a compact game, and that means much in these days when the people are crowding to the cities, and land is becoming more and more valuable. You have to go out into the country to play golf, and the space required for base-ball, though less, makes indulgence in that game almost as difficult. Neither of these games can be played by a busy man except at week-ends, while boating and horseback riding are just as inconvenient, not to mention the question of expense. A tennis-court can be sandwiched in between the houses on a city block. For the city-dweller, in fact, tennis affords the only way of getting lively, frequent, and inexpensive exercise, combined with keen enjoyment. Of course one may drill his muscles within the four walls of a gymnasium or even in his own bedchamber or back yard. But who wants to lift dumbbells and throw around a medicine-ball?

Now, there are not a few men who rather resent the growing popularity of tennis. They would like to keep it what they are pleased to call a gentleman's game, and they shake their heads sadly at



© by Underwood & Underwood Davis Cup Series at Forest Hills, Long Island, 1914

the thought of its being profaned by the familiarities of the crowd. Their sensitiveness recalls the protest of a certain wealthy old man, the director of a railroad in Virginia before the Civil War. Passenger rates were high in those days; so high that one of the directors thought they ought to come down. He suggested five cents a mile.

"What!" exclaimed the dean of the board, indignantly. "Why, sir, if we reduce the rate to five cents, we 'll have every Tom, Dick, and Harry ridin' on this road!"

Those who would discourage the democratization of the game were strong advocates of Newport in the contest last winter between that resort and New York for the national championship, though I do not mean, and do not believe, that snobishness inspired those who led in objecting to the change. These men had other reasons, which seemed to them good, for making their protest. But, whatever the motive, the fact remains that to keep the championship at an inaccessible place like Newport, where relatively few people could see it, would have been a serious obstacle to the proper development of tennis throughout the land. That the vote

of the delegates to the tennis convention should have been as close as it was on this question is surprising. However, the shift was inevitable; if Newport had won this year, it was bound to lose next year or the next. The tennis-followers of New York and the South and the West, constituting a powerful majority, would surely have their way in the end.

The All-Comers' will be held at Forest Hills in September. And while one cannot expect it to bring out such crowds as the Davis Cup challenge round last summer, it will be an event of first rank in the calendar of sports, far more important than it could ever be at Newport. I shall be much surprised if it does not turn out to be, in future years, a migratory affair, like the golf championship. This is what it properly should be; there are clubs with ample accommodations in Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and in time all these cities will have their claims recognized by the Lawn Tennis Association.

This probability leads to consideration of the relative merits of turf and dirt. Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago are mentioned as suitable places for the All-Comers' because they have clubs with good turf. But most cities have no turf to

which they can invite the experts. Therefore arises the question: With the popularization of tennis, will dirt supplant turf as the standard playing surface? Some day, maybe, but not for a long time.

One of the world's leading professionals told me last year that he believed the supremacy of the hard-court game was sure to be acknowledged in the end, though he did not prophesy how soon it would come about. In this country to-day there are, of course, hundreds of dirt courts to one turf court. The reason is obvious. The dirt court is easier to build and much less costly to maintain; and in some parts of the country, because of climatic conditions, acceptable turf is literally an impossibility. Even in the centers that can boast of good turf courts, these play, numerically, a small part, as compared with the others. In the New York district several of the important tournaments are played on dirt. But the tradition that the final trial of skill must be made on turf is so strong that it will be hard to overcome. For my own part, I hope it will not be. The game as played on a soft green surface is too beautiful a thing to be given up. As far as the spectator is concerned, it has upon the eye a satisfying effect that the hard-court game can never have. And the most expert players, whose opinion may be depended upon to have much weight in any choice, invariably like it.

When there is talk of dirt's supplanting turf, let it not be forgotten that tennis is an international game; and in the land of its birth, England, players and spectators will surely stand firm against taking it off the grass.

Out in California they play on asphalt, and this must be the fastest kind of tennis. Yet when the California cracks come East every summer, one hears no word of complaint from them about the transfer to grass. Indeed, there are some who think that hard-court play is the best preparation for championship form on a soft surface; the player cultivates a degree of speed and endurance higher than is needed for the turf, and the consequence is that

he has a reserve supply of these two invaluable qualifications. It is like being trained to hurdle a five-foot barrier and then discovering that, in the final contest, the height is reduced to four and a half. A wag once remarked that the way to McLoughlin's victory was paved with asphalt.

Whether or not there is any virtue in such a theory I would not venture to say. One of the favorite diversions of tennis fans is to offer explanations of the remarkable California invasion. When McLoughlin and Long and Bundy came on from the coast, that might be called an accident. But the prodigies keep on coming. William Johnston, Lindley Murray, and Elia Fottrell were with McLoughlin in the first ten last year. Griffin and Hahn are two others who made notable records. And there is already talk of another new young California marvel who is to open our eyes a little wider. It may all be due to asphalt; but there are asphalt courts in other places than California. A more plausible explanation is that there is a tennis school in San Francisco where boys begin to learn when they are still in short trousers, and where they are put regularly through tournaments with umpires, foot-fault penalties, and all the other formalities. Sound training is what tells most surely, as the career of the present national champion, Williams, proves; he went through years of careful instruction before he appeared in tournaments at all.

Williams is still an undergraduate, and the players from the Pacific Coast are all young. In the front rank of tennis cracks the average age is lower to-day than ever before. But among people who play for fun and not for fame, the proportion of players over forty is probably larger than it ever was, despite the lure of golf for men who have passed that age. Americans are learning, what apparently the English have always known, that there is no need of giving up vigorous exercise simply because one has grown sons or sits in a bank directorate or wears a silk hat to meetings of the common council. The



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Tennis fans at Newport

Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, former premier of the British Empire, appeared as Wilding's partner in a tournament on the Riviera after he was sixty.

To express the view that tennis became popular because people learned it was fast and stirring is not to say that the base-line style of game, which is certainly more agreeable to men who are approaching middle age, has been discredited. Though the sort of tennis McLoughlin plays is a more stirring spectacle, conclusive demonstration of its superiority over a less hectic method has not yet been given. It happens that aggressive net play is in the ascendant at just this time chiefly because in his last season Wilding—who has since met his death as a motor-cycle despatch-carrier in France—went down before his fellow-Australasian's volleying at Wimbledon and before American volleying at Forest Hills. But he had beaten McLoughlin two or

three times before, and his drives from the base-line had won him the All England championship four or five years in succession.

This bit of history is repeated in order that the player who chooses to stay back may take comfort. As a matter of fact, he will beat nine times out of ten an opponent of the same level of ability who rushes regularly to the net. Most young players would rather try volleying even if they stand less chance of winning. And whatever its advantages or disadvantages, almost everybody would rather look at it. The consensus of expert opinion is that a judicious combination of the two styles should be the aim of the player who aspires to top rank. But with shining examples like Wilding and Gore and S. H. Smith before him, no man who prefers the base-line game need feel ashamed to stick to it.



## CURRENT COMMENT

### The Movies

AFTER the worst theatrical year in the history of America, the Broadway managers are going about the Rialto wringing their hands. Their galleries deserted them long ago to go to the motion-picture shows; their "road business" in the smaller towns soon followed; and now the metropolitan audiences have turned from them to pay two dollars apiece for seats at moving-picture spectacles. Even the Hippodrome has become a "moving-picture palace." The newspapers all over the country are giving to the "movie stars" and the "movie gossip" the pages of free publicity that they used to give to the stage, because the movies pay for it in advertisements, and the stage no longer does. Actors and playwrights are making more from their motion-picture work than they do from "the legitimate"; and the managers, compelled to pay taxes on theaters that remain empty despite cut-rate campaigns to sell seats at half-price, are trembling on the verge of a bankruptcy that has already engulfed some of the most famous of them.

A crop of little theaters has sprung up, sowed by the example of Mr. Winthrop Ames; but until the salary of the American actor comes down,—and as yet the motion-picture work sustains it,—the little theater cannot solve the problem, since it does not reduce expenses behind the footlights. Moreover, to an audience that has become accustomed to the violent action of photo-plays, anything but melodrama is too "talky"; and the most successful melodrama of the day is one that takes its technic from the motion-picture, and changes its scene and shuttles its action with the rapidity of the blink of a film.

Whether these conditions are to remain or not, they have already lasted longer than the most pessimistic predicted when they began; and it seems possible that the stage is to suffer permanently, as the book has suffered, from the nervous restlessness of a speeded life that distracts from a concentrated attention and makes serious listening, like serious reading, an effort that few can endure.

### The Farmer's Dollar

IN this country, even more than abroad, the farmer is isolated from social influence by the circumstances of his life; for here he has his house on his farm, instead of living in a village and driving out to his fields to work. He is pitted alone against the forces of nature; he succeeds by his own skill and industry, in constant emulation with his neighbor; and his success or failure is always apparent, invidiously, in the state of his crops and the size of his herd and the look of his home. It follows that he is sturdily individualistic, self-reliant, untrained to co-operation, and suspicious of any effort to combine him with his fellows in a league for common betterment.

The Eastern rural journals are just

now full of his complaints that he receives only thirty-five cents out of every dollar that he raises because of the commission man, the railroads, and the middlemen that come between him and his markets. But all the movements to enroll him in farmers' unions that would reach his customers directly by collective bargaining have been less than moderately successful. He complains in unison, but his training and conditions of life make it difficult for him to unite in anything more coöperative than complaint.

To the larger plans of coöperation—to the campaign to socialize the tools of industry and the ownership of land—he will surely be the greatest obstacle. His sense of his property rights is as strong as the

creative instinct, of which it partakes. He builds up every inch of his farm by his labor, and his personality is expressed in it as the artist's is in his work. He has a paternal devotion for his land. It is to him what the book is to its author. It will remain, after his death, as the monument of his labor, to represent him to posterity—his immortality.

The automobile and the telephone and the rural post are overcoming his isolation. The improvement in farm machinery is making him less of a handicraftsman. The studies in inoculation of the

soil may make his farming more of a science than an art. And the shrinkage of his dollar may force him to coöperate with his neighbors in buying and selling. But the socialist and the single-taxer who have his individualism to combat and his sentiment of creative ownership to convert have many generations of persuasion before them. They describe their creed as "economic Christianity," and it is ominous that the farmer was so slow to Christianize, as compared with the city-dweller, that the very word "pagan" is Latin (*paganus*) for peasant.

## After the War

THE Germans, by a united social effort to better the conditions of life and improve their national efficiency, have achieved a success that makes the imitation of their methods inevitable for their rivals. And one of the most striking results of the war will probably be the promotion of state socialism among European nations. National prohibition has been a step in that direction. The British Government's assumption of control of armament factories is another step. It seems impossible that the rest should not follow.

The drafting of so many men to fight has already put women into occupations that were ordinarily closed to them. And the enormous loss of life in battle has made it likely that the women will have to continue to fill those places in peace for a generation at least. That should make the women more self-supporting—more economically independent, as the sociologists say. And it should affect the status of woman politically, and advance the cause of woman suffrage.

Both state socialism and woman suf-

frage may make for peace in the future, since it is more difficult to get a whole nation to declare war responsibly than to obtain national support for a war that has been declared by an irresponsible governing class. But the present conflict is the issue of commercial rivalries, and such rivalries will not be any less bitter in the future, especially if state socialism makes a nation more united in its aim and more aware of foreign opposition, as Germany seems to have been made. There is the hope that other nations will socialize democratically, instead of by the will of an autocracy, so that the faults of the German system may be corrected by a greater degree of self-government; in which case the appalling loss of life in this war will have its lesson in the future for the working-classes who fill the graves of battle, and a conflict will be more difficult to obtain if it has to be obtained from the man who votes for his own death when he votes for conflict, and from the woman who gets from war no glory, and no decoration but her widow's weeds.

## Woman's Clothes

MAN, being a teachable animal, has largely relinquished his attempts to regulate woman's costume by law. After centuries of discouragement he has given that up, though he has not yet ceased his efforts to regulate by ridicule and pulpit

condemnation and the anathemas of public moralists. Year after year he finds woman's clothes immodest, with no apparent suspicion that the immodesty of a dress lies almost wholly in the eye of the beholder, that a woman naturally does not

consider her body an offense or a deformity that must be disguised beyond recognition for decency's sake.

When the recent fashions freed women from some of the unnecessary swaddlings that had impeded her locomotion, and put her into summer waists that she could be cool in, it was not the demi-monde that wore these "immodestly" scant garments most brazenly or the fashionable woman determined to be in style. It was the working-girl. Any one who walked on the streets of New York when the shops

and factories were closing could recognize that fact. A woman who is economically independent need not dress to suit a masculine sense of proprietorship, and she does not. As she continues her progress toward freedom and self-support, she grows further and further away from the Turkish ideal of the veiled woman of the harem on the streets. If she does not end with a campaign against the double standard of dress, it will be because the ugliness of the masculine standard offends her, and not the immodesty of it.

## The Fruits of Martyrdom

TO the layman, after the first horror of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the principal thought has been of the utter uselessness of the sacrifice of so many innocent lives. The death of non-combatant men, women and children never fails to arouse bitterness and indignation. The Americans who went down with a torpedoed ship had no possible share in a war which, in defiance of the previously existing rules of maritime warfare and of humanity, has destroyed neutral citizens travelling upon the high seas.

Yet their untoward death has done something more than shock their fellow Americans. It has aroused another feeling than the resolve that the new warfare which cost those lives should not be allowed to continue, without solemn measures on the part of the United States Government.

So far as any adequate reparation is concerned, either for the families and friends of the victims, or for the blow to their nation, nothing can ever be done. Yet there are evidences that their involuntary martyrdom will not be entirely without fruit.

The acute situation produced between the United States and Germany as a result of the *Lusitania* affair has brought to the all-too-negligent and optimistic American people, as hardly anything else could have done, some realization of the fact that they still live in a family of cruel and relentless members, that the ancient

"trial by battle" is still the court of last resort in international affairs, and that wars are made first and discussed afterward.

With all their progress as a race and nation, Americans have been singularly blind to the realities of national existence, almost since the day of their independence. With remarkable good fortune they have blundered through a number of wars and crises in which a slight change in the factors might have produced a national disaster.

The individual or nation seeking to substitute luck for preparation runs enormous risks, and a few narrow escapes in the past should sober rather than enthuse.

For the first time, then, in many long decades there are signs that Americans are beginning to take note of their truly dangerous situation from a military standpoint. If this feeling, stirred by the death and sufferings of their countrymen on the *Lusitania*, shall bear fruit in the adoption of adequate measures for the land and sea defenses of this nation, the victims will not have perished without leaving a heritage of value to their native land.

While, therefore, the American Government is insisting on the recognition by other nations of the rights of its citizens to life and property, no less heed should be taken of the ability of the people to defend those rights from aggression and contempt, from whatever source, now and in future.



# IN LIGHTER VEIN



## The Night of the Fleece

By LAWTON MACKALL

Illustration by Walter J. Enright

WIMLEY was the mildest man living. Consequently, when Molly said, in her most decisive tone, "Non-sense! I won't hear of your going back to-night, before you've even seen our new tennis-court," he realized that he would have to stay over the week-end.

Not that he did n't want to, in one way; for he liked Molly, and admired the way she bossed the servants and ran the house for her mother. Then, too, the weather, which seemed to be growing hotter every minute, would be far more endurable out here in Avondale Manor than in the city. What troubled him was the fact that he had not brought a hand-bag.

"I'll lend you some of father's things," she went on. "It will be no bother at all."

When the evening drew to a close and bedward migration began, he was shown to the guest-room.

"I hope you will find everything all right," said his hostess as she bid him good night.

He replied that he was sure he would. Then he opened the door. The heat met him like a solid wall. Throwing off his coat, he went to the two windows to see if they could really be open. Yes, they were; but the thick fly-screening kept out any air that might have desired to enter. He glanced at the bed. There was something blue and white lying folded on it. As he drew nearer, he could see that this something was fuzzy. Picking it up, he discovered it to be a pair of woolen

pajamas. Horrors! Not even in the bitterest winter could his skin endure the feel of wool. He wondered if Molly's father ever really wore such things. Perhaps his wife had given them to him, and perhaps that was why the old gentleman was staying so long in South America.

Midnight found Wimley still looking the pajamas squarely in the fuzz. An awful thought was in his mind: What would Molly and her mother think of him if they found them unrumpled and therefore unused?

He slid one leg into the proper section: the flannel drew like a mild mustard-plaster. Then he pulled on the other: he was engulfed. A hippopotamus would have felt comfortable in them at the north pole.

He drew the fuzzy cord several feet before he tied it, then put on the ulster. It had a huge pocket, capable of containing a table-cloth, that hung over the spot where his appendix would have been if he had been internally left-handed. Noticing that his feet had disappeared, he turned up the bottoms of the trousers four times, so that each ankle was neatly encircled with a doughnut-shaped buffer.

Then, after throwing back all the covers, he snapped out the light and got into bed. It had one of those patent soft mattresses that, sinking in, hold the body in bas-relief. He rolled and floundered on the thing, but at every flounder he sank deeper. It was a quicksand of a bed.

He recalled Victor Hugo's account of

the unfortunate traveler who perished in just such a way: how first his feet disappeared, then his knees, then his waist, till at last there was nothing but a waving hand, and then that went.

He was just preparing to wave when his attention was distracted by the realization that his whole body was tingling with the heat. He seized the jacket by the middle button and pumped it in and out, trying to pump in some cool air. There was none to pump. Gasping for breath, he crawled to a window. Still no air.

He decided to remove the fly-screening. There was a little groove in the side of the frame where you were supposed to put in your fingers and pull. He put in his fingers and pulled. Nothing happened. Then he did so again, considerably harder, and the screen went sailing out of the window. He leaned out just in time to see it crash upon a row of potted plants. His heart stood still. Had any one heard the noise? He listened for several minutes in agonizing suspense.

Here at the window it was a little cooler than in the bed. Why not emulate the Japanese and sleep on the floor? Splendid! No more squashy, clinging mattress for him! Fetching a pillow, he stretched out in true Oriental style.

Quite right, the floor did not sink or yield in any manner. It even gave prominence to certain bony places which the bed had kindly overlooked. Resisting the thick woolen anklets, it complicated the disposal of his lower limbs. Finally, however, a gentle sleep "slid into his soul."

But about an hour later the slippery thing slid out again at the mere announcement by a rooster that dawn had arrived. Other roosters, wishing to remove all doubts on the subject, repeated with emphasis that joyous day was at hand. Then a large fly buzzed in through the window to say good morning. It perched sociably on his left temple, and began rubbing its two front legs together in a jovial manner.

But Wimley was in no mood for holding a levee. He brushed the fly away. It executed a boomerang trajectory, lit again on the same spot, and began rubbing its

legs as before. He brushed it away again. It perched again in exactly the same spot. He was indignant: was *he* to be at the mercy of a miserable little *fly*? It seemed he was.

He got up and paced the floor. Happening to catch a glimpse of his face in the mirror, he beheld a flourishing crop of black bristles. His whiskers stood ready to be harvested, and his faithful razor was fifty miles away! Panic seized him. He thought of the window-screen catastrophe, of the quicksand bed, of the hard floor; his heart sank. But when he thought of a day in those whiskers, another night in those pajamas, and then *to-morrow's* whiskers, he felt that instant flight was the only thing possible.

Hastily he pulled on his clothes, which felt sticky and moldy, and spoke eloquently of yesterday's dust and heat. Then he opened the door and peered out into the hall. No one was in sight; but other doors were open, and out of one of these came a rumbling snore. Could it be Molly's? This ominous sound was more than he could bear; he retreated.

Back in the room once more, he tiptoed over to the screenless window to see what his chances would be in that quarter. Ah, there, close by, was a vine-covered trellis that reached down to the ground! With palpitating heart he swung himself over to it. It quivered slightly as it received his weight.

The thorny crimson Rambler was decidedly cloying. He no sooner succeeded in detaching himself from one twig, than two more just like it whipped out and hooked him. He reached down with his right foot—down, down—where the devil was that next cross-piece? At last he found it, together with about a dozen new thorns. But when he started to bring down his left foot, the twigs from above insisted on escorting him to the lower perch; so that he was now in the clutches of the thorns of both levels. His coat-tails had soared to the middle of his back, and his side pockets were nestling under his armpits. The air was full of perfume and profanity.



"What would Molly and her mother think of him if they found them unrumpled and therefore unused?"

All at once there was a crack and a tear, and something gave way. The next instant he and the vine were sailing through the air.

A clump of lofty hollyhocks suffered martyrdom in breaking his fall. They gave their sap to save him and complete the ruin of his clothes. Disentangling himself from the wreckage, he dashed off down the nearest path, under arbors and pergolas, around sun-dials and summer-houses, past marble seats with mottos that spoke of rest; till, just as he thought he had reached the edge of the labyrinth, he found himself at the end of a blind alley. In front of him was a dribbling fountain, a vapid-faced female clad in dew and idiotically pouring water out of a parlor ornament. On the pedestal was carved, "A garden is a lovesome spot, God wot." A brown measuring-worm was measuring

the lady for garments she needed, but would never wear. And the water dribbled and dribbled.

But Winley was n't thirsty. Striding over a row of conch-shells and broad-jumping a plot of geraniums, he made for a six-foot hedge that appeared to be the boundary of the garden. A desperatespring, followed by a frantic scramble, brought him to the top of it. He wriggled there like a bareback rider on a bucking porcupine.

*Ping!* sounded a tennis-racket close beside him. Lifting his face from the foliage, he beheld Molly enjoying an early morning game with her thirteen-year-old brother.

"My advantage!" she called as she raised her racket to serve. But catching an astonished look on the boy's face, she stopped short and glanced at the hedge. "A tramp!" she exclaimed, moving toward the spot.

The would-be fugitive struggled to tumble back on the other side. His head and one shoulder disappeared from view.

"Grab him! Don't let him get away!" she cried excitedly.

The boy did so, seizing one foot while she seized the other.

Then, from the depths of the foliage came a voice as shy and as plaintive as that of the hermit thrush, murmuring, "It 's Wimley!"

## Outrageous Verse

By R. C. BROWN

### I

I LIKE long prayers,  
The kind that stretch  
Like elastic bands.  
I always sit around,  
Holding my breath,  
Hoping they 'll snap back  
And hit the preacher  
On the nose.

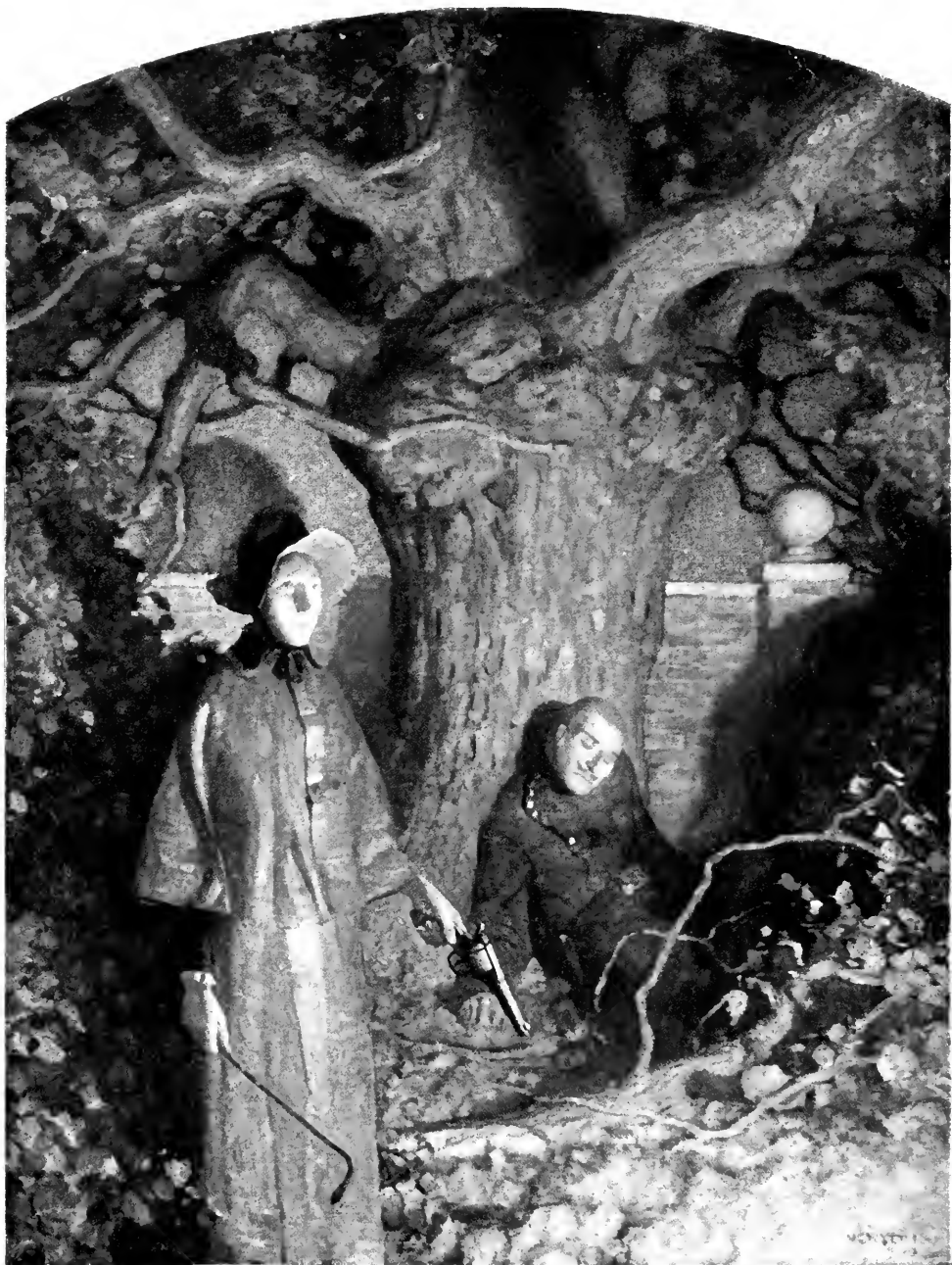
### II

I HATE institutions.  
They try to make people  
All alike;  
Shake 'em like cocktails' ingredients  
In a patented aluminum mixer,  
And then pour 'em all  
Out of the same containers,—  
A dozen little cocktails  
All alike,  
Each of a flavor identical to the other.  
I think the last thing  
I should institute  
Would be an institution.

### III

ALWAYS my soft heart has beat with  
adulation  
For people who edit and criticize writing.  
Worthy folk, going about wiping the  
noses of croupy phrases;  
Tucking exclamation-points into strange  
beds,  
Picking moth webs out of warm, fur-  
bearing sentences,  
And on top of that splitting cords of  
infinitives,  
To get up an appetite for a book review.  
I hold my breath when I come into the  
presence of these people.  
I feel highly humble.





“Her long pleasure was broken by a sound that she had waited for”

Painting by N. C. Wyeth



## Mary Postgate<sup>1</sup>

“. . . How does your garden grow?”

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Illustration by N. C. Wyeth

OF Miss Mary Postgate, Lady McCausland wrote that she was “thoroughly conscientious, tidy, companionable, and ladylike. I am very sorry to part with her, and shall always be interested in her welfare.”

Miss Fowler engaged her on the strength of this recommendation, and to her surprise, for she had had experience of companions, found that it was true. Miss Fowler was nearer sixty than fifty at the time, but though she needed care, she did not exhaust her attendant's vitality. On the contrary, she gave out stimulatingly, and with reminiscences. Her father had been a minor court official in the days when the great exhibition of 1857 had just set its seal on civilization made perfect. Some of Miss Fowler's tales, none the less, were not always for the young. Mary was not young, and though her speech was as colorless as her eyes or her hair, she was never shocked. She listened unflinchingly to every one; said at the end, “How interesting!” or “How shocking!” as the case might be, and never again referred to it; for she prided herself on a trained mind, which

“did not dwell on these things.” She was, too, a treasure at domestic accounts, for which the village tradesmen, with their weekly books, loved her not. Otherwise she had no enemies; provoked no jealousy even among the plainest; neither gossip nor slander had ever been traced to her; she supplied the odd place at the rector's or the doctor's table at half an hour's notice; she was a sort of public aunt to very many small children of the village street, whose parents, while accepting anything, would have been swift to resent what they called “patronage”; she served on the Village Nursing Committee as Miss Fowler's nominee when Miss Fowler was crippled by rheumatoid arthritis, and came out of six months' fortnightly meetings equally respected by all the cliques.

And when Fate threw Miss Fowler's nephew, an unlovely orphan of eleven, on Miss Fowler's hands, Mary Postgate stood to her share of the business of education as practised in English private and public schools. She checked printed clothes-lists and unitemized bills of extras; wrote to head and house masters, matrons, nurses, and doctors; and grieved or rejoiced over

half-term reports. Young Wyndham Fowler repaid her in his holidays by calling her "Gatepost," "Postey," or "Packthread," by thumping her between her narrow shoulders, or by chasing her bleating round the garden, her large mouth open, her large nose high in air, at a stiff-necked shamble, very like a camel's. Later on, he filled the house with clamor, argument, and harangues as to his personal needs, likes, and dislikes, and the limitations of "you women," reducing Mary to tears of physical fatigue or, when he chose to be humorous, of helpless laughter. At crises, which multiplied as he grew older, she was his ambadress and interpretress to Miss Fowler, who had no large sympathy with the young; a vote in his interest at the councils on his future; his sewing-woman, strictly accountable for mislaid boots and garments, always his butt and his slave.

And when he decided to become a solicitor and had entered an office in London, when his greeting had changed from, "Hullo, Postey, you old beast," to "Mornin', Packthread," there came a war, which, unlike all the wars that Mary could remember, did not stay decently outside England and in the newspapers, but intruded on the lives of people whom she knew. As she said to Miss Fowler, it was "most vexatious." It took the rector's son, who was going into business with his elder brother; it took the colonel's nephew on the eve of fruit-farming in Canada; it took Mrs. Grant's son, who, his mother said, was devoted to the ministry; and very early indeed it took Wynn Fowler, who announced on a post-card that he had joined the Flying Corps, and wanted a cardigan waistcoat.

"He must go, and he must have the waistcoat," said Miss Fowler. So Mary got the proper-sized needles and wool, while Miss Fowler told the men of her establishment—two gardeners and an odd man aged sixty—that those who could join the army had better do so. The gardeners left. Cheape, the odd man, stayed on, and was promoted to the gardener's cottage. The cook, scorning to be limited in luxu-

ries, also left after a spirited scene with Miss Fowler, and took the housemaid with her. Miss Fowler gazetted Nellie, Cheape's seventeen-year-old daughter, to the vacant post; Mrs. Cheape to the rank of cook, with occasional cleaning-bouts; and the reduced establishment moved forward smoothly.

Wynn demanded an increase in his allowance. Miss Fowler, who looked facts in the face, said: "He must have it. The chances are he won't live long to draw it, and if three hundred makes him happy—"

Wynn was grateful, and came over in his tight-buttoned uniform to say so. His training center was not thirty miles away, and his talk was so technical that it had to be explained by charts of the various types of machines. He gave Mary such a chart.

"And you 'd better study it, Postey," he said. "You 'll be seeing a lot of 'em soon." So Mary studied the chart, but when Wynn next arrived to swell and exalt himself before his women-folk, she failed badly in cross-examination, and he rated her as in the old days.

"You *look* more or less like a human being," he said in his new service voice. "You *must* have had a brain at some time in your past. What have you done with it? Where d' you keep it? A sheep would know more than you do, Postey. You 're lamentable. You are less use than an empty tin can, you dowie old casso-wary!"

"I suppose that 's how your superior officer talks to *you*," said Miss Fowler from her chair.

"But Postey does n't mind," Wynn replied. "Do you, Packthread?"

"Why? Was Wynn saying anything? I shall get this right next time you come," she muttered, and knitted her pale brows again over the diagrams of Taubes and Farmans and Zeppelins.

In a few weeks the mere land- and sea-battles which she read to Miss Fowler after breakfast passed her like an idle breath. Her heart and her interest were high in the air with Wynn, who had finished "rolling" (whatever that might be),



and had gone on from a "taxi" to a machine more or less his own. One morning it circled over their very chimneys, alighted on Vegg's Heath, almost outside the garden gate, and Wynn came in, blue with cold, shouting for food. After breakfast he and she drew Miss Fowler's bath-chair, as they had often done, along the heath foot-path to look at the biplane. Mary observed that "it smelt very badly."

"Postey, I believe you think with your nose," said Wynn. "I know you don't with your mind. Now, what type 's that?"

"I 'll go and get my chart," said Mary.

"You 're hopeless; you have n't the mental capacity of a white mouse," he cried, and explained the dials and the sockets for bomb-dropping till it was time to mount and ride the wet clouds once more.

"Ah!" said Mary as the stinking thing flared upward. "Wait till our Flying Corps gets to work! Wynn says it 's much safer than in the trenches."

"I wonder," said Miss Fowler. "Tell Cheape to come and tow me home again."

"It 's all downhill. I can do it," said Mary, "if you put the brake on." She laid her lean self against the pushing-bar, and home they trundled.

"Now be careful you are n't heated and catch a chill," said overdressed Miss Fowler.

"Nothing makes me perspire," said Mary. As she bumped the chair under the porch she straightened her long back. The exertion had given her a color, and the wind had loosened a wisp of hair across her forehead. Miss Fowler glanced at her from under eyebrows which had refused to whiten in all these years.

"What do you ever think of, Mary?" she demanded suddenly.

"Oh, Wynn says he wants another three pairs of stockings—as thick as we can make them."

"Yes; but I mean the things that women think about. Here you are more than forty—"

"Forty-four," said truthful Mary.

"Well?"

"Well?" Mary offered Miss Fowler her shoulder as usual.

"And you 've been with me ten years now."

"Let 's see," said Mary. "Wynn was eleven when he came. He 's twenty now, and I came two years before that. It must be eleven."

"Eleven. And you 've never told me anything that matters in all that while. Looking back, it seems to me that *I 've* done all the talking."

"I 'm afraid I 'm not much of a conversationalist. As Wynn says, I have n't the mind. Let me take your hat."

Miss Fowler, moving stiffly from the hip, stamped her rubber-tipped stick on the tiled hall floor.

"Mary, are n't you *anything* except a companion? Would you *ever* have been anything except a companion?"

Mary hung up the garden hat on its proper peg.

"No," she said after consideration, "I don't imagine I ever should. But I 've no imagination, I 'm afraid."

She fetched Miss Fowler her eleven o'clock glass of Contrexéville.

That was the wet December when it rained ten inches to the month, and the women went abroad as little as might be. Wynn's flying-chariot visited them several times, and for two mornings (he had warned her by post-card) Mary heard the thresh of his propellers at dawn. The second time she ran to the window, and stared at the whitening sky. A little blur passed overhead. She lifted her lean arms toward it.

That evening at six o'clock there came an announcement in an official envelop that Lieutenant W. Fowler had been killed during a trial flight. Death was instantaneous. She read it, and carried it to Miss Fowler.

"I never expected anything else," said Miss Fowler; "but I 'm sorry it happened before he had done anything."

The room was whirling round Mary Postgate, but she found herself quite steady in the midst of it.

"Yes," she said, "it 's a great pity he

did n't die in action—after he had killed somebody."

"He was killed instantly. That 's one comfort," Miss Fowler went on.

"But Wynn says the shock of a fall kills a man at once, whatever happens to the tanks," quoted Mary.

The room was coming to rest now. She heard Miss Fowler say impatiently: "But why can't we cry, Mary?" and herself replying: "There 's nothing to cry for. He has done his duty as much as Mrs. Grant's son did."

"And when he died, *she* came and cried all the morning," said Miss Fowler. "This only makes me feel tired—terribly tired. Will you help me to bed, please, Mary? And I think I 'd like the hot-water bottle."

So Mary helped her, and sat beside her, talking of Wynn in his riotous youth.

"I believe," said Miss Fowler, suddenly, "that old people and young people slip from under a stroke like this. The middle-aged feel it most."

"I expect that 's true," said Mary, rising. "I 'm going to put away the things in his room now. Shall we wear mourning?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Fowler. "Except, of course, at the funeral. I can't go. You will. I want you to arrange about his being buried here. What a blessing it did n't happen at Salisbury!"

Every one, from the authorities of the Flying Corps to the rector, was most kind and sympathetic. Mary found herself for the moment in a world where bodies were in the habit of being despatched by all sorts of conveyances to all sorts of places. And at the funeral two young men in buttoned-up uniforms stood beside the grave and spoke to her afterward.

"You 're Miss Postgate, are n't you?" said one. "Fowler told me about you. He was a good chap, a first-class fellow, a great loss."

"Great loss," growled his companion. "We 're all awfully sorry."

"How high did he fall from?" Mary whispered.

"Pretty nearly a thousand feet, I should

think, did n't he? You were up that day, Monkey."

"All of that," the other child replied. "My bar made a thousand, and I was n't as high as him by a lot."

"Then *that* 's all right," said Mary. "Thank you very much."

They moved away as Mrs. Grant flung herself weeping on Mary's flat chest, under the lich-gate, and cried:

"I know how it feels! I know how it feels!"

"But both his parents are dead," Mary returned as she fended her off. "Perhaps they 've all met by now," she added vaguely as she escaped toward the coach.

"I 've thought of that, too," wailed Mrs. Grant; "but, then, he 'll be virtually a stranger to them. Quite embarrassing!"

Mary faithfully reported every detail of the ceremony to Miss Fowler, who, when she described Mrs. Grant's outburst, laughed aloud.

"Oh, how Wynn would have enjoyed it! He was always utterly unreliable at funerals. D' you remember—" And they talked of him again, each piecing out the other's gaps. "And now," said Miss Fowler, "we 'll pull up the blinds and we 'll have a general tidy. That always does us good. Have you seen to Wynn's things?"

"Everything—since he first came," said Mary. "He was never destructive, even with his toys."

They faced that neat room.

"It can't be natural *not* to cry," Mary said at last. "I 'm so afraid you 'll have a reaction."

"As I told you, we old people slip from under the blow. It 's you I 'm afraid for. Have you cried yet?"

"I can't. It only makes me angry with the Germans."

"That 's sheer waste of vitality," said Miss Fowler. "We must live till the war 's finished." She opened a full wardrobe. "Now, I 've been thinking things over. This is my plan: all his civilian clothes can be given away—Belgian refugees and so on."

Mary nodded.

"Boots, collars, and gloves?"

"Yes; we don't need to keep anything except his cap and sword."

"They came back yesterday with his flying-clothes." Mary pointed to a roll on the little iron bed.

"Ah, but keep his service things. Some one may be glad of them later. Do you remember his sizes?"

"Five feet eight and a half; thirty-six inches round the chest. But he tells me he's put on an inch and a half. I'll mark it on a label, and tie it on his sleeping-bag."

"So that disposes of *that*," said Miss Fowler, tapping the palm of one hand with the ringed third finger of the other. "What waste it all is! We'll get his old school trunk to-morrow and pack his civilian clothes."

"And the rest?" said Mary. "His books and pictures and the games and the toys—and—and all the rest?"

"My plan is to burn every single thing," said Miss Fowler. "Then we shall know where they are, and no one can handle them afterwards. What do you think?"

"I think that would be much the best," said Mary. "But there's such a lot!"

"We'll burn them in the destructor," said Miss Fowler.

This was an open-air furnace for the consumption of refuse, a little four-foot circular tower of pierced brick over an iron grating. Miss Fowler had noticed the design in a gardening journal years before, and had had it built at the bottom of the garden. It suited her tidy soul, for it saved unsightly rubbish-heaps, and the ashes lightened the stiff clay soil.

Mary considered for a moment, saw her way clear, and nodded again. They spent the evening putting away well-remembered college suits, underclothes that Mary had marked, and the regiments of very gaudy socks and ties. A second trunk was needed, and after that a little packing-case, and it was late next day when Cheape and the local carrier lifted them into the cart. The rector luckily knew of a friend's son, about five feet eight and

a half inches high, to whom a complete Flying-Corps outfit would be most acceptable, and sent his gardener's son down with a barrow to take delivery of it. The sword was hung up in Miss Fowler's bedroom, the cap in Miss Postgate's; for, as Miss Fowler said, they had no desire to make tea-party talk of them.

"That disposes of *that*," said Miss Fowler. "I'll leave the rest to you, Mary. I can't run up and down the garden. You'd better take the big clothes-basket and get Nellie to help you."

"I shall take the wheelbarrow and do it myself," said Mary, and for once in her life closed her mouth.

Miss Fowler in moments of irritation had called her deadly methodical. She put on her oldest waterproof and gardening-hat and her ever-slipping goloshes, for the weather was on the edge of more rain. She gathered fire-lighters from the kitchen, a half-scuttle of coals, and a fagot of brushwood. These she wheeled in the barrow down the mossed paths to the dank little laurel shrubbery where the destructor stood under the drip of three oaks. She climbed the wire fence into the rector's glebe just behind, and from his tenant's rick pulled two large armfuls of good hay, which she spread neatly on the fire-bars. Next, journey by journey, passing Miss Fowler's white face at the morning-room window each time, she brought down in the towel-covered clothes-basket, on the wheelbarrow, thumbed and used Hentys, Marryats, Levers, Stevensons, Baroness Orczys, Garvices; school-books and atlases; unrelated piles of the "Motor Cyclist" and the "Light Car"; catalogues of Olympia exhibitions; the remnants of a fleet of sailing-ships, from ninepenny cutters to a three-guinea yacht; a prep-school dressing-gown; bats from three and sixpence to twenty-four shillings; cricket and tennis-balls; disintegrated steam and clockwork locomotives, with their twisted rails; a gray-and-red tin model of a submarine; a dumb gramophone and cracked records; golf-clubs that had to be broken across the knee like his walking-sticks and an assegai; photographs of private and

public school cricket and foot-ball elevens; and his O. T. C. on the line of march; kodaks and film-rolls; some pewters, and one real silver cup, for boxing competitions and junior hurdles; sheaves of school photographs; Miss Fowler's photograph; her own, which he had borne off in fun and (good care she took not to ask!) had never returned; a play-box with a secret drawer; a load of flannels, belts, and jerseys, and a pair of spiked shoes unearthed in the attic; a packet of all the letters that Miss Fowler and she had ever written to him, kept for some absurd reason through all these years; a five-days' attempt at a diary; framed pictures of racing-motors in full Brooklands career; and basket upon basket of undistinguishable wreckage of tool-boxes, rabbit-hutches, electric batteries, tin soldiers, fret-saw outfits, and jig-saw puzzles.

Miss Fowler at the window watched her come and go, and said to herself:

"Mary's an old woman! I never realized it before."

After lunch she recommended her to rest.

"I'm not in the least tired," said Mary. "I've got it all arranged. I'm going to the village at two o'clock for some paraffin. Nellie has n't enough, and the walk will do me good."

She made one last quest round the house before she started, and found that she had overlooked nothing. It began to mist as soon as she had skirted Vegg's Heath, where Wynn used to descend. It seemed to her that she could almost hear the beat of his propellers overhead, but there was nothing to see; she hoisted her umbrella and lunged into the wet till she had reached the shelter of the empty village. As she came out of Mr. Kidd's shop with a bottle full of paraffin in her string shopping-bag, she met Nurse Eden, the village nurse, and fell into talk with her, as usual, about the village children. They were just parting opposite the White Hart when a gun, they fancied, was fired immediately behind the house. It was followed by a child's shriek, dying into a wail.

"Accident!" said Nurse Eden, promptly, and dashed through the empty bar, followed by Mary. They found Mrs. Gerritt, the publican's wife, who could only gasp and point to the yard, where a little cart-lodge was absurdly sliding sidewise amid a clatter of tiles. Nurse Eden snatched up a sheet drying before the fire, ran out, lifted something from the ground, and flung the sheet round it. The sheet turned scarlet, and half her uniform too, as she bore the load into the kitchen. It was little Edna Gerritt, aged nine, whom Mary had known since her baby days.

"Am I hurted bad?" Edna asked, and died between Nurse Eden's dripping hands. The sheet fell aside, and for an instant, before she could shut her eyes, Mary saw the ripped and shredded body.

"It's a wonder she spoke at all," said Nurse Eden. "What in God's name was it?"

"A bomb," said Mary.

"One o' the Zeppelins?"

"No, an aëroplane. I thought I heard it on the heath, but I fancied it was one of ours. It must have shut off its engines as it came down. That's why we did n't notice it."

"The filthy pigs!" said Nurse Eden, all white and shaken. "See the pickle I'm in! Go and tell Dr. Hennis, Miss Postgate." Nurse looked at the mother, who had dropped face down on the floor. "She's only in a fit. Turn her over."

Mary heaved Mrs. Gerritt right side up, and hurried off for the doctor. When she told her tale, he asked her to sit down in the surgery till he got her something.

"But I don't need it, I assure you," said she. "I don't think it would be wise to tell Miss Fowler about it, do you? Her heart is so irritable in this weather."

Dr. Hennis looked at her admiringly as he packed up his bag.

"No; don't tell anybody till we're sure," he said, and hastened to the White Hart, while Mary went on with the paraffin. The village behind her was as quiet as usual, for the news had not yet spread. She frowned a little to herself, her large nostrils expanded uglily, and

from time to time she muttered a phrase which Wynn, who never restrained himself before his women-folk, had applied to the enemy. "Bloody pagans! They *are* bloody pagans. But," she continued, falling back on the teaching that had made her what she was, "one must n't let one's mind dwell on these things."

Before she reached the house, Dr. Hennis, who was also a special constable, overtook her in his car.

"Oh, Miss Postgate," he said, "I wanted to tell you that that accident at the White Hart was due to Gerritt's stable tumbling down. It's been dangerous for a long time. It ought to have been condemned."

"I thought I heard an explosion, too," said Mary.

"You might have been misled by the beams snapping. I've been looking at 'em. They were dry-rotted through and through. Of course, as they broke, they would make a noise just like a gun."

"Yes?" said Mary, politely.

"Poor little Edna was playing underneath it," he went on, still holding her with his eyes, "and that and the tiles cut her to pieces. You see?"

"I saw it," said Mary, shaking her head. "I heard it, too."

"Well, we cannot be sure." Dr. Hennis changed his tone completely. "I know both you and Nurse Eden (I've been speaking to her) are perfectly trustworthy, and I can rely on you not to say anything—yet at least. It is no good to stir up people unless—"

"Oh, I never do, anyhow," said Mary, and Dr. Hennis went on to the county town.

After all, she told herself, it might just possibly have been the collapse of the old stable that had done all those things to poor little Edna. She was sorry she had even hinted at other things, but Nurse Eden was discretion itself. By the time she reached home the affair seemed increasingly remote by its very monstrosity. As she came in, Miss Fowler told her that a couple of aeroplanes had passed half an hour ago.

"I thought I heard them," she replied. "I'm going down to the garden now. I've got the paraffin."

"Yes, but—what *have* you got on your boots? They're soaking wet. Change them at once."

Not only did Mary obey, but she wrapped the boots in a newspaper, and put them in the string bag with the bottle. So, armed with the kitchen poker, she left.

"It's raining again," was Miss Fowler's last word, "but—I know you won't be happy till that's disposed of."

"It won't take long. I've got everything down there, and I've put the lid on the destructor to keep the wet out."

The shrubbery was filling with twilight by the time she had completed her arrangements and sprinkled the sacrificial oil. As she lit the match that would burn her heart to ashes, it seemed to her that she heard a groan or a grunt behind the dense Portugal laurels.

"Cheape?" she called impatiently; but Cheape, with his ancient lumbago, in his comfortable cottage, would be the last man to profane the sanctuary. "Sheep," she concluded, and threw in the fusee. The pyre went up in a roar, and the immediate flame hastened night around her.

"How Wynn would have loved this!" she thought, stepping back from the blaze.

By its light she saw, half hidden behind a laurel not five paces away, a bareheaded man sitting very stiffly at the foot of one of the oaks. A broken branch lay across his lap, one booted leg protruding from beneath it. His head moved ceaselessly from side to side, but his body was as still as the tree's trunk. He was dressed—she moved sidewise to look more closely—in uniform something like Wynn's, with a flap buttoned across the chest. For an instant she had an idea that it might be one of the young flying-men she had met at the funeral. But their heads were dark and glossy. This man's hair was as pale as a baby's, and so closely cropped that she could see the disgusting pinky skin beneath. His lips moved.

"What do you say?" Mary moved toward him and stooped.

"Laty! Laty! Laty!" he muttered, while his hands picked at the dead wet leaves. There was no doubt as to his nationality. It made her so angry that she strode back to the destructor, though it was still too hot to use the poker there. Wynn's books seemed to be catching well. She looked up at the oak behind the man; several of the light upper and two or three rotten lower branches had broken, and scattered their rubbish on the shrubby path. On the lowest fork a helmet, with dependent strings, showed like a bird's-nest in the light of a long-tongued flame. Evidently this person had fallen through the tree. Wynn had told her that it was quite possible for people to fall out of aeroplanes. Wynn had told her, too, that trees were useful things to break an aviator's fall; but in this case the aviator must have been broken, or he would have moved from his queer position. He seemed helpless except for his horrible rolling head. On the other hand, she could see a pistol-case at his belt, and Mary loathed pistols. Weeks ago, after reading certain Belgian reports together, she and Miss Fowler had had dealings with one—a huge revolver with flat-nosed bullets, which latter Wynn said were forbidden by the rules of war to be used against civilized enemies. "They're good enough for us," Miss Fowler had replied. "Show Mary how it works." And Wynn, laughing at the mere possibility of any such need, had led the craven, winking Mary into the rector's disused quarry, and had shown her how to fire the terrible machine. It lay now in the top left-hand drawer of her toilet-table, a memento not included in the burning. Wynn would be pleased to see how she could use it.

She slipped up to the house to get it. When she came through the rain the eyes in the head were alive with expectation. The mouth even tried to smile; but at sight of the revolver, its corners went down just like Edna Gerritt's. A tear trickled from one eye, and the head rolled from shoulder to shoulder as though trying to point out something.

"Cassée. Tout cassée," it whimpered.

"What do you say?" said Mary, disgustedly, keeping well to one side, though only the head moved.

"Cassée," it repeated. "Che me rends. Le médecin! Doctor!"

"Nein!" said she, bringing all her small German to bear with the big pistol. "Ich haben der todt Kinder gesehen."

The head was still. Mary's hand dropped. She had been careful to keep her finger off the trigger for fear of accidents. After a few moments' waiting, she returned to the destructor, where the flames were falling, and churned up Wynn's charring books with the poker. Again the head groaned.

"Stop that!" said Mary, and stamped her foot. "Stop that, you bloody pagan!"

The words came quite smoothly and naturally. They were Wynn's own words, and Wynn was a gentleman who for no consideration on earth would have torn little Edna into those vividly colored strips and strings. But this thing hunched under the oak had done that thing. It was no question of reading horrors out of newspapers to Miss Fowler. Mary had seen it with her own eyes on the White Hart kitchen table. She must not allow her mind to dwell upon it. Now Wynn was dead, and everything connected with him was lumping and rustling and tinkling under her busy poker into red-black dust and gray leaves of ash. The thing beneath the oak would die, too. Mary had seen death more than once. She came of a family that had a knack of dying under, as she told Miss Fowler, "most distressing circumstances." She would stay where she was till she was entirely satisfied that It was dead—dead as dear papa in the late eighties; Aunt Mary in eighty-nine; mama in ninety-one; Cousin Dick in ninety-five; Lady McCausland's housemaid in ninety-nine; Lady McCausland's sister in nineteen hundred and one; Wynn buried five days ago; and Edna Gerritt still waiting for decent earth to hide her. As she thought, her under lip caught up by one faded canine, brows knit, and nostrils wide, she wielded the poker with lunges that jarred the grating

at the bottom, and careful scrapes round the brickwork above. She looked at her wrist-watch. It was getting on to half-past four, and the rain was coming down in earnest. Tea would be at five. If It did not die before that time, she would be soaked, and would have to change. Meantime Wynn's things were burning well despite the hissing wet, though now and again a book-back with a quite distinguishable title would be heaved up out of the mass. The exercise of stoking had given her a glow which seemed to reach to the marrow of her bones. She hummed—Mary never had a voice—to herself. She had never believed in all these advanced views—though Miss Fowler herself a little leaned that way—of women's work in the world; but now she saw there was much to be said for them. This, for instance, was *her* work—work which no man, least of all Dr. Hennis, would ever have done. A man in such a crisis would be what Wynn called a "sportsman": would leave everything to fetch help, and would certainly bring It into the house. Now, a woman's business was to make a happy home for—for a husband and children. Failing these—it was not a thing one should allow one's mind to dwell upon, but—

"Stop it!" Mary cried once more across the shadows. "*Nein, I tell you! Ich haben der todt Kinder gesehen.*"

*But* it was a fact. A woman who had missed these things could still be useful—more useful than a man in certain respects. She thumped like a paver through the settling ashes at the secret thrill of it. The rain was damping the fire, but she could feel—it was too dark to see—that her work was done. There was a dull red glow at the bottom of the destructor; not enough to char the wooden lid if she slipped it half over against the driving wet. This arranged, she leaned on the poker and waited, while an increasing rapture laid hold on her. She ceased to think. She gave herself up to feel. Her long pleasure was broken by a sound that she had waited for in agony several times in her life. She leaned forward and listened, smiling. There could be no mistake. She closed her eyes and drank it in. Once it ceased abruptly.

"Go on," she murmured half aloud. "That is n't the end."

Then the end came very distinctly in a lull between two rain-gusts. Mary Postgate drew her breath short between her teeth and shivered from head to foot. "*That 's right,*" said she contentedly, and went up to the house, where she scandalized the whole routine by taking a luxurious hot bath before tea, and came down looking, as Miss Fowler said when she saw her lying all relaxed on the other sofa, "quite handsome."





# “A Man’s Other Country”

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of “The New Map of Europe,” “Paris Reborn,” etc.

Illustrations by Lester G. Hornby<sup>1</sup>

“Every man in whose brain and heart is developed the love of that which is beautiful has two countries, his own and France.”

Paris, August 22.

THE other day I was lunching at the home of the modiste with the lawyer and the American journalist who loves France. To sit at the modiste’s board and have before you any dish at all that she has prepared is a treat, but on the day of goose stewed with turnips—words convey no meaning here. You have to taste to understand.

Conversation turned to the foreign volunteers.

“You are talking just to thresh out the subject in your own minds,” said the journalist, “and, as usual, you are cynical. I should do the same, I should be the same, with many subjects, but not with this. The impulse that drives foreigners to volunteer for France is too sacred to be dissected. There may be more than one motive actuating men; there is undoubtedly a large amount of disgusting self-advertisement on the part of many who are organizing rough-riders and other volunteer corps, but what you do not bring out is the fact of which you are as much aware as I, because in the bottom of your heart you feel as I do. The only *foreigners* in France are tourists or those whose egoism or lack of soul life keeps them aloof and apart from the life of this country. Potentially speaking, every man in whose brain and heart is developed the love of that which is beautiful has two countries,

his own and France. ‘Potentially speaking,’ I say; and that is why I can make of this statement a general proposition. For no matter where he was born, no matter what his antecedents may have been, when the man with a soul comes to live in France—and by France, you understand, I mean Paris—he is at home. If he is not at home here, he has no soul. Then it necessarily follows that we are patriotic Frenchmen despite being foreigners. If we volunteer,—or, I ought to say, *when* we volunteer,—it is because of love; and is not the test of love the willingness to give our lives?”

On the way back to work, the journalist accompanied us. We left the lawyer on the Boulevard des Italiens, and went down the Rue de Richelieu to cross the Pont des Saints-Pères. For my office, as well as for my residence, I still hold to the *rive gauche*.

It occurred to us both at the same moment—or was it mental suggestion from his brain to mine?—to pass by way of the Palais Royal, where the “Herald” had announced there was a recruiting-office of the American Volunteer Corps.

Under the arcade, crowded in between the shops of questionable jewelers and questionable booksellers, the wee American recruiting-headquarters was marked by our flag.

The journalist clutched my arm as we

<sup>1</sup> The notable drawings by Lester G. Hornby accompanying this article, and those supplementing Miss Estelle Loomis’s article in July, were expressly drawn by the artist for Mr. Gibbons’s forthcoming book, “Paris Reborn,” Mr. Hornby having recently returned from France.



entered. I could feel in the pressure of his fingers a suggestion of his struggle for self-control.

Two Americans, not of the journalist's type, were running the office, and a dark-haired man, whose eyes suggested a Southern and un-American origin, was presiding over the table where the recruiting-slips were to be had.

The two Americans greeted us in the idiom that is well known north of Park Row, where the *Elevated* runs. When they discovered that we were of the world that sent daily messages to the newspapers, they were solicitous about our having all the information "going" of the American Volunteer Corps, and the full names and antecedents of those who were organizing it.

We made, of course, the perfunctory motions of taking down the names and details. I do not give them here, for the paper has been mislaid. What interested us was the tall boy of nineteen or twenty who was having some difficulty in filling out his recruiting-slip. So we moved over toward the table at which the black-eyed man was presiding.

The volunteer had a puzzled expression on his face as the recruiting-officer retranslated for him a question to which he must respond. It was a simple question. But simple questions do not always have simple answers.

"Why am I volunteering?" stammered the boy.

I interrupted.

"Put down," I said to the recruiting-officer, "this answer, 'Because I love France and I want to help in preserving her as the beacon-light of civilization.'"

"Say, that 's all right," remarked the relieved volunteer. "I did n't know what in — to give for that one."

The recruiting-officer, when the boy had signed his name, arose ceremoniously, shook hands with the new soldier of France, and said:

"Now you must turn up here every morning at eight o'clock for drill. They 've given us permission to use the garden of the Palais Royal; so we drill here."

The two other Americans shook hands with the volunteer, and congratulated him. So did we. As he was going out, he hesitated a moment, turned his straw hat over several times in his hands, and then asked:

"When is the grub going to begin on this deal?"

"On the twenty-second," the three answered succinctly and in chorus. They were evidently accustomed to the question. He need not have hesitated. From the boy's face I judged the twenty-second seemed a long way off. The journalist and I flashed a look at each other, and hurried out to give him something to tide him over; but he had disappeared.

Two weeks earlier the artist and I had gone to a patriotic service at the Madeleine. The Madeleine, with its columns and solid walls, may evoke the atmosphere of classicism without; but within, when many people gather together on a summer afternoon, it suggests atmosphere in a different and altogether unesthetic sense. So we got out.

When we reached the Place de la Concorde, the artist seized my arm.

"Look!" he said. "See what they have done to the statue of Strasburg!"

The large black bow and the draperies of crape had disappeared; the mourning-wreaths were removed. In her arms Strasburg now held the flag and the flowers of France. We started across for a closer inspection.

Just then an infantry division and a battery of artillery came through the *place* on the way to the Gare de l'Est. Although there was no band,—music has not been heard in Paris since the mobilization started,—the coming was sensed; for out of every building and side street people began to gather.

The soldiers had evidently been given a rousing send-off from the Champ de Mars, and had been showered with gifts en route. Every man was a walking florist. There were flowers in the barrels of rifles, tucked in belts, pinned on caps, and peeping out from knapsacks. The gun-carriages and ammunition-wagons were

so covered with flowers that one did not think of them as engines of destruction. After each regiment came wagons piled with loaves of bread. The bread was hardly visible under its covering of flowers, fruits, sundry bottles, packages of chocolate, tins of *pâté de foie gras*, Frankfurter—excuse me, Touraine—sausages, and hams. The soldiers were not youngsters of the standing army, but men of from thirty to forty, young and gay once more, and with an *entrain* that made up for their lack of military appearance and military gait. Women were actually marching in the ranks with some of them; but there were no handkerchiefs out among these wives and sweethearts holding on till the last moment.

The crowd began to cheer lustily and to sing the "Marseillaise." I looked for the line to break when the Strasburg statue was passed. It did not. Discipline restrained that far. But, with a sudden inspiration such as could come only to the Gallic mind, the first soldiers started to throw their flowers up on the statue.

"Here 's for thee, Strasburg!" they cried. "Thy daughters will give us more."

The sculptor was waiting for us when we reached Marie's. He had saved a table for us on the terrace, where we sat over our substantial soup and our working-men's portions of *bœuf bourguignon*, splitting a bottle of extra in celebration of the momentous news of success in Alsace. Who has not dined on the terrace of a restaurant frequented by *cochers* has not tasted to the full the summer life of Paris. You order your portion of fried potatoes. "*Fr-r-rites!*" shouts the black-eyed waitress from the sidewalk. Grandfather, washing glasses behind the zinc bar, takes up the cry. "*Fr-r-rites!*" goes back to the kitchen in his falsetto voice. From the little trap-door window, amid the sputtering noise of hot grease poured into a frying-pan, reëchoes the magic word, "*Fr-r-rites!*" And you lean back in your chair, a deep feeling of well-being pulsing through you, as you anticipate the steaming dish of golden-brown food for the gods that will be placed before you.

This evening Marie told us that the decree for early closing had been modified. It still held true that nothing to drink was to be served after eight o'clock and the tables must be removed from the sidewalks; but, inside, one could linger over his meal until half-past nine, provided he had entered the restaurant and given his order before eight o'clock. So we moved inside for coffee, and for the chance to discuss the good news from Alsace with other diners.

In the dim light of the interior—for Marie says that she cannot afford in these days to use the gas, and she is very much worried over the rumors that petroleum will give out or soon be sold only at its weight in gold—we sat at the biggest marble-topped table in the corner, and talked over with the hunchback the march of events in the "Lost Provinces." A dear old man is the hunchback, whose face is marked by lines of sensitive shrinking rather than by the creases of his three-score years and ten. He has the delicacy of perception of the cripple, for whom the strong thoughts of manhood must be reflected in the attuning of the chords of the soul rather than in muscular activity.

His winsome expression would have attracted a Michelangelo in search of a model for an angel. Often have I seen him hold men who have done big things in life with the intense fire of those black eyes of his and the almost Russian deepness and sweetness of his speaking voice. His diction is so marvelous that one hesitates to try to reproduce what he says, especially in translation. It is wide of the mark. But I make the attempt here, while the spell is still upon me, for he spoke as the interpreter of the feeling that must this day be tearing the heart of the lame cobbler of Saverne whom Förstner sabered.

"I was a boy in an Alsatian village," he said, "in the old days. There were reasons, not unconnected with me, why my family felt it best to become expatriates after the Peace of Frankfort. I have lived ever since in Paris. I would to God that my father and mother could read the

newspapers this evening. For, instead of dying as they did without hope, they could have gone, like Simeon, with a *Nunc Dimittis* on their lips.

"I could hear you talking on the terrace outside. You were discussing that famous cartoon of Hansi, '*Ceux qui n'oublient pas*,' which we have seen these last days in every bookseller's window. It is only the ignorance of youth that thinks a soul wound can be healed. A sorrow in connection with one's country is like a sorrow in connection with one's family. What one has truly loved, when lost, one never ceases to mourn. If one ceases to mourn, it shows that love for that which has been lost never truly dominated the whole being.

"The cartoon of Hansi is absolutely true to life. There are those—for the scythe of the Reaper has not yet taken them all—who do not forget.

"Just the other day I was reading in a newspaper a story which may not be true; but it might have been true, and so it is the same thing. Let me repeat it to you as I remember it, and then perhaps you will understand.

"As the hopeless years of the German occupation rolled on there were those whose business interests influenced them to take as inevitable what a greater faith and a higher ideal would have enabled them to continue to regard as transitory. They accepted the Germans, entered into business relations with them, and allowed their children to grow up as Germans. It is not for me to judge. They are receiving their punishment now.

"The story goes that among the irreconcilables was an abbé who played the organ in the Cathedral at Strasburg. Like all abbés, he had a family by adoption. Among his intimate friends was a widower with a baby girl. The abbé used to go there every Sunday night for supper. He gave his heart to that baby. But his friend became reconciled to the Germans. The abbé never spoke to him again.

"Years passed, and both men began to feel the weight of them. There never

was any attempt on the abbé's part to bridge the gulf, and he was not one of the kind to whom overtures could be made. One day his former friend met him in the street and stopped. He caught the abbé's arm.

"It is years since you have acknowledged my greeting; but to-day you must listen to me. For the sake of the past, I have a favor to ask of you for my little girl. She is little no longer; but she, who knew no mother, has never forgotten you. She is to be married in the cathedral next week, and she has asked me to go to you and tell you that she wishes you to play the organ at her wedding. My doing her bidding is all the more difficult when I say that she is marrying a Prussian officer."

"There was a moment's pause. The friend could not read behind the mask of the abbé's face. He waited.

"So be it," answered the abbé, simply; "I shall be at the organ on that day."

"The nuptial mass attracted to the cathedral a great crowd not only because of the interest in the wedding, but because the whole city knew the estrangement between the abbé and his friend, the reason for it, and that now the abbé had consented to play at this wedding.

"After a nuptial mass, you know, the bride and groom receive, before the signing of the register, the congratulations of their friends. It was at this moment that the abbé began to improvise upon the great organ. Suddenly, mingled with the hymeneal melodies, one began to hear the notes of '*Die Wacht am Rhein*.' Every one was glad,—that is, of the bridal party,—for it seemed to be a delicate way of signifying forgiveness after years of bitter silence. But the triumphal notes of the German marching-air did not last long. It was merely a suggestion. Petrified, the audience began to distinguish in the distance the coming of the '*Marseillaise*,' that great hymn born in Strasburg in the soul of one of her children. As '*Die Wacht am Rhein*' faded away, the '*Marseillaise*' grew stronger and stronger, until the cry of the abbé's soul echoed and reëchoed to the vaults of the cathedral.

"When they recovered from their stupefaction at the insult to the groom and the daring of the high treason, members of the wedding party hurried to the organ loft to stop the organist. They burst in upon the abbé. His head was bent over the instrument, and his hands were not faltering. But before they could reach him the crash of a body falling across the keyboard caused the music to cease. The soul had gone out with the music. There was one who did not forget."

Our glasses were untouched. Marie had sat down with us, and she was gazing at the hunchback with parted lips. If her eyes were like mine, and I am sure they were, she was gazing at him through a mist of tears.

Suddenly Marie looked at the clock. She sprang up with a start.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried. "I have forgotten the regulation! The police will come to fine me! You must all go home right away. Georgine, bring the lamp from the window."

We went out into the night.

Paris, September 26.

The Germans have been instilling little by little their poison into the hearts of all peoples. If it is true that the soul of a race is in its language, this is still more true of its music. Listen to the songs of Naples, Spain, Russia, Sweden, and Arabia: are they not the very portraits of these peoples? Do they not tell more about their nature than all the commentaries? We have no more use for the German language; we do not wish to speak it, we do not wish to learn it, we do not wish to *sing* it. And yet some are saying that we do not need to give up Richard Wagner. How many times will it be necessary to repeat that this music, without the language that accompanies it, is incomprehensible, and that those who think they understand the music without the language are greatly deluded? But this delusion pleases them, this chimera attracts them. It must have taken upon them a very strong hold if they dare to say at this moment that they are held by the spell of "*Parsifal*."

My hand, stretched out for the honey while I read my morning paper, falls back on the table. My *café au lait* grows cold. Breakfast loses its interest. For this is Camille Saint-Saëns, writing in the "*Echo de Paris*," daring to express over his signature that unbelievable phenomenon, the growth of which I have been noticing since the war began. Let us read on.

I have said what I think of this impentable work, where the sublime rubs elbows with the ridiculous in the midst of an atmosphere of boredom, the most beautiful pages of which accompany the sacrilegious parading of the ceremonies of Catholicism, where one sees the Holy Spirit Himself descended from heaven as a dove, suspended on a thread. Thirty years of waiting and advertisement have made it an enormous success. Will the French people finish by perceiving that this work, whatever may be its merits, is not made for them? These long-drawn-out scenes, this heaviness, these obscurities, this false mysticism, this unwearying prolixity—what have they to do with our French soul, which loves only frankness and clearness?

Before Richard Wagner, all the greatest composers wrote honest music. It was he who, unfortunately, gave fashion to charlatanism.

After the massacre of women and children, after the bombardment of hospitals, after the destruction of cathedrals, after the desecration of burial-places, after the cynical confession of hate for France, how can there be found a single Frenchman to demand the music of the "faker," whom Germany has considered for a long time its national genius? The morality of individuals is not that of nations. We may forget the injuries of nations,—perhaps that is a virtue,—but Wagner was of those who insulted the French people. The forgetfulness of such an insult is a fault. Would you go to applaud a marvelous singer if he had insulted your mother?

This piece of stupidity is in keeping with the movement of which we hear from London to bar from concert pro-

grams the works of Germans, and to replace them by the productions of loyal British, French, and Russians. Ye gods! Is this war to deprive us of the great masters? Is it treason and denial of country to listen to Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, Mozart, Schumann, Wagner, Schubert, Handel, Liszt, Meyerbeer, and Strauss?<sup>1</sup>

Saint-Saëns in the field of music is only one instance of how the French are writing against all forms of German *Kultur*. The starting-point has been the response of the five famous academies to the manifesto of the ninety-three German *intellectuels*. They have dropped from active and corresponding membership all subjects of Wilhelm II and Franz Josef on the ground that these learned men have defended the barbarism and maintained the righteousness of their country in the present war. Then—how human nature does show itself to be primeval!—it has only been a step from this action to the questioning of the reality and worth of the scholarship and genius of men who could belong to such a nation as that which burned Louvain. The German *Kultur* defended the burning of Louvain; these men are exponents of that *Kultur*: therefore Wundt is not a good psychologist, Eucken is a poor philosopher, Ostwald a chemist of mediocre attainments, Roentgen rays are valueless, Deissmann's Greek might be better, Lasson is a humbug, and Harnack is insane.

If the *Kultur* of the present generation in Germany is a bubble, pricked in Belgium, how about that of the fathers and grandfathers? Nothing good ever could have come out of such a race of barbarians! I have been reading literary men on Goethe and Schiller, philosophers on Kant and Lötze, naturalists on Humboldt, his-

torians on Mommsen and Ranke, and so on, until I find the idea insidiously put into my head that, after all, Frenchmen and Britishers have really been supreme in every field of intellectual endeavor. But when it comes to music—well, I let my coffee get cold.

Heretofore, we have regarded the productions of the human soul and the human intellect to be far above the clash of human passions and human greed. Genius has been international, and the one to whom has been granted the gift of song, of poetry, of color, or of insight into the secrets of human nature and the laws of God, has been proudly claimed as a citizen of the world, belonging to, and a benefactor of, the whole human race. But now we must ask where a man was born if he is dead, or to show his passport if he is living, before we read what he has written or listen to the message he has to give.

I shall wait for the protests against the new *Kulturkampf*. But I feel sure that they will not come now. Never struggle of race with race was bitterer than this one. Who would have thought that in the twentieth century the highest musical and intellectual leaders of France would be advising and advocating a national boycott of the great masters, and of the contributions to science that have made Berlin and Vienna, Jena and Heidelberg, Bonn and Leipsic, foyers from which every student and thinker the world over has taken inspiration for a great deal that is best and highest in his life?

This new *Kulturkampf* is more than an indication of the bitterness and hatred the German struggle for world supremacy has called forth. It shows to what a depth of folly war instincts can bring the wisest and most gifted of men.

Paris, September 28.

I went into my stationer's this morning for some of my favorite carbon paper, and when he told me that he had no more of it, and would have no more, because it is manufactured in Vienna, I started to grumble. The stationer was amused, and

<sup>1</sup> The most popular concerts—and yet of a very high grade—in Paris are the Concerts Touche, on the Boulevard de Strasbourg. I have taken at random one of the weekly programs of last winter's season. During the week December 13-18, 1913, eight concerts were given. In every one of them, except a *soirée* devoted exclusively to the works of Beethoven, Wagner's name appeared at least once on the program. Once it appeared three times, and at two other times twice. Of the seventy-five numbers played, thirty-five were of German composers.

gave his usual deprecatory, propitiating gesture of shoulders and hands working in unison. He knows well enough that French carbon paper is very poor, and that the antiquated method, inherited from remote ancestors, of packing the English brands dries out the sheets before they reach the customer in a foreign market.

But the general-staff officer, who was ordering some visiting-cards, answered me back.

"What right have you to raise a fuss over a perfectly natural and patriotic state of affairs?" he demanded. "If you love France, as you profess to do when you are smoking my cigars at the club, you would pat the stationer on the back. More than that, you would tell him, as I have done several times in the last half-hour, that he ought to throw out of his shop every article he has in stock of German and Austrian manufacture."

The arm that was more accustomed to brandishing a billiard-cue than a sword was agitated in an increasingly eloquent marking time to words as the general-staff officer demonstrated that the hour had come for France to rise up in her wrath and boycott everything "made in Germany."

"I tell you," he shouted, "that we have been fools—fools, I repeat it, my friend—to allow the Germans and Austrians to come into France and capture our markets. Why should our good money go to the barbarians? It makes me boil to think of how we have been pouring out our gold, through pure *gentillesse*, through our careless and mistaken notions of courtesy and politeness, to build up German factories, and increase the power of our enemies to fashion their hellish Krupp cannon to strike us when they got good and ready. Oh, fools, fools, fools, we French have been!"

With this the general-staff officer blew out of the shop, and was lost in the crowd entering the gate of the Luxembourg opposite before I had time to recover my breath, and before his orderly, who had been trying to find a substitute for ab-

sinthe at the café next door, was able to pay for his drink and hurry after him.

"Feels pretty strongly, does n't he?" I said to the stationer.

The stationer looked disgusted.

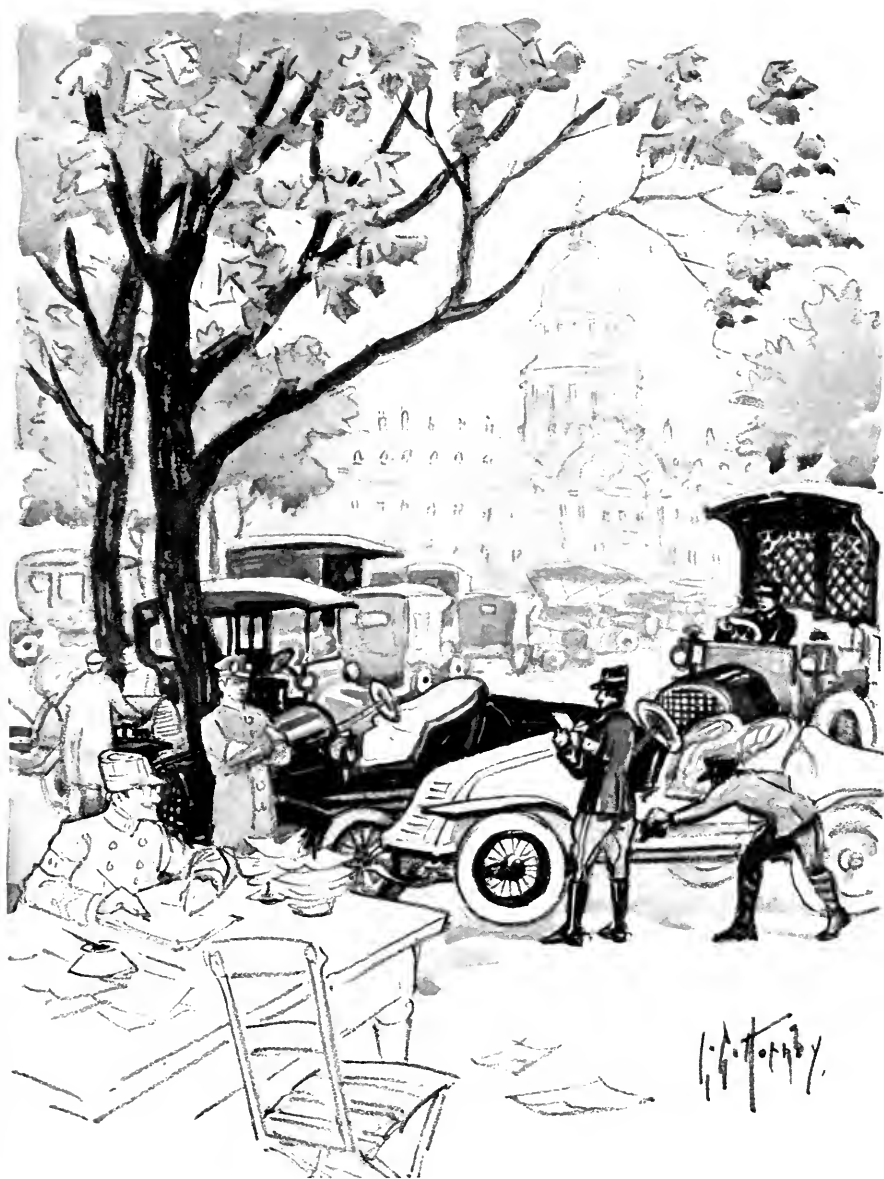
"Sounds patriotic. He is the great I am, and he thinks he has found the great idea. Do you know, I am one of the largest purveyors to the general staff. The War Department of France has been for years a consistent buyer of German and Austrian goods. They always want the best of everything, and, in my business at least, that best comes from Vienna."

The stationer took my arm, and guided me to his show-cases.

"Then look at these novelties. Virtually everything I have in this line, things that are attractive in themselves, that are time-saving, that are clever, that are practical—the little articles that you feel you want the moment you see them—all these are made in Germany. For instance, take this inkstand. It has a heavy base, and appeals to you as sensible. For you have always been upsetting inkstands. *Voilà*, here is one that will not upset. You buy it. The Germans study the art of supplying the market with what customers want. We buy their goods because they sell well. You Americans have novelties also, but they cannot compete in price with German goods, and then you have no conception of how to sell on credit. It is only in novelties protected by a rigid French patent that you get the better of the Germans. As for us, we French are indifferent, and the English are stupid."

I was interested, and the stationer warmed to his subject.

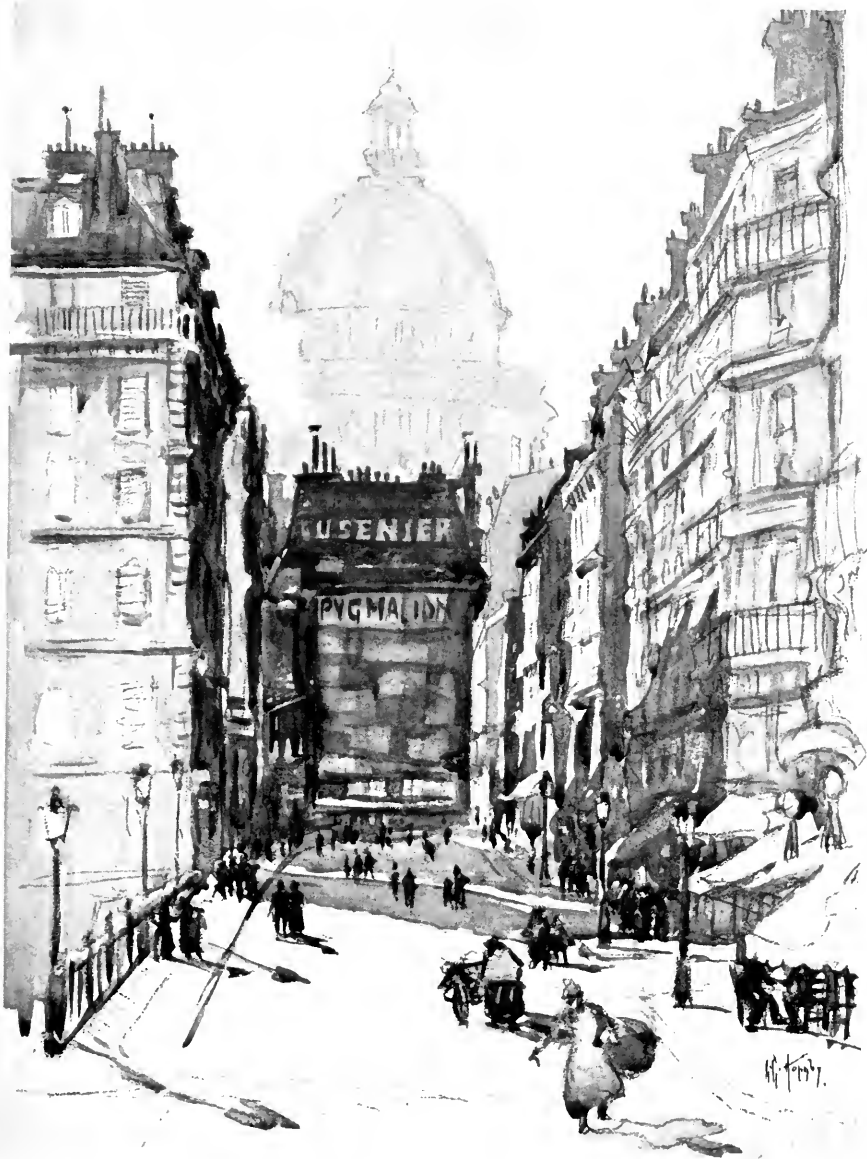
"That general-staff officer is typical of the asininity and injustice in vogue in Paris since the war began. He wants me to throw out my German stock, does he? And three months ago he and all his kind would come into my shop and ask for a certain well-known article. German, of course. If I did not carry it, and offered him a substitute, I would find him sliding out of the door before I finished my sentence. To run a high-class stationery business in Paris, stocking German and



Commandeering automobiles for the army





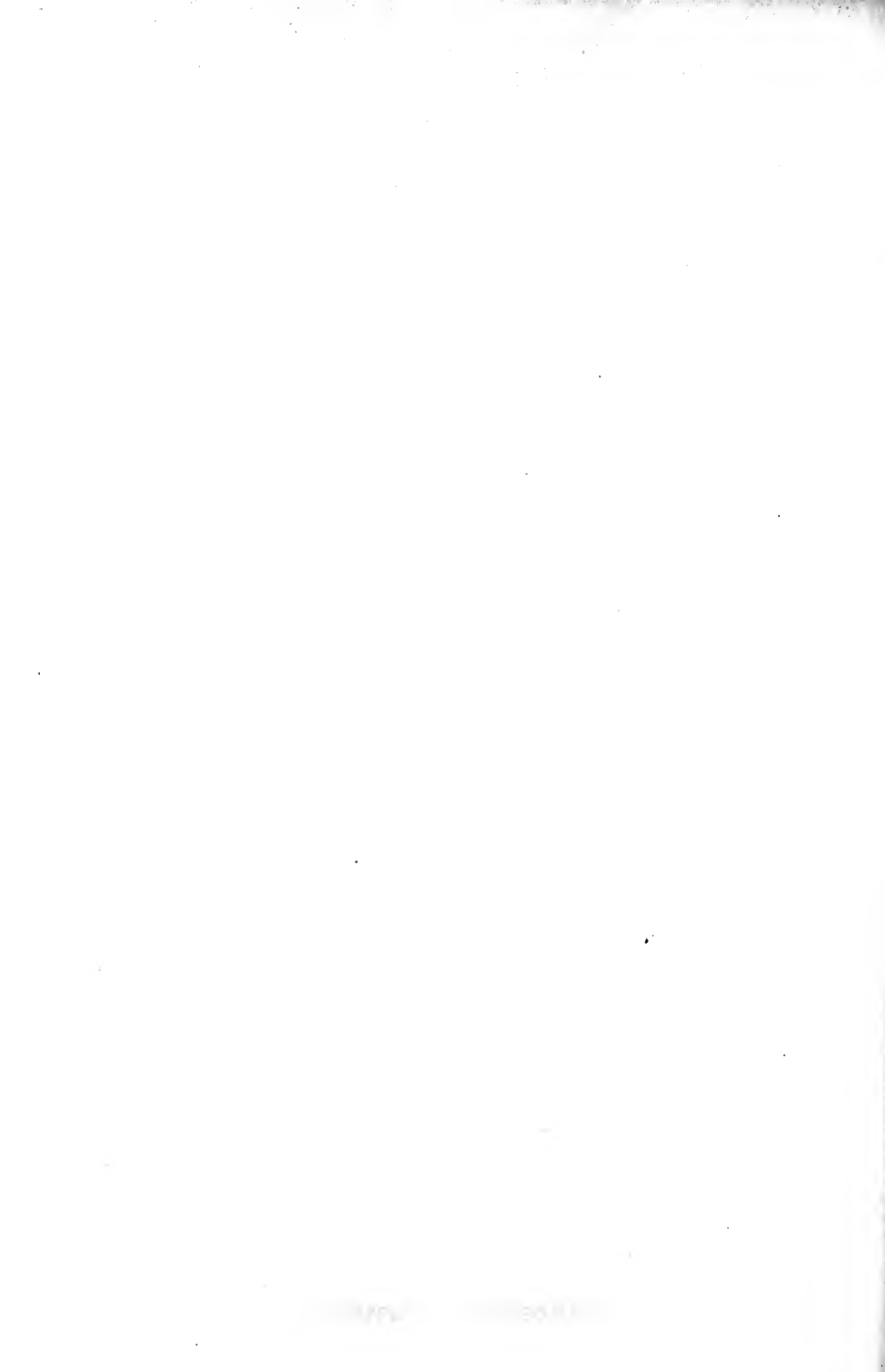


In the quarter of the Panthéon





At the fortifications. A tangle of barbed-wire



Austrian goods has been a *sine qua non*. Three months ago, if I had not been carrying a large line of goods from Germany and Austria, I would have failed. To-day, since I do not burn up the fifty thousand francs of goods bought by me because the public wanted them and would have no other, I am unpatriotic."

So the *Handelskampf* has followed the *Kulturkampf*. It is just as senseless and far more cruel, because it is affecting thousands of shopkeepers whose fault is that they have been good merchants and have tried to please their customers.

There is only one way in which French manufacturers can profit by the war to supplant German and Austrian industries in their own markets and in the markets of the world, and that is by manufacturing articles just as good, just as cheap, and just as attractive to the public. In some fields they may succeed. In other fields they will inevitably fail. For we are living in an age of international distribution of labor, and it is as unreasonable to suppose that the manufacturing and commercial genius of the German race is any more reproducible than its musical genius. Just at this moment I am fully as alarmed about the prospect of a winter without Vienna carbon paper as I am about the blank months ahead without the Opus 28 sonata of Beethoven.

Boycott measures are boomerangs. I have never seen them fail to inconvenience, to injure, the boycotters as much as the boycotted. The *Kulturkampf* and the *Handelskampf* will succeed in Paris only on that day when Parisians are able to boast that nothing essential or desirable to satisfy the material and intellectual and spiritual needs of the French race comes from across the Rhine.

Paris, December 25.

I returned to Paris last night, hurrying across Europe for Christmas eve with my family, after my first absence from home since the day that war broke out. During these last three weeks I have been on a flying trip through the heart of the enemy's country. I came back with a

heavy heart on Christmas eve, for I realized now that the war would be long, and that the suffering of these last months is not to be compared with that through which Europe has to pass during the year 1915. My many trains took me through no railway station on the platform of which I did not see women in tears. Women in tears—that is the whole of this war epitomized in three words.

Travel-stained and weary, I left the war and its problems behind me when I entered the door of my home last night, and saw my children around their Christmas-tree.

It was after eleven when our guests began to go, and we set out for the midnight mass at St. Sulpice. Midnight mass at St. Sulpice is to us as much an institution as our Christmas-tree.

We slipped out into the Boulevard du Montparnasse, and hurried through the Rue Vavin to the Luxembourg, quickening our steps almost to a run in the dark streets, for fear lest we be too late to get inside the church. St. Sulpice is one of the largest buildings in the world, but is never large enough for the Christmas midnight mass.

We were in time. The four strokes of half-past eleven were just sounding as we entered the church. The seats were filled, and the aisles were filling; but we managed to push our way through the crowd to a certain spot that has precious associations for us, and is at the same time a vantage-point to those who know St. Sulpice. For we could see the high altar, the choir in the apse, and look down through the nave of faces turned in our direction up to the organ loft where Maître Widor still sits on state occasions.

The silence of the expectant thousands, at this moment, if ever in their lives, in a worshipful mood, was broken only by constant footfalls on the stone floors, and the occasional whispered "*Pardon*" of one who tried to push his way, as we had done, from the doors toward the choir.

A few minutes before twelve the verger mounted the high altar to light those candles that have not yet been profaned by

electric globes. Real wax and flickering light—how rare that now is!

As the first stroke of midnight from the bell in the north tower reverberated through the church, the priest and acolytes came into the chancel. When the twelfth stroke announced the new day, Maître Widor bent over the organ. It was Adam's "Noël" that he began to play. A tenor voice rose in the stillness:

Minuit chrétien! C'est l'heure solennelle  
Où l'homme Dieu descendit jusqu'à nous,  
Pour effacer la tache originelle  
Et de son père arrêter le courroux.  
Le monde entier tressaille d'espérance  
A cette nuit qui lui donne un Sauveur.  
Peuple à genoux, attends ta délivrance,  
Noël, Noël, voici le Rédempteur.

The priest had opened his missal, and the vast congregation was following him in the silent mass. A wonderful chorus, worthy inheritor of three centuries of glorious Sulpician tradition, repeated the last two lines of the verse.

My wife had gripped my arm hard. All about us were crying, and she was. I looked with eyes that seemed to see, and yet seemed not to see, out over the faces turned toward the altar. The third verse had started. The singer was pleading with us again to bow our heads with joy before the Christ Child who had come to bring peace.

Never had I seen so few men at a Christmas mass. Aside from the white-haired, most of the masculine worshipers were in uniform and wounded. How many among those who had gathered here to hail the advent of peace on earth and good will toward men had given their sons or their husbands or their fathers to France during these last five months!

Only three days ago I stood in Vienna and watched the limousines purring softly up to the steps of the opera-house, and the gay and laughing men and women in evening dress coming out of the house of song and laughter. Only a week ago I sat in a café at Berlin and watched the midnight

riot of drinking men and their companions. O Paris, Paris, will *they* ever have cause to feel as you feel to-night? Are there those in the world who may make suffering and not suffer?

The music has stopped; there is a moment of stillness; then the tinkling of the acolyte's bell at the high altar, followed by the tinkling of other bells in the dozen chapels of the apse and nave where other priests are celebrating silent masses; the elevation of the cup; then the triumphant chorus bursting forth into "Adeste Fideles."

When the last line of the hymn of fifteen centuries of hallowed Christmas usage had been sung, the communicants pressed toward the rail.

We turned to go. Mockery, illusion, delusion—what means this ceremony in Paris to-night? A thousand who were here last Christmas eve are dead; and another thousand are in the trenches only fifty miles away, shooting their fellow-men and being shot by them. But these people had got something from this midnight mass. I could feel that. I could feel it in the silence of the girl at my side, in her tears, in her smile.

We went out into the dark. As I buttoned my overcoat, I saw the Jesuit father standing by a pillar of the great porch. We passed close by him to reach the steps.

"Merry Christmas!" he said.

"Merry Christmas!" responded my wife.

"But merry—why merry?" I asked.

"Happiness for the Christ Child," he answered—"a happiness that drowns all sorrow; for it transcends all sorrow, just as God's goodness transcends our weakness. Merry Christmas for you, for France, for the world!"

I looked at him. His shoulders were thrown back, his fine face from forehead to beard was showing forth Christ in him, the hope of glory.

What the one by my side had received in the church, I received now.

"Merry Christmas!" I said.

1



“By the time the doctor came she had pretty well worn herself out”





# Dear Enemy<sup>1</sup>

By JEAN WEBSTER

Author of "Daddy-Long-Legs," etc., etc.

With sketches by the author and an illustration by Herman Pfeifer

## Part II

Friday, April 12.

Dear Judy:

I am gratified to learn that you were gratified to learn that I am going to stay. I had n't realized it, but I really am getting sort of attached to orphans.

It's an awful disappointment that Jer-vis has business which will keep you South so much longer. I am bursting with talk, and it is such a laborious nuisance having to write everything I want to say.

Of course I am glad that we are to have the building remodeled, and I think all of your ideas good, but I have a few extra good ones myself. It will be nice to have the new gymnasium and sleeping-porches, but, oh, my soul does long for cottages! The more I look into the internal workings of an orphan-asylum, the more I realize that the only type of asylum that can compete with a private family is one on the cottage system. So long as the family is the unit of society, children should be hardened early to family life.

The problem that is keeping me awake at present is, What to do with the children while we are being made over? It is hard to live in a house and build it at the same time. How would it be if I rented a circus tent and pitched it on the lawn?

Also, when we plunge into our alterations, I want a few guest-rooms where our children can come back when ill or out of work. The great secret of our lasting influence in their lives will be our watchful care afterward. What a terribly *alone* feeling it must give a person not

to have a family hovering in the background! With all my dozens of aunts and uncles and mothers and fathers and cousins and brothers and sisters, I can't visualize it. I'd be terrified and panting if I did n't have lots of cover to run to. And for these forlorn little mites, somehow or other the John Grier Home must supply their need. So, dear people, send me half a dozen guest-rooms, if you please.

Good-by, and I'm glad you did n't put in the other woman. The very suggestion of somebody else taking over my own beautiful reforms before they were even started stirred up all the opposition in me. I'm afraid I'm like Sandy—I canna think aught is dune richt except my ain hand is in 't. Yours, for the present,

SALLIE MCBRIDE.

John Grier Home, Friday.

Dear Gordon:

I know that I have n't written lately; you have a perfect right to grumble, but oh dear! oh dear! you can't imagine what a busy person an orphan-asylum superintendent is. And all the writing energy I possess has to be expended upon that voracious Judy Abbott Pendleton. If three days go by without a letter, she telegraphs to know if the asylum has burned; whereas, if you—nice man—go letterless, you simply send us a present to remind us of your existence. So, you see, it's distinctly to our advantage to slight you often.

You will probably be annoyed when I tell you that I have promised to stay on

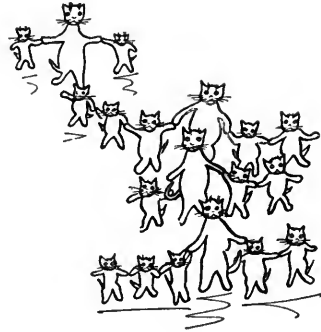
here. They finally did find a woman to take my place, but she was n't at all the right type and would have answered only temporarily. And, my dear Gordon, it's true, when I faced saying good-by to this feverish planning and activity, Worcester somehow looked rather colorless. I could n't bear to let my asylum go unless I was sure of substituting a life packed equally full of sensation.

I know the alternative you will suggest, but please don't—just now. I told you before that I must have a few months longer to make up my mind. And in the meantime I like the feeling that I'm of use in the world. There's something constructive and optimistic about working with children; that is, if you look at it from my cheerful point of view, and not from our Scotch doctor's. I've never seen anybody like that man; he's always pessimistic and morbid and *down*. It's best not to be too intelligent about insanity and dipsomania and all the other unpleasant hereditary details. I am just about ignorant enough to be light-hearted and effective in a place like this.

The thought of all of these little lives expanding in every direction eternally thrills me; there are so many possibilities in our child garden for every kind of flower. It has been planted rather promiscuously, to be sure, but though we undoubtedly shall gather a number of weeds, we are also hoping for some rare and beautiful blossoms. Am I not growing sentimental? It is due to hunger—and there goes the dinner-gong! We are going to have a delicious meal: roast beef and creamed carrots and beet greens, with rhubarb pie for dessert. Would you not like to dine with me? I should love to have you.

Most cordially yours,  
S. McB.

P.S. You should see the number of poor homeless cats that these children want to adopt. We had four when I came, and they have all had kittens since. I have n't taken an exact census, but I think the institution possesses nineteen.



Skimmed Milk  
is served in the  
Woodshed at 12 o'clock

My dear Judy:

April 15.

You'd like to make another slight donation to the J. G. H. out of the excess of last month's allowance? *Bene!* Will you kindly have the following inserted in all low-class metropolitan dailies:

Notice!

To Parents Planning to Abandon their  
Children:

Please do it before they have reached their  
third year.

I can't think of any action on the part of abandoning parents that would help us more effectually. This having to root up evil before you begin planting good is slow, discouraging work.

We have one child here who has almost floored me; but I *will not* acknowledge myself beaten by a child of five. He alternates between sullen moroseness, when he won't speak a word, and the most violent outbursts of temper, when he smashes everything within reach. He has been here only three months, and in that time he has destroyed nearly every piece of bric-à-brac in the institution—not, by the way, a great loss to art.

A month or so before I came he pulled the table-cloth from the officers' table while the girl in charge was in the corridor sounding the gong. The soup had already been served. You can imagine the mess! Mrs. Lippett half killed the

child on that occasion, but the killing did nothing to lessen his temper, which was handed on to me intact.

His father was Italian and his mother Irish; he has red hair and freckles from County Cork and the most beautiful brown eyes that ever came out of Naples. After the father was stabbed in a fight and the mother had died of alcoholism, the poor little chap by some chance or other got to us; I suspect that he belongs in the Catholic Protectory. As for his manners—oh dear! oh dear! They are what you would expect. He kicks and bites and swears. I have dubbed him Punch.

Yesterday he was brought squirming and howling to my office, charged with having knocked down a little girl and robbed her of her doll. Miss Snaith plumped him into a chair behind me, and left him to grow quiet, while I went on with my writing. I was suddenly startled by an awful crash. He had pushed that big green jardinière off the window-sill and broken it into five hundred pieces. I jumped with a suddenness that swept the ink-bottle to the floor, and when Punch saw that second catastrophe, he stopped roaring with rage and threw back his head and roared with laughter. The child is *diabolical*.

I have determined to try a new method of discipline that I don't believe in the whole of his forlorn little life he has ever experienced. I am going to see what praise and encouragement and love will do. So, instead of scolding him about the jardinière, I assumed that it was an accident. I kissed him and told him not to feel bad; that I did n't mind in the least. It shocked him into being quiet; he simply held his breath and stared while I wiped away his tears and sopped up the ink.

The child just now is the biggest problem that the J. G. H. affords. He needs the most patient, loving, individual care—a proper mother and father, likewise some brothers and sisters and a grandmother. But I can't place him in a respectable family until I make over his language and his propensity to break things.

I separated him from the other children, and kept him in my room all the morning, Jane having removed to safe heights all destructible *objets d'art*. Fortunately, he loves to draw, and he sat on a rug for two hours, and occupied himself with colored pencils. He was so surprised when I showed an interest in a red-and-green ferry-boat, with a yellow flag floating from the mast, that he became quite profanely affable. Until then I could n't get a word out of him.

In the afternoon Dr. MacRae dropped in and admired the ferry-boat, while Punch swelled with the pride of creation. Then, as a reward for being such a good little boy, the doctor took him out in his automobile on a visit to a country patient.

Punch was restored to the fold at five o'clock by a sadder and wiser doctor. At a sedate country estate he had stoned the chickens, smashed a cold frame, and swung the pet Angora cat by its tail. Then when the sweet old lady tried to make him be kind to poor pussy, he told her to go to hell.

Our little Punch  
goes  
visiting



I can't bear to consider what some of these children have seen and experienced. It will take years of sunshine and happiness and love to eradicate the dreadful memories that they have stored up in the far-back corners of their little brains. And there are so many children and so few of us that we can't hug them enough; we simply have n't arms or laps to go around.

*Mais parlons d'autres choses!* Those awful questions of heredity and environ-

April 17.

ment that the doctor broods over so constantly are getting into my blood, too; and it 's a vicious habit. If a person is to be of any use in a place like this, she must see nothing but good in the world. Optimism is the only wear for a social worker.

"'T is the middle of night by the castle clock"—do you know where that beautiful line of poetry comes from? "Cristabel," of English poetry *b* memory. Mercy! how I hated that course! You, being an English shark, liked it; but I never understood a word that was said from the time I entered the class-room till I left it. However, the remark with which I opened this paragraph is true. It is the middle of night by the mantelpiece clock, so I 'll wish you pleasant dreams.

*Addio!*

SALLIE.

Tuesday.

Dear Enemy:

You doctored the whole house, then stalked past my library with your nose in the air, while I was waiting tea with a plate of Scotch scones sitting on the trivet, ordered expressly for you as a peace-offering.

If you really feel hurt, I will read the Kallikak book; but I must tell you that you are working me to death. It takes almost all of my energy to be an effective superintendent, and this university-extension course that you are conducting I find wearing. You remember how indignant you were one day last week because I confessed to having stayed up until one o'clock the night before? Well, my dear man, if I were to accomplish all the vicarious reading you require, I should sit up until morning every night.

However, bring it in. I usually manage half an hour of recreation after dinner, and though I had wanted to glance at Wells's latest novel, I will amuse myself instead with your feeble-minded family.

Life of late is unco steep.

Obligingly yours,

S. MCB.

Dear Gordon:

Thank you for the tulips, likewise the lilies of the valley. They are most becoming to my blue Persian bowls.

Have you ever heard of the Kallikaks? Get the book and read them up. They are a two-branch family in New Jersey, I think, though their real name and origin is artfully concealed. But, anyway,—and this is true,—six generations ago a young gentleman, called for convenience Martin Kallikak, got drunk one night and temporarily eloped with a feeble-minded barmaid, thus founding a long line of feeble-minded Kallikaks,—drunkards, gamblers, prostitutes, horse thieves,—a scourge to New Jersey and surrounding States.

Martin later straightened up, married a normal woman, and founded a second line of proper Kallikaks,—judges, doctors, farmers, professors, politicians,—a credit to their country. And there the two branches still are, flourishing side by side. You can see what a blessing it would have been to New Jersey if something drastic had happened to that feeble-minded barmaid in her infancy.

It seems that feeble-mindedness is a very hereditary quality, and science is n't able to overcome it. No operation has been discovered for introducing brains into the head of a child who did n't start with them. And the child grows up with, say, a nine-year brain in a thirty-year body, and becomes an easy tool for any criminal he meets. Our prisons are one-third full of feeble-minded convicts. Society ought to segregate them on feeble-minded farms, where they can earn their livings in peaceful menial pursuits, and not have children. Then in a generation or so we might be able to wipe them out.

Did you know all that? It 's very necessary information for a politician to have. Get the book and read it, please; I 'd send my copy only that it 's borrowed.

It 's also very necessary information for me to have. There are eleven of these chicks that I suspect a bit, and I am *sure* of Loretta Higgins. I have been trying for a month to introduce one or two basic

ideas into that child's brain, and now I know what the trouble is: her head is filled with a sort of soft cheesy substance instead of brain.

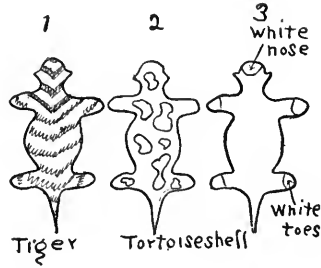
I came up here to make over this asylum in such little details as fresh air and food and clothes and sunshine, but, heavens! you can see what problems I am facing. I've got to make over society first, so that it won't send me sub-normal children to work with. Excuse all this excited conversation; but I've just met up with the subject of feeble-mindedness, and it's appalling—and interesting. It is your business as a legislator to make laws that will remove it from the world. Please attend to this immediately,

And oblige,

S. McBRIDE.

Sup't John Grier Home.

fluffy little kitten please you? I can offer any of the following patterns:—



Number 3 comes in any color, gray, black, or yellow. If you will let me know which you would rather have, I will express it at once.

I would write a respectable letter, but it's tea-time, and I see that a guest approaches.

Addio!

SALLIE.

Dear Man of Science:

Friday.

You did n't come to-day. Please don't skip us to-morrow. I have finished the Kallikak family and I am bursting with talk. Don't you think we ought to have a psychologist examine these children? We owe it to adopting parents not to sadden them with feeble-minded offspring.

You know, I'm tempted to ask you to prescribe arsenic for Loretta's cold. I've diagnosed her case; she's a Kallikak. Is it right to let her grow up and found a line of 378 feeble-minded people for society to care for? Oh dear! I do hate to poison the child, but what can I do?

S. MCB.

Dear Gordon:

You are n't interested in feeble-minded people, and you are shocked because I am? Well, I am equally shocked because you are not. If you are n't interested in everything of the sort that there unfortunately is in this world, how can you make wise laws? You can't.

However, at your request, I will converse upon a less morbid subject. I've just bought fifty yards of blue and rose and green and corn-colored hair-ribbon as an Easter present for my fifty little daughters. I am also thinking of sending you an Easter present. How would a nice

My dear Judy:

April 20.

One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns! We've had a Good Friday present of ten dozen, given by Mrs. De Peyster Lambert, a high-church, stained-glass-window soul whom I met at a tea a few days ago. (Who says now that teas are a silly waste of time?) She asked me about my "precious little waifs," and said I was doing a noble work and would be rewarded. I saw buns in her eye, and sat down and talked to her for half an hour.

Now I shall go and thank her in person, and tell her with a great deal of affecting detail how much those buns were appreciated by my precious little waifs—omitting the account of how precious little Punch threw his bun at Miss Snaith and plastered her neatly in the eye. I think, with encouragement, Mrs. De Peyster Lambert can be developed into a cheerful giver.

Oh, I'm growing into the most shocking beggar! My family don't dare to visit me, because I demand *bakshish* in such a brazen manner. I threatened to remove father from my calling-list unless he shipped immediately sixty-five pairs of overalls for my prospective gardeners. A notice from the freight office this morning

asks me to remove two packing-cases consigned to them by the J. L. McBride Co. of Worcester; so I take it that father desires to continue my acquaintance. Jimmie has n't sent us anything yet, and he's getting a huge salary. I write him frequently a pathetic list of our needs.

But Gordon Hallock has learned the way to a mother's heart. I was so pleasant about the peanuts and menagerie that now he sends a present of some sort every few days, and I spend my entire time composing thank-you letters that are n't exact copies of the ones I've sent before. Last week we received a dozen big scarlet balls. The nursery is *full* of them; you kick them before you as you walk. And yesterday there arrived a half-bushel of frogs and ducks and fishes to float in the bathtubs.

Send, O best of trustees, the tubs in which to float them!

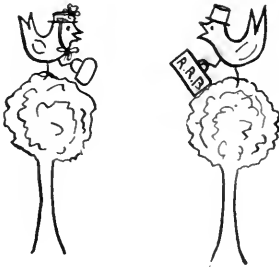
I am, as usual,

S. McBRIDE.

Tuesday.

My dear Judy:

Spring must be lurking about somewhere; the birds are arriving from the South. Is n't it time you followed their example?



Society note from the "Bird o' Passage News":

"Mr. and Mrs. First Robin have returned from a trip to Florida. It is hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Jervis Pendleton will arrive shortly."

Even up here in our dilatory Dutchess County the breeze smells green; it makes you want to be out and away, roaming the hills, or else down on your knees grubbing in the dirt. Is n't it funny what farmer-

ing instincts the budding spring awakens in even the most urban souls?

I have spent the morning making plans for little private gardens for every child over nine. The big potato-field is doomed. That is the only feasible spot for sixty-two private gardens. It is near enough to be watched from the north windows, and yet far enough away, so that their messing will not injure our highly prized landscape lawn. Also the earth is rich, and they have some chance of success. I don't want the poor little chicks to scratch all summer, and then not turn up any treasure in the end. In order to furnish an incentive, I shall announce that the institution will buy their produce and pay in real money, though I foresee we shall be buried under a mountain of radishes.

I do so want to develop self-reliance and initiative in these children, two sturdy qualities in which they are conspicuously lacking (with the exception of Sadie Kate and a few other bad ones). Children who have spirit enough to be bad I consider very hopeful; it's those who are good just from inertia that are discouraging.

The last few days have been spent mainly in charming the devil out of Punch, an interesting task if I could devote my whole time to it; but with one hundred and seven other little devils to charm away, my attention is sorely deflected.

The awful thing about this life is that whatever I am doing, the other things that I am not doing, but ought to be, keep tugging at my skirts. There is no doubt but Punch's personal devil needs the whole attention of a whole person,—preferably two persons,—so that they could spell each other and get some rest.

Sadie Kate has just flown in from the nursery with news of a scarlet gold-fish (Gordon's gift) swallowed by one of our babies. Mercy! the number of calamities that can occur in an orphan-asylum!

9 P.M.

My children are in bed, and I've just had a thought. Would n't it be heavenly if the hibernating system prevailed among

the human young? There would be some pleasure in running an asylum if one could just tuck the little darlings into bed the first of October and keep them there until the twenty-second of April.

I'm yours, as ever, SALLIE.

Dear Jervis Pendleton, Esq.: April 24.

This is to supplement a night telegram which I sent you ten minutes ago. Fifty words not being enough to convey any idea of my emotions, I herewith add a thousand.

As you will know by the time you receive this, I have discharged the farmer, and he has refused to be discharged. Being twice the size of me, I can't lug him to the gate and chuck him out. He wants a notification from the president of the board of trustees written in vigorous language on official paper in type-writing. So, dear president of the board of trustees, kindly supply all of this at your earliest convenience.

Here follows the history of the case:

The winter season still being with us when I arrived, and farming activities at a low ebb, I have heretofore paid little attention to Robert Sterry except to note on two occasions that his pig-pens needed cleaning; but to-day I sent for him to come and consult with me in regard to spring planting.

Sterry came, as requested, and seated himself at ease in my office with his hat upon his head. I suggested as tactfully as might be that he remove it, an entirely necessary request, as little orphan boys were in and out on errands, and "hats off in the house" is our first rule in masculine deportment.

Sterry complied with my request, and stiffened himself to be against whatever I might desire.

I proceeded to the subject in hand, namely, that the diet of the John Grier Home in the year to come is to consist less exclusively of potatoes. At which our farmer grunted in the manner of the Hon. Cyrus Wykoff, only it was a less ethereal and gentlemanly grunt than a trustee per-

mits himself. I enumerated corn and beans and onions and peas and tomatoes and beets and carrots and turnips as desirable substitutes.

Sterry observed that if potatoes and cabbages was good enough for him, he guessed they was good enough for charity children.

I proceeded imperturbably to say that the two-acre potato-field was to be plowed and fertilized, and laid out into sixty individual gardens, the boys assisting in the work.

At that Sterry exploded. The two-acre field was the most fertile and valuable piece of earth on the whole place. He guessed if I was to break that up into play-gardens for the children to mess about in, I'd be hearing about it pretty danged quick from the board of trustees. That field was fitted for potatoes, it had always raised potatoes, and it was going to continue to raise them just as long as he had anything to say about it.

"You have nothing whatever to say about it," I amiably replied. "I have decided that the two-acre field is the best plot to use for the children's gardens, and you and the potatoes will have to give way."

Whereupon he rose in a storm of bucolic wrath, and said he'd be gol darned if he'd have a lot of these danged city brats interfering with his work.

I explained—very calmly for a red-haired person with Irish forebears—that this place was run for the exclusive benefit of these children; that the children were not here to be exploited for the benefit of the place, a philosophy which he did not grasp, though my fancy city language had a slightly dampening effect. I added that what I required in a farmer was the ability and patience to instruct the boys in gardening and simple outdoor work; that I wished a man of large sympathies whose example would be an inspiring influence to these children of the city streets.

Sterry, pacing about like a caged woodchuck, launched into a tirade about silly Sunday-school notions, and, by a transition which I did not grasp, passed to a

review of the general subject of woman's suffrage. I gathered that he is not in favor of the movement. I let him argue himself quiet, then I handed him a check for his wages, and told him to vacate the tenant house by twelve o'clock next Wednesday.

Sterry says he 'll be danged if he will. (Excuse so many *dangeds*. It is the creature's only adjective.) He was engaged to work for this institution by the president of the board of trustees, and he will not move from that house until the president of the board of trustees tells him to go. I don't think poor Sterry realizes that since his arrival a new president has come to the throne.

Alors you have the story. I make no threats, but Sterry or McBride—take your choice, dear sir.

I am also about to write to the head of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, at Amherst, asking him to recommend a good, practical man with a nice, efficient, cheerful wife, who will take the entire care of our modest domain of seventeen acres, and who will be a man with the right personality to place over our boys.

If we get the farming end of this institution into running shape, it ought to furnish not only beans and onions for the table, but education for our hands and brains.

I remain, sir,

Yours most truly,

S. McBRIDE,

Superintendent of the John Grier Home.

p.s. I think that Sterry will probably come back some night and throw rocks through the windows. Shall I have them insured?

My dear Enemy:

You disappeared so quickly this afternoon that I had no chance to thank you, but the echoes of that discharge penetrated as far as my library. Also, I have viewed the debris. What on earth did you do to poor Sterry? Watching the purposeful set of your shoulders as you strode toward

the carriage-house, I was filled with sudden compunction. I did not want the man murdered, merely reasoned with. I am afraid you were a little harsh.

However, your technic seems to have been effective. Report says that he has telephoned for a moving-wagon and that Mrs. Sterry is even now on her hands and knees ripping up the parlor carpet.

For this relief much thanks.

SALLIE McBRIDE.

April 26.

Dear Jarvis:

Your vigorous letter and telegram were, after all, not needed. Dr. Robin MacRae, who is a grand *paawy* mon when it comes to a fight, accomplished the business with beautiful directness. I was so bubbling with rage that immediately after writing to you I called up the doctor on the telephone, and rehearsed the whole business over again. Now, our Sandy, whatever his failings (and he has them), does have an uncommon supply of common sense. He knows how useful those gardens are going to be, and how worse than useless Sterry was. Also says he, "The superintendent's authority must be upheld." (That, incidentally, is beautiful, coming from him, for he has done his best to usurp dictatorship.)

Anyway, those were his words. And he hung up the receiver, cranked up his car, and flew up here at lawless speed. He marched straight to Sterry, impelled by a fine Scotch rage, and he discharged the man with such vigor and precision, that the carriage-house window was shattered to fragments.

Since this morning at eleven, when Sterry's wagon-load of furniture rumbled out of the gates, a sweet peace has reigned over the J. G. H. A man from the village is helping us out while we hopefully await the farmer of our dreams.

I am sorry to have troubled you with our troubles. Tell Judy that she owes me a letter, and won't hear from me until she has paid it.

Your ob'd't servant,

S. McBRIDE.



Dear Judy:

In my letter of yesterday to Jervis I forgottod (Punch's word) to convey to you our thanks for three tin bath-tubs. The sky-blue tub with poppies on the side adds a particularly bright note to the nursery. I do love presents for the babies that are too big to be swallowed.

You will be pleased to hear that our manual training is well under way. The carpenter-benches are being installed in the old primary room, and until our school-house gets its new addition, our primary class is meeting on the front porch, in accordance with Miss Matthews's able suggestion.

The girls' sewing-classes are also in progress. A circle of benches under the copper beech-tree accommodates the hand sewers, while the big girls take turns at our three machines. Just as soon as they gain some proficiency we will begin the glorious work of redressing the institution. I know you think I'm slow, but it's really a task to accomplish one hundred and eighty new frocks. And the girls will appreciate them so much more if they do the work themselves.

I may also report that our hygiene system has risen to a high level. Dr. MacRae has introduced morning and evening exercises, and a glass of milk and a game of tag in the middle of school hours. He has instituted a physiology class, and has separated the children into small groups, so that they may come to his house, where he has a manikin that comes apart and shows all its messy insides. They can now rattle off scientific truths about their little digestions as fluently as Mother-Goose rhymes. We are really becoming too intelligent for recognition. You would never guess that we were orphans to hear us talk; we are quite like Boston children.

2 P.M.

O Judy, such a calamity! Do you remember several weeks ago I told you about placing out a nice little girl in a nice family home where I hoped she would be adopted? It was a kind Christian family living in a pleasant country village, the

foster-father a deacon in the church. Hattie was a sweet, obedient, housewifely little body, and it looked as though we had exactly fitted them to each other. My dear, she was returned this morning for *stealing*. Scandal piled on scandal: *she had stolen a communion-cup from church!*

Between her sobs and their accusations it took me half an hour to gather the truth. It seems that the church they attend is very modern and hygienic, like our doctor, and has introduced individual communion-cups. Poor little Hattie had never heard of communion in her life; in fact, she was n't very used to church, Sunday-school having always sufficed for her simple religious needs. But in her new home she attended both, and one day, to her pleased surprise, they served refreshments. But they skipped her. She made no comment, however; she is used to being skipped. But as they were starting home she saw that the little cup had been casually left in the seat, and supposing that it was a souvenir that you could take if you wished, she put it into her pocket.

It came to light two days later as the most treasured ornament of her doll's-house. It seems that Hattie long ago saw a set of doll's-dishes in a toy-shop window, and has ever since dreamed of possessing a set of her own. The communion-cup was not quite the same, but it answered. Now, if our family had only had a little less religion and a little more sense, they would have returned the cup, perfectly unharmed, and have marched Hattie to the nearest toy-shop and bought her some dishes. But instead, they bundled the child and her belongings into the first train they could catch, and shoved her in at our front door, proclaiming loudly that she was a thief.

I am pleased to say that I gave that indignant deacon and his wife such a thorough scolding as I am sure they have never listened to from the pulpit; I borrowed some vigorous bits from Sandy's vocabulary, and sent them home quite humbled. As for poor little Hattie, here she is back again, after going out with such high hopes. It has an awfully bad

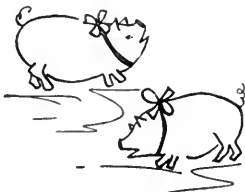
moral effect on a child to be returned to the asylum in disgrace, especially when she was n't aware of committing a crime. It gives her a feeling that the world is full of unknown pitfalls, and makes her afraid to take a step. I must bend all my energies now toward finding another set of parents for her, and ones that have n't grown so old and settled and good that they have entirely forgotten their own childhood.

Sunday.

I forgot to tell you that our new farmer is here, Turnfelt by name; and his wife is a love, yellow hair and dimples. If she were an orphan, I could place her in a minute. We can't let her go to waste. I have a beautiful plan of building an addition to the farmer's cottage, and establishing under her comfortable care a sort of brooding-house where we can place our new little chicks, to make sure they have n't anything contagious and to eliminate as much profanity as possible before turning them loose among our other perfect chicks.

How does that strike you? It is very necessary in an institution as full of noise and movement and stir as this to have some isolated spot where we can put cases needing individual attention. Some of our children have inherited nerves, and a period of quiet contemplation is indicated. Is n't my vocabulary professional and scientific? Daily intercourse with Dr. Robin MacRae is extremely educational.

Since Turnfelt came, you should see our pigs. They are so clean and pink and unnatural that they don't recognize one another any more as they pass.



Our potato-field is also unrecognizable. It has been divided with string and pegs

into as many squares as a checker-board, and every child has staked out a claim. Seed catalogues form our only reading matter.

Noah has just returned from a trip to the village for the Sunday papers to amuse his leisure. Noah is a very cultivated person; he not only reads perfectly, but he wears tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles while he does it. He also brought from the post-office a letter from you, written Friday night. I am pained to note that you do not care for "Gösta Berling" and that Jervis does n't. The only comment I can make is, "What a shocking lack of literary taste in the Pendleton family!"

Dr. MacRae has another doctor visiting him, a very melancholy gentleman who is at the head of a private psychopathic institution, and thinks there 's no good in life. But I suppose this pessimistic view is natural if you eat three meals a day with a tableful of melancholics. He goes up and down the world looking for signs of degeneracy, and finds them everywhere. I expected, after half an hour's conversation, that he would ask to look down my throat to see if I had a cleft palate. Sandy's taste in friends seems to resemble his taste in literature.

Gracious! this is a letter!

Good-by.

SALLIE.

Thursday, May 1.

Dear Judy:

Such a bewildering whirl of events! The J. G. H. is breathless. Incidentally, I am on the way toward solving my problem of what to do with the children while the carpenters and plumbers and masons are here. Or, rather, my precious brother has solved it for me.

This afternoon I went over my linen supply, and made the shocking discovery that we have only sheets enough to change the children's beds every two weeks, which, it appears, is our shiftless custom. While I was still in the midst of my household gear, with a bunch of keys at my girdle, looking like the chatelaine of a

medieval château, who should be ushered in but Jimmie?

Being extremely occupied, I dropped a slanting kiss on his nose, and sent him off to look over the place in charge of my two oldest urchins. They collected six friends and organized a base-ball game. Jimmie came back blown, but enthusiastic, and consented to prolong his visit over the week-end, though after the dinner I gave him he has decided to take his future meals at the hotel. As we sat with our coffee before the fire, I confided to him my anxiety as to what should be done with the chicks while their new brooder is building. You know Jimmie. In one half a minute his plan was formulated.

"Build an Adirondack camp on that little plateau up by the wood-lot. You can make three open shacks, each holding eight bunks, and move the twenty-four oldest boys out there for the summer. It won't cost two cents."

"Yes," I objected, "but it will cost more than two cents to engage a man to look after them."

"Perfectly easy," said Jimmie, grandly. "I'll find you a college fellow who'll be glad to come during the vacation for his board and a mere pittance, only you'll have to set up more filling board than you gave me to-night."

Dr. MacRae dropped in about nine o'clock, after visiting the hospital ward. We've got three cases of whooping-cough, but all isolated, and no more coming. How those three got in is a mystery. It seems there is a little bird that brings whooping-cough to orphan-asylums.

Jimmie fell upon him for backing in his camp scheme, and the doctor gave it enthusiastically. They seized pencil and paper and drew up plans; and before the evening was over, the last nail was hammered. Nothing would satisfy those two men but to go to the telephone at ten o'clock and rouse a poor carpenter from his sleep. He and some lumber are ordered for eight in the morning.

I finally got rid of them at ten-thirty, still talking uprights and joists and drainage and roof slants.

The excitement of Jimmie and coffee and all these building operations induced me to sit down immediately and write a letter to you; but I think, by your leave, I'll postpone further details to another time.

Yours ever,

SALLIE.

Saturday.

Dear Enemy:

Will you be after dining with us at seven to-night? It's a real dinner-party; we're going to have ice-cream.

My brother has discovered a promising young man to take charge of the boys,—maybe you know him,—Mr. Witherspoon, at the bank. I wish to introduce him to asylum circles by easy steps, so *please* don't mention insanity or epilepsy or alcoholism or any of your other favorite topics.

He is a gay young society leader, used to very fancy things to eat. Do you suppose we can ever make him happy at the John Grier Home?

Yours in evident haste,

SALLIE MCBRIDE.

Sunday.

Dear Judy:

Jimmie was back at eight Friday morning, and the doctor at a quarter past. They and the carpenter and our new farmer and Noah and our two horses and our eight biggest boys have been working ever since. Never were building operations set going in faster time. I wish I had a dozen Jimmies on the place, though I will say that my brother works faster if you catch him before the first edge of his enthusiasm wears away. He would not be much good at chiseling out a medieval cathedral.

He came back Saturday morning aglow with a new idea. He had met at the hotel the night before a friend who belongs to his hunting-club in Canada, and who is cashier of our First (and only) National Bank.

"He's a bully good sport," said Jimmie, "and exactly the man you want to camp out with those kids and lick 'em into

shape. He 'll be willing to come for his board and thirty dollars a month, because he 's engaged to a girl in Detroit and wants to save. I told him the food was rotten, but if he kicked enough, you 'd probably get a new cook."

"What 's his name?" said I, with guarded interest.

"He 's got a peach of a name. It 's Percy de Forest Witherspoon."

I nearly had hysterics. Imagine a Percy de Forest Witherspoon in charge of those twenty-four wild little savages!

But you know Jimmie when he has an idea. He had already invited Mr. Witherspoon to dine with me on Saturday evening, and had ordered oysters and squabs and ice-cream from the village caterer to help out my veal. It ended by my giving a very formal dinner-party, with Miss Matthews and Betsy and the doctor included.

I almost asked the Hon. Cy. Ever since I have known him and Miss Snaith, I have felt that there ought to be a romance between them. Never have I known two people who matched so perfectly. He 's a widower with five children. Don't you suppose it might be arranged? If he had a wife to take up his attention, it might deflect him a little from us. I 'd be getting rid of them both at one stroke. It 's to be considered among our future improvements.

Anyway, we had our dinner. And during the course of the evening my anxiety grew, not as to whether Percy would do for us, but as to whether we should do for Percy. If I searched the world over, I never could find a young man more calculated to win the affection of those boys. You know, just by looking at him, that he does everything well, at least everything vigorous. His literary and artistic accomplishments I suspect a bit, but he rides and shoots and plays golf and foot-ball and sails a boat. He likes to sleep out of doors and he likes boys. He has always wanted to know some orphans; often read about 'em in books, he says, but never met any face to face. Percy does seem too good to be true.

Before they left, Jimmie and the doctor hunted up a lantern, and in their evening clothes conducted Mr. Witherspoon across a plowed field to inspect his future dwelling.

And such a Sunday as we passed! I had absolutely to forbid their carpentering. Those men would have put in a full day, quite irrespective of the damage done to one hundred and four little moral natures. As it is, they have just stood and looked at those shacks and handled their hammers, and thought about where they would drive the first nail to-morrow morning. The more I study men, the more I realize that they are nothing in the world but boys grown too big to be spankable.

I am awfully worried as to how to feed Mr. Witherspoon. He looks as though he had a frightfully healthy appetite, and he looks as though he could n't swallow his dinner unless he had on evening clothes. I 've made Betsy send home for a trunkful of evening gowns in order to keep up our social standing. One thing is fortunate: he takes his luncheon at the hotel, and I hear their luncheons are very filling.

Tell Jervis I am sorry he is not with us to drive a nail for the camp. Here comes the Hon. Cy up the path. Heaven save us!

Ever your unfortunate,

S. McB.

May 8.

Dear Judy:

Our camp is finished, our energetic brother has gone, and our twenty-four boys have passed two healthful nights in the open. The three bark-covered shacks add a pleasant rustic touch to the grounds. They are like those we used to have in the Adirondacks, closed on three sides and open in the front, and one larger than the rest to allow a private pavilion for Mr. Percy Witherspoon. An adjacent hut, less exposed to the weather, affords extremely adequate bathing facilities, consisting of a faucet in the wall and three watering-cans. Each camp has a bath-master who

stands on a stool and sprinkles each little shiverer as he trots under. Since our trustees *won't* give us enough bath-tubs, we have to use our wits.

The three camps have organized into three tribes of Indians, each with a chief of its own to answer for its conduct, Mr. Witherspoon high chief of all, and Dr. MacRae the medicine man. They dedicated their lodges Tuesday evening with appropriate tribal ceremonies; and though they politely invited me to attend, I decided that it was a purely masculine affair, so I declined to go, but sent refreshments, a very popular move. Betsy and I walked as far as the base-ball-field in the course of the evening, and caught a glimpse of the orgies. The braves were squatting in a circle about a big fire, each decorated with a blanket from his bed and a rakish band of feathers. (Our chickens seem very scant as to tail, but I have asked no unpleasant questions.) The doctor, with a Navajo blanket about his shoulders, was executing a war-dance, while Jimmie and Mr. Witherspoon beat on war-drums—two of our copper kettles, now permanently dented. Fancy Sandy! It's the first youthful glimmer I have ever caught in the man.

After ten o'clock, when the braves were safely stowed for the night, the three men came in and limply dropped into comfortable chairs in my library, with the air of having made martyrs of themselves in the great cause of charity. But they did not deceive me. They originated all that tomfoolery for their own individual delectation.

So far Mr. Percy Witherspoon appears fairly happy. He is presiding at one end of the officers' table under the special protection of Betsy, and I am told that he instils considerable life into that sedate assemblage. I have endeavored to run up their menu a trifle, and he accepts what is put before him with a perfectly good appetite, irrespective of the absence of such accustomed trifles as oysters and quail and soft-shell crabs.

There was no sign of a private sitting-room that I could put at this young man's

disposal, but he himself has solved the difficulty by proposing to occupy our new laboratory. So he spends his evenings with a book and a pipe, comfortably stretched in the dentist's chair. There are not many society men who would be willing to spend their evenings so harmlessly. That girl in Detroit is a lucky young thing.

Mercy! An automobile full of people has just arrived to look over the institution, and Betsy, who usually does the honors, not here. I fly.

*Addio!*

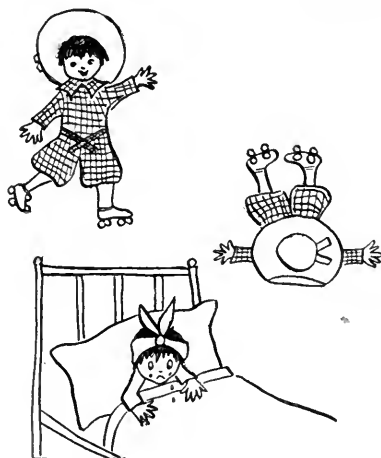
SALLIE.

My dear Gordon:

This is not a letter,—I don't owe you one,—but a receipt for sixty-five pairs of roller-skates.

Many thanks.

S. McB.



Dear Enemy:

Friday.

I hear that I missed a call to-day, but Jane delivered your message, together with the "Genetic Philosophy of Education." She says that you will call in a few days for my opinion of the book. Is it to be a written or an oral examination?

And does n't it ever occur to you that this education business is rather one-sided? It often strikes me that Dr. Robin MacRae's mental attitude would also be the better for some slight refurbishing. I will promise to read your book, provided you read one of mine. I am sending here-

with the "Dolly Dialogues," and shall ask for an opinion in a day or so.

It's uphill work making a Scotch Presbyterian frivolous, but persistency accomplishes wonders.

S. McB.

May 13.

My dear, dear Judy:

Talk about floods in Ohio! Right here in Dutchess County we are the consistency of a wet sponge. Rain for five days, and everything wrong with this institution.

The babies have had croup, and we have been up o' nights with them. Cook has given notice, and there's a dead rat in the walls. Our three camps leaked, and in the early dawn, after the first cloud-burst, twenty-four bedraggled little Indians, wrapped in damp bedding, came shivering to the door and begged for admission. Since then every clothes-line, every stair-railing has been covered with wet and smelly blankets that steam, but won't dry. Mr. Percy de Forest Witherspoon has returned to the hotel to wait until the sun comes out.

After being cooped up for four days with no exercise to speak of, the children's badness is breaking out in red spots, like the measles. Betsy and I have thought of every form of active and innocent occupation that could be carried on in such a congested quarter as this: blind-man's-buff and pillow fights and hide-and-go-seek, gymnastics in the dining-room, and bean-bags in the school-room. (We broke two windows.) The boys played leap-frog up and down the hall, and jarred all the plaster in the building. We have cleaned energetically and furiously. All the woodwork has been washed, and all of the floors polished; but despite everything, we have a great deal of energy left, and we are getting to that point of nerves where we want to punch one another.

Sadie Kate has been acting like a little devil—do they have feminine devils? If not, Sadie Kate has originated the species. And this afternoon Loretta Higgins had—well, I don't know whether it was a

sort of fit or just a temper. She lay down on the floor and howled for a solid hour, and when any one tried to approach her, she thrashed about like a little windmill and bit and kicked.

By the time the doctor came she had pretty well worn herself out. He picked her up, limp and drooping, and carried her to a cot in the hospital-room; and after she was asleep he came down to my library and asked to look at the archives.

Loretta is thirteen; in the three years she has been here she has had five of these outbreaks, and has been punished good and hard for them. The child's ancestral record is simple: "Mother died of alcoholic dementia, Bloomingdale Asylum. Father unknown."

He studied the page long and frowned ingly and shook his head.

"With a heredity like that, is it right to punish the child for having a shattered nervous system?"

"It is not," said I, firmly. "We will mend her shattered nervous system."

"If we can."

"We'll feed her up on cod-liver oil and sunshine, and find a nice kind foster-mother who will take pity on the poor little—"

But then my voice trailed off into nothing as I pictured Loretta's face, with her hollow eyes and big nose and open mouth and no chin and stringy hair and sticking-out ears. No foster-mother in the world would love a child who looked like that.

"Why, oh, why," I wailed, "does n't the good Lord send orphan children with blue eyes and curly hair and loving dispositions? I could place a million of that sort in kind homes, but no one wants Loretta."

"I'm afraid the good Lord does n't have anything to do with bringing our Loretas into the world. It's the devil who attends to them."

Poor Sandy! He gets awfully pessimistic about the future of the universe; but I don't wonder, with such a cheerless life as he leads. He looked to-day as though his own nervous system was shattered. He had been splashing about in the rain since



“The doctor, with a Navajo blanket about his shoulders, was executing a war-dance”





five this morning, when he was called to a sick-baby case. I made him sit down and have some tea, and we had a nice, cheerful talk on drunkenness and idiocy and epilepsy and insanity. He dislikes alcoholic parents, but he ties himself into a knot over insane parents.

Privately, I don't believe there's one thing in heredity, provided you snatch the babies away before their eyes are opened. We've got the sunniest youngster here you ever saw; his mother and Aunt Ruth and Uncle Silas all died insane, but he is as placid and unexcitable as a cow.

Good-by, my dear. I am sorry this is not a more cheerful letter, though at this moment nothing unpleasant seems to be happening. It's eleven o'clock, and I have just stuck my head into the corridor, and all is quiet except for two banging shutters and leaking eaves. I promised Jane I would go to bed at ten.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye baith!

SALLIE.

p.s. There is one thing in the midst of all my troubles that I have to be grateful for: the Hon. Cy has been stricken with a lingering attack of gripe. In a burst of thankfulness I sent him a bunch of violets.

May 16.

Good morning, my dear Judy!

Three days of sunshine, and the J. G. H. is smiling.

I am getting my immediate troubles nicely settled. Those beastly blankets have dried out at last, and our camps have been made livable again. They are floored with wooden slats and roofed with tarpaper. (Mr. Witherspoon calls them chicken-coops.) We are digging a stone-lined ditch to convey any further cloud-bursts from the plateau on which they stand to the corn-field below. The Indians have resumed savage life, and their chief is back at his post.

The doctor and I have been giving Loretta Higgins's nerves our most careful consideration. We think that this barrack life, with its constant movement and stir, is too exciting, and we have decided that the best plan will be to board her out in a

private family, where she will receive a great deal of individual attention.

The doctor, with his usual resourcefulness, has produced the family. They live next door to him and are very nice people; I have just returned from calling. The husband is foreman of the casting-room at the iron works, and the wife is a comfortable, cheery soul who shakes all over when she laughs. Her kitchen is so homelike and cheerful that I should like to live in it myself. She has potted begonias in the window and a nice purry tiger cat asleep on a braided rag rug in front of the stove. They have n't any children of their own, and though it took considerable persuading, I think Mrs. Wilson rather likes the idea of taking charge of our forlorn little mite.

The child is to learn housework and have a little garden of her own, and particularly play out of doors in the sunshine. She is to go to bed early and be fed up on nice nourishing food, and they are to pet her and make her happy. All this for three dollars a week!

Why not find a hundred such families, and board out all the children? Then this building could be turned into an idiot-asylum, and I, not knowing anything about idiots, could conscientiously resign and go back home and live happily ever after.

Really, Judy, I am growing frightened. This asylum will get me if I stay long enough. I am becoming so interested in it that I can't think or talk or dream of anything else. You and Jervis have blasted all my prospects in life.

Suppose I should retire and marry and have a family; as families go nowadays, I could n't hope for more than five or six children at the most, and all with the same heredity. But, mercy! such a family appears perfectly insignificant and monotonous. You have institutionalized me.

Reproachfully yours,

SALLIE MCBRIDE.

p.s. We have a child here whose father was lynched. Is n't that a piquant detail to have in one's history?

Tuesday.

Dearest Judy:

What shall we do? Mamie Prout does not like prunes. This antipathy to a cheap and healthful food-stuff is nothing but imagination, and ought not to be countenanced among the inmates of a well-managed institution. Mamie must be made to like prunes. So says our grammar teacher, who spends the noonday hour with us and overlooks the morals of our charges. About one o'clock to-day she marched Mamie to my office charged with the offence of refusing, *absolutely* refusing, to open her mouth and put in a prune. The child was plumped down on a stool to await punishment from me.

Now, as you know, I do not like bananas, and I should hate awfully to be forced to swallow them; so, by the same token, why should I force Mamie Prout to swallow prunes?

While I was pondering a course that would seem to uphold Miss Keller's authority, but would at the same time leave a loophole for Mamie, I was called to the telephone.

"Sit there until I come back," I said, and went out and closed the door.

The message was from a kind lady wishing to motor me to a committee meeting. I did n't tell you that I am organizing local interest in our behalf. The idle rich who possess estates in this neighborhood are beginning to drift out from town, and I am laying my plans to catch them before they are deflected by too many garden parties and tennis tournaments. They have never been of the slightest use to this asylum, and I think it's about time they woke up to a realization of our presence.

Returning at tea-time, I was waylaid in the hall by Dr. MacRae, who demanded some statistics from my office. I opened the door, and there sat Mamie Prout exactly where she had been left four hours before.

"Mamie darling!" I cried in horror. "You have n't been here all this time?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mamie; "you told me to wait until you came back."

That poor patient little thing was fairly swaying with weariness, but she never uttered a whimper.

I will say for Sandy that he was *sweet*. He gathered her up in his arms and carried her to my library, and petted her and caressed her back to smiles. Jane brought the sewing-table and spread it before the fire, and while the doctor and I had tea Mamie had her supper. I suppose, according to the theory of some educators; now, when she was thoroughly worn out and hungry, would have been the psychological moment to ply her with prunes. But you will be pleased to hear that I did nothing of the sort, and that the doctor for once upheld my unscientific principles. Mamie had the most wonderful supper of her life, embellished with strawberry jam from my private jar and peppermints from Sandy's pocket. We returned her to her mates happy and comforted, but still possessing that regrettable distaste for prunes.

Portrait of an



Obedient Child

Did you ever know anything more appalling than this soul-crushing unreasoning obedience which Mrs. Lippett so insistently fostered? It's the orphan-asylum attitude toward life, and somehow I must crush it out. Initiative, responsibility, curiosity, inventiveness, fight—oh dear! I wish the doctor had a serum for injecting all these useful virtues into an orphan's circulation.

LATER.

I wish you'd come back to New York. I've appointed you press-agent for this institution, and we need some of your floweriest writing immediately. There are seven tots here crying to be adopted, and it's your business to advertise them.

Little Gertrude is cross-eyed, but dear

and affectionate and generous. Can't you write her up so persuasively that some loving family will be willing to take her even if she is n't beautiful? Her eyes can be operated on when she's older; but if it were a cross disposition she had, no surgeon in the world could remove that. The child knows there is something missing, though she has never seen a live parent in her life. She holds up her arms persuasively to every person who passes. Put in all the pathos you are capable of, and see if you can't fetch her a mother and father.

Maybe you can get one of the New York papers to run a Sunday-feature article about a lot of different children. I'll send some photographs. You remember what a lot of responses that "Smiling Joe" picture brought for the Sea Breeze people? I can furnish equally taking portraits of Laughing Lou and Gurgling Gertrude and Kicking Karl if you will just add the literary touch.

And do find me some sports who are not afraid of heredity. This wanting every child to come from one of the first families of Virginia is getting tiresome.

Yours, as usual, SALLIE.

Friday.

My dear, dear Judy:

Such an upheaval! I've discharged the cook and the housekeeper, and in delicate language conveyed the impression to our grammar teacher that she need n't come back next year. But, oh, if I could only discharge the Honorable Cy!

I must tell you what happened this morning. Our trustee, who has had a dangerous illness, is now dangerously well again, and dropped in to pay a neighborly call. Punch was occupying a rug on my library floor, virtuously engaged with building-blocks. I am separating him from the other kindergarten children, and trying the Montessori method of a private rug and no nervous distraction. I was flattering myself that it was working well; his vocabulary of late has become almost prudish.

After half an hour's desultory visit, the

Hon. Cy rose to go. As the door closed behind him (I am at least thankful the child waited for that), Punch raised his appealing brown eyes to mine and murmured, with a confiding smile:

"Gee! ain't he got de hell of a mug?"

If you know a kind Christian family where I can place out a sweet little five-year boy, please communicate at once with

S. McBRIDE,

Sup't John Grier Home.

Dear Pendletons:

I've never known anything like you two snails. You've only just reached Washington, and I have had my suit-case packed for days, ready to spend a rejuvenating week-end *chez vous*. Please hurry! I've languished in this asylum atmosphere as long as is humanely possible. I shall gasp and die if I don't get a change.

Yours,

on the point of suffocation,

S. McB.

P.S. Drop a card to Gordon Hallock, telling him you are there. He will be charmed to put himself and the Capitol at your disposal. I know that Jervis does n't like him, but Jervis ought to get over his baseless prejudices against politicians. Who knows? I may be entering politics myself some day.

My dear Judy:

We do receive the most amazing presents from our friends and benefactors. Listen to this. Last week Mr. Wilton J. Leverett (I quote from his card) ran over a broken bottle outside our gate, and came in to visit the institution while his chauffeur was mending the tire. Betsy showed him about. He took an intelligent interest in everything he saw, particularly our new camps. That is an exhibit which appeals to men. He ended by removing his coat, and playing base-ball with two tribes of Indians. After an hour and a half he suddenly looked at his watch, begged for a glass of water, and bowed himself off.

We had entirely forgotten the episode until this afternoon, when the expressman

drove up to the door with a present for the John Grier Home from the chemical laboratories of Wilton J. Leverett. It was a barrel—well, anyway, a good sized keg—full of liquid green soap!

Did I tell you that the seeds for our garden came from Washington? A polite present from Gordon Hallock and the U. S. Government. As an example of what the past régime did not accomplish, Martin Schladerwitz, who has spent three years on this pseudo-farm, knew no more than to dig a grave two feet deep and bury his lettuce seeds!

Oh, you can't imagine the number of fields in which we need making over; but of course you, of all people, can imagine. Little by little I am getting my eyes wide open, and things that just looked funny to me at first, now—oh dear! It's very disillusionizing. Every funny thing that comes up seems to have a little tragedy wrapped inside it.

Just at present we are paying anxious attention to our manners—not orphan-asylum manners, but dancing-school manners. There is to be nothing Uriah Heepish about our attitude toward the world. The little girls make courtesies when they shake hands, and the boys remove caps and rise when a lady stands, and push in chairs at the table. (Tommy Woolsey shot Sadie Kate into her soup yesterday, to the glee of all observers except Sadie, who is an independent young damsel and does n't care for these useless masculine attentions.) At first the boys were inclined to jeer, but after observing the politeness of their hero, Percy de Forrest Witherspoon, they have come up to the mark like little gentlemen.

### Dancing School Manners



Punch is paying a call this morning. For the last half-hour, while I have been busily scratching away to you, he has been established in the window-seat, quietly and undestructively engaged with colored pencils. Betsy, *en passant*, just dropped a kiss upon his nose.

"Aw, gwan!" said Punch, blushing quite pink, and wiping off the caress with a fine show of masculine indifference. But I notice he has resumed work upon his red-and-green landscape with heightened ardor and an attempt at whistling. We'll succeed yet in conquering that young man's temper.

Tuesday.

The doctor is in a very grumbly mood to-day. He called just as the children were marching in to dinner, whereupon he marched, too, and sampled their food, and, oh, my dear! the potatoes were scorched! And such a clishmaclaver as that man made! It is the first time the potatoes ever have been scorched, and you know that scorching sometimes happens in the best of families. But you would think from Sandy's language that the cook had scorched them on purpose, in accordance with my orders.

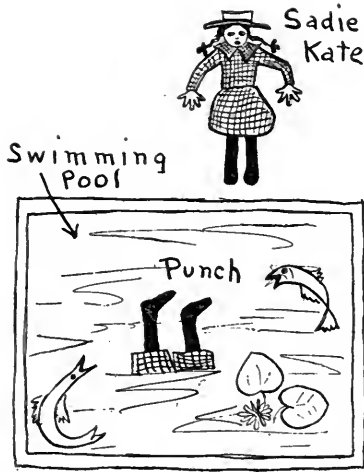
As I have told you before, I could do very nicely without Sandy.

Wednesday.

Yesterday being a wonderful sunny day, Betsy and I turned our backs upon duty and motored to the very fancy home of some friends of hers, where we had tea in an Italian garden. Punch and Sadie Kate had been *such* good children all day that at the last moment we telephoned for permission to include them, too.

"Yes, indeed, do bring the little dears," was the enthusiastic response.

But the choice of Punch and Sadie Kate was a mistake. We ought to have taken Mamie Prout, who has demonstrated her ability to sit. I shall spare you the details of our visit; the climax was reached when Punch went gold-fishing in the bottom of the swimming-pool. Our host pulled him out by an agitated leg, and the child returned to the asylum swathed in that gentleman's rose-colored bath-robe.



What do you think? Dr. Robin MacRae, in a contrite mood for having been so intensely disagreeable yesterday, has just invited Betsy and me to take supper in his olive-green house next Sunday evening at seven o'clock in order to look at some microscopic slides. The entertainment, I believe, is to consist of a scarlet-fever culture, some alcoholic tissue, and a tubercular gland. These social attentions bore him excessively; but he realizes that if he is to have free scope in applying his theories to the institution he must be a little polite to its superintendent.

I have just read this letter over, and I must admit that it skips lightly from topic to topic. But though it may not contain news of any great moment, I trust you will realize that its writing has consumed every vacant minute during the last three days.

I am,

Most fully occupied,  
SALLIE MCBRIDE.

P.S. A blessed woman came this morning and said she would take a child for the summer—one of the sickest, weakest, neediest babies I could give her. She had just lost her husband, and wanted something *hard* to do. Is n't that really very touching?

Saturday afternoon.

Dear Judy and Jervis:

Brother Jimmie (we are very alliterative!), spurred on by sundry begging let-

ters from me, has at last sent us a present; but he picked it out himself.

*We have a monkey!* His name is Java.

The children no longer hear the school-bell ring. On the day the creature came, this entire institution formed in line and filed past and shook his paw. Poor Sing's nose is out of joint. I have to *pay* to have him washed.

Sadie Kate is developing into my private secretary. I have her answer the thank-you letters for the institution, and her literary style is making a hit among our benefactors. She invariably calls out a second gift. I had hitherto believed that the Kilcoyne family sprang from the wild west of Ireland, but I begin to suspect that their source was nearer Blarney Castle. You can see from the inclosed copy of the letter she sent to Jimmie what a persuasive pen the young person has. I trust that, in this case at least, it will not bear the fruit that she suggests.

Dear Mr. Jimmie

We thank you very much for the lovely monkey you give. We name him Java because that's a warm island across the ocean where he was born up in a nest like a bird only big the doctor told us.

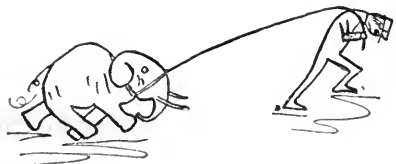
The first day he come every boy and girl shook his hand and said good morning Java his hand feels funny he holds so tight. I was afraid to touch him but now I let him sit on my shoulder and put his arms around my neck if he wants to. He makes a funny noise that sounds like swearing and gets mad when his tale is pulled.

We love him dearly and we love you two.

The next time you have to give a present, please send an elephant. Well I guess I'll stop.

Yours truly

SADIE KATE KILCOYNE.



Percy de Forest Witherspoon is still faithful to his little followers, though I am so afraid he will get tired that I urge him to take frequent vacations. He has not only been faithful himself, but has brought in recruits. He has large social connections in the neighborhood, and last Saturday evening he introduced two friends, nice men who sat around the camp-fire and swapped hunting-stories.

One of them was just back from around the world, and told hair-raising anecdotes of the head-hunters of Sarawak, a narrow pink country on the top of Borneo. My little braves pant to grow up and get to Sarawak, and go out on the war-path after head-hunters. Every encyclopedia in this institution has been consulted, and there is n't a boy here who cannot tell you the history, manners, climate, flora, and fungi of Borneo. I only wish Mr. Witherspoon would introduce friends who had been head-hunting in England, France, and Germany, countries not quite so *chic* as Sarawak, but more useful for general culture.

We have a new cook, the fourth since my reign began. I have n't bothered you with my cooking troubles, but institutions don't escape any more than families. The last is a negro woman, a big, fat, smiling, chocolate-colored creature from Souf Ca'lina. And ever since she came on honey dew we've fed! Her name is—what do you guess? *Sallie*, if you please. I suggested that she change it.

"Sho, Miss, I's had dat name *Sallie* longer 'n you, an' I could n't get used nohow to answerin' up pert-like when you sings out 'Mollie!' Seems like *Sallie* jest b'longs to me."

So "*Sallie*" she remains; but at least there is no danger of our getting our letters mixed, for her last name is nothing so plebeian as *McBride*. It's *Johnston-Washington*, with a hyphen.

Sunday.

Our favorite game of late is finding pet names for *Sandy*. His austere presence lends itself to caricature. We have just originated a new batch. The "*Laird o' Cockpen*" is Percy's choice.

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great;

His mind is ta'en up wi' the things of the state.

Miss *Snaith* disgustedly calls him "that man," and *Betsy* refers to him (in his absence) as "*Dr. Cod-Liver*." My present favorite is "*Macphairson Clon Gloc-ketty Angus McClan*." But for real poetic feeling, *Sadie Kate* beats us all. She calls him "*Mister Someday Soon*." I don't believe that the doctor ever dropped into verse but once in his life, but every child in this institution knows that one poem by heart.

Someday soon something nice is going to happen;

Be a good little girl and take this hint:  
Swallow with a smile your cod-liver ile,  
And the first thing you know you will  
have a peppermint.

It's this evening that *Betsy* and I attend his supper-party, and I confess that we are looking forward to seeing the interior of his gloomy mansion with gleeful eagerness. He never talks about himself or his past or anybody connected with himself. He appears to be an isolated figure standing on a pedestal labeled *SCIENCE*, without a glimmer of any ordinary affections or emotions or human frailties except temper. *Betsy* and I are simply eaten up with curiosity to know what sort of past he came out of; but just let us get inside his house, and to our detective senses it will tell its own story. So long as the portal was guarded by a fierce *McGurk*, we had despaired of ever effecting an entrance; but now, behold! The door has opened of its own accord.

*To be continued.*

S. McB.

Monday.

Dear *Judy*:

We attended the doctor's supper-party last night, *Betsy* and Mr. Witherspoon and I. It turned out a passably cheerful occasion, though I will say that it began under heavy auspices.

His house on the inside is all that the outside promises; never in my life have I seen such an interior as that man's dining-room. The walls and carpets and lambrequins are a heavy dark green. A black-marble mantelpiece shelters a few smoking black coals. The furniture is as nearly black as furniture comes. The decorations are two steel engravings in shiny black frames—the "Monarch of the Glen," and the "Stag at Bay."

We tried hard to be light and sparkling, but it was like eating supper in the family vault. Mrs. McGurk, in black alpaca with a black silk apron, clumped around the table, passing cold, heavy things to eat, with a step so firm that she rattled the silver in the sideboard drawers. Her nose was up, and her mouth was down. She clearly does not approve of the master's entertaining, and she wishes to discourage all guests from ever accepting again.

Sandy sort of dimly knows that there is something the matter with his house, and in order to brighten it up a bit in honor of his guests, he had purchased flowers,—dozens of them,—the most exquisite pink Killarney roses and red and yellow tulips. The McGurk had wedged them all together as tight as they would fit into a peacock-blue jardinière, and plumped it down in the center of the table. The thing was as big as a bushel-basket. Betsy and I nearly forgot our manners when we saw that centerpiece; but the doctor seemed so innocently pleased at having obtained a bright note in his dining-room that we suppressed our amusement and complimented him warmly upon his happy color scheme.

The moment supper was over, we hastened with relief to his own part of the house, where the McGurk's influence does not penetrate. No one in a cleaning capacity ever enters either his library or office or laboratory except Llewelyn, a short, wiry, bow-legged Welshman, who combines to a unique degree the qualities of chambermaid and chauffeur.

The library, though not the most cheerful room I have ever seen, still, for a

man's house, is no so bad—books all around from floor to ceiling, with the overflow in piles on floor and table and mantelpiece; half a dozen abysmal leather chairs and a rug or so, with another black marble mantelpiece, but this time containing a crackling wood fire. By way of bric-à-brac, he has a stuffed pelican and a crane with a frog in its mouth, also a racoon sitting on a log, and a varnished tarpon. A faint suggestion of iodoform floats in the air.

The doctor made the coffee himself in a French machine, and we dismissed his housekeeper from our spirits. He really did do his best to be a thoughtful host, and I have to report that the word "insanity" was not once mentioned. It seems that the doctor, in his moments of relaxation, is a fisherman, and he and Percy began swapping stories of salmon and trout; and he finally got out his case of fishing-flies, and gallantly presented Betsy and me with a "silver doctor" and a "Jack Scott" out of which to make hatpins. Then the conversation wandered to sport on the Scotch moors, and he told about one time when he was lost, and spent the night out in the heather. There is no doubt about it, Sandy's heart is in the highlands.

I am afraid that Betsy and I have wronged him. Though it is hard to relinquish the interesting idea, he may not, after all, have committed a crime. We are now leaning to the belief that he was crossed in love.

It's really horrid of me to make fun of poor Sandy, for, despite his stern bleakness of disposition, he's a pathetic figure of a man. Think of coming home after an anxious day's round to eat a solitary dinner in that grim dining-room!

Do you suppose it would cheer him up a little if I should send my company of artists to paint a frieze of rabbits around the wall?

With love, as usual,

SALLIE.

Dear Judy:

Are n't you ever coming back to New York? Please hurry! I need a new sum-

mer hat, and am desirous of shopping for it on Fifth Avenue, not on Water Street. Mrs. Gruby, our best milliner, does not believe in slavishly following Paris fashions; she originates her own styles. But three years ago, as a great concession to convention, she did make a tour of the New York shops, and is still creating models on the uplift of that visit.

Also, besides my own hat, I must buy 113 hats for my children, to say nothing of shoes and knickerbockers and shirts and hair-ribbons and stockings and garters. It 's quite a task to keep a little family like mine decently clothed.

Did you get that bit letter I wrote you last week? You never had the grace to mention it in yours of Thursday, and it was seventeen pages long, and took me days to write.

Yours truly,

S. McBRIDE.

p.s. Why don't you tell me some news about Gordon? Have you seen him, and did he mention me? Is he running after any of those pretty Southern girls that Washington is so full of? You know that I want to hear. Why must you be so beastly uncommunicative?

Tuesday, 4:27 P.M.

Dear Judy:

Your telegram came two minutes ago by telephone.

Yes, thank you, I shall be delighted to arrive at 5:49 on Thursday afternoon. And don't make any engagements for that evening, please, as I intend to sit up until midnight talking John Grier gossip with you and the president.

Friday and Saturday and Monday I shall have to devote to shopping. Oh, yes, you 're right; I already possess more clothes than any jail-bird needs, but when spring comes, I *must* have new plumage. As it is, I wear an evening gown every night just to wear them out—no, not entirely that; to make myself believe that I 'm still an ordinary girl despite this extraordinary life that you have pushed me into.

The Hon. Cy found me yesterday arrayed in a Nile-green crape (Jane's creation, though it looked Parisian). He was quite puzzled when he found I was n't going to a ball. I invited him to stay and dine with me, and he accepted! We got on very affably. He expands over his dinner. Food appears to agree with him.

If there 's any Bernard Shaw in New York just now, I believe that I might spare a couple of hours Saturday afternoon for a matinee. G. B. S.'s dialogue would afford such a life-giving contrast to the Hon. Cy's.

There 's no use writing any more; I 'll wait and talk.

Addio!

SALLIE.

p.s. Oh dear! just as I had begun to catch glimmerings of niceness in Sandy, he broke out again and was *abominable*. We unfortunately have five cases of measles in this institution, and the man's manner suggests that Miss Snaith and I gave the measles to the children on purpose to make him trouble. There are many days when I should be willing to accept our doctor's resignation.

Wednesday.

Dear Enemy:

Your brief and dignified note of yesterday is at hand. I have never known anybody whose literary style resembled so exactly his spoken word.

And you will be greatly obliged if I will drop my absurd fashion of calling you "Enemy"? I will drop my absurd fashion of calling you Enemy just as soon as you drop your absurd fashion of getting angry and abusive and insulting the moment any little thing goes wrong.

I am leaving to-morrow afternoon to spend four days in New York.

Yours truly,

S. McBRIDE.

*Chez* the Pendletons, New York.

My dear Enemy:

I trust that this note will find you in a more affable frame of mind than when I saw you last. I emphatically repeat that



it was not due to the carelessness of the superintendent of our institution that those two new cases of measles crept in, but rather to the unfortunate anatomy of our old-fashioned building, which does not permit of the proper isolation of contagious cases.

As you did not deign to visit us yesterday morning before I left, I could not offer any parting suggestions. I therefore write to ask that you cast your critical eye upon Mamie Prout. She is covered all

over with little red spots which may be measles, though I am hoping not. Mamie spots very easily.

I return to prison life next Monday at six o'clock.

Yours truly,

S. McBRIDE.

P.S. I trust you will pardon my mentioning it, but you are not the kind of doctor that I admire. I like them chubby and round and smiling.

(To be continued)



## Summer Night, Riverside

By SARA TEASDALE

IN the wild soft summer darkness  
 How many and many a night we two together  
 Sat in the park and watched the Hudson  
 Wearing her lights like golden spangles  
 Glinting on black satin!  
 The rail along the curving pathway  
 Was low in a happy place to let us cross,  
 And down the hill a tree that dripped with bloom  
 Sheltered us  
 While your kisses and the flowers,  
 Falling, falling,  
 Tangled my hair.

The frail white stars moved slowly over the sky.

And now  
 Far off, far off,  
 The tree is tremulous again with bloom,  
 For June is here.

To-night what girl  
 When she goes home,  
 Dreamily, before her mirror, shakes from her hair  
 This year's blossoms clinging in its coils?





## The Night Court

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

"CALL Rose Costara!"  
Insolent, she comes.  
The watchers, practised, keen, turn down their thumbs.  
The walk, the talk, the face,—that sea-shell tint,—  
It is old stuff; they read her like coarse print.  
Here is no hapless innocence waylaid.  
This is a stolid worker at her trade.  
Listening, she yawns; half smiling, undismayed,  
Shrugging a little at the law's delay,  
Bored and impatient to be on her way.  
It is her eighth conviction. Out beyond the rail  
A lady novelist in search of types turns pale.  
She meant to write of them just as she found them,  
And with no tears or maudlin glamour round them,  
In forceful, virile words, harsh, true words, without shame,  
Calling an ugly thing, boldly, an ugly name;  
Sympathy, velvet glove, on purpose, iron hand.  
But *eighth conviction!* All the phrases she had planned  
Fail; "sullen," "vengeful," no, she is n't that.  
No, the pink face beneath the hectic hat  
Gives back her own aghast and sickened stare  
With a detached and rather cheerful air,  
And then the little novelist sees red.  
From her chaste heart all clemency is fled.  
"Oh, loathsome! venomous! Off with her head!  
Call Rose Costara!" But before you stop,  
And shelve your decent rage,  
Let 's call the cop.

Let 's call the plain-clothes cop who brought her in.  
The weary-eyed night watchman of the law,  
A shuffling person with a hanging jaw,  
Loose-lipped and sallow, rather vague of chin,  
Comes rubber-heeling at his Honor's rap.  
He set and baited and then sprung the trap—  
The *trap*—by his unsavory report.  
Let 's ask him why—but first  
Let 's call the court.

Not only the grim figure in the chair,  
 Sphinx-like above the waste and wreckage there,  
 Skeptical, weary of a retold tale,  
 But the whole humming hive, the false, the frail,—  
 An old young woman with a weasel face,  
 A lying witness waiting in his place,  
 Two ferret lawyers nosing out a case,  
 Reporters questioning a Mexican,  
 Sobbing her silly heart out for her man,  
 Planning to feature her, "lone, desperate, pretty,"—  
 Yes, call the court. But wait!

Let 's call the city.

Call the community! Call up, call down,  
 Call all the speeding, mad, unheeding town!  
 Call rags and tags and then call velvet gown!  
 Go, summon them from tenements and clubs,  
 On office floors and over steaming tubs!  
 Shout to the boxes and behind the scenes,  
 Then to the push-carts and the limousines!  
 Arouse the lecture-room, the cabaret!  
 Confound them with a trumpet-blast and say,  
 "Are you so dull, so deaf and blind indeed,  
 That you mistake the harvest for the seed?"  
 Condemn them for—but stay!

Let 's call the code—

That facile thing they 've fashioned to their mode:  
 Smug sophistries that smother and befool,  
 That numb and stupefy; that clumsy thing  
 That measures mountains with a three-foot rule,  
 And plumbs the ocean with a pudding-string—  
 The little, brittle code. Here is the root,  
 Far out of sight, and buried safe and deep,  
 And Rose Costara is the bitter fruit.  
 On every limb and leaf, death, ruin, creep.

So, lady novelist, go home again.  
 Rub biting acid on your little pen.  
 Look back and out and up and in, and then  
 Write that it is no job for pruning-shears.  
 Tell them to dig for years and years and years  
 The twined and twisted roots. Blot out the page;  
 Invert the blundering order of the age;  
 Reverse the scheme: the last shall be the first.  
 Summon the system, starting with the worst—  
 The lying, dying code! On, down the line,  
 The city, and the court, the cop. Assign  
 The guilt, the blame, the shame! Sting, lash, and spur!  
 Call each and all! Call us! And *then* call her!



# Witte

By JOSEF MELNIK

SINCE the death of Leo Tolstoy, Russia has lost no man of more striking personality than Witte. His was a personality upon which Russian genius had set its peculiar stamp, a man in whose veins ran the best blood of the Russian racial stock.<sup>1</sup> Though many foreign students of Russia, as well as the foremost thinkers among the Russian Slavophiles themselves, believe that Russian genius is rooted in passivity, patience, obedience, fatalism, and in "opposition to evil," Witte embodied the aspiration of the Russian race for activity, state organization, social order, and political development. While Tolstoy endeavored to free the Russian soul from the repressive, foreign, Byzantine religious mysticism, Witte toiled with all his titanic strength to banish the Asiatic sluggishness from the Russian racial and political organism. Tolstoy was the forerunner of the great Russian religious reformation, which is inevitable; Witte was the John the Baptist of the great Russian political reformation, which must come, and which is now hovering, redly and with an enigmatical glow, over Russia's blood-drenched fields.

To bind Russia to Europe financially and politically, Witte built bridges which can be bombarded, but which can never be destroyed. His whole life-work was devoted to a single great idea—the birth of Russian individuality. As he himself loved to express it, he wished to fashion "a person" out of the nameless peasant. In Witte, the Russian intellectual, the so-called "intelligent," who is a doctrinaire and a theorist, became politically productive and diplomatically creative. In his

restless energy, his unbending will power, his tireless striving for the accomplishment of great things, he recalls Peter the Great.

His biography possesses the melody of an epic. The youth, an unknown railroad official from 1886 to 1888 in the most bureaucratic and the most widespread empire in the world, leaped into the position of the most powerful man next to the czar himself; and this he did through his own powers, his own genius, and almost without intention. And he stamped Russia with a new financial, economic, and political countenance. He forced his way into the well-nigh impenetrable bureaucratic stronghold at the capital like a bull into a china-shop, and excited its hate, envy, and fear, and the wonder of the world.

What reforms and accomplishments are linked with his name! Government ownership of railroads, the building of the great Trans-Siberian Railway, tariff reform, the establishment of the gold standard, the spirits monopoly, the Treaty of Portsmouth, the Constitution of October 30, 1905, and many others. He established industry in Russia and, despite the fiercest opposition, he set in motion the machinery of social legislation.

He loved the simple laboring Russian people and the gray peasant mass with a love which is undreamed of on the highest rungs of the Russian bureaucratic ladder. In his own person he embodied numerous typical traits of the Russian race. Big, broad-shouldered, with a lumpish nose, with moistly luminous, sharp, piercing eyes, a somewhat shuffling gait, careless and informal dress, pronouncing the

<sup>1</sup> His father, however, was of Dutch descent.

Russian with a remarkable colloquial accent, he made the outward impression of a hero of a Russian *bylina* (a Russian folk-epic). In his last years the concentrated eagerness of his face was softened by weariness and resignation. He seldom laughed; when he smiled, however, he took on a childlike, tender expression of irresistible charm. He had freshness and directness of perception, rapidity and point-blankness of judgment to a degree which is characteristic of Russian genius. He was also Russian (in the best sense) in the simplicity and spontaneity displayed in his intercourse with people, his modesty of listening, and his temperamental responsiveness in entertaining them.

Yes, he was a typical Russian genius. His great mind always worked to the musical accompaniment of his heart. Through all his force and ponderousness ran a melody of softness and a tender melancholy, like a poem by Pushkin or Lermontov or a symphony by Tchaikovsky.

He was a man of the greatest intensity of spirit, highly strung. When the Russian-Japanese negotiations in Portsmouth, which were often on the point of breaking, ended with the now historic treaty which has made it possible for Japan to fight by the side of Russia at this moment, a mass was celebrated in Portsmouth. Witte, who towered head and shoulders above all others, stood there erect and poised, like a victor upon whom the eyes of the whole world were set. Suddenly his energetic face began to quiver, and he broke out into loud sobbing.

After the war, men in Russia and in other lands will often look back at Witte. Not only was he the greatest practical financial administrator of our time, but he was also one of the greatest statesmen of our century. We shall be able to estimate his personality much better and more intelligently after the world-wide blood-flood which we are witnessing, and after the publication of his memoirs. The Russian racial imagination, freed from the depression of war, and the intuition of poets will revolve about him. His relation to the czar is Shaksperian material.

I had the honor and the good fortune to come to know Witte personally. I learned to know him for almost ten years, but it was only during the last four that my relations with him took on an intimate character. We met often, in his little white palace in St. Petersburg; in Berlin, where he stopped often in transit; in Biarritz; in Frankfort-on-the-Main; in Bad Nauheim; in Bad Salzschlirf. He favored me with his confidence, which, in the last few years, was expressed in a continuous interchange of letters. Only a short time ago he sent me a book in which I had expressed an interest in one of my letters, and he wrote among other things: "At present it is difficult to say what consequences this horrible war will have. Let us hope for the best. I cannot just now foresee any business that can bring me to Copenhagen." Two weeks later he was dead. On the day of his death, the sixty-five-year-old man still sat at his writing-table and read in the newspapers about the war, which had strongly affected him. In the evening he lay unconscious, and in his delirium spoke of the war. That night Russia suffered a loss that the report of the Russian general staff did not mention.

I have committed to writing a great many of my conversations with Witte about Russian and foreign politics, about men and events, about economic and financial questions. I should like to set down here a few reminiscences which are characteristic of Witte as statesman and as man.

WITTE was successively railroad official, director of the department of railways, minister of communications, minister of finance, and premier. How did he make his career? Certainly through his genius. But an accident which is not generally known, and of which he told me in the beginning of July, 1914, also played an important rôle.

One summer afternoon I sat with him in the park of the Salzschlirf bathing-resort. He was telling me of the peasant Rasputin, since famous, who at the czar's

court was playing an important part, and perhaps still does. He told me that Rasputin was a case of the evolution of a genius out of the original racial stock—an evolution which is thinkable only of the Russian peasant class.

I remarked:

"How important accident is! Any petty police official might have locked him up, and not a rooster would have crowed for him. How significant can a Russian peasant be! How much precious human material goes to waste in Russia!"

Witte answered:

"Certainly an accident is a great deal. My own career I attribute really to an accident. I might perhaps have become more fortunate, for I have now many outspoken enemies; but I might not have found my career. Would you like to hear the story?" He paused for a moment, and then he related the following:

"Thirty-five years ago I was manager of the Southwestern Railway. As I was not an engineer, but only a mathematician [Witte had pursued the course in physical mathematics at the University of Odessa], a special uniform had to be designed for me. One fine day in the year 1888 I was standing on a Southwestern railway station when the court train, carrying the imperial family, rushed by. Not to bore you with technical details, I shall say briefly that I saw that such a train, running so rapidly on such a track, could not run without danger. I telegraphed to my superiors that they had better reduce the speed of that train on my section of the road, otherwise I could not assume any responsibility. Three days passed. Again I stood on the station platform of the not unknown city of Berdichef. The court train pulled in. Czar Alexander III left his coach. On account of my height and my unusual uniform, I attracted his attention. He came up to me and said:

"Are you the manager of this line?"

"At your service, your Majesty."

"Have you forbidden me to travel with my usual speed?"

"Certainly not, your Majesty. But I cannot assume the responsibility."

"Of course. This is a Jewish road."

"This line had been built by the well-known railway contractor, Blioch, who later became famous for his book on war."

"That is not the reason. I should not like to have your Majesty have his head broken."

"That is literally what I said. The czar turned on his heel without any greeting. I thought, 'Now you are done for.' A few days later the terrible catastrophe befell the court train in Borki. The czar remembered me. I received a telegram from St. Petersburg, containing the order to assume the duties of the chief of the department of railroads. This position paid the salary of eighteen thousand rubles a year. I was already earning more, however, had married, and did not desire to retrench. I answered frankly and honestly what I thought about the matter. Thereupon came the information from St. Petersburg that the czar would pay the difference out of his private purse. Later, when I enjoyed the favor of the czar, to whose memory I always bow, he once said to me, laughing:

"I liked you already at that time, Sergiei Julievitch. To say to me, break your head! Such an impudent fellow!"

"To this accident I attribute my career," concluded Witte.

Witte cherished a boundless veneration for Alexander III. Often, when I sat in his spacious study in St. Petersburg and the conversation would turn upon Czar Alexander III, Witte would point with his hand to the portrait that hung to the left of his writing-table and say:

"I bow before the memory of that man."

When I heard the story of Witte that I have just told, I understood fully why the dandified St. Petersburg bureaucrats called Witte a "clown."

Of the statesmen of the present day—at least of the Russian statesmen—Witte was the only one who saw the danger of the world war which was always threatening because of the present grouping of the belligerent powers. It is absolutely

certain that if Witte had been in St. Petersburg at the end of July, 1914, events in Russia and in the world would have taken a different course. Witte was, "as financial administrator and as a human being," as he said to me, an anti-militarist. He considered militarism as a plague which poisoned the race-organism and hindered cultural and social progress. In particular, what had happened to Russia had led him to regard as an indisputable axiom that at all costs Russia must follow a diplomacy of peace. "It is the greatest misfortune of our history," he said to me in 1907, in the course of a long interview, "that since Peter the Great we have not been able to live in peace for forty years at a time. Each war has pushed us back in our economic development." That is why Witte had given such solemn and gloomy warnings against the eastern Asiatic adventure that led to a war with Japan; that is why he spoke so eagerly for the making of peace with Japan when Russia suffered its first defeats, which were followed by worse.

He knew, however, that Russia alone could not assure the peace of Europe. Creative and ingenious as he was, he wished to establish a common European understanding which would be an unshakable guaranty of peace. About this great plan, which is capable of throwing light on the complicated causes of the present war, he spoke to me several times.

When in the beginning of May, 1914, I visited him in Biarritz, after a conversation in which we touched on the subject of the introduction of the three-years' military service in France, the swelling Russo-German press polemics, and the *entente* between England and Russia, he said to me:

"The English are politically the cleverest and most gifted people. It is indeed true that they pursue neither a diplomacy of love nor one of hate, but purely one of self-interest. You surely know how England used to behave toward Russia only a few years ago. If somewhere in Russia a pogrom took place, the first and the sharpest protest came from England. If the

Poles were dissatisfied, all the bells of the English press rang with Russian oppression and Russian atrocities. Did the Finns complain of Russification, all the first English names, the representatives of politics, of the church, of science, and of the press, found no expressions violent enough to stigmatize Russian barbarity. When the first Duma was dissolved, no less a person than the English premier, Campbell-Bannerman, exclaimed, 'La Douma est morte; vive la Douma!' It was, for all that, meddling with our internal affairs. All Russian revolutionists found their protectors and defenders in England. In a word, England was the home and the fountain-head of all protests against the prevailing Russian régime. I can tell you in confidence that hatred and contempt for England at the Russian court went so far that the word 'Englishmen' became synonymous with 'Jew-pack.' Whenever I made a statement anywhere in which I referred to an English authority, and was asked for the source, there always followed the retort, 'Oh, that Jew-pack!' And now? The protests from England have quite ceased. The 'Times' publishes articles which could appear in the 'Novoe Vremya' without blushing. Englishmen travel in Russia more than ever. All at once, as if by enchantment, everything is changed. If we are to believe English papers and books, Russia is the most wonderful country on earth. All at once the Russian régime has become unobjectionable, conditions have become excellent, the Duma a European parliament. Why, even the climate of Siberia is very healthy, and really wonderful for lung-diseases. These things you can read and hear in England every day. Is it not clear whither this will tend?"

I told Witte that for several months I had been unable to follow the European press regularly, because I was in India, but that I had read something in the English papers appearing in Bombay about a report that he had recommended a Russo-German alliance to the kaiser. What was the truth about that?

Witte answered:

"Yes, there is some truth in that. It would lead me too far, however, if I were to tell you the entire history of the plan. There exist documents respecting it, on the basis of which a history of the proposal may some day be written. My idea is as follows: Russia, Germany, and France are continental powers, and consequently all three have foreign interests to defend. I say to *defend*, because England has already pocketed almost the whole world, and, thanks to her skilful diplomacy, is ever on the alert to pocket everything else that she can lay hands on. For this reason, the three continental European powers must effect an alliance to protect their overseas interests. Such an alliance would also be the safest guaranty for European peace, and would create a kind of United States of Europe. The smaller states, such as Hungary and the Balkan countries, would readily attach themselves to this continental system. Europe would be freed from its burdensome militarism, because of which its economic and cultural life is now being sacrificed to a virtual Moloch. At present the European powers are continually frittering away their strength over petty bickerings instead of devoting themselves to great common tasks. I elaborated my plan for a German-French-Russian continental union before the German emperor upon his first visit to St. Petersburg. He was so delighted with it that, although I was relatively still a young man, he then presented me with the order of the Black Eagle. Subsequently this plan was often discussed. I can say to you that it could have been carried out."

Here I must omit a few remarks which cannot be made public at the present moment. Witte continued:

"Now they look at me askance in England, and they consider me a Germanophil. It is true that in 1905, at the Hotel Bristol in Paris, I declined to sign a treaty which was submitted to me by King Edward, because I did not support its circumscribing policy, wished to un-

dertake nothing against Germany, and was disinclined to hamper the freedom of action of Russian diplomacy through treaties with any particular powers. Later the same treaty, word for word, was signed by Isvolski. The German emperor was always very kind and attentive to me. After my return from Portsmouth, he received me at Rominten like a king, and presented me with his photograph with a very gracious inscription. Since the czar, however, has turned away from me, the kaiser does not know me any more."

When, in the beginning of July, I visited Witte at Bad Salzschlirf, shortly after the murder of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand, of which he had said in a letter, "It will bring great events in its train," Witte returned to his great plan.

"I am becoming more and more convinced that my idea of a continental European union would be the only correct solution. Had I gone to Paris in 1907 as the Russian ambassador, the alliance between Russia, France, and Germany could have been an accomplished fact as long ago as 1910. My conscience does not permit me to tell you all the intimate details, but the world will be astounded when it learns them. The alliance which I planned would have established virtually a European empire. America and Japan would have been faced by *one* Europe, which they would have feared. The armaments which are at present maintained not of necessity, but merely because of a perpetual fear and the desire to be able to checkmate with superior numbers, could, if the alliance were realized, easily be reduced by half. What relief for Europe! Then there would be a European fleet which would be greater than that of England. That an understanding between England and Germany would put an end to the constant and intolerable tension is, according to my views, a false conclusion. In the first place, the German emperor has desired this for the last fifteen years, and how near accomplishment is it? Then, how can any one actually conceive of such an understanding?



An alliance between two nations concerns itself above all with the reciprocal defense of the boundaries of the two allies. The foundation of Anglo-German animosity is, however, of an entirely different character. It turns about an economic rivalry that must, with each year, become more and more pronounced, because German production is bound to increase, and to be compelled to seek new markets. How can such an intense rivalry of interests be smoothed away by an understanding? I will go further, and take for granted that such an understanding between Germany and England is a fact. What can Germany, even joined to England, do against us? It would have been a blessing for Europe, and particularly for Germany, which, I am convinced, has missed very favorable opportunities, if this alliance could have been effected. I can only say to you it could have been effected. If it has not been effected, then—"

Here I must break off, because this is not the proper moment to mention the causes which Witte cited.

If this or that member of the European diplomatic circle which does not stand very high in the graces of the European people at the present time objects, "Ah, but this plan would have to meet with insurmountable obstacles," then I need only to call attention to the fact that there are few statesmen who reckoned so much with the power of the enemy, with difficulties and with obstacles, as did Witte.

He, who introduced the gold standard in Russia, concluded the peace of Portsmouth, built the great Siberian Railway, won for his fatherland a constitution and freedom of conscience—it is true they are at present being violated, but they can never be removed from Russia's political organism—knew what opposition meant. Twice even attempts against his life were made by "real Russians."

And he said, and said it more than once, "It could have been effected."

Was Witte a conservative or a liberal? These questions cannot be applied to his personality. He was no doctrinaire. He was a reformer, and had the pathos of a

reformer. He loved and hated like a man who always wanted great things. Witte never signed a death-warrant, never brought a law-suit against any newspaper. He was always glad to listen to the opinions of his opponents, and regarded several of them very highly, as, for example, Pobiedonostsef. "Is it not a miracle that I am still alive?" he said to me after the dissolution of the second Duma. "I could never endure having police spies to protect my person, because I could not bear the smell of Russian secret police." Thus spoke the first Russian premier. One can understand why the Russian reaction, which, according to his expression, "would love to return to the régime of Ivan the Terrible," regarded him as a revolutionist. At one time, when the Russian minister of public education attempted to muzzle all the schools and to adapt the universities to the ideas of the Russian police, the most criminal on earth, Witte covered Russia with a network of technical high schools, for which he chose as teachers only competent educators, regardless of their political convictions. This aroused the hatred of the minister of public education, because many of the professors were radicals who had been severely punished for their political convictions. Witte concerned himself little about this. He chose even for vice-minister of finance men who had served terms in the Fortress of Peter and Paul, as, for example, W. J. Kovalevski.

Of the Jewish question in Russia, which he regarded as "a mockery of all human and divine laws," as also of the question of the Russian nationalities, I could say many things in connection with Witte's name. I came to him one day just as an American journalist was leaving him.

"When foreigners ask my opinion of the Jewish question in Russia," he said immediately after greeting me, "it is always as if I were asked whether in Russia, in my opinion, one should wipe his nose with a handkerchief or with the naked hand." In a letter to me he characterized the Beilis trial as "revolting."

It is often rumored—his enemies, especially, spread the report—that Witte strove with all his might to regain his power. Witte did not love power for its own sake. It was, however, painful to him to see how his reforms were being gnawed away by the black Russian reactionaries, as by malicious rats. He felt, as all Russia felt, that in the hour of supreme danger they would turn to him. When in November, 1913, I wrote him how an English acquaintance told me that it was being rumored in London that he would soon become premier again, and that I was informing him of this as a "curiosity," he answered from Biarritz: "As for the Englishman's guess, as you yourself have so excellently calculated, it is unrealizable for two reasons. First, it does not suit my personal affairs; and secondly, things are not yet in such a hopeless state that they would decide to turn to me."

Immediately after the proclamation of the Constitution of October 30, 1905, a

new street in Odessa was christened "Witte Street." When Witte fell and the reaction triumphed, the name of the street was changed. Witte spoke of this with disgust and loathing.

It is certain, however, that the Russian future and Russian freedom, in which Witte believed and to which he offered his life's work, will remain indissolubly bound up with his name.

It may interest American readers to know that Witte wanted to visit New York this year. He told me in May, 1914, a few days before I sailed for America on the giant steamer *Vaterland*, that he would very much like to go to New York on the tenth anniversary of the Treaty of Portsmouth, in case of a celebration of the anniversary or of the erection of a monument; for without some reason he could not go. His first visit had made a strong impression upon him, and he would have liked to see America a second time.



## The Explorer

By WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

**S**PRAWLED on his face amid the shattered glass  
 And slow, ill-smelling stuff that drop by drop  
 Thumps to the floor from the wrecked table top,  
 He lies, all heedless of the unprisoned gas  
 That spoke but now in thunder: outside, pass  
 Morning and May, and feet that know no stop,  
 Beauty and beast, merchant and fool and fop,  
 And meek-eyed nuns new come from early mass.

But he hath sailed, he of proud Raleigh's heart,  
 And stout De Leon's faith; he could not rest  
 While Science owned Atlantis isles untrod,  
 And in his cell, with test-tubes for a chart,  
 Set forth; and o'er adventurous seas addressed,  
 Made sudden port far up the coasts of God.





# Monsieur Bluebeard

(Being a Breton night with Master François Villon)

By GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

Author of "The Romaunt of the Rose," "The Oubliette," etc

Illustrations by Arthur E. Becher

IN Paris in the year 1462, when Master François Villon, the poet, ceased to frequent the taverns of the Fir-Apple, the Jibing-Ass, the Mule, and the Golden Mortar, many women wept. Poor Francis was in jail again. But when the year sped, and Francis returned not, sturdy rogues disguised themselves and went to all the hangings, being thus enabled to bid other acquaintances fond farewells, but learned naught of their poet. Nor was he in any of the prisons, Jeanneton and Margot and "the Abbess" having bribed turnkeys and clerks of the Châtelets to tell the roll-call's tale.

So it got into history that during the course of fourteen hundred and sixty-two or sixty-three this thieving poet paid the devil's debt, though how he died, whether vertically or horizontally, or why or where, none knows to this day. Actually, as we know, Master Francis had been born again, and was now officially the Chevalier des Loges. Not that it mattered greatly to Master Francis. In his new occupation as confidential agent of the crown he had as many names as if he were still a thief. On the third anniversary of his last Yule-tide in the Fir-Apple Tavern, while the cannikins clinked and Petit Fremin sang Villon's immortal ballad of "Light Loves," the author thereof, on his Majesty's business, journeyed along the Poitevin border toward the château of Monsieur Bluebeard, in Brittany. This time he wore the belted robe and sedate cap of counselor or scholar, and passed by the name of Maître Sylvain Fitz-Perducas, alchemist, astrologer, and, to the vulgar, magician. At his saddle-bow rode a saturnine fellow, the servant of the real

Maître Sylvain, whom Master Francis had borrowed with his master's name.

For a score of years the Sieur Nicolasse, Seigneur d'Ivry and Lord de l'Isle Vert en Mer, had sat in his Castle Chalky Cliffs and foully ruled. A great, ugly man he was, with hairy hands and evil eyes, and beard so black it seemed to be darkly blue; hence the name Bluebeard, by which minstrels were to make him infamous, and mothers to fright their naughty children, even to this very day.

That he should have been a harsh and cruel master to his serfs meant little in dark days when nobility counted Knave Jacques less than Master Ox and little better than Messieurs Swine. But this seignior was not content with the evil of good red earth. He also sought the secrets of eternal youth and of King Midas's golden touch.

Hence of late, as old age came on apace, when the fame of any alchemist or astrologer reached his ears, Monsieur Bluebeard despatched jewels of price, rare silks, ivory cunningly carved, and other costly trifles. And to the most noted he even sent large sums of money, yes, and promised larger ones, to any amount they named, if they would but visit him and lend instruction out of their great learning. But, being prudent men, none came. It was thus that Master Francis, disguised as the astrologer Sylvain, riding on the king's business, seemingly answered the urgent call.

## II

THUS matters stood when, a league or so ahead of his new master, the saturnine servant rode through Ivry village, and,

pretending deep devotion, drew rein before the little chapel on the castle hill. And as he knelt within, he drew from out his doublet a long, thick letter and gave it to the village priest, there being none to see. Then he remounted, and with two men-at-arms rode upward to the castle gates and blew the horn. And when the porter at the wicket-gate had carried the news that Maître Sylvain, the pupil of the great Nick Flamel, maker of the famous Brazen Head, approached apace, there was such joy on the seignior's face as none before had seen. And then for the next day and the next the castle was in an uproar of preparation for a night of entertainment that should show the noted guest its master's wealth and power.

It was growing late on the second day, and many lamps and lanthorns in the castle shone in the waning light like yellow stars, when a little troop of horsemen rode down Ivry hill and paused by the little church below. And here the herald blew upon his horn.

"Oyez, oyez," he proclaimed, "all folk leal and loyal, freehold folk and villeins both, heed you your seignior's will. There be a barbecue in castle-court this night; there be a play of miracles to follow. Come one, come all when barbican bell it ringeth. Do honor to the Sieur Sylvain, the learned doctor Sylvain Fitz-Perducas of Paris, guest of your Lord Nicolasse, Seignior d'Ivry, Seignior de l'Isle Vert en Mer. Oyez, oyez, heed and obey on peril of his discountenance. Come one, come all. Oyez."

But the bidding, though of seeming courtesy, brought about a trembling to the listening peasants peeping out of cracks and slits in wattled houses and in huts of stone and mud, brush-thatched. And wives and daughters, were they comely, held their breath in cellars and secret places. As well they might, for at the sight of a pretty face within the church, the youngest member of the little troop, Bluebeard's son, threw over a silken leg, and tossed his bridle to the man-at-arms who followed him. At which the girl ran backward, shrieking.

Within the church the candles were alight, the priest was in his robes. A swinging censer partly lighted up the girl as, huddling close, she clasped a great stone cross that faced the purple-pointed altar-cloth, and whimpered, "Sanctuary!" as soft and frightened as a captured bird. Not so the russet-clad youth who stood near by, beside himself with hate and rage.

"The holy rood protects us," quoth this youth, and "Woe to him who violates the church!" intoned the priest. "Woe to the desecrator, woe to the child of sin who touches one in sanctuary!"

But the intruder seized a candle from the chancel, and held it up to see the frightened maiden's eyes, and thus revealed his own, as chilly as his lips were mocking.

"Peace, my pretty! Peace, Père Huon! Came but to bid this pretty one to castle-yard to-night—"

"We be wedded, we two," the russet youth said harshly. "Wedded this e'en, wedded true."

The silken youth made him a mocking bow.

"Why, then, thrice doubly welcome. This pretty one shall have better than cold cross to cling to. What," he feigned, mocking their impassioned cries, "so churlish a husband!" He leered at her with bold, bright eyes. "Have no fear, Jack Husband. She shall have most courteous care." For the moment he paused, irresolute. Whatever the scorn of Bluebeard for the church he daily flouted, his son yet feared a little to violate sanctuary. Besides, there was no need. "Bid you godde'en," he said lightly. "Best heed the barbican bell. 'T is the command of your lord. If any disobey, he knows his reck. Ivry cells be dark and deep. All reverence to you, Peter Priest! A kiss awaits you, pretty bird."

He took himself off, lightly humming a certain lyric of illicit love, whereat the maid's cheeks flamed and her old mother fell to wailing, and the old men of the wedding-party stood with stony stares.

Not so the youth in russet.

"Look ye, Sir Priest," he cried in scorn,

"these be the men to rise up and slay their lord—these!" Scornful, he pointed at the three old men, as piteous and helpless as scared sheep sniffing a wolf in the wind. "And one my own father, God pity me! Men? In God's image? Let me not think so ill of Him." He raised the trembling girl, and held her in the hollow of his strong young arm. "Nay, lily one, nay, nay," he soothed; "none has right to my wedded wife, seignior, duke, or king. By Christ's rood and holy grail, I swear it shall not be." And as he spoke he caressed her.

"Begone, all of you!" said the priest to the others. "Leave the boy to me. There is naught to fear until the morrow." The little group of frightened peasants hurried forth. "Come, Carca," said the priest, and crossed between the lovers.

He led the way by a narrow, separating passage to his sleeping-chamber, and here, before doffing robes of office, knelt at a brazen crucifix. Before an image of Mary above the pallet-bed Carca also knelt, but restlessly. "Nay, it be worthless," quoth he, and rose again. The austere eyes of Father Huon seemed to light the darkness.

"Oh, thou of little faith!" he said.

"Faith!" returned the boy, bitterly. "Faith! In such sheep as my sire and hers! *They* rise in rebellion and slay trained soldiers? To the geese for such faith! Wouldst have me wait, and then be jailed, as was my brother? And my Yvette taken as was my sister, not for a night, but for as long as that Sir Puppet wills? That is not faith, but Jack-foolishness, Piers Priest."

"Natheless," the priest broke in, eyes glowing, "He who is greater than seignior or duke or king or pope, He makes ready to rebuke you. Look to sea!"

The fellow's eyes followed the pointing finger. Afar out, seen dimly in the sea-mist rising up to meet the shrouding darkness, many boats bobbed amid the floating bergs and broken ice, their sails flapping them shoreward like the wings of great gulls.

"Read your riddle," said the russet youth, sullenly.

"The Lettish men of the mines have not learned to be sheep." The priest's voice rose in unpriestly triumph. "Hast forgot that tavern-brawl when one was drunken and his teeth tore off the bailiff's ear? Hast forgotten when another laid low half a score of fisherfolk, cracking skulls like snail-shells under heel? What now, then? I have labored with them as the godly knight St. Paul with pagan worshipers of Apollyon. Sooth said, our own folk have lost courage. But these heathennesses are like unto those Woden-worshipers King Clovis made Christian, then led to the holy wars. Nicolasse of Ivry, false, perjured knight, shall be cloven by a weapon forged in his own fires, he who brought these heathen Letts from the North and cast out Christian folk to starve. 'T was a double-edged sword, Carca, and to me it has been given to grind that nether edge—to grind it to the Sieur God's greater glory."

His eyes burned with fierce fanaticism, and his sinewy fingers fastened tight on Carca's listless arm.

"Duke's armies have failed, boy," quoth he, with somber eyes. "God's armies pass within with neither let nor hindrance. All are bidden to-night—*all*. My Letts pass without scathe uphill and over drawbridge. Long have I possessed myself in patience for this night, and now that Monsieur Bluebeard is delivered into our hands, you, who of all our race have suffered most, would flee? Let your children say of you, as you bespoke your sire: 'Poor craven Carca! Murdered sister, outlawed brother, and affronted wife! Yet Carca fled!' Begone, then; flee to Poitou, craven Carca. And take my curse for company."

"Nay," said the boy, fiercely; "to love a woman is not to forget one is a man. Leave her a weapon lest brave words fail brave deeds, and thou shalt see if Carca's craven. Lead on, Piers Priest."

And Carca shook his steel-tipped stave at Castle Chalky Cliffs.

### III

IN the great courtyard, hemmed off from Carca's sight by barbican and donjon-

towers, and from seascape by the main wing, the great château stood. Jack Frost had retreated, with a nose sore nipped by the great barbecue fires. Here sheep and oxen, roasted whole, and lambs and sucking pigs were on the spits. Above, an end-up gargoyle lost his horns of ice, a griffin lost his tusks, and all the little icicles and all the hard-packed snow, even that wedged 'twixt gables and on more remote roofs, dripped down the ivy-stalks and moss-stained walls, while underfoot the snow ran little rivulets beneath the feet as serfs and peasants came in crowds through the low archway of the barbican, the bell of which rang ever and anon to warn delinquents.

In the courtyard goodmen fought their sons for juicy slices handed out on three-toothed prongs and on the flats of buck-horn knives by cooks and scullions in their blood-stained leather aprons. And then, to the noise of new arrivals, were added piercing protests, howls of hurt, as heavy-handed Letts, forgetting newly learned Christian forbearance at the taste of half-raw meat, laughing loudly, and licking thick, undershot lips, pushed aside the feebler Bretons, trampling toes with iron-soled sandals. Ever reaching, they ate like animals, ever and anon snapping a succulent bone with horse-like teeth that they might suck the marrow. At the sight, Master François Villon, risen from the groaning board, his appetite for once appeased, and standing at an upper window of the castle, sighed, half closed his eyes, and bespoke the master of these monsters, the *Sieur Nicolasse* of Ivry, the so-called Bluebeard.

"'T is a scene from the Italian's 'Inferno,'" quoth he. "Dost know it? Master Dante Alighieri? You have said there will be a miracle-play toward to-night. Then these be actors dressed as devils? This your hell-mouth?"

But the *Sieur Nicolasse* only sneered.

"Simple souls, serfs simply, frozen folk from Finnishland or some such country in the frozen sea; perchance Lapp. And from where the great enchanters come, eh, *Maître Sylvain*?"

His tone had taken on an eager interest, strange in one with voice so hard.

Louis's agent looked reproof, that of one possessing mighty wisdom.

"No word of magic," he said solemnly. "The time is not yet come. But these fellows be no Lapps. What brought such monstrous men to mingle ape-like blood with Christian Bretons?"

"Christian, quotha?" *Sieur Nicolasse* threw back his hairy throat and laughed. "Christian! The word comes ill from *Flamel's* pupil, who made the fiend himself his own familiar. Christian! A pox on Christians! One of those fellows—Letts, they call themselves—does outwork four of lazy Breton hinds. Such die in the pits like the sick sheep they are. Let these Letts take their weakling women to wife, mayhap then we 'll breed Bretons fit for labor. Why so grave, *Maître Sylvain*?"

The great astromath stared at the fiery pit, his brow drawn, his lips a-pucker.

"When I look upon these Letts, the world seems at the age of ice again," he said. "You do ill to bring such savages to countries civilized, *Sieur Nicolasse*. Evil comes of such. But, no. Fair maids of France will not be mated with such animals."

*Sieur Nicolasse* swore coarsely.

"The trulls!" quoth he. "Hussies all. Will wed whom I will. Pestilential wenches! they would even endeavor to deny to me, their lord, or to my sons, seigniorial rights. When one is wed, 't is kept secret so that she may not obey the law and surrender herself seignior-ward for her wedding-night. *Piers Priest* connives, false rogue. I have heard this mangy Valois be the cause," *Sieur Nicolasse* added, darkly brooding. "Is 't true he holds seigniorial rights be violate if he so will, ill-favored Louis?"

*Maître Sylvain* nodded, his look again serene.

"I mind me, in the case of wedding-nights, he swears such seigniors as persist must pay one thousand *sols parisis* every time their *droit* be exercised. A scurvy king he is," he added hastily, for the face



" But the intruder seized a candle from the chancel, and held it up  
to see the frightened maiden's eyes "

of Seigneur Nicolasse had grown empurpled, his lips rage-swollen.

"No king of mine, that Valois vermin! If coward Paris seigniors were a piece with Nicolasse of Ivry, they 'd flout him as I flouted him by the base-born messenger he sent me months ago. A beastly barber, Oliver. Comes to me with great commissions. Would make me a coast admiral, me to pledge myself to guard the coast, forsooth!"

This tale the seignior told to one who knew it as well as he, and better. But—"What answer made you?" he asked, though wearied with the repetition.

"Tell this mangy sheep-dog to keep his ducats; then to buy, or rent, him better fur," quod I. 'Have heard he goeth very shabby. As for you, ill-smelling maggot of a barber, get you gone before I set my beagles on you.' And speaking thus, I caught him by his scruff and collar. And when I hied him to the courtyard stairs, I kicked him lustily. 'A lesson to your vermin-ridden master to send a messenger befitting rank and birth, my barber,' quod I, and Nolly picked himself from out his native filth. Right glad I was to revenge upon this fellow the affronts that this Louis puts upon other nobles."

Maitre Sylvain shrugged, bespoke him slowly.

"Natheless, beware!" he said; but Seigneur Nicolasse laughed long and loud.

"Such army as he sends can sit before my Castle Chalky Cliffs and starve," quoth he. "My Green Isle gives provisions,—this water-gate needs have a navy to keep closed,—and any who would storm my cliffs must pay a heavy toll to catapult and cannon."

"Armies are not his way," quoth Master Sylvain. "This Valois arms him only for defense; sheep-dog you do right to say. But also spider, and, like the Fates, he spins a shroud. Be advised, my Lord, and bid me carry him your courtesy, your promise that you 'll serve him. 'T is better so. He who reads the future gives good counsel."

The vaulted roof of the high stone-

walled room resounded with the laughter of Monsieur Bluebeard.

"So comes it? Say to Louis, then, I fear him less than—than—than those poor monsters of the mines of whom you have such horror."

"Well spoken," quoth Louis's agent, and hastened to deny. "I did jest to try your mettle, Seigneur. The king likes me little; he will have me near him no longer than to read the future. And that future, which the stars foretell, declares that you speak sooth. He is indeed as harmless as your Lettish monsters. Poor sheep-dog!"

But he must turn away into the darkness of the half-lit room, for the elfish look of old lit up his eyes; not the grave eyes of Sylvain, but those of that merry-andrew, Francis Villon, whose last compunction for what he was about to do had now departed.

#### IV

HE was recalled from reverie by a hand upon his shoulder, that of the youth, Bluebeard's son, who had followed Carca's wife to sanctuary.

"The great possession—it cometh?" he made eager inquiry.

The supposed Maitre Sylvain thought it best to be seemingly shaken with a shudder before opening his eyes.

"It was very like," he muttered. "The time approaches; it cannot be long now. Before the hour is out, I promise you good evidence of my power, good my Lord." He turned to where the seignior stood beside a younger son, a slender youth in silk and velvet, many gold chains about his scrawny neck.

"You say so?" The seignior's eyes became as eager as his eldest son's had been. Master Sylvain nodded.

"I would I might but set the time at will," he said; "but the spirit possesses me when it lists. I am its slave, not its mine. Indeed, 't would seem, it is pleased to vex me by possessing me when I would not have it so. As now, when your play will have begun."

He nodded to where stood Gossip, the



commere of the play, gaudy in his motley, but with anxious eyes betraying the question he would ask.

"See to it," said the seignior, shortly, and Gossip went his way, jingling golden bells.

"And now, Master Magian, thou shalt see a sight that all your Paris dares not show," said the seignior. "We make naught of priest or pope in Castle Chalky Cliffs. No more than king or duke, and make our hinds to know it. So our miracle-play be no wretched nonsense, no monkish doggerel, but a fair conceit writ in shapely verse, my son, young Fulkram, fresh from the court of René of Anjou, the author."

He beckoned forward him of the scrawny neck and many golden chains, a fop, almost effeminate, yet with the chilly eyes and tip-turned lips of sire and elder brother. His emerald-velvet sleeves were puffed an inch beyond his shoulders, his waist wasp-like, the points of velvet shoon so long, his silk-clad legs so thin, he seemed far taller than the guest, though both were men of medium stature.

"'T is a conceit to drive Sieur Baudet Ferenc or Master Alain Chartier wild with rage," this youth lisped almost girlishly. "My heaven is hell, my hell is heaven. But observe, Sir Sylvain, the play begins."

As he spoke, the canvas coverings fell from the three wooden stages set up in the courtyard; and Master Sylvain saw that, even in symbolic sense, conditions were reversed, for hell's mouth was to north, where heaven's blessed tower should be. And this same hell's mouth, wont to be a gaping pit from which came thick, black smoke and wild, sulphurous flame, was now a wonder-cave hung with flame-colored satin and glistening with glass jewels, while heaven was no more a tower of radiant light, but dull and drab, a place of shabby, yawning saints and bored and molting angels. Only the stage where earth was shown remained unchanged. Beyond all three, thick ropes were stretched, these marking off a space kept clear by guards in gaudy liveries, with pikes pointed at

the surging crowd, the Letts with loud laughs pressing to the front, and kicking at the castle dogs that yowled and snapped at them and nuzzled half-gnawed bones.

Young Fulkram scowled; the shouts and clamor were so great that Gossip, speaking his prologue, went unheard. A servant hurried off at his command, a dog-whip in his hand, was soon below, and laying it about the heads and shoulders of the Letts, who, scowling, yet subsided.

"You see," said Monsieur Bluebeard, "your fearsome monsters. To be feared no more than boar-hounds. All commonesse cowers before true nobility, Maître Sylvain."

On the middle stage, earth, four players made their bows, two youths, clept Innocent and Crafty, two adult counselors, Shaveling and Long Locks. Soon there was added a fifth, Dame Beauty, whom Long Locks bade the boys embrace, though Shaveling sourly said him "Nay." Thereafter earth divided into two parts; on that part nearest heaven, Innocent, with Shaveling, was seen poring over musty folios, attending early mass, pursegiving to the poor, and, once a priest, aiding the oppressed, shriving the sinner, comforting the sick and sorrowful. But Beauty pities him, and, quitting Crafty for the nonce, tempts the priest with wine and sensuous allure. But Shaveling snuffs the candle, and Innocent sees in Beauty and her wine only the Madonna and the sacrament.

"Here be the drollest part," quoth Master Fulkram, with all an author's pride. "But see that scowling fellow in the crowd, our worthy priest. I vow I shall expire when he hears good St. Peter's weary tale. Harken to him now."

But Master Sylvain neither saw nor hearkened. His eyes were closed, his lips were mute; and Seignior Nicolasse, observing him, himself became as one possessed.

"It comes?" he cried joyfully, and Master Sylvain nodded faintly.

"To me, Petrara," he murmured.

His familiar, his attendant, his assistant, what you will, the saturnine servant

of the heavy-lidded eyes, came swiftly to his side and caught his hand.

"My master's will," he asked. "Shall I prepare the Brazen Head and light the altar fire?" And though his master's lips seemed scarce to move, Petrara read assent there.

"Bid them bear him softly, good my Lord," said he, and beckoned servants. "Softly, softly, knaves!" He led the way, the servants bearing Master Sylvain, on close-clenched wrists, up the stairs of carven stone and to the turret of the east tower.

From its narrow lancet-windows the courtyard itself seemed only a stage, the stage a toy, the close-packed peasantry in light of torch and waning fires a single swaying mass. In every cobwebbed corner of the room were shattered glass and many a sanguine stain, alembics and crucibles flung down in failure's rage. Spiders had spun about the big black books, the books of Lulli and Flamel, of Bacon, Albert Magnus, and many more. Nailed to the north wall was the sign of Satan, a crucifix inverted; below it an altar to an unknown god, its face wrapped about with amber silk and only its pedestal seen. And here, before this altar, Sylvain's saturnine familiar had bent low. Then he rose and sternly bade the servants stand, closing the iron door upon them. 'Twixt him and Monsieur Bluebeard his swooning master was borne in and seated in a high-backed chair, his head resting upon his chest, his finger-tips touching the floor.

And now a light upon the altar fell and flickered as if in unison with the feeble spirit that possessed the fainting Sylvain. But as it crept toward the altar's center and slowly rose, a single column of greenish flame, the Magian straightened in his seat, albeit with a certain shuddering.

"Out!" said the seignior, harshly, to his sons. But Sylvain's servant shook his head, his finger to his lip. For now the ascending flame had reached the sculptured pedestal, and his master sat bolt upright. Then the eager fire, impeded in its progress by the amber silk, thrust its spear-

head point therein and tore it to shreds of party-colored flame.

Made alive by the darting, leaping fire that played about its frightful features, the head of brass revealed, lolled out a tongue so black and forked that it seemed itself alive; and this drawn in, the figure spoke, or, better said, laughed horribly.

"Young Nick," it cackled; then: "Old Nick is met at last. *Ohé*, my Nicolasse! My sweet and pretty young Nick and two Nicks younger still. Where are my other Nicks? Play-acting? I grow faint with wanting ye, my sons. Often I've heard you call, young Nick. But rascal Sylvain here, and more sweet rogues, they have the earlier bargains; but I have bid ye write him and forced him here. What would ye know?"

Then as sudden as its speaking, so sudden was its ceasing. For the saturnine servant, gazing open-mouthed, with tongue that likewise lolled, had let the fire die down. Now it had sunk to crawling on the altar as before, and so had Maître Sylvain sunk until his chin was on his chest again. The fire still leaped in spasms, but the Brazen Head was only chiseled brass.

"The fire! the fire!" thundered Seignior Nicolasse. "More of the salts, fool! Throw on, and spare him nothing! Speak, master!" He threw himself before the altar. "Speak! I beseech you, speak! See, the fire is up again. Higher, fool! higher! A thousand golden angels for a single moment's speech!"

The green column mounted to the chin, licked the lips, played amid the hair of the head; but save for the faint similitude of life given by the waves of heated air bubbling into fiery vapor, the movement of the leaping flames about the metal hair, the head was but lifeless brass and bronze.

"More of the fire, villain!" roared Monsieur Bluebeard. "See, your master stirs. The spirit passes. Quick! a thousand devils! Quick, or your own head shall be as dumb!"

Fiercely he drew his blade. The saturnine servant drew back sullenly.

"There be but one way now," he said.



“ ‘Quick!’ the seignior cried in frenzy, and advanced upon the servant as if to spit him with his outstretched sword ”

"Green fire does not suffice when the possession passes. Moreover, the fiend fights against us. He is about, but will not enter. Hark!" And as he turned, lifting his hand, low laughter sounded behind. Quickly all turned, but save for shadows all was still, the face impassive. And now to Master Sylvain's hands came returning consciousness; the finger-tips were slowly rising from the floor.

"Quick!" the seignior cried in frenzy, and advanced upon the servant as if to spit him with his outstretched sword. "If the green fire suffices not, find you some other way or pay the penalty." His blade was thrust against the servant's breast.

"Then into yon corner. Close your eyes and make no move," the saturnine one said harshly. "This way be most parlous to us all. Heed ye!"

From his breast he snatched a vial, and, circling with it upraised, tossed from it what seemed like liquid fire. And in another moment a giant seemed to breathe upon them. There followed a roar and a blaze so bright that they were blinded by it before their eyes could close; and in the fierce tempest the heavy iron door crashed open.

"Look from the turret-window and see your eternal youth, *Sieur Bluebeard!*" Satan's voice mocked them; and, like the crack of doom, the door boomed back again. But though their eyes were strained to catch a sight of him who spoke, they were yet blinded by the blaze, and saw instead bright stars, myriad comets with a million tails, whole constellations of undreamed splendor, and all against a veil of velvet blackness.

As silence fell upon them, their sight came slowly back. But this at first they did not realize, for in the room a single sheet of flaming red roared up into the rafters and poured from cracks and crevices and from the turret-windows, like hordes of escaping demons in red winding-sheets. And though they stood in the midst of it, with fire all about them, they were not burned. Then Seignior Nicolasse, remembering heaps of powder spilled

about the room, knew the servant had but thrown some simple chemical upon Greek fire or something very like. He had been tricked! The Brazen Head showed through the fading flame quite dumb; the servant was gone, and with him Master Sylvain. But muffled and faint, as from far away, old Nick's mocking voice bade young Nick look down into the courtyard, "And see how Satan serves his servants, Seignior Slayer of children, *Sieur Murtherer, Maître Beardblue.*"

Shouts came up from below—shouts of savagery that smote even such sin-stained souls into sudden fear. Nicolasse of Ivry thrust his sons aside, and, leaping to the narrow lancet-window, wedged himself within its long, straight shape and, holding to its iron bars and thrusting his head between, looked below.

On the stages where the play had been enacted a scant half-hour before the seignior saw strange sights: huddled into the far corners of hell's mouth were the servants and retainers who had played the minor parts, while his sons, Gernot and Gerard, shrieked and struck at them with the flats of their swords. On earth's stage, holding aloft a great bronze crucifix, the village priest, *Père Huon*, read from a scroll from which depended many heavy seals:

"All true sons of Holy Mother Church shall have no word or do no deed for this accursed infidel, paynim, and practiser of black arts, heretic, and bloody murtherer.

"And in his demesne none may lift hand to plow, nor open shop to sell, till this wizard and were-wolf be brought to judgment of holy church. Affix this, prominently public. Given at Sancta Maria Maggiore. Paulus Secundus, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God."

A great roar went up as he concluded; but, unheeding, he made straightway for the stone stairway, and plucking a poniard from a pikeman's palsied hand, the priest thrust it through an iron hasp, so that the parchment hung upon the castle door, its long red seals dangling.

Sword in hand, the young Lord Gernot—he who had been Crafty in the play—

would have torn it down. But the priest opposed him, crucifix raised high, and young Carca, who had followed him, fell on hands and knees and caught the young lord's legs. As he fell, the peasant's naked hands, all bloody, tore the sharp blade away; and when young Gernot struggled up, the sword-point met his neck and freed a crimson fountain.

"For my brother, puppet," Carca shrieked—"my brother!"

Then came a wild-beast howling from a hundred throats. Trygg, the Lettish leader, caught a pike-point, pulling the pikeman to him; and as the man held on, a forest of hairy arms sprang up about him, and he was seen no more. Trygg swung the captured weapon high, howling like any wolf and slashing off the points of pikes opposing him, while other Letts, on hands and knees, cut through the pikemen's leather leggings, hamstringing, stabbing upward. But far the greater number came on, baresark, leaping at the pikemen's throats; and though the pike-points pierced their breasts, and many fell, the mob surged on victorious, the pikemen giving ground.

Seignior Nicolasse sprang down to the floor, and hurled himself against the iron door. It did not yield; he knew then they had barred him in. Snatching up a rusty halberd, he rained such blows upon it that showers of sparks lit up the turret-room.

Then Nicolasse of Ivry went baresark, too. With white foam bubbling on his beard, he threw himself against the door, teeth gnashing, nails breaking. But the iron was held fast by the same outside bolts that he had contrived for other unhappy prisoners. And as they had thrown themselves against the door in shrieking fear, so he did now in foaming rage.

To no avail. From below he heard his Breton villeins howling with the Letts. The sheep aroused at last, he knew the end had come unless he cowed them with their ancient fear of him. If he could free himself and lead his men, he knew the tide would turn. But how?

The spiral stairs were just beyond the turret, only a few feet 'twixt him and

freedom. Above a leaden gutter ran its way. If he could break those window-bars! He plucked the faithless fiend from off the altar,—the heavy Brazen Head, pedestal and all,—and flung the mighty mass straight at the iron bars. They bent. He hurled the head again and then again, until the bars gave outward, became a pointed arch, a triangle. Then, seizing them, he braced his feet against the stone, and tugged with all his strength. A bar cracked like a sudden shot, and sent him sprawling.

But he was up again and on the sill. His bulky body forced the broken bar aside, and on the very verge he shook his fist and bellowed at those below.

"*A Nicolasse! A Nicolasse!* Stand till I join ye, swine!"

Trygg and his men had trampled down a score of pikemen. The others sought to gain the castle-stairs, retreating through a narrow passage between the stages, earth and heaven. And with them fought the castle-servants, those who had been the actors in the play, led by the young Lord Gernot and by the commere Gossip, his bells shorn off, his motley stained. This time they heard their lord and for the moment held their ground.

"*A Nicolasse! A Nicolasse!*" the commere Gossip shouted, too. "The Seignior Nicolasse comes." To which the seignior roared again:

"I come! *A Nicolasse!*" and caught the leaden gutter overhead.

They heard him this time on the castle-stairs that led up from the courtyard. Here in the flaring torch-light, the erstwhile Maître Sylvain and his saturnine Petrara stood, their naked swords in hand; with them Père Huon, Carca, and other Bretons armed with scythes and bill-hooks, and the king's men-at-arms, their cross-bows leveled, keeping clear the stairs. As the Seignior Nicolasse's bellow came from overhead, they looked, and saw the last of him.

Seen in the moonlight, flattened against the castle-wall, he seemed some crawling, loathly worm, some gargoyle come to life. As each hand shifted on the gutter, he

teetered nearer to the spiral stairway. Then quickly Carca sprang from Father Huon's side, and caught a crossbow from a man-at-arms. Knee bent upon the castle-stairs, he sent a pointed quarrel soaring high.

It caught the seignior in his midriff. For the moment poised in air, his hands outstretched, the feathered bolt protruding from his back, he had a certain beauty, like a flying bird. Then the swift descent to darkness, and Carca's long, victorious cry:

"Is Carca craven, Peter Priest? There's two to pay!"

# V

"FROM the king, his seignior, a golden angel to be given Maître Antoine Soisson, freeholder at Our Lady of the Seine, because said seignior's greyhound Jacquemont has throated Maître Antoine's sheep. From the king, her seignior, five golden crowns to Goody Poirs for that she—What now, Nolly, eh?"

The king, in shabby clothes and high-crowned hat, all stuck round with leaden saints, turned from his clerk, whose quill scratched on across the debit-book. His barber, Oliver, had entered; now he whispered and, when Louis's eyes lit up, looked sulky. "Anon, anon, good *clericus*," quoth Louis, and the scrivener went bowing backward from the cell-like room, fit place for monk or hermit, but hardly for a king. Yet it was Louis's favorite, this Bastille tower.

Forgetful of his dignity, as always, the Valois crossed the room and opened the secret door behind the faded arras. Without stood Master François Villon, no longer sober Maître Sylvain, but in attire befitting the Sieur des Loges, agent of the crown.

"Well, Gossip Francis," quoth the king, and raised him up. "Your king is vexed with you, rogue Francis. What's this I hear of stark rebellion on the Breton coast, and you so nigh? I sent a company of men-at-arms to keep the peace and see to it that order was restored."

"They came," returned the poet. "Rob-

ert de Carnac holds the castle, there being neither kith nor kin of Ivry. Awaits your further orders now, *beau sire*."

"No kith or kin?" the king returned, his eyes a-twinkling. "Welladay, 't is said the lot of them were rogues and excommunicated. Tell the tale, Sir Francis. But sit ye first. Nolly, go without and stand on guard. The king is indisposed, can see no one. Now, rogue Francis."

And for close upon an hour he sat there, head in hand, while Master Francis told him how a thawing unguent poured from out the Brazen Head's hollowed mouth to represent a tongue no sooner than the flame began to lick it. And how the Italian Petrara, the real Sylvain's assistant, with his back turned and with some trick of tongue and throat, could seem to send his voice to any quarter, and how in Ivry turret he had spoken for the fiend.

The poet's own voice grew thick as he recalled the later scenes, when men had yielded, throwing down their arms, yet neither Père Huon nor he himself, not even when his men-at-arms bent bows and threatened, could give the promised quarter. The Letts, like the insensate beasts they were, had slaughtered all; he himself was lucky to escape, and would not save for Father Huon. And worse. The Bretons had been as bad. But here he paused; their end had been too terrible!

"I learned a lesson t' other night," the poet said, his elfish eyes now sad and bitter. "The people are the worst of all, like the wolf-pack. Let them have a taste of blood, a taste of power, and Nero's naught. As I looked on, I hated them as I had hated Bluebeard. I would have slain them all."

"A goodly lesson, Gossip," quoth the king, softly. "A lesson you had need to learn, prating as you did of liberty and freedom. A deadly dish for peasant folk. And yet these nobles drive them to it daily. What fools these peasants! They know not what they do. A greater one than I has said that, Gossip." He crossed himself and bent his knee. "See how He requites," he added solemnly.



Photograph by R. J. Flaherty, F. R. G. S.

"The builder . . . hewed his way out through the bottom course"

## In Baffin Land

A True Story

By ALAN SULLIVAN

TUKTU picked his spear from the sledge and shuffled up the hill. On low ground the snow was too powdery for igloo-building, but higher up it was rammed tight by the wind. One of the waiting women cracked a fifty-foot walrus-hide whip over the restless dogs. The other followed with her black eyes the

squat dwindling figure with the right arm that stabbed so steadily into the deepening drift. Presently Tuktu lifted his hand. The dogs pricked up their pointed ears and hurled themselves forward. The women stumbled alongside the jerking sledge. A long day was nearly done, and they were very weary.



Photograph by R. J. Flaherty, F. R. G. S.

Ungluck

Tuktu swung his dag into the snow and cut out a block. It was two feet long, fifteen inches high, ten inches thick, and slightly tapering. Then he cut another and another. In a little while there were enough to make the bottom ring of an igloo.

The white pit sank as the igloo rose. Nowrak and Ungluck watched and shivered while they plastered the chinks. This was always the coldest part of the day. The dogs lay motionless. They knew nearly as much as Tuktu. At the end of it all, the builder thrust up the key block, dropped it neatly into place, and hewed his way out through the bottom course.

Now the traveling-gear of the Baffinlander is a bundle of caribou skins, a stone lamp, flint and steel, a pinch of frayed wood for tinder, seal-meat and blubber, and his dog-team and what goes with it. So in a very few minutes the sledge was upended, the robes and food and lamp thrust inside, the dogs fed, their harness buried deep in the snow and stamped

tight, and the igloo itself sealed by closing the door with the block hewn out of it. After this the dogs curled themselves into round balls of heaving fur, while in the gloom of the igloo Ungluck struck fire, and lighted the seal-oil in her stone lamp.

The night deepened. In the north hung shimmering curtains of palpitating colors that glinted on the frigid wilderness, and snote with silver the perfect curve of the dome that Tuktu had built, and inside the builder joked with his wife and daughter, and chewed complacently at a long strip of frozen seal-meat.

Fourteen hours later he emerged, and scraped the snow off the sledge-runners. Ungluck crawled out and handed him a tin of water that she had melted, drop by drop; by hanging a lump of ice over the stone lamp. He filled his brown cheeks to bursting, and squirted a jet up and down the runners. It froze instantly. The sledge was shod for the day. The dogs, dragged to their single traces,

snapped viciously, then spread out, fanlike, behind the old bitch that leads every dog-team. The long whip cracked, and Tuktu lifted one corner of the sledge to break it loose. In another instant the yelping team was straining down-hill through the loose snow.

To reach the tidal ice, Tuktu faced a drop of twenty feet from the land. It was a miracle how he reached it with the sledge unsplintered, but Tuktu was used to such miracles.

Now, those who eat raw flesh and drink blood and live without fire and water can do much that is beyond wiser and softer men. So it was that Tuktu, the Walrus, with his wife and daughter, loaded his worldly possessions on a sledge, and, building himself a new house every night, came by way of the tidal ice of Fox Channel to hunt the square-flipper seal near Amadjuak Harbor. The journey was only three hundred miles, a matter of a month.

But, trotting ahead, with his gaze wan-



dering to the rock ridges that paralleled the shore and began to reveal black crests in the strengthening sun, Tuktu was uncomfortably aware that not only would he find the square-flipper seal near Amadjuak Harbor, but he would also almost certainly find Nunok, the Bear, and Aivick, the Caribou. They were both suitors for the hand of Nowrak, the Gull, the plump-faced girl who trailed her heels near the snow and surveyed her father with black and lustrous eyes.

Nunok was a large man and strong, a great hunter and rich; but he had, Tuktu reflected, a sullen and angry temper. He always lived in the largest igloo, but he was cruel to his dogs. Rumor whispered that a white sailor from a whaling-ship had quarreled with Nunok over a woman from Bathurst Inlet, and the sailor had never been seen again. But Nunok was a rich man.

Aivick, on the contrary, was good to look at, but poor. Every one liked him because he made every one laugh with his stories and jests. He could hunt



Photograph by R. J. Flaherty, F. R. G. S.

Nowrak

well when he wished, but he did not often wish. He was too generous, thought Tuktu. He would never be rich, but— And here a strange, discomforting thought filtered into the little man's brain: is it better to be happy or to be rich? He glanced automatically back at the sledge, and noted the faithful mound of fur within which was his own wife, Ungluck, the Goose. They were very happy, he and she, and they were not rich. They had never been sad until a bull walrus killed their only son at Hope Inlet. And now? He gave it up. "She is a good girl," he said to himself; "she will have a good man."

Tuktu could see specks on the ice long before he reached the hunting-ground. The dogs smelled the end of their journey, and raced forward. They tore into a cluster of igloos, and instantly the air was full of frenzied yelping that was quelled only when the lash of a fifty-foot whip whistled above them, and cracked like a rifle-



Photograph by R. J. Flaherty, F. R. G. S.

Nunok



Photograph by R. J. Flaherty, F. R. G. S.

Tuktu

shot. Ungluck and Nowrak dived into a friendly dwelling with the fur robes and the stone lamp, and Tuktu, having up-ended the empty sledge, turned, and looked into the hooded faces of Nunok and Aivick.

"You have come at the right time," said the latter, smiling; "the hunting is good." Then he added with a laugh, "Even I have killed a seal."

"So you can see the hunting must be very good," came in Nunok's cold voice. "You will sleep in my igloo to-night. It is large. I expected you. See, it is the farthest out of all."

Aivick began to chuckle.

"I, too, have expected you. See, my igloo is close."

Tuktu hesitated, and at that moment Ungluck and Nowrak crawled out among them. He turned to them with sudden relief.

"Nunok and Aivick say the same words—that we sleep in their igloo."

The old woman's face wrinkled with amusement, then her eyes fell upon the rich man in his new fur clothes.

"We will—"

A tug at her elbow, and Nowrak whispered quickly.

"We will sleep with Aivick," concluded Ungluck, showing her rusty teeth.

Nunok grunted.

"What does one night matter?" he said, and turned quickly away.

Darkness fell like a cloak; then the moon climbed above the stark hills and shed a radiance on the igloo of Aivick, in which there was much feasting. And Aivick told his funniest stories in the flicker of the stone lamp, while the women held their sides and munched sheets of delicious blubber. After which their host and two friends danced the Spirit Dance of welcome to the new-comers.

Now, the tale of that wonderful hunting of the square-flipper seal near Amadjuak Harbor is still told in the igloos and tupiks of Baffin Land, and it is also told that before the hunt was

half over Nunok and Aivick had begun to look at each other without turning the head, which is a bad sign in the North. The only difference was that Nunok frowned, while Aivick laughed. This went on for a day or two till the rich man came to Tuktu and demanded Nowrak for wife. When Aivick heard of it he demanded her also, and Tuktu could only look from one man to the other with trouble in his eyes, because he knew that murder would follow whoever got the girl. So he asked Ungluck what he should do.

The next morning, if any one had looked behind the igloos, he would have seen Nunok and the old woman talking very earnestly, after which the rich man laughed and walked out to his own air-hole, and stared down into the water with a smile on his face, as though he were looking for seals. And the same night Ungluck told Tuktu that the best way to decide the matter was to give Nowrak to the man who killed the most seals on the following day.

"Then Nunok will get her," said Tuktu, thoughtfully.

His wife nodded.

"It is well; she cannot live on jokes and songs, and Aivick has nothing else."

"I have enough for another one," answered Tuktu, slowly, for in the bottom of his heart he liked Aivick, and did not like Nunok, for all his wealth.

Ungluck's voice had a touch of anger in it.

"You will not live forever."

The news filtered quickly through the village. When Nunok was told about it, he did not seem surprised, but only grunted, and began examining his seal-spears very carefully. Aivick did look astonished, and then a curious expression came into his eyes, as though he were looking at something a long way off, and he began humming the "Song of the Swan."

The igloo of Nunok was much farther from shore than the rest. It was, in fact, placed close to his air-hole, because Nunok was so keen a hunter that he wanted to lose no time. A quarter of a mile farther out was the edge of the ice.

When Aivick came out to hunt next morning, the whole village came with him, and they found Nunok already sitting on a pad on his ice block, with his feet in a caribou-skin bag, and watching intently for the single air-bubble that marks the approach of the square-flipper seal to his breathing-hole. So intent was he that he hardly turned to look. Then Aivick settled himself on his own block two hundred yards away, and immediately opposite. He stared, sometimes toward Nowrak, who was walking shoreward with her mother, and sometimes at the motionless figure of Nunok, and sometimes into the patch of green water at his feet. Then he began again to hum the "Song of the Swan."

Nunok killed within the hour a seal so large that they had to chop away the sides of the air-hole to get him up, and at a sign the villagers brought out their knives and ate and drank before the frost should



Photograph by R. J. Flaherty, F. R. G. S.

Aivick

stiffen the warm, quivering flesh. Aivick got up with a laugh and helped himself, then bowed his thanks to the still form at the other air-hole.

When it became dark enough, so that the water only reflected, and one could not see into it, there were four seals beside Nunok, while Aivick's spear had not tasted blood. So the rich man came to Tuktu and said:

"I will take the girl now."

But Nowrak shook her head.

"I am not ready; I will come to-morrow."

Nunok began to protest, but Tuktu, because he was sorry for Aivick, and because this was the last night the girl would spend with her parents, said:

"It is well; to-morrow is soon enough."

Then they went back to Aivick's igloo and ate heartily, and Aivick sang and danced for them; but there was a break in his song, and his feet were heavy. In the middle of it all Nunok crawled through the tunnel entrance and said, "I



Photograph by R. J. Flaherty, F. R. G. S.

"By way of the tidal ice"

bring gifts for Nowrak." So they went out and saw and wondered. There were caribou robes, and carved walrus tusks, and copper knives from the Coppermine River, and dressed dog-skins, and a looking-glass that shut itself up in a flat box. The wealth of a whole tribe was there.

Nowrak looked at it.

"Nunok is very generous." She then added, "When it all comes back." After that she crawled back into the igloo without another word.

Nunok, wondering what was the matter, turned suddenly to Aivick. "Will you dance and sing in my igloo to-morrow? I will pay you well for it."

"I do not sell my feet or my tongue," answered the other.

The rich man sneered.

"Of course not; who would buy them? I really meant to give you a present—because of Nowrak."

Aivick chuckled, and a curious thing followed. He took Nunok by the arm, and together they walked out to the igloo of the latter. There the singer looked

north and south for a long time, as though he were tracing sledge-tracks on the snow. His eyes were half closed, and his face was like the face of a man who has been nearly dead, but lives again. He blinked as though he had been asleep.

"You will indeed give a present, and because of Nowrak," he said quietly. "It will be the largest present you have ever given."

Then he walked slowly to his own igloo and left the hunter in wonderment.

That night all save Aivick slept very deeply, for their stomachs were full. But he got up as soon as it was light, and for the first time in his life there was no smile on his lips. He looked toward the igloo of Nunok, expecting to see him coming in, then gasped with surprise, because the ice-field had parted, and the waters were now, it appeared, close up to the rich man's house. The broken part had disappeared. It was strange that Nunok should not be visible.

The young man's heart began to beat in a way that was quite strange to him. So



"The dogs lay motionless"

Photograph by R. J. Flaherty, F. R. G. S.

he crawled back and woke up his guests. They all stared with much astonishment and started on a run, calling out as they passed the other igloos, and in a few moments the whole village was following them. Aivick, being very quick on his feet, got ahead, and as he neared the edge of the ice, he saw that it ran straight for Nunok's house. But the house itself seemed uninjured.

He reached the edge, and stopped and stared. One half of the igloo remained, but the other had disappeared with the drifting floe. It was sheared exactly in two parts, just as if some giant had swung at it and split it with an enormous dag. The half with the raised ledge, where every Eskimo sleeps, had gone, and with it the rich man in his slumbers. The other half, into which Aivick could see by peering round the end of the snow wall, contained all the lost hunter's wealth. There were spears and robes and knives and the square box that had swallowed music, which he got from the Hudson Bay post above the Narrows.

Then Tuktu ran up with the two wo-

men, who were breathing very hard. When Nowrak saw what had happened, she looked at first very sober; but she caught the eye of Aivick. They stared at each other, and both broke into screams of laughter.

Tuktu frowned at her. "You fool, you were nearly the wife of a rich man."

"Do not scold her," answered Aivick, "for it is all hers, and I shall be the husband of a rich wife."

Tuktu tried to look very angry, but could not.

"Let us get these things to a safe place."

That evening Nowrak bathed herself in seal oil and put grease on her hair. The song had come back to the tongue of Aivick, and his feet were light again.

"I hope," said Tuktu, when his son-in-law took the girl to a new and beautiful igloo, "that you will forget your songs and keep your wealth."

A smile came into the eyes of the young man, for he was very happy.

"When my wealth is forgotten, my songs shall be remembered," he said softly.

# Whistler at West Point

By H. M. LAZELLE

MY first vision of Whistler was at West Point when his bright, sunny face peered through the opening of my tent one rainy summer's day of our cadet camp life in 1851, asking if he might come in. He spent hours repeating the stories of his reading, and in describing with gleeful interest the various characters in them so graphically that one would know them if met on the street. And this was the beginning of our friendship of years of association and correspondence as classmates and room-mates.

He was one of the most indolent of mortals. But his was a most charming laziness, always doing that which was most agreeable to others and himself. He was far from studious. At West Point the evenings until ten o'clock were the hours for study. In our room we sat opposite each other, an iron table on which was an oil lamp between us. After an abstracted study of an hour or so I would look up, and almost invariably see the youthful Whistler, his head supported by one hand, fast asleep. He would rouse up for a little while, but the instant the half-past nine drum sounded, his bed was down and he very soon in it. Many hours during the day and evening, with lessons in prospect, he passed in etching, studying to accomplish by facial expression and attitude certain corresponding emotions.

At West Point was Old Joe, the negro cadet hair-cutter. He was never known to smile or to deviate from "regulations." Once a month cadets were obliged to have their hair cut by him. This was a great worry to Whistler, who disliked to part with his pretty locks; so he would try by cajolery and flattery to have Joe let up a little on the length of his hair. But in this he was never successful. Joe would stop his shears in the midst of a remonstrance and say, "Mr. Whistler, do you want me to cut your hair according to regulations or not?" Of course this put an end to the argument, and Whistler

would come back to our room, look in the glass, and swear about Joe.

He loved frankness, truth, and honor. Cards were forbidden in cadet barracks, but we had a pack, and one night long after "taps" (ten o'clock) we had been playing, and the cards laid carelessly aside, when we were surprised by the entrance of the inspecting officer, who spied the cards. We knew that the offense was a serious one against discipline, and considered whether we could properly ask that the report should read, "cards in possession," a lesser offense, instead of "playing cards," as we were not playing when the inspector saw us. Whistler said, "No, *we had been playing*"; so we faced the music, and as punishment lost our cadet furloughs for a summer.

Postponement and delay were in his very nature. He was indolent in every direction but one. He was forever piling up demerits for his lates and absences from roll-calls, and as one hundred demerits in six months rendered a cadet liable to dismissal, he was always on the danger-list. But he was not destined to be a soldier. At the examination in the voluminous chemical course of the academy, at the end of his third year, he was given the subject of silicon and its combinations. He utterly failed. He could not remember whether it was a gaseous or a solid substance. He wrongly guessed the former. He afterward said that if silicon had been a gas, he might have been a major-general. It is well that he was not, for he would have been a failure. Certain it is that, with his memory and alert mind, he could easily have graduated with honor, and well aware of this, he felt very keenly the mortification and self-reproach of failure, especially as its consequences involved others. When he left West Point, Professor Robert Walter Weir, the eminent American artist, advised him to continue his work, telling him that, if he would do so, a great future was before him.



"I see again the blue hyacinths and the  
yellow primroses of England"

## "Pleasures and Palaces"

By PRINCESS LAZAROVICH-HREBELIANOVICH

(*Eleanor Calhoun*)

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

### *Part Two: The First Forest Production of a Play*

WHEN spring appears, and bright flowers once more break through the sod, I see again the blue hyacinths and the yellow primroses of England massed by the million in Coombe Wood, and in mind stroll again under the grand old oaks and pines with a rare and noble friend.

My friend of Coombe Wood, Surrey, England, was Lady Archibald Campbell, of old Scottish ruling stock, closely related by marriage to the royal family, being the sister-in-law of Princess Louise, sister of King Edward, standing in succession as Duchess of Argyll, and the

mother of the heir apparent to that dukedom. Among the women of her country and of her time she will remain noteworthy. Possessed of a high type of beauty, tall, slender, of elegant mold, fair of hair and skin, she was specially remarkable for an originality that led her to rove in thought and action wherever fancy led her, controlled and restrained only by the exactions of an exquisite discernment and a proud spirit of race. This absolute independence and sense of detachment from the ordinary leashes of social obligation in all that related to entertaining and being entertained, or in recognizing this or that debt to ordinary social life or relationships, linked with an almost childlike lack of self-consciousness, caused certain persons, impatient of the unusual and intolerant of the eccentric, to term her mad. In truth she had much of the strain of that type of madness which Plato calls genius. Another trait in her that fault-finders could not abide was that she had no notion of time. I heard it recounted of her wedding (marriage being legal in those days only if performed before noon)

that she kept Queen Victoria and all the court people waiting in the church till nearly upon the stroke of twelve, when she flew up the aisle to the altar and almost screamed out to the anxious clergyman: "Look at the clock, man! Mar-ry us!" It was done precipitately, shorn of all circumstance.

At Coombe for the first time I heard of "art for art's sake." On that occasion Lord Dufferin took part in the discussion, while Whistler stood for the contention that the artist paints for himself alone; that art is its own sole end and aim, and has nothing to say to others.

"Still," I said, "you did not isolate yourself from life out in the wilds of our Western plains or on top of the Rockies, far from man, to paint for your own joy. You came to the world's heart, to London, to Paris, to Velasquez, as I have heard you say."

He grinned, then said lightly, but seriously:

"We take our solitudes with us."

Certainly the delight of stepping out freely is one which mere skirted woman



"This bit of fine old forest, silent but for its own denizens, might be far from the world of men"



can never know. I remember what astonished sensation was mine when I took my first trembling, and for an instant self-conscious, steps in the costume of "*Ganymede*"—*Rosalind*—when I first embodied the part, which I did, at that time, in London. Swift upon the first sense of charmed surprise came the new joy of going along free—like treading the air—next to flying—never to be forgotten.

When I first embodied the part in London, I had designed the dress of *Rosalind* of a combination of leathers and rough woollens in wood colors, with a draping mantle of dull lichen-green, to make its wearer one with the woods, as Shakspeare's love-lorn, but witty, princess was evidently fashioned to be. Whistler praised it much when he saw me playing *Rosalind* in London and exclaimed: "Amazing! Brown bud in leaf of green—what?" He wanted to paint me in it, but I could not give the sittings.

I used sometimes to have the costume with me at Coombe from Saturday to Monday, high leather boots and all, and wore it under a long ulster during the rambles that Lady Archibald and I used to enjoy in the glorious warren. Not a soul did we ever meet there. This bit of fine old forest, silent but for its own denizens, might be far from the world of men, though it is hardly more than an hour's drive from Hyde Park Corner, and almost adjoins Richmond Park. The secret is that it is crown domain, and only once or so a year did the royal ranger—at that time the Duke of Cambridge—ever come to dis-



"She, too, was excited at the thought"

turb its solitudes by a few hours of shooting. Lord Archibald Campbell's family were accorded an entrance key and had the freedom of the woods.

One summer day when the sun, a somewhat exclusive god in England, deigned to show forth in full power, and splash the forest with splendor, flaming on the trees and between their dark velvety masses of shadow, making more vivid still the crimsons and purples and rose-colors of the stretches of rhododendrons, it

seemed to me that in such an English forest must the vision of *Rosalind* have first come to Shakspeare. In an impulse at the thought, I threw off my wrap and began to speak *Rosalind's* words. Lady Archibald stood far back as audience, while I acted through the scenes.

As I heard the words I was speaking ringing through the woods, the idea flashed upon me, "Why not give the play so, here, on this very spot?" I called out to my friend, "I want to act this play right here among these trees." I ran to her and began to elaborate the thought. "What if I bring actors and realize Shakspeare's own dream out here in the forest itself!"

At that time no play had ever been acted in the open forest.

That thrilling moment in Coombe Wood, under the grand old oaks, was the annunciation of a conception the happy and full realization of which a twelve-month later, in the presence of a most brilliant and illustrious assemblage, brought forth a new art form, a new art emotion, as it was acclaimed to be throughout Europe. The new idea was immediately copied throughout England and on the Continent and in America, resulting in many similar attempts, and in the revival of out-of-door pageantry, garden performances, and open-air plays that to-day have come to take an important place in general educational and cultural development.

At that time Lady Archibald had no personal experience of acting. She was not intimately familiar with the play of "As You Like It." But I had recently been acting *Rosalind* in London, and all its scenes were before me like an open book. My words fired her imagination and appealed to her sense of beauty.

"But can it be done?" she asked, not realizing how much of the play lies in the forest of Arden. "Be practical. You are excited, Eleanor."

She, too, was excited at the thought, and as we walked back to Coombe Hill Farm, my mind flew through every scene with an accumulating joy in the growing

certitude that the realization of those scenes among the trees could and would be accomplished.

All the way home we talked, and when we reached the house I sat down in the little red hall with Shakspeare, paper, and pencil, and never moved, not even for dinner, till my flying thoughts and speeding pencil had arranged the scenes for the forest presentation of the play almost exactly in the form in which we gave it in Coombe Wood the following summer.

During the ensuing autumn, winter, and spring, while I acted at the Haymarket at night, I spent much of my daytime at Coombe, working out the plans for the presentation. I had no prejudices or acting habits to overcome, for so very short a stage experience lay back of me that my imagination was in no way theater-bound. Indeed, the earth of my California mountains still clung to my shoes, and it was more natural for my notions to run free in a wild grove than to remember theater exigencies and restrict the realization of the poet's imaginings within the bounds of the footlights.

Lady Archibald entered with heart and soul into the plan, taking entire charge of the financial and business part of the venture. A number of the most interesting personalities of the time were cast for the various characters. Mr. Vezin, the finest speaker of Shaksperian verse, a man renowned as *Jacques*, was to play that part, and *Touchstone* was to be Mr. Elliot, an actor of classical taste and attainment, a relative of Lord Minto. *Celia*, as Shakspeare wrote her but as she is not played at the theater, is, in her bright and gracious nature, not less than in her devotion to her cousin, an exquisitely defined character. That she is not seen so on the boards is because it often chances that *Rosalind*, after the fashion of stage firmaments, would be "a star, when only one is shining," and takes *Celia's* brave words out of her mouth and speaks them herself, thereby wrecking the author's fine quantities and incidentally estranging herself from his conception of *Rosalind*. Our *Celia* was Miss Annie Schletter, the most

talented amateur actress in London, who portrayed the part to perfection, and since then has played as a professional in Mrs. de la Pasture's play in a way to force from the critics favorable comparison with the great Duse. The *Phæbe* was Mrs. Plowden, one of the most famous and exquisite beauties of the day, mother of the present young Lady Lytton. Her dress was like a pea-blossom, and some one asked, "Why should not Phæbe sweet pea be?" Arthur Bourchier was *Oliver*; William Rose, of literary fame, the *William*; De Cordova was *Corin*; and, in fact, every part was embodied by a person of some distinction. The part of *Orlando* remained for a time unfilled, as did *Audrey*.

In our style of presentation, which was more poetic, and yet at the same time more realistic, more concrete than any other, it was specially difficult to find an *Orlando*. One touch of love-making on the part of *Orlando*, or the least recognition by him of femininity in the masquerading *Ganymede*, or the slightest instinctive flutter of sentimental response to his supposed boy play-fellow would shatter the delightful situation between them, besides, of course, be grossly inadmissible. It was more than ever necessary for *Orlando*, as Shakspeare makes him say, "to live by thinking." His eyes and dreams must be so under the spell of the inner vision of his *Rosalind*, seen but one immortal moment, then hid from him in life's drift, that he cannot see her in the flesh when she stands before him. He does not look at his real princess, and she may with impunity bombard his unresponsive outside and stick him over like a full target with the shafts of her wit and loving raillery. Where could such a dreamer be found? Hardly in stagedom.



"Once a telegram came to me"

After some time of fruitless quest, Lady Archibald came to me and said tremblingly, and with face flushing like a child's:

"Eleanor, I want to play *Orlando*. I feel I could; I just must." She began to recite in loud, uncontrolled tones, and with a Scotch burr marking her utterance more than ordinarily, "Hang ther-re my ver-rse, in witness of my love!" The voice itself was rich, though harsh and blurring at that time, and there was plenty of it. Her close-cropped, curling hair, prematurely tinged with silver, showed a noble, well-poised head. She was tall, slender, and could easily convey the figure and aspect of a youth of gentle lineage. The impersonal and detached impression she always conveyed would go well with *Orlando*. She worked for the part not after the usual fashion of the dilettante, but as an artist works, and her ultimate fine portrayal of it suggested that had destiny not cribbed her within castle walls, she could have been a great actress.

She fashioned herself a costume somewhat in the style of mine, taking for its color the gray-green of my mantle, which



"Many royal personages, statesmen, diplomats, the finest of the world of fashion, were there"

I then changed to one the tint of autumn leaves. Thereby *Orlando* and *Rosalind* together made up my original color scheme of "brown bud and leaf of green." In these costumes we rehearsed in the woods.

The months of preparation were a deep delight for the most part, but their course, like that of true love, did not always run smooth. Some of *Orlando's* relatives objected strongly to her playing the part, and sometimes it seemed as if the matter were all off. As Lady G——, the wife of the prime minister, put it when Lady Archibald asked her to buy tickets from the silken bag that she carried during the whole year: "Certainly not, my dear Janey. I, for one, won't go down to see you make a fool of yourself—and in boy's get-up, too!" After the first triumphant performance, when all London was ringing with acclaim of "the most beautiful and enchanting scenes ever witnessed," and that same Lady G—— came running

after Lady Archibald, imploring her to find her a place for the following day, Lady Archibald gave back in retort victorious: "Cer-rtainly not! I just snor-r-rt at you!"

A dilemma remaining long unsolved concerned the casting of the part of *Audrey*, a character in which the least cockneyism or the least staginess would mar the fresh scenes of Arden, as they were in our Arcadia. Yet the part called for robust fun not generally within the means of any but skilled players. It finally fell to the cook at Coombe Hill Farm, a hearty country lass who had watched some of the rehearsals surreptitiously, learned the part, and implored the chance to read it until it could be properly filled. Her reading astounded us all, it was so wholly, richly Shaksperian, so true in rustic savor and naïve slyness, so rankly comic, a character with its own homely well-being, too, and, though amusingly contrasted, yet not incompatible with other poetic and courtly creatures who might be roaming in the forest. Her success was one of the hits of the day.

During long stretches of time there was heavy work, with anxious incertitude. Many obstacles had to be overcome. Magpies perched on our standards, and

crows croaked over us. At first Lord Archibald looked sourly on us; yet sinews of war were necessary. We could not have the proper paraphernalia or the "heavenly music" hid in the woods without much good coin of the realm, and where to turn for it? When Lady Archibald heard the price set upon the rehearsing of the music alone, she exclaimed, "Lor-rd! fancy Ar-r-rchie for-r-king out a hund-r-r-red pounds for our-r accur-sed music!" However, some one with enlightened chivalry came nobly to the rescue—the Marquis of Lorne, as Lady Archibald told me.

Lady Archibald once asked me in great delight to come to a neighboring farm and see "a str-range and wonder-rful animal for our woods!" We found there a big, tangled, small-headed thing, like a four-footed ostrich.

"Where did it come from? What is it?" we asked.

"Hit 's from Haustralia, m' Loidy. Hit 's a hallpacker."

"Hallpacker-r-r-r!" Lady Archibald repeated in disgust. "How unpoetical! We must call it something else."

With more accurate information, but with like grammar, the man would probably have said, "Hit 's a lammer—got hoff the Handees."

There were rehearsal days when the works would n't work and the actors would n't act,

but developed eccentric wills; then each one sought a tree to pout under, or took the train back to town with a sinister farewell. On such days hope seemed no better than a dead lion.

Once a telegram came to me:

It 's all over. The royal George is furious. Come.

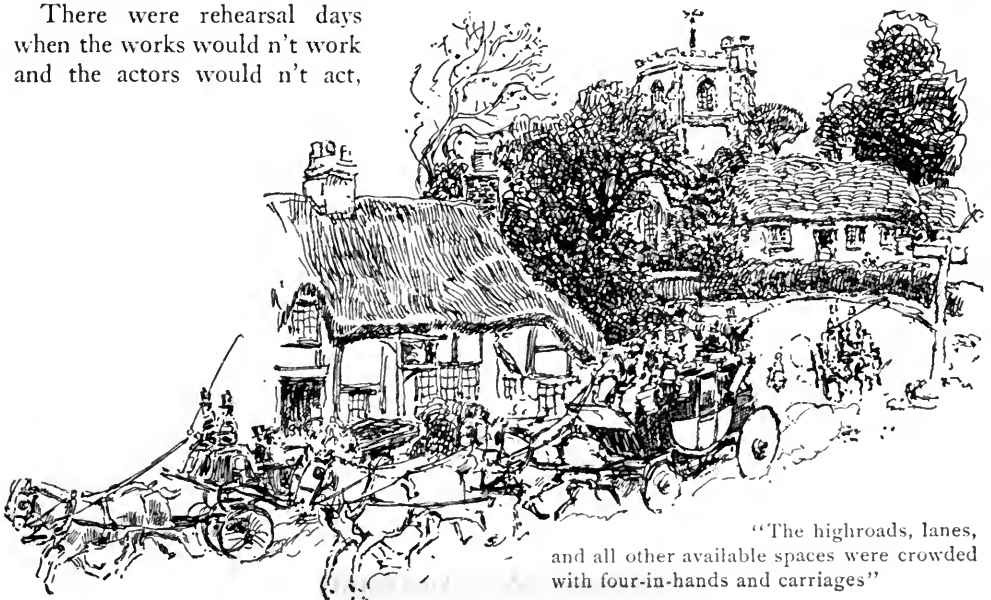
JANEY.

It referred to the Duke of Cambridge, whose permission to hold our revels in Coombe Wood we had intended to obtain at a later stage of development. But alas! he, who never went to Coombe but a day or so a year, had suddenly arrived there, plumping along with one or two companions, and pulled up short on seeing a man with a cart engaged in laying down sod under the trees. The work was all but finished, and had set in well, making a marvelous plushy carpet of green stretching from 'tree to tree and along a lovely path.

"What are you doing there?" he roared at the man.

"I 'm a-pup-pup-puttin' down moss, y'r Roil 'Ighness."

"Moss? Moss? What for? Who told you to do that? Who are you?"



"The highroads, lanes, and all other available spaces were crowded with four-in-hands and carriages"

"I 'm 'er Loidyship's gardener, y'r Roil 'Ighness, from Coombe 'Ill Farm. 'Er Loidyship wants the moss 'ere for the theatricals—Sir."

"The devil she does!" roared the royal ranger.

"We took it from them 'ere mounds down the 'ill, y'r Roil 'Ighness—"

"What!" he thundered. "Not from the graves of my chargers!" and the royal George, simply choking, plunged on to see. When he found that it was all only too true,—the tombs of those faithful companions of the Crimea lay there stripped and despoiled of the mossy pall that their old master had caused to be spread over them,—his rage knew no bounds. He would hear no more of us and our "—— goings on," and a flaming sword was thenceforth set to turn every which way at the gates of that Eden.

After much tribulation, however, another spot was secured in a part of the same forest belonging to another estate.

Some time before our final rehearsals, Whistler, at one of his famous breakfasts, introduced to me Mr. Goodwin, a gentleman whose ability in grouping many figures on the stage had been the subject of much praise, notably in connection with a production of Mr. Wilson Barrett's. I asked him to come to Coombe and help group the numerous persons in the scenes of the court of the banished duke. He was delighted to do so, and gave much valuable assistance. Besides the musicians, Mr. Goodwin was the only person, so far as I know, who received any salary in connection with the production.

Lord Archibald was finally won over, or, rather, he came of his own free will and ranged his good wishes with us. We had a most valuable ally in the Princess Louise, sister of King Edward, whose talent as a sculptress bestows added distinction upon her estate as a royal princess.

At last the great day arrived. Every inhabitant and wanderer in Arden was hidden in his or her own copse, behind a tree, or in the gulch below the hill. A seating-stand had been erected, with a screening wall of green at the sides and

back, just high enough to shut off the view of the landscape except in front. The back was to the west, so that the spectators remained in shadow, while the afternoon sun streamed full into the forest scene before them.

Until the play began, the view was hidden from the audience by a large gray-green curtain, swung between two tall lime-trees the branches of which almost touched above their heads. The curtain fell into a trench, after the fashion of antiquity, disclosing the forest vista chosen as the scene of the play, a lovely wooded glade, blocked somewhat in the far middle distance by a great dark cedar the branches of which lapped the earth. To the right a steep hillside formed a most fortunate means of screening actors from view, and beyond it could be faintly heard the tinkling bells of old *Corin's* flocks. The characters of the play could be heard and observed both far and near, and from their first coming into view were seen talking and fully occupied with what concerned them, using the words of Shakspeare only from the moment they came within earshot of the audience, of whom they remained totally unaware. It was as if the audience were invisibly peering into that forest world of life and romance. At times a shepherd page could be seen glinting here and there through the woods, but never came near enough to the peepers—the audience—for them to make his acquaintance "in his own person." He was the call-boy.

The highroads, lanes, and all other available spaces were crowded with four-in-hands and carriages, blazoned with the proudest arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. King Edward and Queen Alexandra, then Prince and Princess of Wales; the King of Sweden; the Crown Prince Frederick of Germany, soon to be emperor (who presented me with flowers at the end of the play); the present King George; Queen Maud of Norway; Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, Duchess of Argyll and the duke; the pretenders to the throne of France, the Comte and Comtesse de

Paris; many statesmen and people of renown in art and literature; and many royal personages, statesmen, diplomats, the finest of the world of fashion, were there.

At last the hunting horns of the exiled duke and his comrades in banishment were heard afar in the woods; their happy singing and the barking of the leashed hounds drew nearer and nearer, and then the hunters came into view, carrying the slain deer. Through the trees they wound and disappeared, and silence came again. *Orlando*, with old *Adam* leaning on him, now appeared at the edge of the forest, only to pass out of sight in his search for shelter for his faithful old servant. Then the band of lordly hunters came on, throwing themselves down under the trees to rest and feast. As they sprawled on the grass with cup and song, there ascended, with the blue smoke of their camp-fire, the hearty tribute of noble minds in noble speech to wild-wood freedom and the "sweet uses of adversity."

In this forest presentation of "As You Like It" the first scenes of the play, the court scenes, containing the exposition of the story, had to be omitted, but their feeling had to be conveyed by both *Rosalind* and *Orlando* when they first appeared in the forest. In the brief moment of her meeting with *Orlando*, when he says that if he be killed, he is willing to be so, as he has "none to lament him and nothing in the world" "only to fill a place which may be better supplied when he shall make it empty," his words find swift and melting response deep down in that sadness which *Rosalind*, in tender answer to her dear sister-cousin's entreaty, had consented to "forget." After that one look wherein heart flew to heart, the time parts them, evidently to meet no more. So the wanderer *Orlando*, alone and hopeless, strays to the forest of Arden. When *Rosalind* wearily drags her steps thither, she, too, brings a heart that has "briers in it," full

of hopeless longing, ready to "weep like a woman," however courageous an outside her will and wit put on.

It is essential not to lose the plaintive and piteous strains of this prelude, if the later tale is to find the full fun, the romance, and thrill of its mounting enchantment as it unrolls in Arcadia.

In this outdoor presentation the tensity of the spell was such that when, during a scene, a young bird floundered and fell from its twig to the ground, and was picked up by an actor and tenderly tossed up to its nest among the branches, tears started to the eyes of persons present.

No mere cramped, built-up stage could afford means of conveying the maze of entangling "love-in-idleness" which *Rosalind*, amid the leafy glades of the deep grove, twined about the unconscious, wandering steps of *Orlando*, who never once apprehended her presence. His eyes were ever and ever more vague to the moving forms about him, and his thoughts more and more withdrawn to the remote idol of his imagination, whose unnoted original, dancing in delight at his side, and all about and around him, like an invisible sprite in his path at every turn, goaded and tormented and augmented his misery, feeding on the love she forced him to reveal, holding back from him all comfort, though once she fainted and nearly betrayed herself. Then when at last he cried out in uncontrollable despair, "I can live no longer by thinking!" she came to him with an overflowing cup of recompense, with a rapture more than mortal.

So Shakspeare, with *Rosalind* and *Orlando* and their whole romantic train, came to Coombe Wood, and there, with all grandeur, as was meet, was shown forth for the first time in the world a play having no other stage and no other scenes than the sunny, grassy swards, the flowery dells, the trees and brake and twittering birds, the hills, and the blue sky of nature.







Crawford Notch, White Mountains





# We Discover New England

## The Chronicle of Two Happy Motorists

*Part Three: The White Mountains*

Recorded by LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Illustrations by Walter Hale

I WAS awakened the next morning by a song. It was a pretty song, although not well sung, for the illustrator was making the music.

"Down the mountain-side we will smoothly glide," he warbled, ending up in a series of fearful yodelings spelled something like, "Ede-la-y-la-y-la-y-ooh."

I did not remonstrate with him, for this burst into a Tyrolean air at such an hour was an indication of the complete immersion of the artist in the motorist.

He was a man with a purpose. I am not sure that it makes much difference what our purpose is in life, so long as we have one. This morning it was the attainment of the White Mountains.

Soon we were eating griddle-cakes, lavishly garnished with Vermont maple syrup (very pale), and I was asking the white waitress why they never have colored girls in the dining-room when they have colored boys in the office. She looked at me in frozen horror, and withdrew. And although I lingered to assure her that I did not want colored girls,—I simply wanted to get her opinion on the subject,—she did not return. So no doubt the colored boy who, as omnibus, gathered up the dishes gathered up my quarter intended for her.

But why is it that we never see negro waitresses when in almost all of the large hotels in New England we find negro

boys double-shuffling about with bags and stationery and ice-water? The negro never ceases to be a joy. His presence in America atones in a measure for the lack of Roman ruins that besprinkle Europe. There are no negroes there except a few who ride in motor-cars.

I watched one at Burlington as he put the luggage on the car. He described so many curves during the operation that an efficiency expert would have gone mad over the lost motions. He skated, he slid, he swooped bags about, and, as he packed each article about me, he so alluringly bowed that I felt every coin in my purse trying to get out and reach his palm.

Tips are said to be an evil of our times, but the man who has to give them makes the statement; that vast number that receives the largesse has probably found it no crime. There is much to be said on both sides, but I cannot think that it is a system which should be, indeed, can be, abolished, for the giving of a tip is the recognition of personal service. It is the only way one can thank a man who is not, in his present capacity at least, in the class of the one who dispenses the coin. And there is another reason—to argue for the other side—that was most beautifully exemplified in a story which came to me recently.

A friend of mine took into service as

indoor man one who had attracted her attention as a most perfect waiter in a hotel. She paid him the same amount that he averaged as a waiter, and she found him as satisfactory in her own home as she had expected him to be. Yet at the end of a few months he begged to return to his more exhausting duties in a great caravansary.

"I don't know as I can make it plain to you, Madam," he said to her, earnestly, "but it's the tips that I look forward to. Not that they are any more, on the whole, than I get here; but there's always an uncertainty about it. I keep wondering if I am to get a good deal or very little, and it makes the day interesting. It's a kind of an adventure, in a manner of speaking, Madam."

Ah, the Great Adventure! not so much of one, but his, and life would be flat indeed if we were not playing a game of some sort. Remember this: each time that we dig into our pockets we add to the romance of grayer souls than ours.

While W—— admits this, he regrets that it requires larger and still larger sums yearly to color these gray souls. He is glad that a quarter still lends a rosy tinge, but deplores that a ten-cent piece adds so little nowadays to the glow of the spirit, and he becomes sadly reminiscent on the good old days when a nickel would have metamorphosed the dulllest of shades into a crimson Rambler.

Satisfied, satiated, the domestic scraped up the steps backward as we left the hotel, and a traffic policeman bade us keep straight on for the White Mountains. We had no thought of making any detour about the charming town, although we should have done so. We had learned little of Burlington beyond the fact that the first town meeting was held in 1787, and a man named Orange Smith ran the first store—presumably a fruit store.

We swept into the east with greater success than another car, which stopped firmly on the crossing despite the traffic policeman, who said it could not be done. The husband was driving, while his wife, shrouded in a green veil, sat in the back

seat. (I know it was his wife, because she *was* in the back seat!) There is a satisfaction in sweeping around another car while the occupants are trying to awaken it to activity again—a satisfaction that is always punished. But one does not reflect upon this as one sweeps.

A block or so on we made another quick curving out to avoid a saw-horse that fell from the rear of a cart. The carter was unaware of his loss, nor did he awake when I oracularly cried as we passed him, "You have lost your horse." He had not lost his horse, as he was driving it, and he looked at me in disgust, continuing on without recovering the saw-buck. We never saw the carter again, so there is no end to this slice of life; but, alas! we again saw the wife with the green veil. A few miles out of the town an old friend of ours passed away, bursting with a loud report. It was not an unexpected death. He had accompanied us for over a year, developing protuberances which were unlovely as time went on, and, of late, a flapping elephant ear. It hit the ground with a resounding whack more often in a minute than one would have thought possible for a car of moderate pace.

The wife with the green veil sailed past us as I was looking for an inner tube in the hat-box. She did not stop, or glance our way, but a young man driving a gay little nag drew up alongside, and we fell into violent conversation. I found him a most pleasant young man in the beginning. It was evident from his first speech that he kept abreast of the times.

It was not until later that I discovered he not only kept abreast, but outstripped them. At least he outstripped me, and now that I look back upon our swift meeting and parting, I realize that the young man and I were extraordinarily alike. So alike that we could never have hit it off very well, anyway, so perhaps it was best that we separated when we did.

There was nothing I had ever thought of that the young man had not thought of before me. We were applying the tube to the engine for the pumping up of the tire, and I told him that I had declared

seven years ago that this should be invented. He said he had told his wife the same thing eight years back.

I then remarked that nine years ago I had insisted to the illustrator that there ought to be some way to generate sufficient electricity to start a car. He remembered that he had spoken of the same thing to his cousin ten years ago; he was n't married then.

In a great rush, so as to get ahead of me, he now quickly claimed he was the first human being to think of using the batteries for lighting the car, and the invention of the electric horn was all in his head. I swallowed the statement, for it was beneath my dignity to question his being the very first to ponder on these things, although I was older than he, and may have worked it out in my cradle. But I triumphantly hinted that I was at present thinking out a device for signaling automobiles behind us as we turned to the right or left. I would not say overmuch, for one who has an invention still unperfected should not.

I shall never forget the way he gathered up the reins, just as an actor leaves the stage upon the delivery of an exit speech. "I got one of them on my car already," was his parting shot.

W—— endeavored to soothe me when he had gone.

"All that either of you did was to think of the inventions," he said; "why did n't you work them out?"

Yes, why did n't we? That young man and I were too much alike.

I turned my attention to the landscape. Who was it said, "Nature never did desert the heart that loves her," or words to that effect? I know nothing more remarkable than the way we fly to her when mankind disappoints us. Nothing more remarkable, at least, unless it is the way we fly *from* her when mankind again beckons his finger toward us.

After all, I wonder how much green fields and wide vistas are food for the soul. We were now in a broad, fertile valley, with far views of lovely hills. Sleek cattle were in the pastures, but the

farm-houses were poor and mean. Even those with the large milk-cans before the door had broken window-panes stuffed with sacking from the ever-useful Minnesota flour-mills. We could look into the uncurtained rooms of the upper stories and see ill-made, sagging beds.

The views from the doorsteps were inspiring, but I wonder if a view carries much solace when the comforts of the creatures are lacking. Can the soul feed the body? It is one of my eternal questions; I cannot answer it. But I have an uncomfortable suspicion that a decently nourished body will go as far as a mountain view toward elevating the spirit.

The valley that I am now iconoclastically traversing is that of the Winooski River. The name fills me with regret—regret that we did not cling to this Indian appellation for the vegetable we designate as "onion" when we took upon ourselves the Indian country. Much of the prejudice against the homely bulb might never have developed had we termed it by this fanciful word.

There is an elegance about it that would nullify criticism. We would feel more lenient toward our neighbors in the next apartment when, as we entered our hallway, it was made certain that they were having winooskis for dinner. The young man could take longer chances with his dinner before going to call upon his inamorata, although he takes fairly long chances now. "Excuse me, I have been eating winooskis," would win an instant pardon. Even the young woman who, in terror of "losing him," circumscribes her diet closely, would be forgiven for anything as charming in sound as a "winooski breath."

But I can go no further with this thought. W—— has called in from his workroom to ask what I am writing of now, and in a terrible panic I have called back "Jonesville." Jonesville is part of our motoring day, and keeps him placidly at his drawing-board, where "onions" or even "Winooski" will bring him raging in to say that I am ruining the sale of the book—and who will see his illustrations?

There was an inclination on the part of the citizens at Waterbury to keep us there for luncheon when we stopped to ask the distance to Montpelier. We did not ask a "grown-up" at first how to get to Montpelier for the reason that we did not know how to pronounce it. We knew the Montpellier of France well, but we hesitated to plunge into a French accent; yet there were so many other ways to pronounce it, if it was Anglicized, that we should be sure to be wrong.

We picked upon a boy in the far distance before reaching Waterbury, with the idea of pointing out the word on the map and repeating his pronunciation after him. He was a pleasant, but stupid, little boy who excused his inability to read by saying he was in the "C" grade, and when we enticingly asked him to name some towns roundabout, he could think only of Jonesville.

We spied another boy a little farther on, but he was not in a mood for answering questions. He was standing on the apex of a woodpile pitching sticks of wood into a shed, and he was very much annoyed at being obliged to do this. One cannot blame him, as it was the noon recess and the workmen's hour of delightful ease. He was red in the face, and muttering horrible things about his cruel mother, and just as we passed he inadvertently hurled a neat little log through the kitchen window. Above the crash of glass we could hear the expostulations of the tyrant who had set him to work, but a curve in the road blotted out the scene, which probably became very shortly more painful than it had been. That is one of the drawbacks of motoring; we rarely see both cause and effect. It was a garage-keeper in Waterbury who finally set us straight by informing us that the hotel of his town was better than the one at "Mount-peel-yer."

We acquired Montpelier before the dining-room doors had closed, although they were closing as we slipped through them, and banged so vindictively after us that we felt like unhappy flies in a spider's web. A very amiable spider reversed the

order of things that generally goes on in a web, overcoming as much as possible the dreariness of the architecture by an array of food which might be put down as agreeable interior decoration.

This building of oversized hotels and opera-houses in undersized towns is done, I imagine, to lure the village into growing up to them, unmindful that there is nothing so dwarfing as a standard too high to reach. Since Montpelier is the capital, the hotel may be full of Solons, as we insist upon calling them in the newspapers when the legislature is in session. Legislators, especially when called Solons, are so important in appearance that a very few can fill the largest hotel to repletion.

We walked over to the state-house to see the statue of Ethan Allen in the portico. An art editor once told the illustrator that the sculptor had managed workaday clothes on the figure and, more than that, he had suggested by the rugged appearance of Allen's countenance that he was probably one of the most profane men of his day. This last was undoubtedly what held the illustrator. He has some faults of his own, and while not sure of a statue to keep his memory green, he intends forbidding any possibility of one in his will, if the irascibilities peculiar to him were going to be put in marble and set up for all the world to stare at. Reflect upon the endurance of a marble fault!

This statue is not the only artistic display in Montpelier. By fishing out the Baedeker I made a discovery all my own. There has been no mention of the Baedeker before, as I have been rather shy about admitting that we needed a German guide-book compiled by an Englishman to get us over our own country. Indeed, we have not needed it, but our motor-car felt so much more at ease with the familiar red book in the tonneau that we took it along as a sort of coach-dog.

It is not an enthusiastic volume,—it dislikes our cab system,—but it is honest, and no town is too small for a word as to its merits or demerits. It was in Baedeker that we learned of the art gallery of Montpelier, "chiefly consisting of paint-

ings (original and copied) by Thomas W. End." I did not tell this to W——, for I knew it would embitter him to have Thomas W. End go down to posterity when from cover to cover there is no mention of his name, and unless he can manage a beautiful, untruthful statue for himself there probably never will be.

But seriously, or as seriously as one can be who is going blithely over a good road toward the White Mountains, how little stress can be or should be laid on the artistic endeavors of our young country when so much can be said of its natural beauty. How little the height of the dome of a court-house matters when that court-house is in a long street shaded by elms, in the possession of a loveliness that no other land can claim! For of this I was sure at the end of eight days of motoring in "my ain countree."

Having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, we sank into the mud beyond Danville, and gave every evidence of remaining there indefinitely. We need not have gone this way; it was not the right way, but was the result of a Smart Alec back in Burlington who knew all about routes, and whom I had suspected from his verbosity of never having been in a motor-car. We were warned that the road was in process of reconstruction, but the Smart Alec had told us to pay no attention to these signs, so we had bumped along over broken stones, with workmen stepping aside for us, until the rich soil of Vermont took us unto itself.

The road-makers behaved very well about it, and our chauffeur worked like a fiend tearing down some farmer's carefully built wooden fence, and making a little plank path for our car to walk. It was one, two, three, let in the clutch, and just as we were getting out, the wife with the green veil passed us triumphantly, making the turn we should have taken. We had seen her at Montpelier as she and her driving husband were going in to view the Thomas W. Ends, and the hope that we had met them for the last time was engendered not only from an antipathy to green veils, but to the conclusion

that the green veil brought us misfortune. After we were out of the worst of the mire, we stayed so long offering sustenance to the road-menders from a flask that we sank into the soft road again, and were pushed out of it once more by our new friends. I wished to repeat the convivial offer, but, as they themselves unselfishly reminded me, any further lingering would bring the same results, we finally wavered up the hill, crossed a pasture, and worked our way back to the main road.

Still we did not regret meeting them. They were fine, capable young fellows, much more worthy of a place in Baedeker than the height of a court-house dome, and to be classed with the landscape as part of the charms of American touring.

The valley had been narrowing since Montpelier, and by the time we reached St. Johnsbury we were quivering with the certainty that the White Mountains would be ours, and before dark. It was not our intention to pass the night in the heart of them, rather in the foot-hills, giving up the next day to peaks and fastnesses.

I should have enjoyed stopping over in St. Johnsbury. The hotel was new and shining, but it was not yet dusk, and habit was too strong for us. Besides the illustrator was impressed by the placarded appeal Bethlehem was making to us from every fence rail. It was brief and unvarying, and to my mind not stimulating, for its continual boast was, "Bethlehem—thirty hotels."

I pointed out to him that we could spend the night in only one of the hotels, anyway, but he had visions of driving slowly through the town before we made our choice, with all the porters of all the thirty running out to meet us, and twenty-nine of them being disappointed. Hotel porters in America do not run out to wave you into their courtyards, as they do in Europe, and he had missed this attention. He figured that if we were ever to receive it, it would come to us in Bethlehem.

We strayed into a bakery in St. Johnsbury where coffee was served, and drank

the mildly concocted beverage while the chauffeur went among the shops to buy a new shirt. I do not know what this boy did with all the shirts he bought, but he had a way of collecting them with the same fervor that other travelers buy souvenir postal-cards. It is not a bad idea, this purchasing of raiment en route. For years afterward each day's equipping of himself can bring to mind his trip.

"I bought this shirt in St. Johnsbury," he can say to his wife, for all chauffeurs marry young. Then he will sigh, and she will be delicately piqued into loving him the more as she wonders what dear association he holds for the purple and green stripes.

There was love in the bakery. The young lady who was doing up the evening's bread for various customers never turned her face from the street. She found bread, paper, and twine with the sureness of the blind, and when criticized rather irritably by one dyspeptic old gentleman, admitted brazenly that she was watching for her sweetheart.

"Did n't know you had one," said the dyspeptic, laying down ten cents for his gluten bread.

"Did n't?" she said. "Look at me."

We all looked at her. She was plain, yet there was that about her which, we knew, meant sweethearting from the cradle to the grave. I did not begrudge her this quality. It was highly satisfactory to see a woman commanding attention whose hair was not curly and whose wrinkles were rather ensnaring than otherwise. Both W—— and I felt more comfortable over our faces, which Time had already begun to pat and paw with firm, if kindly, fingers.

We left the bakery mentally, at least, hand in hand. As we came to a long hill which we must climb, we met a young couple in a roadster who might have been ourselves ten years back, except that a smart bull-dog was riding cozily between them. But as we had always wanted a dog, we felt that the picture of this pleasant trio was a mirroring of what we would have liked to be.

Their car was covered with banners, "Safety First" being prominently displayed, and they were living up to this by turning back to St. Johnsbury for the night and leaving the steep hill for broad daylight. Our cars stopped by mutual consent, and quite without preface we talked together for some time. They said they might see us on the morrow, although we should probably outstrip them. As we had outstripped nothing but a steam-roller so far, owing to our predilection to lingering, we assured them of another meeting. We parted without any exchange of names, and this is the true spirit of motoring, the young couple scampering back over the easiest road, our older selves climbing the long hill, for life has taught us that we must go forward.

We were rewarded by an orange sunset from the mountain-top, which brought warmth to the chill of our years, and coincident with the dwindling of the day came the lights in the houses along the roadside. We peeked in curiously. Some were at supper, some weaving rugs, a hand was lifted to a sick face, a baby in a mother's arms—we flashed by. Ah life! a moving picture that never tires, and grows richer in interest as we grow older.

Before Littleton we came suddenly upon a toll-gate. We would have passed it unwittingly had not the pole been swung across the road. A young woman came from out the little lighted house. She said she did not, as a rule, put down the bar,—she trusted to one's honor,—but a car had just passed without so much as a howdy-do. She dwelt a good deal upon this breach of country etiquette, and as she had bounced out in time to get the number, she was about to paste it up on the board for all the world to read their shame. She was very proud of this method of degradation.

It was not surprising to me that the occupant of the rear seat had been a lady with a green veil. Apart from the satisfaction at hearing of her dishonesty, I was full of the fear that we might sail past her again, and swift retribution follow in a third accident to us.

Tremulously we approached Littleton, and just as we left Vermont and acquired New Hampshire, our head-lights picked out floating green chiffon ahead. W—— was very bitter. He wished to get to his "thirty hotels" before thick night. To do so he must pass her; yet if he did pass her, he would probably crack a cylinder and never get anywhere.

I will say this for the lady, she got us out of the difficulty herself, for her car suddenly took a fork to the right, and as our course was over the other road, we left her far behind without arousing her malevolence.

Owing to our arrival at Bethlehem under cover of darkness, there was not the gratifying effort to secure our patronage that W—— had counted upon.

But the house we chose atoned for it by giving us ecstatic attention from the bell-boys. They denuded our car with a tenacity of purpose that only armed resistance could have withstood. They were mindful that twenty-nine other hotels were ready to receive us, even if the porters and waiters and guests were not out in the road making fin-like movements with their hands toward their wide porticos. They even pulled from the receptacle that the top formed the old shirts and the whisky-bottle and that of hair tonic. They marched up-stairs with the chauffeur's new shirt, neatly done up in a package, and had to be marched down again with it. Before I could say I did n't like the rooms (which I did, but one has a formula while traveling), the bags were unstrapped, and my dinner-gown was popping enticingly out. More wonderful than all this, they did not linger about for tips, but disappeared as soon as their work was done.

Only the captain remained—to assist me, I should judge, in dressing. He told me that he went South to work in winter, and to school in the spring and autumn; he had a stepmother, and was fond of her. And all the time he was fixing shades and turning on lights and seeing if we had sufficient stationery. Upon reflection I put it down that he was the

most complete bell-boy I have ever met, although, curiously enough, lacking an ear.

When the illustrator upbraided me for my sudden friendship with him, I argued that as our stay in Bethlehem was short, I could not find out about the ear without compressing the right of several years' acquaintance into fifteen minutes. Even so, I never discovered how the accident occurred, despite the fact that I told him of our losing a tire early in the day. This was in the hope of delicately leading up to that member of which he had been unfortunately bereft. I might have learned, had not a waitress arrived with the news that they were keeping the dining-room doors open for us, and this new attention so touched me that I bowed the complete bell-boy out of my life forever.

The head waiter was taking his evening meal when we gained the dining-room, sitting in a far corner with his napkin carefully spread over his shirt-front. His kind is so majestic when he is in action, so supercilious, so gravely critical of any breach of table etiquette, that it was rather a pleasure to find him humbly trying to make his dress-shirt last another day.

I never could see just what started this hideously dignified air of those who serve us in life—just how it began in the first place. It must be that they ape a manner popularly supposed to belong to their superiors. Yet what caused the first butler in the world to adopt a frozen dignity? Whom did he emulate? And why—oh, why, are we willing to pay more for this joyless, mummified type than for those who serve interestedly, and who are not above laughing at our best jokes?

Certainly, it cannot be that they have borrowed their grand manner from those upon whom they wait, for it is an optimistic and relieving thought that those who are grandest in the social scale have the least manner. It is only the great who can afford to be simple. Therefore we saw the head waiter eating wheat cakes, with his napkin tucked under his chin, in his finest moments.

His assistant served him, a young woman in white, with no enthusiasm for her job; and when he had finished, she sat down, and was served in turn by an ordinary waitress in black. She was not so indifferent, for she was of that age when the woman higher up commands a deep admiration. She called attention to her hair, which she had dressed after the style of the head waitress, who, I thought, was rather languid about it. I asked our handmaiden what girls served those in black when it came their turn, and she said the kitchen-maids, and when I asked who served the kitchen-maids, she replied scornfully that nobody did. So one infers that the scullions are on the lowest rung of the social ladder in hotels, and do not eat at all.

I fear it is the contrariness of my nature that occasions me to cover all the pages allotted to Bethlehem with the doings of the servants' hall. Here we were in the White Mountains, a locality that, from my earliest recollection, stood for all that was elegant in the world of fashion, yet I could find nothing of interest in the guests and very little in the village. We walked about the streets before going to bed, almost alone in this mild pursuit of pleasure. The hotels were glaring with lights, and discords from a medley of orchestras smote the ear; through the windows we could see couples limping backward and forward in the employment of a dance-step that must be a severe strain on the tendons. In a gymnasium the "lame duck" would be considered far too fatiguing for steady exercise.

As we gained the steps of our own hostelry, hideous screams from the main parlor filled us with dread—a dread that we must hear, if not see, a visiting elocutionist giving an imitation of Richard Mansfield as *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*. It was *Mr. Hyde* going on at the time, wallowing on the carpet and eating the body Brussels roses. It was a long while before the gentler and quieter personality of *Dr. Jekyll* overcame the wallower. There was peace for a moment when the doctor gained the ascendancy.

Through all this babble the stars remained shining in the sky. Nothing to frighten them; but if stars think, they must marvel that this little town, named years ago by pious settlers, could so lose its beautiful significance.

The morning dawned splendidly, and we got away in excellent time, considering the hampering of the cohort of bell-boys, who slung everything on wrong. They were alert, however, as every one was, and we put it down to mountain air, for we were feeling very elastic ourselves, and bounced around in the car like rubber balls.

The highway was not without its sign-post, but this sign brought a lump in my throat for an instant. W——, pointing to it, asked if I wanted to go there, and I said, "No," but I think if I had been told that I should never see "New York" again, the lump would have come to stay. Recently, while traveling across our continent, I chanced to glance from the window of the Pullman, and my eyes fell upon a sign-post quite as thrilling. The new Lincoln Highway was under construction, and at this point in the desert, sticking up from the sand, were two hands, and one pointed to the west and the other to the east. "San Francisco—New York—Half-way," read this message in the desert.

We were almost immediately in the mountains—mountains which we have endeavored to garnish with fine roads and civilize with great hotels. But a mountain is uncompromising. One can wreath it in garlands, like a Roman emperor, and it will not lose its grimness. I am rather in awe of these great creatures, and I marvel that so many silly people can spend the summer among their heights and not grow uncomfortable.

It is said, however, that the rocky profile of the Old Man of the Mountain is scaling off a bit. Possibly his steady contemplation of the world is effecting a gentle softening toward mankind. He knows that all of us men and women wriggling down below are made of meaner clay, and he may appreciate that



it is not so easy to be good and resolute when our hearts are not of flint.

The motorist could not very well miss seeing this great rock, but, for fear one should, an enterprising arrow marks the best view along the road by pointing heavenward. After this, one might expect other arrows designating the moon, the sun, or the Dipper. A number of automobilists were looking at the profile as solemnly as were we. There is little to be said about a great freak of nature, although one young woman, who had brought her opera-glasses, bridged the chasm between almighty nature and nature simply human by remarking the resemblance of the profile to "grandpa."

Many of these automobiles continued south through Franconia Notch, and we would have spent more time in this district but that our itinerary forbade too much lingering. For a distance we were not out of the woods; pine and birch wove their branches above us, and if one can find any fault with this wonderfully laid track through the great forests, it is that the way is too inclosed for extended views.

The roads were magnificent, some of the turns made with "banked curves" for fast going, like a motor-race track, which is all very well for one who is driving rapidly, but causes the car of milder pace to fear that it may topple over. Much of this land is preserved forestry which Uncle Sam, like a good housewife, has husbanded (granting that Uncle Sam can be a housewife and, if a housewife, can "husband") for an indefinite future. Along the way boxes of tools are ready for the dreaded fires, and foresters in khaki, with the best of motor-cycles, were scouting along the road. The illustrator's recollection of the Old Man of the Mountain was completely obliterated in his anxiety to remember whether he did or did not blow out "that match."

Later we came into the open once more, meeting a railroad, which was obsequiously shrinking across our path. Time was when the railway crossed the road in an aggressive manner, and other vehicles were interlopers; but in this paradise for

automobiles it is distinctly second. We look upon a train in disapproval when it holds us up, and are inclined to show surprise if any other heads than pumpkins peer out from the windows. When motor-trucks begin to carry freight, the fast express will pass away from shame.

The golf-course at this point is traversed both by the road and the tracks. It is known as a splendid hazard, and as W——'s nose was nearly hit by a dying ball, I think it well named. The ending of the story is excellent, however, as I caught the ball, and it is now in my handkerchief-case in the trunk. My dishonesty very nearly severed the friendship between the illustrator and me. I still claim that it was not altogether a sense of sportsmanship that occasioned his protest, as his principal argument was that he might some day meet the owner of the ball.

It recalls an incident of a protesting modern mother. "Don't you know it is immoral to drive alone in the park with a gentleman?" one of this species recently said to her daughter. "What if there should be an accident!"

It was unfortunate to engage in any marital bickering with the whole Presidential Range looking down upon us. We should have been feeling loftier, and hitching our wagon to a star, or at least to Mount Washington. I told this to W——, and he said you could get there only by donkeys. But his mood softened, and we both melted as we passed a big hotel; for in front of the hotel was the little roadster of the young couple who went back to St. Johnsbury, and who, with the confidence of the young, had said they would surely see us on the morrow.

They were evidently at luncheon, but the doggie was in the car, guarding it with shining teeth that nature, not a bad disposition, had forced it to show continually. Mindful of their complete harmony, we grew friendly again, for we were not going to be outdone by a young couple in a small roadster. And we wavered uncertainly before we decided to go on to another inn. The illustrator, who has kept up the understanding of youth,

feared to intrude upon their happy intimacy. When we grow older we are ready, alas! eager, to give more generously of ourselves. All this to explain to the young couple, should they chance to read our book, why we did not meet them again. Perhaps on the morrow, or the morrow, or the morrow?

At our hotel you not only register for luncheon, but you pay for it in advance. If you chance to choke on an olive pit before the soup and die on the spot, your estate would get no refund. As this was probably the most conservative of the hotels we visited, it speaks poorly for the honesty of the best people. But, to return to a more optimistic point of view, it is pleasant to reflect that one receives at the best places the best attention, the best food, and the best quarters. And I should have very little to say about the dishonesty of the best people when a golf-ball was rolling around in my hand-bag. Perhaps it is my best plea for being of the "best."

We were careful with our olives, and completed an excellent meal. I asked the waitress all about herself, and was told very nearly all. She was from Maine, and stayed "to home" in the winter. She was niggardly with forks, but generous as to knives, and this may have been the result of Maine influences.

She told me, also, that many of the good-looking waitresses we had seen throughout this part of the country were shop-girls from Boston, who gave up their work in the summer to accept a humbler, but more healthful, profession. It is the most intelligent action I have ever known a shop-girl to adopt, and I fear it is because they come from Boston that they show this breadth of mind. I have inquired since,—and been snubbed for my pains,—but I never have heard of a New York clerk following such a course when the thermometer mounts to the nineties in a hall bedroom, and stays there.

Mellowed by food, we talked at table of lingering in the White Mountains. From our window, across the wide, treeless plateau, the Presidential Range was

beckoning us. It seemed absurd to be covering this entire district in a day, but, as W—— pointed out, we could not see it all if we stayed forever, and as we were singularly healthy and richly poor, it would be foolish to remain for a holiday.

We drove on, stopping at the little church which lies between the two great hotels, a memorial for some one whose spirit must have been as lofty as the surroundings. While this district is known as Bretton Woods, we were not in the forests again until we entered Crawford Notch. We then moved through the most lovely glades, the road roofed with green so delicate in color that it would seem spring was clutching its privileges to the exclusion of summer. A stream which surely must have been known as Boulder Brook was our inconstant companion, flirting off into the woods and coquetting into our presence again when we least expected it.

With a fine artistic appreciation, even the signs were made of rough bark. "Caution!" was hung on trees, like *Orlando's* eulogies of his fair *Rosamond*. This word of warning was probably meant for the pedestrians as opposed to the swift motor, but it served a double purpose, for one "Caution!" fell on our heads as we passed under it, nearly guillotining the illustrator.

With a hundred excursions behind us to do some other day, we ran out of the woods at Benning, and entered into the workaday world once more. There were few houses and no farms until we reached Bartlett.

At Bartlett we stopped for gasoline and to talk routes and distances. We should have to turn off at Glen if we wished to circle the Presidential Range, probably making Gorham for the night, or we could cut more swiftly out of the mountains and go on to North Conway. We were entirely willing to adopt either plan, and we could not make up our minds before we reached the point where we must turn north for Gorham or continue straight on for North Conway. We did not make up our minds then, for the

chauffeur was driving, and as he had no idea where he was going, anyway, and did n't much care, he clung to the main road from habit, and this settled the matter for us very comfortably. If it is the broad road that leadeth to destruction, every chauffeur is instinctively bad.

It was dusk when we arrived at North Conway. Yet it was not thick dusk. We could still see—it took some walking—the gleaming stone on the mountain-side that was called the White Horse. The most remarkable thing about this stone is that it *looks* like a white horse. I have always had small patience with the astronomers who find extraordinary animals in the heavens, and marvel at less-imaginative people because they cannot see them. "How plain the Great Bear is to-night!" they will say, leaving us to pass over the subject hastily and concentrate on the obvious Milky Way. The White Horse is to the mountains what the Milky Way is to the sky, and I cannot imagine why, in this district of great hotels, there is not a single White Horse Tavern.

The village street was very pleasant at dusk. We wandered into a shop almost entirely abandoned to postal-cards, and bought White Horses largely.

I often wonder what the villagers did before these towns were given over to visitors. I suppose the money they bring makes the natives put up with all sorts of dull types. We sat at table that night with two of the dull ones; I don't know what they called us. We bowed to them as they took their seats, for it is disagreeable to break bread in a silence that cannot be equally broken. But they were not accustomed to the foreign fashion, and stared unbelievably, so that we all ended by keeping our eyes fixed on our food for fear there might be the interchange of a glance. It was a good way to kill the flavor of a good dinner.

Such encounters have an advantage: they render the steady company of the illustrator more delectable. And he, in turn, let himself down by my side for his after-dinner cigar with a sigh of relief. I know it was his reflection that if I had

not firmly seized him when I did, that very woman, with the horror of bowing at table, might have carried him off, and by this time he would be that terrible man who accompanied her, and who would not speak to us.

A Russian orchestra played—all one family but, instrumentally, a happy one. And we were equally happy in North Conway.

MISERABLY for me the rain, which had been beating down all night, slackened as we were about to start from North Conway, and the chauffeur appeared with the canopy folded up. He would not look me in the face, nor would W——, and when it began to patter gently down again as soon as we were under way, both of them pretended that there was no back seat at all.

I put up my umbrella, completely shutting out the view, and since I might as well have been at church for any enjoyment of the landscape, I gave myself up to some of the things one thinks about during the sermon—and planned my winter clothes.

In this way they made the wrong turn before we had gone many, if any, miles. I had just time to peer out, a sense of direction permeating my silk umbrella, and cry, "This is not the road to Fryeburg," as they motored to the right. But the chauffeur insisted that a sign-post claimed it was the road, and as W—— said he did not want to go to Fryeburg, anyway, I retired under my shield again.

I was not going to get rained on trying to prove to the illustrator that no matter whether he liked Fryeburg or not, he would have to go there if he wanted to reach Poland Spring. I did not even ask that he take out the map and have a look at it. One of the bitterest commentaries on the illustrator's attitude toward me and toward his maps is the way he will not take them out on bad days for fear they will get wet.

I went back under my umbrella, and in fifteen minutes we were in a charming wilderness of balsam woods, 'plowing

through a narrow way of Maine sand, with W—— feebly commenting on the poor quality of the highway as soon as we got out of New Hampshire. He said he had always heard the roads in Maine were bad. But he would not catch my eye, although I leaned over and described circles in the effort to catch his. I had closed my umbrella, for it was worth while getting wet to accomplish this; but the Lord was on my side, for it stopped raining.

We asked a woman who was driving a grocery wagon if this was the Portland road, and she replied that she really did n't know. One would think that a driver of a delivery-wagon would learn something about roads, and I muttered words to this effect; but she answered that she did n't deliver out of the Conways,—that was far enough for *her*,—so one must n't expect wide knowledge from a creature so ambitionless. Americans admit their ignorance, anyway, and there is an element of greatness in that. In the Latin countries the travelers of the road will never fail to direct you *some* way, although it may be wrong. It is a matter of pride with them to know everything.

We rocked on until we reached a choice of four lanes with a sign-post in the middle pointing to a number of destinations that we had no desire to reach. We sat there very comfortably, the balsams blessing us with their odors, and I was obliged to admit that I was enjoying our plunge into the Maine backwoods. Another wagon finally came along, the driver, who was an intelligent gentleman, jerking his thumb in the direction from which we had just come as though he was in the habit of meeting an automobile there daily, and sending it back to the route from which it strayed.

When we had arrived within speaking distance, he told us that we wanted to go to Hiram; and while I did not want to go to Hiram any more than the illustrator wanted to go to Fryeburg, I refrained from confusing the man by telling him so. In fact, the illustrator was rather ready to go to Fryeburg now, and

asked for it hurriedly, in a small voice, hoping that I would n't hear him. But the man said we, on the minor route, were now beyond Fryeburg on the highway, and the best thing for us to do was to go to Hiram, which would bring us into the Portland road farther along. He added, in parting, that it was like a triangle, and we had "simply" taken two sides of it instead of one.

It was at the apex of the triangle that we came across the ruins of a farm-house, and although it had been burned down long ago, our car instinctively stopped to ask the way to Hiram. Before we had time to bid our faithful friend to go on again, an old man emerged from the ruins, and we forgot all about asking the road in our eagerness to find out about the fire. He was not depressed over his loss, as was our acquaintance of the Green Mountains. I do not know whether his mother-in-law burned up in it, but he had insured it two days before the conflagration, and had built a much better one farther on with the proceeds. A solitary cook-stove, seemingly unharmed, was all that was left of the furnishings. He pointed to it and chuckled: "See that stove? Never would burn." A very chipper old gentleman!

Presently we saw a small store, although there was no reason for its being, as there was no one around to buy anything, with the name of Ole Johnson over the door, and we quieted the motor that our voices might be lifted in a sort of yodeling trio as we called, "Ole, Ole, Ole, Oh!"

He turned out to be a pretty girl, who asked us flatly why we wanted Hiram when Fryeburg was just up the road. And we concealed our astonishment that we were anywhere near this mysterious town, the illustrator gallantly admitting that she was right, and swallowing his hatred for the hamlet in order to make some small advance. We passed through Fryeburg one hour and a half later than we need have if the canopy had been up so that I could have directed them as to the route. But I did not say this.

As we neared Naples there was an-

other effort to turn us from the straight road, and force us into a circuitous route around Lake Sebago. A freshly painted sign-post named every destination one would be likely to want within a day's run, but we had developed caution as the sun reached its meridian, and asked a passing driver what all these signs, obviously pointing us away from the main road, could mean. It was unfortunate that we chose a man with a skittish horse, but I held the bridle, while he restrained it from an inclination to eat me, as he explained that the signs were "kind of a blind." Various innkeepers put them up to get the motorist to go by their hotels.

"T ain't right," he admitted, but he said worse things than that happened in Maine. Some of the very best residents of the country dug up reliable sign-posts and used 'em to hold up clothes-lines. Surely enough, a little farther on we found one holding up a choice array of *lingerie* in a back yard, with a majestic finger bearing the inscription of a Boston hotel pointing to a beehive.

Naples was so named because it was on the water. It bore no other resemblance to that pink city which one is bidden to see and die. The water was one of a series of little lakes that we were now continually passing. They were lovely, clear lakes, with islands planted neatly in the center of each, producing the effect of toy Japanese gardens such as we receive for Christmas gifts. Summer cottages and campers besprinkled the shores, and there was an air of festivity that invested even the roadway.

We left the direct Portland road at Naples, taking two sides of a triangle again that we might lunch at Poland Spring, although an enterprising shopkeeper, who wished to sell us hats when we arrived at Portland, continued with his milestones and exhortations all along our way. My spirits rose with the natural elevation of the land as we approached this famous source, reaching a climax in a burst of song that no one heard; but it is a fashion of mine to sing when I am happy in the back seat.

There was a reason for my delight. Poland Spring had ever been definitely visaged in my mind as a place in a flat wood, far too low, and thickly grown with brush. The hotel was painted a dark green, with cream trimmings; little damp walks led to small basins where water trickled into muddy pools. I fancy this was the result of my first "cure" in an undeveloped Indiana resort thirty—yes, alas! thirty—years ago, but I am glad that it was so gloomy in my imagination, for nothing could have been more surprising than the sudden gaining of the high plateau. There I found myself amid the best-kept lawns in America, with three gleaming hotels scattered about the great open space, and fine roads invitingly leading us to each one of them.

Vulgarians by nature, we chose the largest, so large that one cannot imagine where any other Americans spend the summer when this one is "full up." The clerk assured us that it was always "full up," and we could not stay the night if we wished; but he was not supercilious.

It was hard to decide which was better at luncheon, the food or the views. There were gentle hills, lakes, streams, and farmlands stretched out as extensively as the menu, and as I complacently ate, I decided that this rolling country was better suited to my mild nature than the majesty of mountains.

The golfers played almost up to the verandas. I never knew anything tamer than the balls, unless it was the squirrels. We walked over to the shrine built about the only and original Poland Spring, with the squirrels taking every liberty with us. One even scampered up my gown to my hat, running around the top of it madly, under the impression that it was the wheel in a cage. Every one was amused at this but myself.

"It wants you to give it a nut," exclaimed an old gentleman with a squirrel sticking out of his pocket as he was about to address a ball with a brassy. "They're very fond of filberts." He looked at me reproachfully as I made no effort to take a filbert out of my hair or to produce it

by some other act of magic, and the squirrel tore around my motor bonnet more wildly than ever. And while I like animals, I was exasperated at the squirrel, feeling that it should keep its place, and I asked the golfer where did he expect me to get a filbert?

He avoided answering by making a very good brassy shot, at least good enough to take him far away from me, which was a relief to us both, the squirrel ending the complication by leaping from my hat to a tree, carrying with him a portion of my hair net.

Nevertheless, I was mortified at not having a filbert, and I think guide-books should speak of the wisdom of investing in this commodity before leaving for Poland Spring. The depression might have continued had it not been dispelled by the necktie of the attendant who offers one a drink of water from the original source, if one wants it.

It was a silk tie, with a beautiful girl painted on it. The top of her pompadour came just below the knot, her face and shoulders were neatly spread out after the fashion of four-in-hands, and her right eye was squarely punctured by a ruby scarf-pin. W—— says no European spring is half so beautifully incased as is this one, and I must take his word for it; I saw nothing but the necktie. I hope the boy will wear it forever, and make thousands of tired business men happy.

We went on to the bottling-works. It was not an exciting process, the bottles slipping along in a little groove, getting themselves filled and corked without effort, and going off to New York to be sold for a sum quite out of proportion to the ease with which the thing was seemingly accomplished. But we do not pay for the water alone. We pay, and everlastingly should, for the brain of the first man who owned this spring and who decided to cork it up as a commercial enterprise. I stared at the long line of sliding green bottles. If a Jones had had this farm in 1797, or an Ames, perhaps, or surely a Hale, to this day the cows might have been standing in the little stream its nar-

row trickle would have made, snoozling up through their nostrils the present dividends of a vast corporation.

We did not visit the other buildings on these four thousand acres of estate. Everything is here that one could possibly want, even, I am told, to some of my books in the library! Everything, at least, but the sea, and as we wanted the sea most urgently, we sent out an S. O. S. call for our automobile. And in an instant, by some mysterious process, it came rattling out of the bejeweled garage, and we were on our way. But we looked back regretfully, for this of its kind is a finer flower than the older countries of Europe have to offer.

We whizzed past generous farms, through little hamlets, circumvented ox-carts with an eye eager for the first glimpse of a trolley-car coming out from Portland. And when we saw it speeding through the country, with tired farmers' wives carrying early autumn hats in paper bags, we followed up the track with the same enthusiasm that Hop-o'-my-Thumb's parents must have trailed the bread-crumbs; for the pursuit of the city is as stimulating as the chase for Maine deer in the open season.

It is worthy of comment that we arrived before dusk, and by some confusion of trolley-lines found Longfellow's home before we met the harbor. The illustrator insisted that this was the Longfellow home, and, being substantiated by the passer-by, emptied himself out of the car to make a sketch.

As Portland is a historic town, no one is alarmed when an artist takes to drawing in its busiest thoroughfare, although there is the usual comment from the street as to the excellence of the work. This freedom of expression is limited to no one country, but is less humiliating in foreign parts, as it is done in a tongue fairly unfamiliar to us.

While I was proud of W——'s sketch, I was embarrassed at finding his subject the real Longfellow residence. In a previous visit I had picked out another house as his, and pointed it out to strangers who

were as ignorant as I. The one of my choice stands in the little open place where his statue is erected. The chauffeur and I drove past there as we endeavored to choose a hotel, and I still like it, and wish he had lived there.

In fact, we spent so much time motor-ing up and down before it, turning and returning in the wide street (turning without drilling is the chauffeur's delight), that we arrived at our hotel too late for any rooms save those next to the elevator, and all of a sudden my joy was turned to bitterness. The car was sent after the patient illustrator, and I gloomily unpacked, with every evidence of a boiler factory going up and down one wall. When our effects were disposed for the night and I was just saying I must make the best of it, I went out into the hall, quite without my own volition, and screamed out that I could n't.

As a reward for my lack of self-control, a sympathetic bell-boy heard me, and we two scouted about the halls, going up and down steps, and trying doors until we marked a party leaving rooms in a far, quiet corner. By a certain exchange of silver for keys the rooms were mine, and attendants, carrying dinner-dresses and pumps and tooth-brushes and yawning hand-bags, moved me into them. Even then I forgot the soap, but had it by the time W—— arrived.

I was paid for my efforts by the way he sank into a wicker chair, exhausted by the criticisms of his drawing of the Long-fellow house, and, lying back comfortably, remarked that somebody, not a hotel, had furnished the room. I had been thinking the same thing, and marveling that with all the guests going in and out daily, there was still a pervading sense of some one person.

Long ago a fire had burned on the wide hearth, marks showed against the wall the traces of book-shelves once affixed there, a bracket for a plant was empty by the window, and a fixture from which a bird-cage must have hung was still suspended over the fresh curtains. W—— generously insisted upon my taking this room, and I do not think he was uneasy over any gentle ghost that may have been hovering about. Strangely enough, the adjoining room, although the same in size and furnishings, carried with it no delicate sensation of a life so quick that its glad vibration stirred a chord in our own emotional hearts.

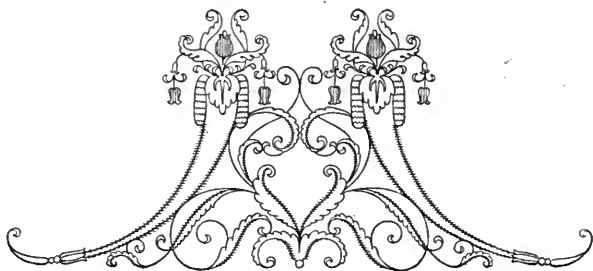
We ate on the roof—how often do I speak of eating!—green corn, horribly, for there is no other way of denuding the cob. But I do not look at W—— when he is eating, and he does not look at me. I look at the other guests eating corn, however, and hate them. Some go straight around the cob, some in a long line from end to end, and some gnash in anywhere. The last have no sense of order. It was pleasanter to look out over the city and to see the lights of Casco Bay. The smell of the low tide reached us even on our rocky aery. The little steamers were going to the various islands; far beyond was open water.

And yet we returned to the window of our spirit room—the one that looked up the quiet street where the couples were walking. The moon shone down through the branches of the trees; still it was dark enough for couples. One young man quarreled with his young lady, and she cried. He “made it up.”

But we made no move. We were at that world-old occupation of enjoying humanity, and there are no romances like those of the city streets.

(To be continued)





## Battle Sleep

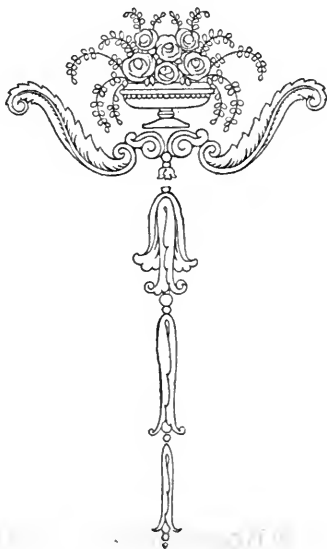
By EDITH WHARTON

SOMEWHERE, O sun, some corner there must be  
Thou visitest, where down the strand  
Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea  
From the green fringes of a pastoral land.

Deep in the orchard-bloom the roof-trees stand,  
The brown sheep graze along the bay,  
And through the apple-boughs above the sand  
The bees' hum sounds no fainter than the spray.

There through uncounted hours declines the day  
To the low arch of twilight's close,  
And, just as night about the moon grows gray,  
One sail leans westward to the fading rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scatheless wing  
Forever moving through the fiery hail,  
To flame-seared lids the cooling vision bring,  
And let some soul go seaward with that sail!







# UNFAMILIAR MEXICO

*From Photographs by  
F. F. McArthur*

I  
Church Towers of Cuernavaca.

II  
"Wash-day" along La Viga Canal, Mexico City.

III  
Morning Prayer.

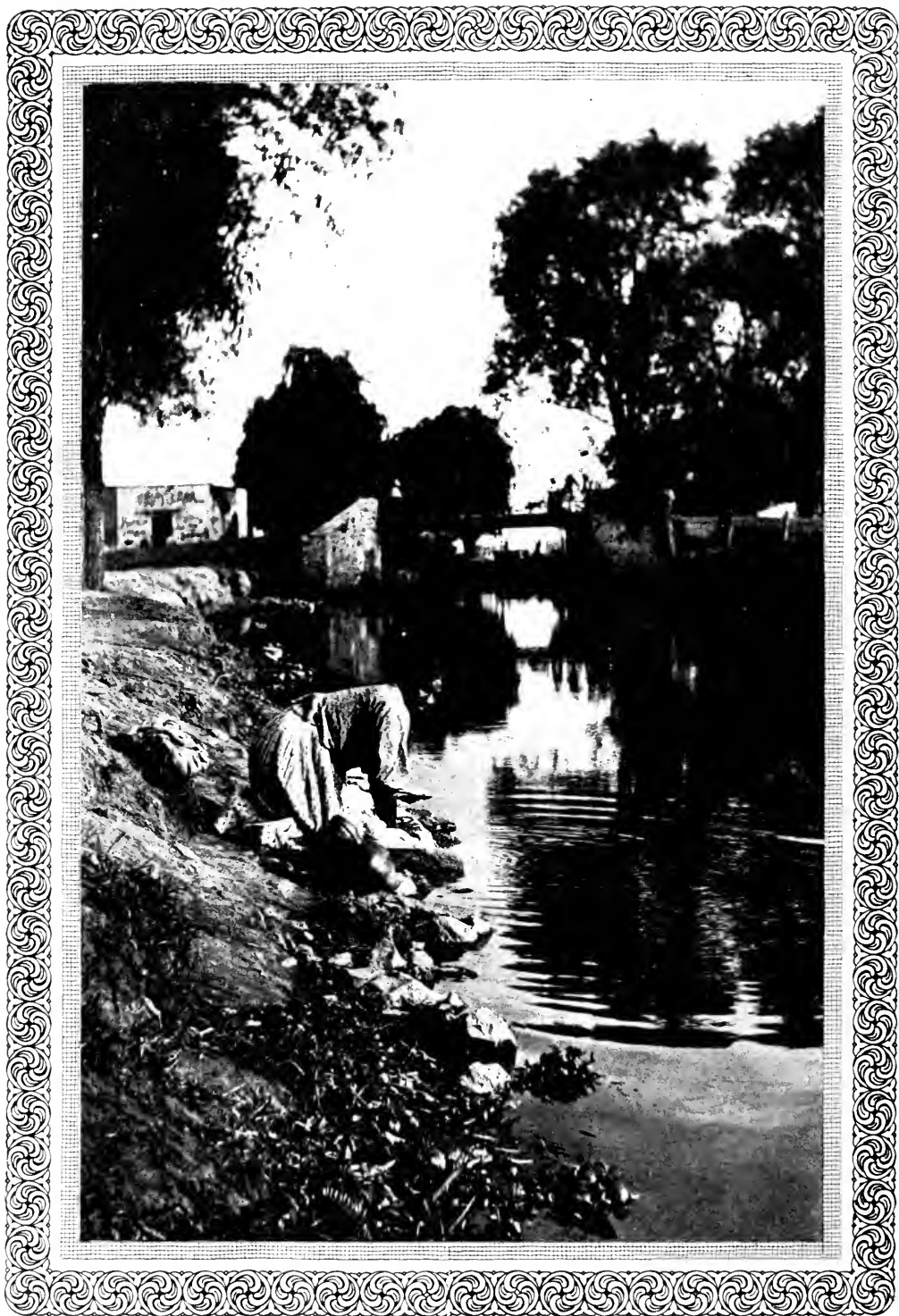
IV  
Street Scene, Guanajuato.

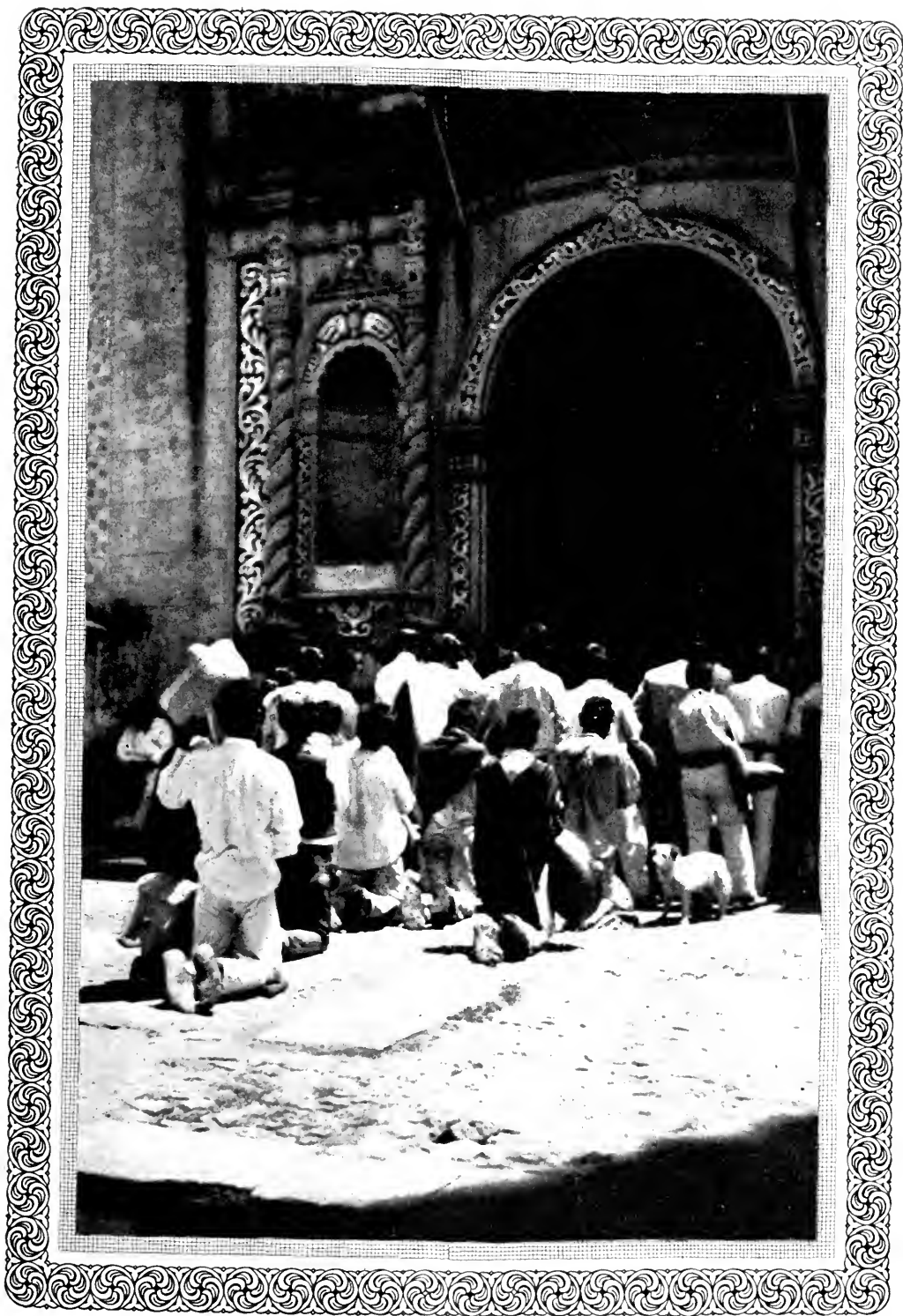
V  
Water-carrier, Guanajuato.

VI  
Street Scene, Guanajuato

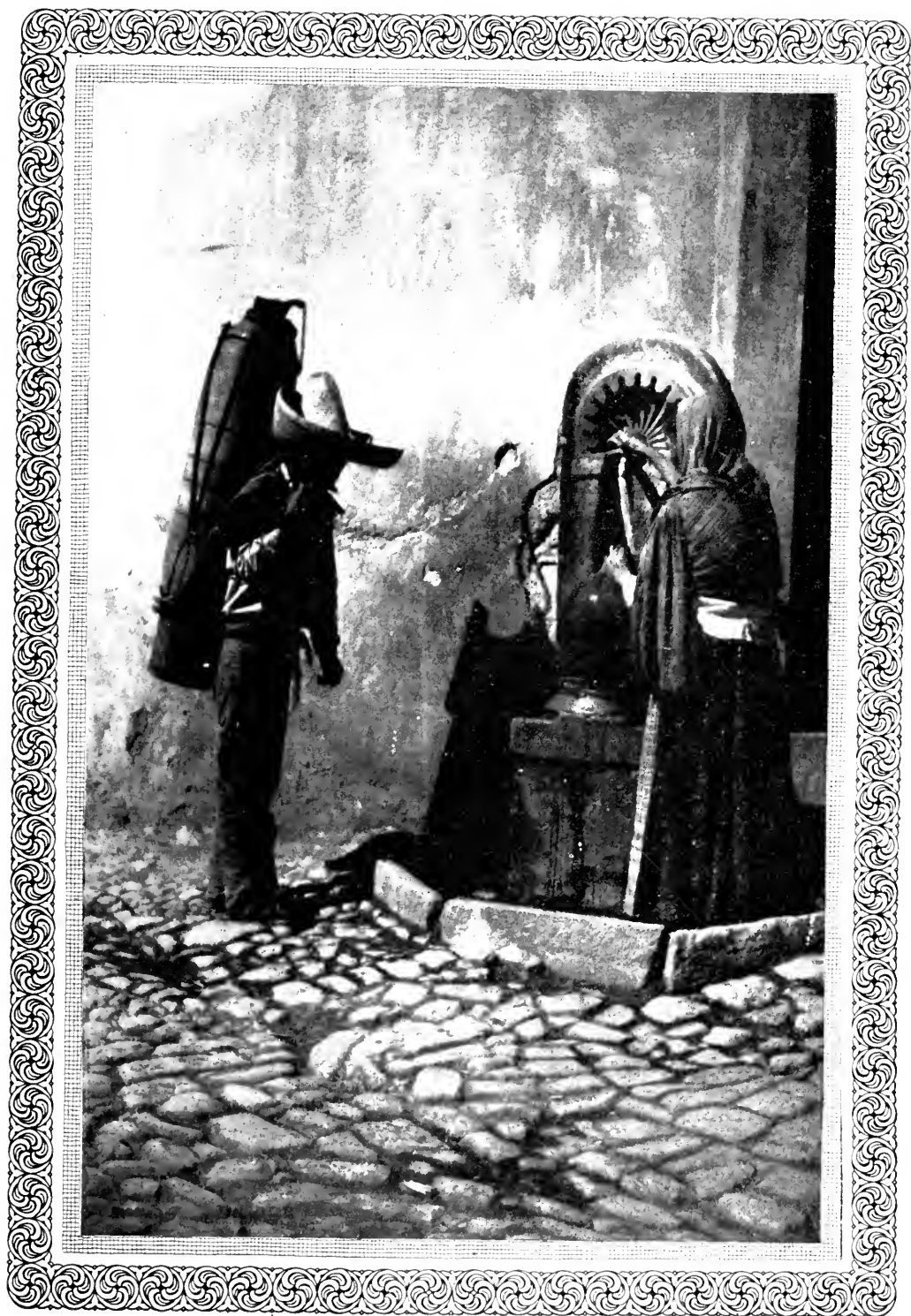
VII  
Church on Sacred Mount, Amccameca.

VIII  
Mexican Harpist

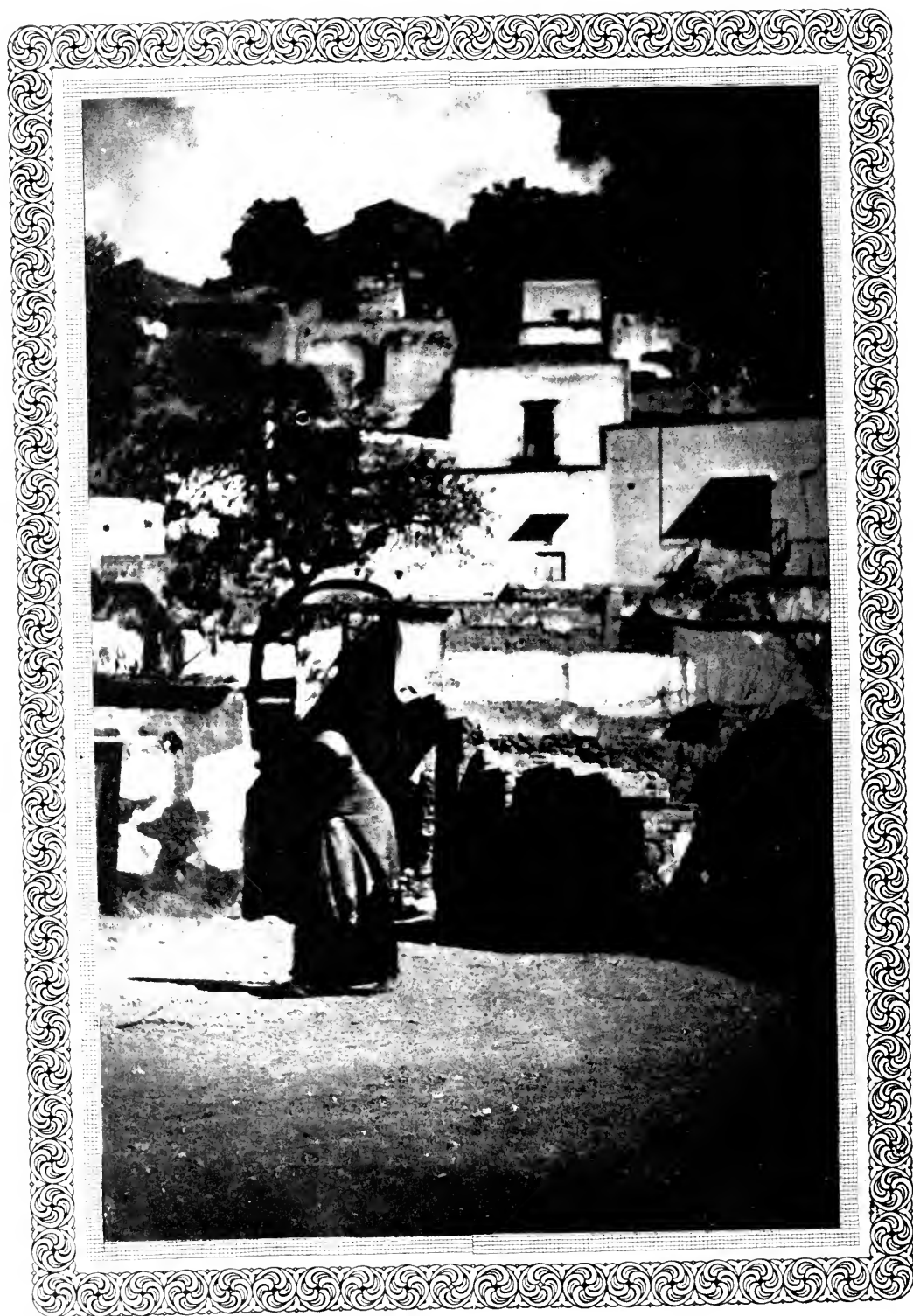




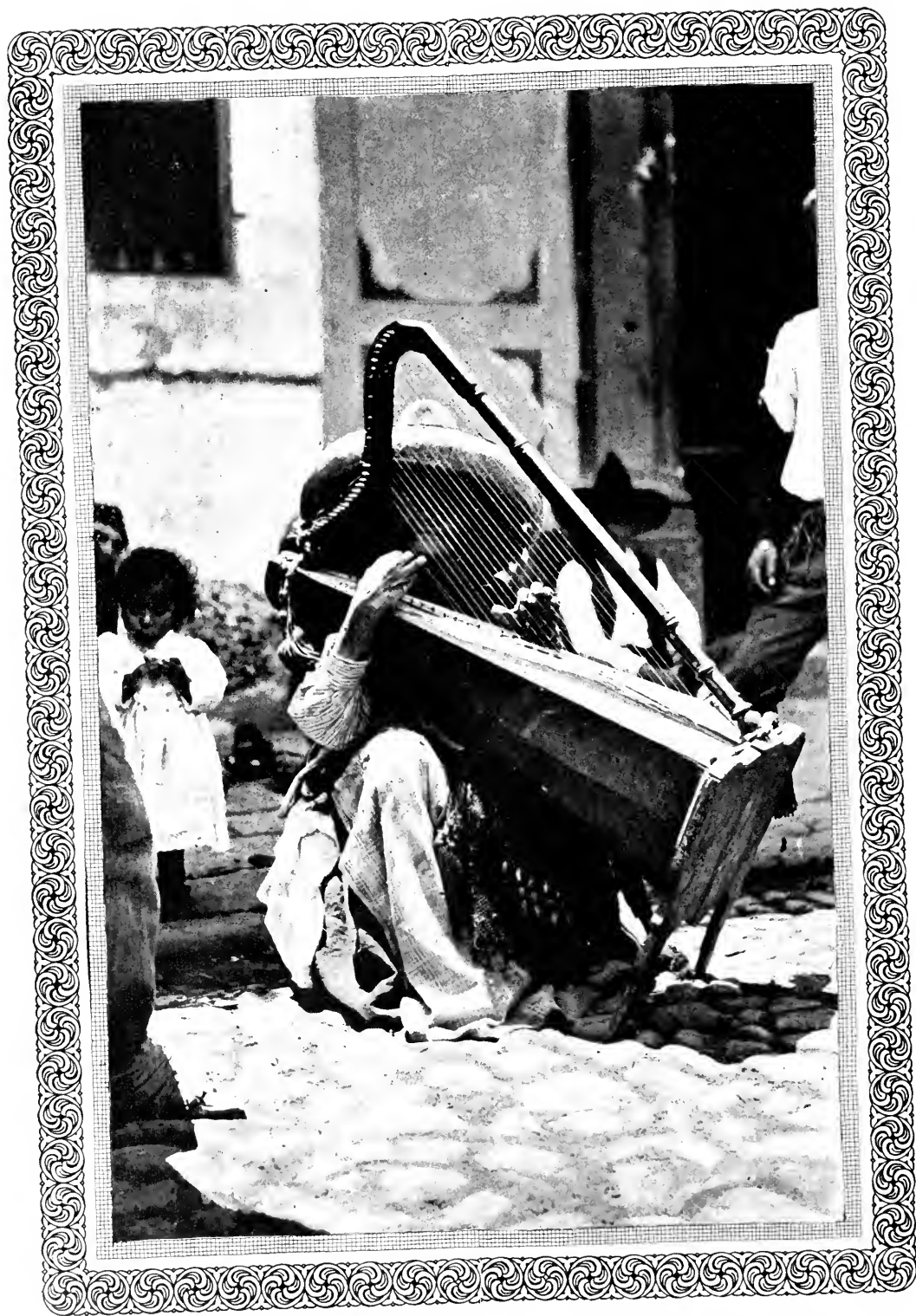
















# The Inevitable Trend in Mexico

By DAVID LAWRENCE

MEXICO is to-day a state almost dissolved, *sans* ruler, *sans* legislature, and *sans* judiciary—an outlaw in the family of nations. Sixteen million people yesterday governed in peace after the fashion of democracy are to-day in the grip of anarchy. Is Mexico the victim of its Cæsars, the little emperors who for personal ambition would stir the people to fratricide, or is the struggle only another chapter in the evolution of a nation, its advance arrested by the strife of mixed races and the incapacity of chosen leaders to effect a permanent reconciliation between the many liberal, radical, and socialistic elements and the few but powerful groups opposed to political progress—the allies of the foreign *concessionnaire*? And what may we expect as the inevitable outcome of this long debauch of military power?

Were it not for the Monroe Doctrine, the barrier between the greed of Europe and the maintenance of independent sovereignties on this hemisphere, there would now be no reason to make these inquiries. The sword of the foreign invader long ago would have severed the Gordian knot of internal politics without temporizing. The relentless partitions of Poland, the example of Persia, and the African possessions of Turkey, and most convincingly the French invasion of Mexico in 1862—all bear testimony to this natural tendency in political history; for the experience of mankind marks out as the certain prey of the foreign power those helpless states perennially torn asunder by civil war.

The vital problem before President Wilson by reason of the peculiar responsibilities imposed upon the United States has been whether, not for the purpose of conquest, but for the beneficent cause of humanity and neighborliness in the Western Hemisphere, the time was approaching when the political or the physical intervention of other states in the American family of nations would become an imperative necessity; when the Mexican people, threatened with further devastations of marauding armies and continued anarchy, would only feebly reject, if not welcome, indeed, the helping hand of friends.

Admittedly there have been only two practicable courses of policy open to President Wilson or his predecessor, Mr. Taft, since the revolutionary spirit upset Mexico's equilibrium in 1910; one, the physical intervention by our army and navy to restore order, and the other, political intervention, which is, briefly, the employment of the influence of the United States Government by diplomacy to attain the same object. The latter method includes either a refusal by declaration or otherwise to recognize any *de facto* authorities until an internal pacification is effected, or the extension of formal recognition to that party or element which would seem to be most capable of restoring tranquillity and giving the requisite guaranties for the safety of the lives and property of foreigners and nationals alike.

The traditional policy of the United States has been opposed to intervention by force in the domestic affairs of other

American nations. President Wilson has followed with patient restraint the path of a long line of predecessors in this respect. His forbearance, no doubt, has been due to an appreciation of the principle, aptly phrased by an eminent American authority thirty years ago, that it is necessary always for a nation "to be cautious that its aid be interposed at a time and under circumstances which do not in any way prejudice the issue of a struggle yet undetermined, and which ought in the interests of the state concerned to be decided by the real and internal and not by the factitious and external elements of victory."

President Wilson became convinced after his own investigation of the subject that recognition of Victoriano Huerta as the legal executive of Mexico, implying a moral support to his title by the United States Government, would have constituted a political intervention that would prejudice the issue as between the reactionary forces and those striving for free government and agrarian reform. Mr. Wilson believed, moreover, that the surging tide of liberalism eventually would conquer. To have intervened by force beyond the act of reprisal at Vera Cruz would have meant war between the United States and Mexico. It would be the same to-day. On the other hand, formal recognition of the victorious element in a military campaign or such a coalition of political leaders or groups as seemed to give promise of popular support would assist materially in establishing a central government that rapidly would grow strong enough to crush armed opposition. Before such a point is reached where the United States Government is prepared in effect to stand sponsor to the world for the government it recognizes, however, there must be some assurance that no deliberate violation of international rights will occur which could compel physical intervention. One thing has been clearly defined, indeed, by recent developments in our foreign policy: whatever might be the ultimate character of the foreign assistance given Mexico, it would most surely

take the form of a united policy of the Pan-American family of nations.

To determine the moment for, and the nature of, any intervention in Mexico, it has been most essential that conditions in the troubled country south of the Rio Grande should be surveyed in the light of two considerations. First, would the interposition of our influence in an active manner prejudice the issue of an undetermined struggle, or had the disintegration begun which not infrequently attends the dissolution of a democracy into a state of anarchy, and was, therefore, a forceful hand from without its only salvation?

Many a state has approached the verge of dissolution only to be saved by itself in the hour of compelling necessity. If Mexico is to be considered as passing through such a stage in its development, the pages of medieval history are vividly recalled to us to-day in the violence practised against priests and nuns by the Mexican revolutionists, in the barbaric acts of the armed bands in the field, the execution of civilians, and the frequent disregard of the foreigner and his rights under the laws of nations. All political liberty, it will be remembered, was destroyed in the rival town-states of Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the tyrant taught intrigue and assassination, and deadly feuds led to the introduction of the condottieri, the mercenaries who made of war a game, "with no interest in the quarrels beyond their individual ambitions, ever ready to change sides at the dictates of self-interest or for higher pay." Also there came the invader from Austria, Spain, and France, until at length the nation acquired self-possession and unity. Nor must it be forgotten that the agrarian and religious problems that menace Mexico to-day once also imperilled the social fabric of Germany and France. The Peasants' Wars, the revolt against feudalism, heavy services and dues, and the special attack on the higher clergy who sought to enforce their exactions by threats of excommunication to the impenitent, were the travails in which greater nations were born.

Until the year 1910 we had regarded Mexico as having attained by a thirty years' peace almost the adult age of political life; but the last administration of Porfirio Diaz belied this assumption, for it crumpled like paper under the supreme test. The causes, indeed, lay in those "things that weaken the commonwealth" which Thomas Hobbes describes as ensuing "when the treasure of the commonwealth, flowing out of its due course, is gathered together in too much abundance in one or a few private men, by monopolies or by farms of the public revenues."

It was the fear of a public opinion, untutored in political experience, yet enraged against the profligate waste of the country's natural resources, the boundless grants to the foreigner, and the concentration of landed estates in the hands of the select few, that compelled the advisers of Diaz to recognize the necessity for compromise with the rising masses. Many Mexican students of the political development of their country believe this capitulation to what seemed to them an incipient radicalism which sooner or later might have been soothed by careful and quiet reorganization of the government, was the first of a series of unfortunate errors. The radical elements, however, were given complete possession of the administrative machinery at a time when they were fitted neither by political wisdom nor by capacity to reconcile tactfully their own extremists with the so-called reactionary, or conservative, party, from which power had suddenly been wrested.

It was an inopportune moment for the experimental idealism of Francisco Madero. Generous and gentle by nature, he was ill adapted to deal firmly with the tremendous problem of reconstruction that confronted him. He was troubled by the elements who fought to regain their strangle-hold on Mexico's resources, assisted to some extent by the selfish *concessionnaire*, and he was embarrassed from within his own party by those friends who were so radical as to be socialistic, and often so unscrupulous as to deceive the ever-trusting, guileless president.

It was a severe test for democracy. Small wonder that Victoriano Huerta, alert and shrewd, was able by the *coup d'état* of February, 1913, to seize the executive power, knowing full well that the powerful group which had surrounded Diaz would muster about him, too, an enthusiastic and unswerving support. That the world had misjudged the capacity of Mexico for self-government was proved all too soon. The nation had not acquired the political habit of discussion without recourse to arms.

"Democracy," wrote Woodrow Wilson in the early nineties, "is the heritage of races purged alike of hasty barbaric passions and of patient servility to rulers, and schooled in temperate common counsel. It is an institution of political noon-day, not of the half-light of political dawn. It can never be made to sit easily on first generations, but strengthens through long heredity. It is poison to the infant, but tonic to the man. Monarchies may be made, but democracies must grow."

The reign of terror in the last two years has disclosed in vivid detail that Mexico was not yet "purged of hasty barbaric passions," while its "servility to rulers" was all too patient. Huerta's spectacular administration, first with its pretense to constitutional legality and later with an open repudiation of the same by the dissolution of Congress and the assumption of all legislative and judicial powers in a personal dictatorship, was a striking example of what Rousseau denotes "the state of anarchy." It was, indeed, "an abuse of government, a usurpation of sovereignty by which the social compact is broken, and all the ordinary citizens rightfully regain their natural liberty."

The utter disregard of civil law has continued under Villa, Carranza, Zapata, Obregon, and the lesser military chiefs. Whether or not the moral assistance of the United States Government by opportune recognition of the Huerta administration in the first instance would have averted the chaos that followed will long

be a moot point in examining the Mexican problem in retrospect. If the capacity for revolt possessed by some of the principal leaders in the liberal movement were insignificant and could be completely disregarded or ignored, the recognition of Huerta might have brought peace. It was difficult then, as now, to assess the strength of the antagonism which would have been kindled at once among the Constitutionalist forces operating near the international boundary, furnishing a potential cause for border troubles and outbursts of resentment over what would have seemed to them partizan assistance. Our friction with Huerta because of non-recognition might as well have occurred with the Constitutionalists in the north of Mexico, and nearer home.

Nor was it altogether certain that the Constitutionalist would so easily have been crushed had Huerta been recognized, for they acquired quickly a considerable momentum by the response of thousands to the cause of the ill-fated Madero. It is pertinent to remember that even with the recognition of Great Britain, France, and Germany, and the uninterrupted importation of arms through seaports from Europe while the Constitutionalists for six months possessed no ports and were unable legally to get munitions of war in the United States before the embargo was finally raised, the Huerta administration could not check the southward march of the Constitutionalist army.

Unfortunately, the leaders of the triumphant Constitutionalist movement lacked sufficient breadth to interpret correctly either the will of the people or to handle the problem of dissolving the immense army that had overrun the country. Military chiefs, thrilled with the success of their arms, fell victim, as in the primitive state, to the lust of power. No civil administration was provided. The very thing against which the liberals in Mexico had repeatedly pledged themselves—militarism—returned to plague them in the hour of victory. When the military and not the civil elements of the nation attempted to dictate the choice of a pro-

visional president in the conventions at Mexico City and Aguas Calientes, failure was inevitable.

The struggle between the various branches of the Constitutionalist party has since become so confused as to render hardly traceable the real sympathies of the Mexican people. In a country the population of which comprises so large a number of Indians, it seems incongruous to suggest the existence of popular sympathies. There can be little popular support for the acts of outlawry of even the major chiefs, but while personalities are most emphasized in Mexican politics, they are at best the exponents of certain grievances or movements, at times indistinguishable because of their native and complex character, but often expressive of a popular feeling, though handicapped by a narrowness of vision.

The more thoughtful and learned Mexicans aspire to the achievement for their country of the ideals of democracy. In the midst of the anarchy and confusion of recent months, the sympathy of the United States Government with those aspirations has not cooled. This may be read in the lines of a pronouncement from the Department of State, but penned by President Wilson himself. It is indicative of the policy he will follow when the question of recognition is to be decided. The declaration is carefully phrased. It is in part as follows:

There can be no permanent pacification in Mexico, no stable settlement of her political troubles, until the land question is justly and wisely settled and the land made the basis of the independence of her citizens, rank and file, and the foundation of her family life. . . . A democracy must be sustained by education, by the education of her people, and her schools will be as valuable to Mexico as her acres of fertile land. It will be as necessary that she shall have them as that she break the monopoly that has controlled them.

The Administration is, of course, the servant of the American people. It seeks to be governed by their convictions and by the

principles which have governed their political life. It has felt it to be its duty to urge upon the leaders of Mexico, wherever an opportunity offered, the principles and methods of action which must underlie all democracies, as they have supported ours. These principles will, in the same way, govern the Administration in handling every question that affects its relations with Mexico, including the final question of recognition of any government that may issue from the present revolution and give promise of stability and justice. It cannot dictate laws or forms of government to Mexico, but it can, and will, bring to bear upon Mexican affairs wherever it may legitimately do so, the pressure of American opinion and example. The Mexican leaders will know that in order to command the sympathy and moral support of America, Mexico must have, when her reconstruction comes, just land tenure, free schools, and true freedom of conscience and worship.

How closely the above expression follows our traditional policy with respect to the other American states of this hemisphere may be judged by studying the series of communications sent by the Department of State to our diplomatic representatives abroad on occasions of serious disturbance in Central and South America during the last century. Typical of these was the following, sent by direction of President Jackson in 1829 to the American Minister to Colombia:

It is the ancient and well-studied policy of this Government not to interfere with the internal concerns of any foreign country. However deeply the President might regret changes in governments of the neighboring American states which he might deem inconsistent with those free and liberal principles which lie at the foundation of our own, he would not, on that account, advise or countenance a departure from this policy.

Again, the instruction which President Buchanan sent in March, 1859, to the American Minister to Mexico has a familiar sound:

No matter how strongly the sympathies of the United States may be with the liberal constitutional party in Mexico, our Government cannot properly intervene in its behalf without violating a cardinal feature of our foreign policy.

Seward, while secretary of state, frequently had occasion to reaffirm the policy of non-intervention, and summarized aptly the view of a later day in this message to the American minister to Chile in 1866:

In the opinion of the President, the most beneficent policy which this Government can practise with reference to foreign states is to abstain from all authoritative or dictatorial proceedings in regard to their own peculiar affairs, while it employs at all times whatever just influence it enjoys to promote peace, and to recommend to them, by its own fidelity to justice and freedom, the institutions of free popular government.

All these precedents of policy, constituting a doctrine of non-intervention scrupulously upheld by many of our Presidents, notwithstanding the frequent and distressing turbulence in Spanish-America, bear directly, however, on the *internal* concerns of the American states. The international issue as to the protection of foreigners was perhaps never so menacing as it recently has become. It was this wider interest that compelled President McKinley to abandon his policy of non-intervention in Cuba. He asked Congress for authority to intervene "in the cause of humanity and to put an end to the barbarities, bloodshed and starvation and horrible miseries now existing in Cuba and which the parties to the conflict are either unable or unwilling to stop or mitigate," but he emphasized with equal vigor the "duty of the United States to protect the lives and property of its citizens and to terminate the conditions that deprive them of that legal protection."

No doubt the situation in 1898 was aggravated considerably by the destruction of the *Maine*, a circumstance no less inflammatory, however, than would be a

sudden outburst against foreigners in Mexico, of which there have been intermittent fears in recent months. But while there have been gloomy days, indeed, when to our Government the physical circumstances with respect to Mexico seemed equally as compelling as they did in Cuba, the political aspects of the two cases are by no means alike. To expel Spanish rule from Cuba was an act directed against a European power, a stranger in the American system. To set up an independent state where a Spanish colony had existed was in accord with the spirit in which many of the other American republics were conceived.

Intervention by force in the internal affairs of a sovereign American state would establish a precedent of far-reaching importance, although our right to make war on Mexico because of difficulties strictly international was exercised more than a half century ago. It is rather the form and character of our intervention in Mexico, as well as its definite purposes, which must be determined with circumspection before the hour of emergency is at hand, since to assert by force a suzerainty over Mexico and to endeavor to reconstruct its government by our military would most certainly destroy at one stroke the friendship that has been developed with such painstaking care between the United States and its twenty republican neighbors south of the Rio Grande.

Our Government during the administration of President Taft as well as his successor has not been insensible to the fact that physical intervention in one American state might undo the labor of a century in a score of others. Yet the responsibilities for the safety of foreigners in Mexico weigh heavily on the United States Government. At the close of the present European War, the pressure for decisive action may come less politely from those nations of Europe that harbor a feeling of resentment toward us on account of the vexed controversies of neutrality. They themselves may feel even less inclined than before to hold aloof from active intervention in Mexico.

While the solicitude of the United States for the safety of foreign subjects of every nationality has been repeatedly impressed upon the local authorities and commanders throughout Mexico, there have been killed in different parts of the republic within the last year subjects of Japan, Sweden, Turkey, China, Spain, Germany, and Great Britain as well as of the United States. The looting of foreign residences, the confiscation of property, and the violation of foreign flags have been carried to a point scarcely paralleled in modern history. Unquestionably those in charge of the foreign policy of our Government have shown, however reluctantly, in some of their recent pronouncements to the rival leaders in Mexico a tendency toward the use of force to support the written word wherever the interests of the foreigner are involved. And there have been moments in the last few months when such a course of physical action has seemed to many of our high officials the only means of resolving a vexed problem.

To avert European interference and at the same time to hold intact our relations with the other American republics, it was not unnatural, therefore, that the idea of a policy which would have the acquiescence, if not the participation, of the larger powers of South America recently should have commended itself to the Government at Washington for thoughtful consideration.

All possible ground for resentment in Central and South America obviously would be removed were the United States to be joined, for example, by Argentina, Brazil, and Chile in the task of restoring Mexico to her former place in the American family of nations. Bearing this in mind, added significance at once attaches to the recent speech of President Wilson aboard the Argentine battle-ship *Moreno* at Annapolis when he said:

I feel that I am speaking the sentiments of my fellow-countrymen when I say that there is a growing warmth of affection, as well as understanding, for the other coun-

tries of the great American Hemisphere which we are coming daily to understand better and which are, I hope, daily coming to understand us better, and *to which we are drawn by feeling as well as by interest, by the desire to be comrades in some common undertakings for humanity, as well as neighbors.*

But there is little evidence as yet that these nations desire or are ready to take any step implying the use of force. Many of the influential newspapers and prominent statesmen in those same countries reluctantly became reconciled to the idea of mediation when it was proposed before the Niagara Falls conference a year ago. They gave it their approval only as a measure toward preventing war between the United States and Mexico, and not for the purpose of permitting any intrusion in the internal affairs of a sister republic. Public opinion in South America, many diplomatists believe, would not sanction participation in any armed expedition largely because the interests of their respective countries lie too remote from Mexico.

On the other hand, an effective stimulus has been given to Pan-Americanism not only in the United States, but in Central and South America, since the outbreak of the war in Europe. The desire of some of the more advanced states in South America to engage with us in such political action as would tend toward the making of peace in Mexico has lately become apparent. In the troubled affairs of one republic they see a great menace to Pan-Americanism in so far as that unity represents the practical benefit of strong friendships in this hemisphere.

The larger states of South America stand ready, therefore, not only to join the United States in the recognition of a *de facto* government which might thereby be stabilized and assisted in orderly development, but to serve the Mexican people directly should affairs reach so desperate a point as to cause any of the factions to invite the political help of neighbor states. The problem of permanent

peace in Mexico bears so vital a relation to the development of Pan-American concord that in such circumstances diplomatic action not by Argentina, Brazil, and Chile alone, as a year ago, would ensue, but a conference of all the American republics to discuss the question of legitimate assistance to a stricken nation would most certainly be called.

These are the tendencies in regard to Mexican affairs accepted now as virtually inevitable by many of the foremost diplomatists in Washington whose connection with the Mexican problem has been intimate. Mexico's license to civil combat is likely to be limited to the period during which the nations of Europe are at war. New revolutionary movements, led by former sympathizers of Huerta or Diaz, may develop strength in the meantime. One faction, temporarily victorious, may be unwilling or unable to give the guaranties that would make possible domestic peace and recognition by foreign governments. While the struggle continues in Europe, however, the trend will always be in the direction of a political intervention or moral assistance for the group or groups which seem most deserving of support.

Recognition cannot and will not long be withheld from that party in Mexico which, achieving some military success, institutes a civil administration with a system of justice and fair dealing for the native as well as for the foreigner. There must be an amnesty which will not necessarily exempt those really guilty of crime, but which will enable the thousands of cultivated Mexicans, driven into exile in the United States by the wanton persecution of many of their kind in Mexico, to return to their homes to pursue accustomed occupations and to add to the wealth and moral fiber of the Mexican nation. Such a reconciliation might put an end to the fomentation of new revolutions by these same exiles, and even enlist their assistance in giving to the new government the support which it must have in the critical moments of its institution. Assurance must also be forthcoming that the debts contracted by the Mexican Government

when it was still recognized by European governments, even though not by the United States, will not be repudiated, but settled on an equitable basis. This is necessary to avoid entanglement with European powers.

Whatever may be the heritages of the conflict in Europe, it is assured from previous experience in such matters that European powers will present to us a united front in demanding a restoration of order in Mexico in consequence of the peculiar responsibilities which they interpret the Monroe Doctrine to have imposed upon us in this part of the globe. Investors, already heavily burdened, will seek every possible means of recouping losses; their powerful influence will be exercised again on the different foreign offices of Europe.

When the hour for military action by the United States does arrive, our high officials in Washington are confident that a statement of intention on the part of the United States, phrased in unmistakable terms, will make unnecessary its actual enforcement. Mexico, indeed, is thoroughly sensitive concerning her sovereignty. The very nationalism which would unite all elements within her boundaries to resist the invader would furnish the basis for an agreement to remove the causes for such invasion. Many of the leaders of the liberal and the so-called reactionary or conservative parties in Mexico were educated in our schools and colleges. They know only too well the dread consequences of an American occupation, however well-intentioned, for they observe the difficulty we are experiencing in withdrawing from the Philippines, and they are doubtful of what might be the attitude of future administrations at Washington toward the declarations of those preceding.

Rather than witness a dissolution of their state, the spokesmen of all factions would be compelled by the threat of force promptly to effect a coalition. Its tenure might be uncertain, but whether or not a stable government finally issued there-

from, the nation which is our nearest neighbor perhaps would no longer be a trusted friend, but a potential foe. Should the United States at any time thereafter become involved in war with any other nation, our enemies would not fail to take military advantage of the antagonism developed in Mexico, and cause us to be apprehensive of our southern frontier, a circumstance that would divert an important part of our defensive strength to the border states when most needed on our sea-coasts.

The alternative course—assisting one dominant party in Mexico by political recognition and moral support of a beneficent character—has come to be regarded by the Government at Washington as the better part of national wisdom and provision. Recognition makes immediately possible the establishment of a credit for Mexico abroad that will bring loans wherewith to repair and build railroads, restoring routes of commerce. Customs revenues and export taxes of normal times are more than sufficient to rehabilitate the national finances of Mexico and pay the debts incurred to foreign claimants and others in four years of civil war. A recognized government, too, could import arms and ammunition from the United States, while rebellious factions would be legally denied munitions.

The government that would be brought into being in Mexico by our indirect assistance would have every reason to cultivate good relations with its Northern neighbor. American capital would not hesitate to enter Mexico and participate in the development of the enormous and untouched resources of that country. The influence of American institutions, and the wholesome effect of unrestricted travel once more in all parts of Mexico, would then contribute toward a *rapprochement* between the peoples of the United States and Mexico, a foundation-stone of enduring quality in the building of permanent friendships among the states of the two Americas.





# Mr. Eberdeen's House

## A Mystery

By ARTHUR JOHNSON

IT loomed there, high and large, unpromised by the gloom of mist about it, unruffled by the easterly gusts that bent the two rows of larches which stretched in deliberate diagonal lines from the street to the corners of its grim façade. Hastings could hear the beating of the sea; it was probably in that chaos of space behind the house. As he stood leaning against one of the tall gate-posts and surveying the scene, he began to feel, almost despite himself, in sympathy with it.

A motor drew up near where he stood. Instinctively his attention was directed from it to the green Georgian portal, which at the moment was drawn in to permit somebody to pass out. She was in glaring contrast to her setting; she was fresh and lovely, young and fashionable-looking. She paused on the wide stone step, glanced up at the sky, opened her umbrella, and briskly proceeded down the avenue to the gate. Within a few yards of it she raised her eyes from the puddled gravel and started back at sight of him.

"Jack!" she cried out. "How did you get here? Why did n't you tell me? I am this minute on my way to meet you."

"I'm admiring your summer home, Julia—Julia dear," he said to her, a little constrained. "It's sad and desolate, and everything that I suppose you want it to be. I expected to hate it. I thought that having spent most of my life away from all this, I should have lost every scrap of—of tolerance for New England. But ever since I set foot in Rockface—"

"When *did* you, Jack?" she demanded. "An hour ago. I've been in the strangest mood ever since."

"Come, now, and tell me about it," she suddenly saw the need to say, walking away from him to dismiss the grinning chauffeur.

Hastings lingered alone in the hall.

"It's much nicer by the fire," Julia called to him impatiently from the next room. And he followed the sound of her voice; he moved slowly over to a chair, opposite her own, and sat down, forgetting to talk. "I vow I'm amused," she exclaimed, "at the way you take it. You've made letters full of fun of me for settling my parents 'on that ugly little Massachusetts point'; you've laid it all down to my 'Middle-Western love of Puritan relics' and 'Eastern culturine,' and scorned my 'romantic inexperience'; and here you come, redolent of Europe, to be as much impressed by our choice as if you were a Montana school-girl!" He smiled back, but it was obvious that he had n't heard a word. "What's the matter with you, Jacky?" she asked interestedly; "had a bad journey?"

He tried to concentrate his faculties on looking genial and at the same time intelligent.

"It was just like me, Julia," he began, the ghost of cheerfulness on his face. "I took the earliest sort of train, instead of the one I telephoned you I'd take. You see, to have landed at night, after all the years—think of it! And then to go walk-

ing around by myself, seeing things crop suddenly up that I had n't thought of since—well—scarcely since I was born. No wonder I could n't sleep. This morning, like a stranded idiot, I got out at that little way-station of yours, and realized for the first time that I did n't have a blessed idea where you lived."

"Rockface is about as enormous as a biscuit. Anybody could have told you."

"I stole down the first crooked street I came to. I stared at the house-fronts, at the little square panes of the sagging window-sashes, at the dingy doors, with those short, steep flights of steps leading down to the side-walks."

Julia sobered to a tentative frown. Jack's eyes were bigger than usual, and he did look, notwithstanding the feverish flush on his cheeks, rather fagged. How she had been counting the days for him to come! It did n't seem possible that the visit which he had been promising for so long to make her should have finally materialized. Was n't it really an indication,—she pondered while again happily she sized up the situation,—if he took so much trouble for her, that he did, after all, care more perhaps than she had sometimes thought? But what an extraordinary meeting it had been! He had at once launched forth on this extreme discourse. She sat back, and let her eyes rest on him with amused tolerance, her smile attentively adjusted to suit his mood; for her moment's anxiety vanished at further sight of his strong, broad shoulders and the handsome appearance he made in her favorite high-back chair, his firm hands grasping the arms of it.

"You 've stayed away from America too long," she said carelessly; "Paris is bad for you."

He leaned forward, his delicately modeled cheek-bones emphasized by the fire-light, his hair becomingly awry.

"I *knew* it would all be as it was," he went inspiredly on. "There was a thick clump of hedge, cold and dreary in the mist, that awoke pictures of a prison I used to dread the sight of when I was—I don't know how old. Once I partly

thought I must be dreaming; so I put out my hand and touched the wet, sodden picket of an old fence. I looked suspiciously behind me. But there was only an old man behind, fully two hundred yards away. Then the idea came to me that it would be a relief to talk to somebody; I had n't interchanged a word with any one since I got off the ship. All kinds of impressions, you see, had been accumulating, and they thronged like phantoms about me.

"I wanted to hear myself speak—to see if I could. So I turned, and waited for him to come. The rain was dripping all around; there was n't another sound anywhere. Now, this is the queerest thing of all: what do you think I said to him?" Jack leaned forward, his eyes darting intensely over her face. "I said: 'Can you tell me the way to Mr. Eberdeen's house?'"

"Mr.—*Eberdeen's* house!" She stood abruptly up. "Who—who told you," she gasped, "that this was Mr. Eberdeen's house?"

He stood up, too, stepping back from her. "You must have told me," he said, aware of his quivering lips, "in one of your letters. The name came to me—"

"I never told you," she stated emphatically, "I never told any one—for—for—why did you ask such a question of that old man?"

His gaze wandered.

"My throat felt parched from disuse. It took a distinct effort to make the words sound articulate.

"'Sure, now,' answered the old man, while I was still puzzling to explain to myself the question I had asked him, 'but never have I heard it called *that*—not since my father died from the cold he caught drivin' the mare up from Portsville. Ther' was a time, in the days when they talked of it bein' ha'nted, you 'd hear folks call it Eberdeen Manor; but not—no, and my father likely 's been dead these forty years now—never, Mr. Eberdeen's house!'"

"'Mr. Eberdeen—there was such a person, then?'"

"'There 'll be a time, me boy, when they 'll doubt yerself was a living thing.' He straightened his bent body reprehensibly; he shook his head. 'Walk back to the next corner,' he muttered, 'and turn to yer left. It 'll be down there ber the cliffs, if nobody 's stolen it. Somebody 'll sure 'nough be there ter point it out to yer.'

"'I 'm a stranger,' I apologized; 'I really did n't know.'

"'Know!' he shouted. 'Who was it owned the land this 'ere street runs over? Who built it? Who was it paid fer the church on the hill? Who did fer the sick, and gave to the poor, and got nothin' hisself fer the trouble but grief and loneliness and a broken heart? Wher' did yer come from?'

"And he surveyed me, as if the mere fact of his seeing me for the first time made him doubt my intentions. Still I stood there waiting.

"'What was he like? What did he do? Who was he?' I could n't help flinging out in my wonderment.

"'As good 's 'll ever come back from wher' yer 've been, or 'll pray fer the like of yer, I reckon. Judge not, I tell yer, that yer be not yerself judged.'

"I tried to smile at the old man.

"'Good-day to yer,' he grumbled, and walked back in the direction from which he had come. I watched until he was lost in the thickness."

Julia looked at Hastings in astonishment. Just another glimmer of anxiety crossed her mind; but any foolish worry she might have had for him was merged in her consciousness of something indeed more staggering.

"Do you think," she brooded, "that it can be true—that—that the house is—*was*—haunted?"

"I had," Jack unresponsively continued—"I could n't help it—on the way a queer loathing of the little village. The gaunt house-fronts obtruded themselves so obstinately, so self-satisfiedly, like anemic country parsons, with their eyes close together, giving me a mean, soulless stare. Every object testified to its lack of any

temperamental share in the joy of living. The emptiness of the streets seemed pitiless; their narrowness was oppressive."

"I love every inch of it," said Julia, defiantly.

Hastings was silent. He looked at the dry, colorless walls, covered with circuitous lines of crackling old paint.

"Was this furniture here, Julia?" he asked.

"Not this," she exclaimed with pride.

"No wonder," he argued half to himself, "that the next generation preferred black walnut, even with all its grapes and gewgaws! Horrible as it was, it was n't so orthodox and priggish and mirthless as what came before."

He strayed out into the hall again; he viewed its stateliness, its expurgated elegance. "Well, this has got me, Julia—seriously," he said with a surprised realization that she was standing beside him. "It 's—it 's immense."

"Oh, *that*," she cried out, "from *you*!" And slowly she stepped closer to say something to him; but she thought better of it. "Don't you think," she just let slip, "I 've made it look at least—well—*old*?"

"As only a Westerner could want to make it look." His sense of humor affectionately covered any lack of enthusiasm.

"Come, Jacky," she urged at last, "I 'll show you all of it before lunch is ready."

The stairs rose straight in the rear of the hall, directly opposite the main entrance, with its border of finely traceried windows, branching squarely to right and left two thirds of the way up. By the first door above the side whither Julia conducted her guest she stepped fondly back and announced:

"This, Jack, is your room. I hope you will like it."

"Yes," he murmured, distractedly gazing about him.

Despite the freshness of everything, despite the new woolen carpets, with their correct geometric designs, ones Julia had had copied from some battered relics which she had somehow acquired, despite the new chintzes and the recently refinished furniture so deliberately assembled

there for the first time, despite the spick-ness and spanness of each suitably collected detail of the room's decorations, a musty smell in the air caught his breath. The floor swooped reminiscently down toward the right; the boards of it made a stifled creak as he stepped across them. He himself was a little unsteady. The window gave on impenetrable fog. Hastings threw up the sash and peered out into the dampness; he heard the sound of unseen boats groping their ways through the distance; the water lapped and laved below him.

"Jack!" Julia called.

He turned to her, dazed, smiling in that way he had of trying to conceal his consciousness of inattention.

"Of course, it seems plain and spare and—and rather humble, after Europe. I know *that*."

As if directed by her words, his eyes swept rapidly over the room.

"It 's no use, Julia," he answered; "if you 're New England to the core, you can't get free of it. I 'd like every drop of New England blood drained out of me, and something—say Hebrew or—or Middle-West," he laughed, "substituted in place of it. To you this is 'pretty' and 'cozy' and—and 'cheerful'; to me—well, it 's like an orgy of blue laws; it 's the personification of witch-lore—like self-inflicted penance for I don't know what." He glanced at her in excitement, shifting his hands uneasily in and out of his pockets.

"Yes," she said slowly. "I had thought, nevertheless, that you might like it."

"Like it?" he echoed. "That 's the trouble. I wish I were n't so full of the meaning of it all. Can you fancy how a monk might feel, who 'd been away on a vacation, just getting back to his cell? Like it? I can't help liking it. It 's my proper setting; I see that fast enough. But I 've come back to find how inexorable and harsh and catechismical it is, and naturally I resent being what I am. Oh—" he broke off, suddenly realizing the folly of his harangue, and after another moment he added: "It 's delightful, Julia dear, really. If only all the West-

erners could come to New England and revive it—and all the New-Englanders move West and revive themselves!"

They went on from room to room.

"You Westerners," Hastings reiterated—"oh, I don't just know what the difference is, for you 're New England, too. Only you 've got so much else mixed up with it. You 've become free-lances; your more recent, less bigoted adventures have made you forget."

"What?" asked Julia, indignantly.

But he was at a loss, as he looked about him, to explain, however much each new survey of the scene convinced him. "Here," he muttered, "everything has been steeping so long in the attenuated resolutions that drove us to come; everything is still conscientiously soaked—saturated—in the barren memory of it."

"You 're not," said Julia, testily, to draw him out. "Precious little of it you 've had! Two years at a school! You 're more foreign than you are New England. Remember—your—"

"Yes. I don't forget I 've one foreign ancestor to boast of, and bless Heaven for it! How my great-grandmother ever happened to marry—see this!" Hastings went on, incoherently catching her arm and waving his other over the exquisite array of her "colonial" chamber. "Now, this, to you, is—well—it 's as 'amusing' as if you 'd tried to furnish a room to imitate one in *Cinderella's* palace, as 'interesting' as if you 'd done it Louis Sixteenth, or—or—its meaning is hardly more personal to you than the room you furnished in Munich that winter."—She blushed admiringly at memory of their first meeting.—"The problem appealed to you, and you made it charming. But to me—"

"You really hate it," said Julia, determined to face the facts.

"I really love it," he retorted sadly, "the way you could n't help loving a parent, even though you might n't believe in him."

"Jack," she characteristically cried out to him again, "there is one thing more that I hardly dare show you, then. You 'll think me such a fool. I—"

A servant appeared to announce that luncheon was ready.

"Don't say anything to *them* against it," she told him on the way down.

That was n't, however, what made him silent during the meal. He took little part in the conversation except when Mr. and Mrs. Elliott plied him with questions, which he then found himself answering with only unsatisfactory vagueness—answers that he could do nothing, not even when Julia flew tenderly to his rescue, to make any better. Yes, he liked the house, he said gravely. It was a nice old house. And he thought how murky, despite its new coats of cleaning, was that far corner up near the ceiling. No, he was n't sorry, he responded, that he had left the Ecole des Beaux Arts to devote all his time to painting; it was the one thing he was suited for. Yes, his foreign great-grandfather had been a portrait-painter. He could n't remember what his name was. Tremaine? Henry Tremaine. That was it. Julia was looking hard at him. She was gazing down at her plate. He knew he had eaten nothing. He could not eat. No, he was n't at all hungry. Why was it so chilly? he thought. Doubtless he had picked up a germ. The house, he muttered to himself, was on his nerves. It was so everlastingly gloomy! Julia had reinhabited it too authentically. "Eberdeen Manor"—"Mr. Eberdeen's House." What names!

An hour afterward he told Julia he was dead sleepy and that, contrary to all his habits, he was going up-stairs to take a nap. Dinner was at seven? All right, he would be in better shape by then. He felt wretchedly, but he did n't say so.

Out in the hall he paused a moment at the foot of the wide lower staircase. The ticking of a good many clocks came to him from different parts of the house; they seemed to focus their monotonous activity especially on his hearing. Extraordinary recollections swept him. He remembered having heard an old nurse, Sarah Teale, describe how her aunt once rushed out the back door right in the midst of frying doughnuts, and was in-

stantly stricken with paralysis on account of it. There was a low groaning; a moan floated to him from somewhere above. Bravely he forced himself to climb the stairs toward it. He turned the knob. The door stuck. He shook it again, and it yielded.

## II

It was nearly dark when he awoke. A late, a very late, an unnaturally late, afternoon dusk shadowed in streaks across the floor. He could hardly breathe. The windows were close shut. The striped shades were drawn down to the sills. But he could see the yellowed print of Da Vinci's "Last Supper"—the one he had bought at Milan—hanging on the panel above the empty hearth. There was the sand-shaker on his maple desk. That old lithograph of the two kittens over beside the bureau was crooked. He must remember to straighten it. The wall-paper was getting dingy.

He stretched himself. A sharp pain was going through his head. But it was late; he must get up and dress, or he would n't be ready in time.

The clothes he had just taken off lay across an arm of the painted chair by his bed. He lifted the coat, and let it fall from his grasp. He moved over to the wash-stand. The Chinese pitcher was as light as if filled with air when he turned its nose to the basin. The hat-tub stood on end between the wash-stand and the closet door. He reached for the battered old red tassel of the bell-rope and pulled it. It was so late,—it was getting later,—he must hurry, whether Simpkins came or not. He could manage. And he opened the closet door, sighing at the bothersome prospect of getting into his togs. He ran his hand over his hair. Where was the mirror? And, damnme! he had no light!

The shoes were a trifle hard to draw on, too small for him; the breeches were badly in need of pressing; the coat was stiff. He began opening drawers in the bureau, delving through piles of neatly folded linen and silk. At last he chose a shirt and put it on over his head. He laid aside the

purple satin waistcoat until he should have arranged his stock, which he found tight, and difficult to make meet in the back. But he finally got it adjusted; he brought the thick, wide ends around in front, tied them in a huge bow while he walked over to the window and gazed out. Fine night. The mist had gone, the stars were dimly appearing. He turned back for his waistcoat and jacket. By mistake he opened the closet door again instead of the one which led into the hall.

"I knew you would come!" she said, approaching so near to him from out the somber blackness of the garments which draped the walls that he could see her quite plainly by the light of the candle in her hand. She was n't a day over twenty. If she was pale, it was more the pallor of fright than of ill health, or perhaps only because her skin showed so white, lighted by the faint glare, in contrast to her deep eyes and to the thick, glossy braids bound round and round above her forehead. "John, John, won't you speak to me?"

He took a step forward, faltering. At that moment there was a brusque movement beside him, and he turned to behold there a young man, dressed in knee-breeches, wearing a purple waistcoat and velvet coat, as like unto himself as his own image.

"Duty bade me come," the stranger answered, stiffly, as if it was for his ears that her words had been intended.

Hastings' gaze flew to meet hers, which he was astonished to find still directed on him instead of on the speaker. He felt himself melted to pity by her frailness and beauty and charm, so that he turned almost angrily toward the intruder, who, at that moment, however, began to address her in tones Hastings could but admire:

"To you!" cried out the young stranger—"you, for whom duty knows no promptings!"

At that, Hastings turned to her again, his heart rent by the plea she uttered.

"But you love me? You love me? Oh, say it to me!" And she was looking not at his counterpart; she was imploring *him*, she was stretching her arms out to *him*,

she was veritably making her plea to *him*, as if he were the one who had elicited it.

"I will do anything for you—anything!" he would have promised her had not the threat of the stranger so like unto himself interrupted.

"Don't mock my patience, Lydia," Hastings heard as once more he shifted his eyes to the speaker.

It was maddening how from one to the other of them his sympathies veered. The sepulchral voice of the man seemed to express Hastings' own thoughts; yet her sweet appeal awoke resentful fury for what words he dared say to her. If only Hastings might explain, when she stared so reproachfully, that it was only he who had spoken!

Momentarily at a loss, she put the candle down on a little shelf. She rubbed her hands one about the other, as if her doing so might lessen the affront which she had now somehow to meet. When at last she spoke, her calm, even tones were like the loveliness of primroses; her eyes were brimming with simple trustfulness.

"You own me, O my husband," she said, "heart—heart, body, and soul. Do with me what you will."

Why should she be so abject? But when Hastings heard the voice of that other, he was again awed by it.

"Think not that I have n't avenged myself!" the voice sneeringly proclaimed.

Hastings looked. For the first time he noticed that the stranger's arm was in a sling; there was a mole on the cheek near the corner of those tightly compressed lips.

She shook like a leaf in a gale. For dread minutes she faced Hastings tremblingly. Coming nearer to him she murmured:

"Are you badly hurt, my—my husband?"

Hastings glanced down at his own arm, on which her eyes seemed to rest; then he suddenly beheld, almost as one beholds one's self in a mirror; his counterpart recoil from her reach while he exclaimed scornfully:

"Don't—don't touch me! Nor pray

think that your wiles will ever win from me any forgiveness."

She stopped stock-still.

"Is he dead?" she demanded.

"Ah, then, you do admit, do you, that you love him?" the other flung at her. "Say it to me! say it to me!" he charged, and he half closed his eyes; "or—by Heaven! I will—"

Hastings felt the justice of this accusation, and turned doubtfully back to the girl for her answer. She stared at him, waiting.

"What is the use?" she asked in despair.

"Would you believe me?"

"If you *confess* I will believe you," stated the stranger.

It seemed to Hastings that she grew visibly taller; her face underwent a spasm of pain; and apparently unable longer to remain silent, she cried out to him:

"Can it be that for you a confession is more to be believed than aught which has not to be confessed?" And Hastings could feel the touch of her hand cold on his wrist.

But the other insisted so convincingly that Hastings looked at him once more with confidence.

"The truth," she said sadly, "is only for those who have faith; you—you prefer the sinner, whom you may crush into a penitent. Your egotism demands the power to forgive; you have not the courage to love."

The stranger took a step nearer her, but she was looking at Hastings.

"He is the only one who is worthy to believe me—he, whom you blame me for loving. I do love him, then, but with a love no codes of yours can understand. For I am innocent, to use the word by which you forgivingly call the unjustly accused."

Hastings quailed beneath the bitterness of her irony; he saw, too, how the man who so resembled him fell back against an old calico bag, stuffed with remnants probably, that hung on a hook right behind where he had been standing; but when he faced her once more, he marveled at the change in her appearance.

Her brows were raised, contracted gently, resolutely; her eyes were yearningly fixed on Hastings; her lips were parted tenderly for the generous appeal she had at last found the need to make to him.

"Forgive me, O my husband!" she begged. "Nothing can come between us, nothing shall. But I could not love you as I do if I loved not others—if, for the chance love that came my way, I should give in exchange no thanks. You understand me? You would not have me avoid what I was made to love? You would not have me disregard the sunlight and the sea and the stars in the sky? Yes, it is true, my husband, I loved him. He said that my fingers on the spinet made into harmony all the discords of the day; he said that I wove them away, with the notes of birds and the sound of running brooks and the sighing of the wind, into patterns, as in the long winter evenings I could spin flax at my wheel. It made me happy to have him love me. It filled me with strength. It taught me many new things I could do for you. John, John, say that you forgive me?"

Though Hastings wanted to take her in his arms, he was impelled to turn away from her and to view that silent figure still leaning against the calico bag, whose head was lifted haughtily in deference to her supplication.

"He loved you, too," she continued to Hastings, "because you loved me. He did not mean to kiss me." She just raised her hands, as if involuntarily, and let them fall at her sides. "You thought that he was stealing me from you. He could n't; he can't; and nobody can—now, nor ever. His kiss was as pure as the perfume of lilies, pressed close to breathe; it but made sweeter your love and mine, your life and mine."

"Adulteress! With my curses go to him, then, forever!"

The cry brought Hastings round to that other whose presence he had forgotten. But next moment she was down before him; Hastings felt her arms tight clasped about his knees.

"My husband, listen to me!" she implored. "I—we—there is somebody else to be considered." Hastings shuddered. "We—you and I—shall be the parents of a child! I have not told you. For the sake of our child, from you, that child's father, I must ask forgiveness!"

She bowed her head sobbingly against Hastings. He put his hand on her hair and was drawing her up to him when the stranger rushed forward to tear her fiercely away.

"Lies! lies!" the stranger ranted. "Go to him, I tell you! *His* child—his mistress shall not dishonor my house. Go to him, for he is n't dead, and he needs you—you who are not needed here."

"Don't! don't!" she screamed out to Hastings. "I am your wife, the mother of your child!"

Hastings sprang toward her. He saw that her hands were raised straight up in the air. Just as he was about to reach forth to her, the stranger plunged before him, caught the gray chiffon from her shoulders, and pressed it madly on her throat. Hastings leaped upon him, pulled him away, pinned him to the floor, rolled over him.

She had gone. The room was in darkness.

Hastings felt for the door. It yielded. He opened another door, and stepped through it.

His head swam in the midst of the lights outside. He slunk back like one who hesitates to confront the unknown. The stairs were there before him; he began to descend, his right hand held forth, his eyes fastened in horror upon it. Then, as he heard the distant hum of voices below, once more pompous and erect he swung down the last broad treads between the landing and the floor.

A servant who passed uttered a cry and vanished; but that did not deter him. With long strides he boldly rounded the familiar corner to the dining-room door and entered.

He flourished his right hand wildly in the air. He saw that it was bleeding.

"See, see!" he called to them. "At last

he is dead. I have killed him! I have killed him!"

The room seemed to recede in the distance. Something snapped inside his brain. Everything was different. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, with shrieks of terror, were moving to the pantry-door far at the other end. Confusedly he saw Julia try to force herself toward him; saw her half come, heard his name on her lips. He wanted to smile, he wanted to bend down over her affectionately; but when he sought to reach her with his bloody hand, she shrank back, turned, and fled with the others. He shouted to them; but he stumbled, and thought he might fall. He caught hold of the table. After that all was blackness.

HE awoke amid the appointments of the chamber which Julia had called his room. A quick flood of memories, some clear and accurate, others vague and troublesome, inundated his tired consciousness. Gradually he became aware of a thick, muddy pain rolling in dreadful rhythmic waves through his head. He looked toward the clock on the mantelpiece to see if it was n't time to get up. He met the eyes of Mrs. Elliott. He lifted himself, falling back on the pillow. The pillow was as cold as ice. She came over to him.

"Dear boy—you feel better?"

"Better? Better?" he echoed. "Why are you here?"

"Your head is cooler. You've been—you—my dear child, you may as well know it—you fainted last night—yesterday. You were worn out; you caught cold, and had—a chill. You had n't eaten anything since—not since—" She fondled the bed-clothes. "You'll be all right now. Your head—struck something. The doctor said you were n't to talk—"

It hurt him to move his eyes. The sockets ached. He tried hard to realize what she had told him, repeating snatches of it feverishly over to himself.

"Is it dangerous?" he finally got to the point of asking.

"No; a slight—just a very slight concussion."



"Concussion?" He floundered in the ominous meaning of it until Julia came in. Every time he spoke they begged him not to. She looked so real to him, so natural, so tangibly alive! When she put her face down by his he trembled, and burst out crying like a child. He was afraid she would go away. She sat on the edge of the bed, her hands about one of his. The other hand lay bandaged on the counterpane.

The next day he was better, but he was n't allowed to get up; and he was secretly not sorry not to have to try. The weakness which followed the first shock had made him submissive to the situation; he began to be used to the fact that he was ill; even the nurse's presence he philosophically accepted, so resigned was he to the necessity. He asked questions concerning his pulse and temperature, wanted to know if the bags of ice could be dispensed with soon. Julia read aloud to him for an hour every morning.

But, having a half-attentive interest in what she read, he would look fixedly at her and try to piece together his jumbled recollections. Partly from lack of strength, mostly because he was loath to admit to anybody that his brain was n't normally clear, he let the questions which rose to his lips pass unuttered. Once he exclaimed irrelevantly:

"Where, Julia, did that portrait come from?" And when he caught the intensity of her stare, he looked around the walls, and, smiling bashfully, concealed his embarrassment by saying, "I'm really listening, but I must have dozed for a second." At times he would gaze wonderingly at the ceiling, lose himself following the lines of the panels, or counting the little square panes in the window-sashes. He sometimes slept, but not quite soundly; half his somnolence was busy with irrational calculations beyond his control.

A musty smell elusively kept fading as soon as he was aware of breathing it; a dim room, in which the windows were shut close and the shades pulled down, drifted through his quick fancy into darkness; he would find himself deliriously

sorting many strange garments into piles, counting them, opening drawers to take others out, until the accumulations drove him to despair. His right hand throbbed under the tight bandage; he kept fingering the bandage and pressing on the sore spots. Everything about him would seem suddenly definite and real as compared with the dismal bewilderment of his dreamings. Perhaps the doctor would enter, with professional cheerfulness. But then, right in the middle of answering some question, Hastings would be blinded by a great rush of bright light through the opened door.

A day came when all this phantasmagoria ceased to bother him; with returning vigor he had to make less and less effort to forget it, until at last it altogether went. The joy of new health swept over him, filling the gaps and low, miasmic areas of his mentality, as the rising tide fills the empty pools of the shore.

### III

It was a month after the day of John Hastings's arrival at Rockface. Unlike that day, the weather was sunny and mild; big cumulous clouds moved languidly through the sky, as if it were midsummer instead of late October. Julia was crocheting, and he was watching her. They were sitting in front of the house on a leaf-strewn grass-plot near the avenue between the lines of larches that, now calm in the windless forenoon, stretched diagonally from the street to the corners of the bland old façade.

"But if you knew all along," he, with his habitual freshness of wonder, put to her, "that it was, that it *is*, really Mr. Eberdeen's house, why in the name of things did n't you tell me *then*?"

She became irritatingly absorbed in her work.

"I thought," she at length said, "that you were pretending not to know, and I wanted, in that case, to discover what other—what else you might be holding back from me."

"Holding back from you? What *else*?" he echoed. "What else was there?"

"I was n't sure, you see. Nothing that

"I knew," she affirmed frankly, laughing away the sudden rigor of sadness on his face. "There was another reason, though. There was something which I had been saving for the very last moment to show you. But I was rather ashamed of wanting to so much, and, after the way you had taken the rest of the house, I hesitated. Just as I finally was going to, lunch was ready—remember?"

Hastings awkwardly withdrew his right hand, which had been resting palm downward on his knee, and thrust it into his pocket.

"Julia," he cried out, in characteristic disregard of all context, "suppose Mr. Eberdeen should turn out to have been—well—a relative, or something? It might account, you know, for my asking that question, and—and for how everything here"—he looked inclusively round him—"for how this all impressed me so."

She waited, hopeful of the time having at last come when he might wish to confide in her whatever it was—if, indeed, he knew—that had happened; but he only ingenuously continued to hold out to her the possibility of his new idea.

"No," she told him, with a disappointment which she could not conceal, "he was not. I've looked up his entire history. He died right here, and he had no children. *Your* pedigree I know by heart."

Hastings smiled at her thoroughness.

"What," he exclaimed, "if some unrecorded forebear of mine has eluded you? Somebody," he dreamily improvised, "who knew this house, who was familiar with every turn of the road, every habit of the mist. It's just such a little smug, old, weather-worn town like Rockface, where any New Englander is likely to find traces of forgotten ancestors."

The sound of footsteps made them both look toward the gate.

"Who is it? Why is he coming here?" Julia demanded half-indignantly under her breath.

"The same old man I met, but so much older!" whispered Hastings, unexpectedly puzzled whether to welcome or dread this intrusion.

"I have searched the streets through for him ever since," she remonstrated; "I have asked everybody I saw, and no one in the whole place could tell me of any old man answering his description."

They watched his slow, difficult approach over the gravel. He came forward without making the slightest recognition of their presence. Stopping full in front of them, he took off his hat, applied a straggling red handkerchief uncertainly to his face, and stared up at the house-front.

"They tell me," he muttered, not once looking at either of his interlocutors, "that yer 've been and sold it. So yer could not stand it, eh, after all? It's what Al Makepeace said 'u'd be the case. Looks innocent, though, as herself did, now, don't it?"

"We've sold it," Julia protested, "only because—because we can't stay here. Jack—Mr. Hastings—and I are going to be married. We are going to live in Europe. My father and mother did not want—"

"Yer can't make a new dog out of an old dog, ner learn an old dog new tricks," he went on disregardingly; "and I guess it's the same fur 's houses be concerned."

"Who are you, anyway?" Hastings asked, getting up to offer the old man a chair.

"Who am I?" the old man echoed, suddenly attentive. "Dear me, dear me, the son I am of him as planted—and I had his own word fer it—all these 'ere tamarack trees, and dug the well by the south door; and it was him seen the lady of the house herself, mind yer, go out 'tween them stone posts fer the last time—and darker than pitch it was, too—on her way that night she went to meet Henry—"

At this point the old man was seized by a fit of coughing. When he recovered from it, he just stood there, gazing ahead of him, shaken with the palsy of years, so that he failed to heed the questions they thrice repeated to him.

"No wonder yer could not sleep in it, with her curse on the big empty halls! When the crops themselves died the night afterward, without a sign of a frost comin' down to touch them, it was the devil's

own guilt in her that did it, Al says. Poor man! poor man! And yer tried ter dress it all up like a corpse, as if yer thought it was dead; but it came to life on yer, did it?" he mumbled, laughing incomprehensibly to himself. "When yer leavin'? To-morrer? Sooner the better fer yer, I guess. Good-day." With which imprecation the old man turned, feebly put on his hat, and dragged himself back down the avenue whence he had come.

They saw the last vestige of him disappear forever.

"He 's like a broken spirit brooding over the neighborhood," Hastings said, shivering despite himself.

Julia began to crochet again, nervously absorbed in what she was doing.

"His scattered, crazy words are like the last gasp of the little village. How he epitomizes all the cramped, pent-up emotions of the starved inhabitants who have gone—all the passions that must have so drearily burnt themselves out here, with nothing to note but the shifting of the winds or the digging of some well! They who were obliged, from sheer ennui, to create dramas out of their Puritan prejudices. Can't you breathe contagion in the very atmosphere? Julia, I've had enough of it; I'm glad we're going. If I stayed here a month longer, I should get to feel as indigenous as that gnarled old apple-tree; the ghosts of the soil would claim me."

She stood up and walked away from him across the gravel avenue, as if doing so might help her to seize this occasion for what she had decided at last to tell him. She realized that she must be quick, that in another hour her parents' return might end this one good opportunity for which she had longed and waited.

"Jack dear," she said, moving back toward him, seeing how her own excitement was reflected in the way he, too, had arisen and taken a few steps towards her, "to-morrow is our last day, and there 's something that we must talk about before we go."

His head was bowed, his eyes focused tensely up at hers, his arms hanging beside

him; the sensitive smile hovered more and more dimly on his lips; his whole body swayed imperceptibly, like the beating of a pulse.

"Jack," she got out, going still closer to him, "I want to show you—Mrs. Eberdeen's room."

He would never quite realize the fullness of the shock it gave him; no deliberate attack could have been so vulnerably aimed, and the completeness of the blow was the greater for being one which he had been unwittingly preparing all along to receive. The house looked miles away; far over it three ducks flew to southward.

On the landing above the broad part of the staircase they paused a moment. Instead of going up the left branch, which led to Jack's door, she took him to the right, where, at the head of the stairs, there was another door directly opposite his. As soon as he saw it he went forward quickly and turned the knob. It stuck; it was locked; and rather timorously he stepped back to meet Julia's searching look as she handed him a rusty old key.

The musty smell poured out on them like the damp from an opened vault.

She took his hand. They stepped across the threshold.

He saw the lithograph of the two kittens, age-worn and time-blurred, still crooked on the wall beside the bureau; there was the sand-shaker on the maple desk; there hung the yellowed print of the "Last Supper" above the fireplace—all stark and ghostly in that uncannily late afternoon light, which not even the morning sun could dispel.

He clutched her hand. He looked at the bed, which had n't been smoothed or touched since he had lain in it a month ago. He remembered it as uncomprehendingly as one remembers mislaying a lost object in a forgotten place. He remembered waking. But the rest he had done was lost in the shadows.

"So this is where it happened—*here!* How have I ever been in this room before?"

"*What* happened?" she asked him eagerly, firmly.

"I fainted—before I was sick. But why—why here?" he begged.

She had prepared her answer; she had many times rehearsed it; but the words now served inadequately.

"You had n't eaten anything," she stated softly. "You had n't slept. You had a fever, and your brain was so tired from—from everything that when you started for *your* room,—the one opposite, which I had shown to you,—you carelessly turned to the right, and came into this room instead, which I had n't had a chance yet to tell you about. Have n't you ever known, *since*, that you did it?"

He shook his head.

"This was Mrs. Eberdeen's room," she went on. "It has always been just like this,—at least I think it has,—always, since the house was built. I kept it as a curiosity. I called it Mrs. Eberdeen's room because the natives said she was wicked and had brought ruin to the house. I reasoned that that was why nobody had taken these things away or changed them—the wall-paper, I mean, the bed, the carpet, the paint, the pictures. And there's precisely one thing," she impetuously concluded, as if she could n't longer postpone telling him, "that I myself have added."

Hastings smiled wanly at her. She guided him round to the wall at the side of the door in front of which they had been standing; she started to speak again before he saw what it was to which she had referred; and so her own words prevented her from hearing the smothered sound of his recognition.

"I found this," she said, trying to speak carelessly and forcing herself steadfastly to regard it, "in an old shop twelve miles down the Poochuck Road. Is n't it quaint? I got it—because, Jack, it looked like you, and—and because it exactly fitted this panel!"

But her attempted gaiety sank dismally in the silence which followed. They just stood there. The minutes thudded by; the mustiness enwrapped them. Outside the window a dead piece of branch fell crackling to the ground. Gradually he grew to be unaware of her presence, so

sharp and rapid were the currents which successively swept him; and her petty curiosity, all her poor need for speculation, was lost in the depth of the spell cast over him now. She dared not look at him, she dared not take her eyes off the object before them.

It was crudely painted. It was the portrait of a young man dressed as young men dressed a hundred or more years ago. He seemed to be walking forward out of the picture. In many places the pigment was so nearly gone that the brown fuzz of canvas showed through. The colors clung as delicate as cobwebs to the stern face and erect stalwart figure.

"Who is it?" Hastings articulated scarce audibly. But though he had to ask, if only to save himself from going mad, his words were no more than frail signals of his distress; for he knew that he alone knew the answer. Electrically, crashingly, it had been borne in upon him at almost the first instant of his beholding them where it was that he had seen before those tightly compressed lips, with the mole still visible near the corner; he knew those calm, cruel eyes, still averted from his own; in a flash he had identified the purple satin waistcoat.

"You, Jack,"—she faced him determinedly—"you looked like *him*; you were like him, absolutely, in every detail, when you came into the dining-room!"

"When I came—" he repeated at a loss.

"Yes. It was n't here, in this room, that you fainted. You went outside, down the stairs. Elizabeth saw you. You pushed open the dining-room door. Mother, father, I—we all saw you come in, wearing clothes like *these*," she pointed.

"Yes, yes, yes. I remember; I did put them on."

"But you did n't, you could n't have! O Jack, don't you understand me? You were n't *really* wearing them!"

All at once he felt something crunch beneath his feet, and he looked down, then back up at the portrait. The large square of glass which apparently once covered it had been shattered; there were a few tri-

angles still sticking in the edge of the frame; the rest was in smaller bits on the floor. Instinctively he brought his right hand to a level with his face, and saw the scar upon it.

"It's a mystery, Jack dear. Can't you see it is? And it is so much more interesting never to explain it," she essayed fearfully, feigning a laugh of regained naturalness. "We shall never, never find out who he was, by whom it was painted, or what made you break it, or why—"

"Ah," he shouted eagerly, defying, as the memories came crowding into his brain, the doubts which had freshly assailed him, "I told you it might be possible! And he did have, after all—for that man was the father of her child!"

"Whose child?" Julia gasped.

But love and pity for her whom he could not name kept him from answering. And in the drift of his silence the vision capriciously failed him. He looked at Julia. He looked back at the wall. It was nothing but a funny old picture which hung there confronting them. The commonplaceness, beside it, of Julia's long-drawn expression made him snicker, until, as a result of this accidental reaction, they were both actually giggling aloud.

He turned away from her. She watched him cross to the bureau. He pulled out each one of the drawers in turn. He peered blankly into them, where there was only the smell of mold and whirring dust to greet his pains.

He persistently scanned the room again. What had become of the hat-tub? Why had the Chinese water-jug gone from the squalid little wash-stand? Baffled and solemn, he went back over to her.

"Have n't you taken some things away?"

"Nothing. Not even so much as a splinter. What are you trying to find?"

Timidly catching her hand he cried:

"Come with me, please." And he drew her to the closet door. But when he opened it, he let go her hand in his amazement.

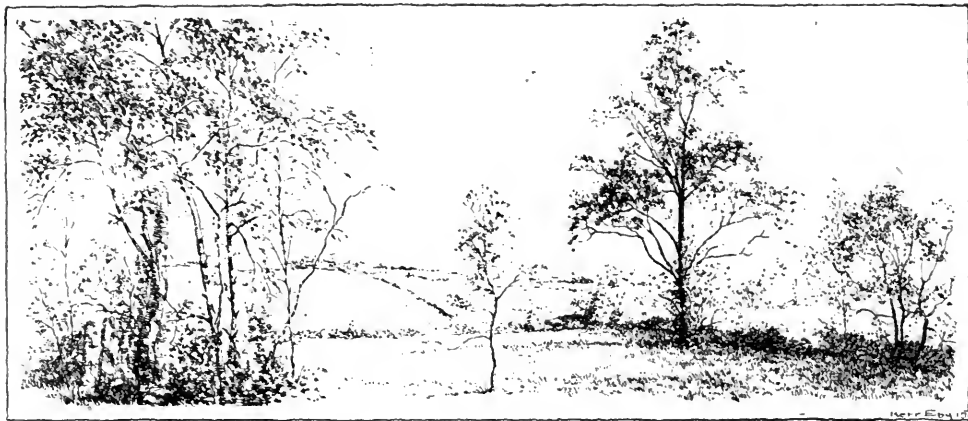
A slit of window at the far end let in a ray of sun. There were rows and rows of wooden hooks, but there seemed nothing on them. Steeling himself boldly to view it, he turned to where there might have dangled that calico bag stuffed with pieces against which the stranger had leaned. He went forward and felt over the empty spaces to satisfy himself.

"Yes, Julia," he slowly brought out, "you are right; it was a dream—a mystery." And he nodded vacantly to her.

"If only, Jack, you could remember it all!"

She stretched out her arms to him. But just as she was coming nearer, he caught sight of something lying between them on the floor. He darted for it, picked it up, and ran with it out of the shadow. Then, in terror, he saw that it was a piece of crumpled gray chiffon, and that there were the stains of blood upon it.





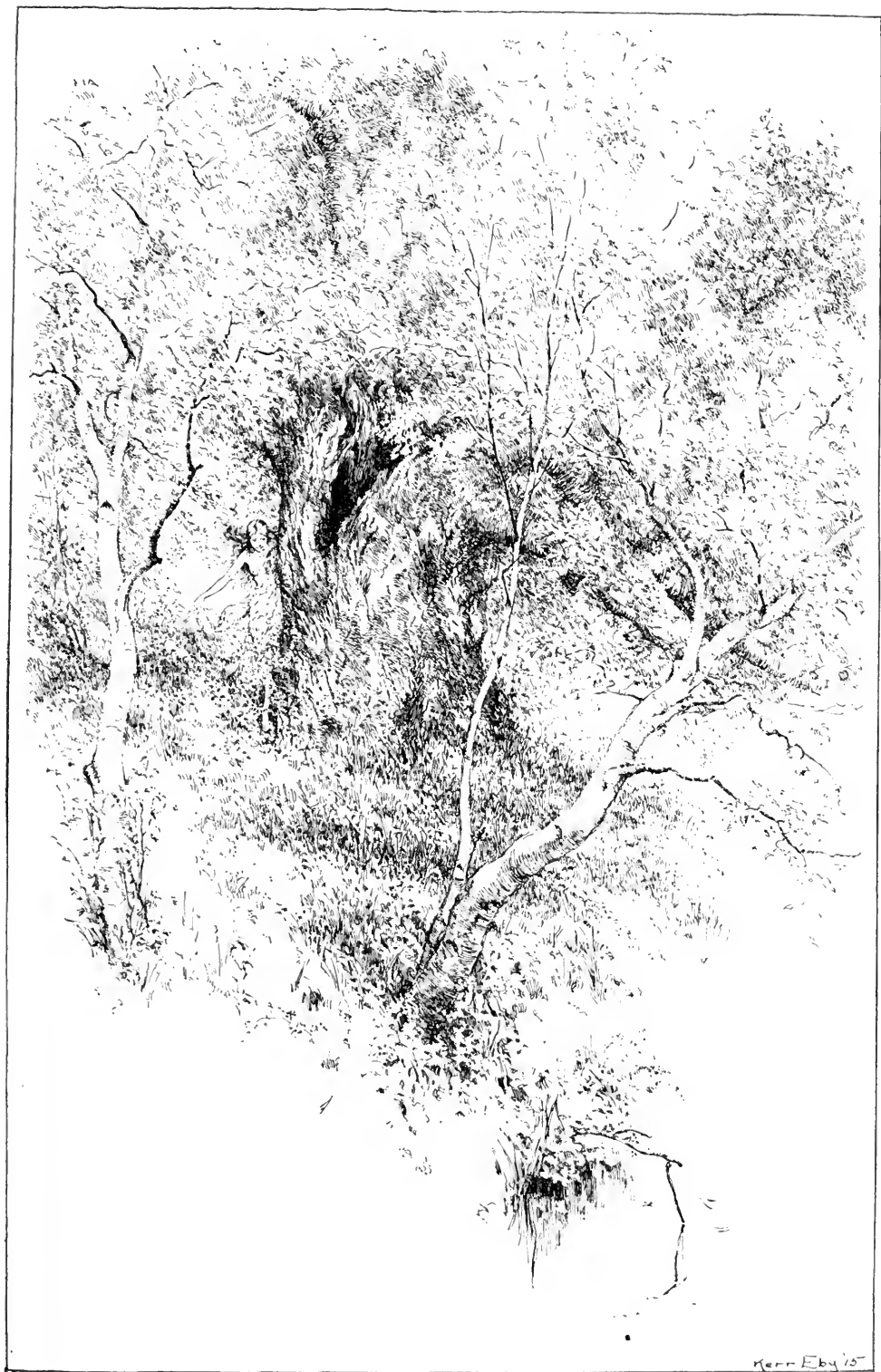
## The Barberry-bush

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Illustrations by H. K. Eby

**T**HREADING the wood, if I might see  
A hamadryad leave her tree,  
Or Pan with dripping honeycomb  
Luring a nymph away from home,  
Eager to ask some friendly faun  
What way Proserpina had gone,  
Or catch an accent, pungent, wild,  
Of garrulous Hermes, like a child  
I grieved to miss them. Everything  
Was hushed: no creature cared to sing,  
Nor memory of song sufficed:  
The earth had grown unparadised.

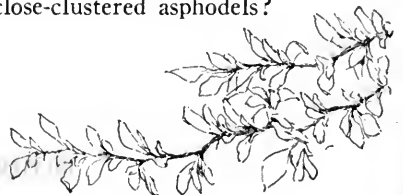




Nerr Eby '15



But where a barberry in flower  
 Had tossed against the sun a shower  
 Of pendent blossoms, golden shapes  
 Clustered like small immortal grapes  
 Grown for a baby Bacchus, all  
 The air turned rich and musical  
 With honeyed little changing chimes  
 Only a bee makes when he climbs  
 A bell-shaped bloom, and being stout,  
 Shakes pollen-dust and music out.  
 Whether the barberry had made  
 A compact with the winds, afraid  
 To lose her sweets if wind should blow,  
 Or what she offered, can I know?  
 But all her essence hovered there  
 Diffused in aromatic air  
 That glittered like a living wine;  
 Her soul exhaled besieging mine  
 With beauty, making me at home  
 Within the windless delicate dome  
 Of vaulted fragrance over her.  
 Some poignancy of mint or myrrh,  
 Rosemary-whim, lavender-lure,  
 Or balm of bruised balsam pure,  
 Some whiff of fern, fennel, or rue,  
 Tang of the wild grass steeped in dew,  
 Had Hermes flung her from mid-flight  
 As benison for his delight?  
 For incense strange and spiced was she,  
 A pensioner of Araby,  
 Dreaming her dream of winged feet  
 And cloud-lost laughter bitter-sweet.  
 Yet not for Hermes did each urn  
 Of hidden honey yield in turn  
 Its amber to the pilgrim bees.  
 Their god is Pan, the god of trees,  
 Who pipes for them all blossom news,  
 And knows what melody to use  
 For ripe wild-grape and apple-tree,  
 And you in bloom, O Barberry!  
 Was that your motif that I heard  
 His veery sing, in which recurred  
 Honey and spices, grape-bloom mist,  
 Young leaves in evening amethyst,  
 With ringing of thin topaz bells  
 Like small close-clustered asphodels?





So sang Pan's veery, so sang he,  
 That all the world was Thessaly,  
 And any cedar might avail  
 To hold an answering nightingale.  
 The mosses by the oak-tree's root  
 Caressed a gleaming naked foot,  
 But quick as light the nymph was gone.  
 I glimpsed the brown pursuing faun  
 And heard the chiming of their glee.  
 Proserpina eluded me,  
 But from your blossoms showered down  
 I guessed the color of her gown—  
 What else but color of the sun?  
 And singing veery there was none  
 Until into my mood you flowered,  
 Illumining the wood unbowered.

Now kindly Pan forevermore  
 Be mindful of you! May he store  
 Your honey in Arcadian jars;  
 Summon back Hermes from the stars  
 Into your zone of spicy zest—  
 A little Orient in the West!  
 Jeweled with bees, gilded with bloom,  
 You shall hold court within your room  
 If once he pipe beside the door,  
 The master improvisator!  
 Thither may he resort, content  
 To find you richly redolent,  
 And make you music all your own,  
 So river-sweet in reedy tone,  
 It shall inspire at evening hush  
 His brown immortal veery-thrush.





## A Master Builder

By DONALD WILHELM

LIMPING perceptibly, Irving T. Bush enters the doorway of his snug triangular office, and the spirit of the man strikes across the little room before he has stepped half-way over the red rug. It is a swift, audacious spirit that shakes him from his surroundings and moves one to a study of his face—a peculiarly sympathetic face that business has not hardened. He stands before the dark old colonial fireplace, lithe, straight, and prematurely gray. He twists off his gloves swiftly, smiles, and straightway impresses one as peculiarly democratic by the quick pleasantry: "I just came from Brooklyn. Would n't you?"

The historian of American business will describe him as a great business man—great not in the predatory sense of being swift in cutting corners to break business rules, but great in the standard that measures every man by great giving.

Certainly the creator of the greatest railway terminal and the greatest manufacturing center in the world has helped his community greatly; yet as he goes to the black little desk chair that he has used since the days he owned only a single cotton warehouse he is not heard boasting. "No," he says in answer to a question, "I have cashed the profits of achievement rather than the profits of dividends." He discovered early that helping others is all that ultimately is worth while.

For estimating achievement higher than dividend, for raising roses, and for carrying a book in his pocket, a great many old-guard business men say that Mr. Bush is a dreamer at large. Yet his dream has

become the greatest and most economical factory and shipping center in the world.

Picture the jumbled plain called New York City, one of the greatest ports on the globe, and all over the world business people stretching out their hands to it to barter; and picture that city as a bewildering disorder of big competitors swallowing little competitors, city draying regulations, and the challenge of street congestion and business space handicapping all, and there, only a mile across the harbor, two hundred rock-bound, water-soaked sand lots as barren as a desert, and young Bush, aged twenty-one, hoving suddenly on the horizon with a dream, and a deed to those lots from his father.

Then, with a strange feeling of awe, twenty-five years later see outstretched from those barren sand lots seven long shipping-piers, all steel-covered, some double-decked, some the largest in the world; and back of these piers a great bulkhead where Magyars, negroes, English, Germans, Turks, French, Japanese, and coolies are busily at work; back of the bulkhead a group of one hundred and thirty warehouses for freight; back of the warehouses a railroad-yard with a thousand waiting cars; back of the railroad-yard ten tremendous U-shaped manufacturing buildings of glass, concrete, and steel; back of the U's uncongested homes for working-people; and in the U's a post-office, telegraph stations, a wireless station, and two hundred and fifty big and little business firms; and beside the platforms of the U's glistening railroad-tracks whereon engines marked "Bush Terminal" swiftly

shunt cars about, bring raw material, or run cars of finished products off to barges that bear the cars to freight lines that carry them all over the continent, or to the side of great steamships bound for Seattle or the far-off East.

"If you eliminate rebates," Mr. Bush said,—“and rebates in practical business to-day are eliminated,—the big business man is left with only two advantages over the little business man. The first advantage is that of the reduced costs that come of large production of a great variety; the second, the advantage of perfected transportation.”

In the great U buildings one finds little Jones, a garment-maker or a gum-maker, using five thousand feet of floor space and plenty of ambitious energy. Next him is big Jones, a competitor, using fifty thousand feet of floor space. But little Jones makes his product with working conditions that are ideal. He presses a button, and men immediately take his product from his door, way-bills and all, flick it down to the platforms, into consolidated cars, and the cars are pulled away. There is no waiting for teamsters, no jam and jar of trucking through cañon streets. Little Jones gets, in short, the shipping advantages that big Jones gets, or any other outside competitor, no matter how large. And when he needs a thousand feet of additional floor space he has it instantly, at precisely the same rent that big Jones is paying. And when big Jones wishes to diminish his holdings, he releases all the floor space he does not need, and leaves nothing to rack and rodents.

These equal rights to all were part of Mr. Bush's dream. And there was romance in his wrestle to realize his dream.

He was not sent to college, though now he is an educated man. Once a week he taught poor children in Bethel Mission of Plymouth Church; the rest of the week he worked, got acquainted with costs; and for relaxation learned, he once confessed, to read “of damsels saved from capture by brave knights,” though he liked a great deal more to read about business and of “newsboys who became bank presidents.”

Education for Mr. Bush, in short, was the intentional development of his specialized potentialities. And he learned to teach his stern jaw to shove him through difficulties; he learned the pet proverb that rests in its black mounting on his desk:

Konsider the Postage Stamp, my Son. Its Usefulness Konsists in its Ability to stick till It Gets There.

He has had worries, he has had struggles. He is philosophical, and likes to remember them now, just as he likes to remember that he afterward rode the polo pony that threw him and put the interesting hitch in his gait. In 1890, when he was twenty-one years old, he whipped the Standard Oil when it claimed his precious sand lots. When the large banks, with startling unanimity, refused to have anything to do with his creation, he complacently fed all his own funds into it. When the financiers refused to handle his bonds, he peddled them himself. When the railroads entering New York, with the Lackawanna, by the way, among them, figuratively put the young dreamer with a book in his pocket on the street after he approached them with his plan, he selected a shrewd young man.

“Go off to Michigan,” he said, “where, it will interest you to know, I was born. Buy two hundred carloads of bailed hay. Buy low, but buy. Then go to every railway station you can reach and go to every railroad you can reach and offer shipments of ten, twenty, and twenty-five cars to the Bush Terminal.”

The railroads demanded, “What 's this Bush Terminal, and where is it?” The Baltimore & Ohio at last offered a rate, and other roads did likewise. The hay was shipped. It was stored, and at last sold at a profit. And the railroads discovered where and what the Bush Terminal was.

Past the terminal meanwhile, where the two great business piers would have been a success if they had had any business to do, steamed boats of numberless lines to poke their noses into East River and

North River slips only a few hundred feet long. Mr. Bush watched them. One day he chartered two great tramp steamers. He put crews on them, sent them down to the West Indies, and down and back once more, to dock auspiciously in the deep water of the Bush piers. And they took cargoes and brought back cargoes, and the bananas they brought back reaped Mr. Bush ten thousand dollars clear. Thus the steamboat lines learned where and what the terminal was.

The first two lines to dock at the terminal brought lemons from the Mediterranean. They little more than got their first cargoes unloaded and sold to the thousand fruit-buyers on the piers than there were complaints that the ferry, which real-estate dealers had run expeditiously to Thirty-ninth Street till they sold their land to the city, delayed half a day the getting of the lemons over the mile of water to Manhattan. There was one complaint, then another, and at last orders to the lemon-growers to ship to the terminal no more. Mr. Bush obtained an option to the ferry line, but no one would underwrite the project of running it, with a subway building near at hand. Then it was, with only two steamship lines, and they about to quit, that the "dreamer" became desperate, and in his desperation his friends in one of the best clubs down-town discovered him entertaining at a royal dinner one evening nearly every Greek, Italian, and other undistinguished American in New York City who sold fruit. "They came," one said, "to bury Cæsar, and they stayed to praise him." And the lemon lines stayed at the piers.

"But I wanted a ferry line," he said, "that did not quit running when the weather was not fine." And he got one. He insisted that he was helping to develop the city; therefore the city should help him. But no one had ever heard of a city operating a ferry line. He found out that the city could not constitutionally purchase and operate one ferry line, but it might possibly purchase and operate two, and the two that were needed most were those to Thirty-ninth Street and to Staten

Island. He went to Albany almost alone, with not one advocate from Staten Island. He got a bill through the legislature, and New York became the first city in America to own and operate its municipal ferries, and now those ferries are said to be the best equipped and fastest in the world.

He wanted a post-office in his manufacturing community, but the Post-office Department refused his application for one. So he hired clerks, bought stamps, opened a division post-office, and in a year sold more stamps than half a dozen drug-store stations, and the Government rented floor space and opened a post-office of its own. He wanted telegraph stations, but the telegraph companies refused to give him any; so he hired telegraphers, opened offices for the two companies on commission, and in a year made so much money in commissions that both companies decided to open offices, and rented space from him.

"James J. Hill says a railroad can ship a ton of freight three hundred miles more cheaply than it can handle that ton at one city terminal," said Mr. Bush. "So you can judge a community by its shipping facilities. The community that sees to it that its terminal facilities most advantageously serve the public will excel its natural competitors. The community itself must see to it, for the railroads and the steamship companies may have no interest in doing more for a community than to supply a platform for wagons to back up to. Thus, I believe, terminals are among those natural monopolies that American municipalities will some day take to themselves.

"Industry, which, by the way, is usually what nations go to war about, will gradually drift from any community that does not see to it that industry can economically be conducted within its boundaries. Industry is now moving from New York, with its intricate and useless cartings to and fro, to Brooklyn, where you will find manufacturing and shipping units are connected.

"Industry is the rock a nation is built upon. The nation or the community that contents itself with administering its

parks, police, and schools, and leaves industry unaided, cannot long thrive. Conversely, the community that sees its problem and solves it grows. Thus, again, whether we like it or not, we are bound to have public ownership of shipping, among certain other service facilities."

To think in terms of service has become for Mr. Bush a habit.

He says frankly that a business or a career not built upon the desire for service cannot succeed. He does not talk of brotherhood; he does not rob Paul and pat Peter on the back, and chatter about welfare work. He is helping to establish a new business morality. Men of his philosophy when in business inevitably do so. And he does more than to solve a nation's freight problem, more than to adjust economies so that big Jones and little Jones can thrive amicably in the same community, more than to serve on numerous state, national, and city service committees. He provides buildings so safe that savings in insurance sometimes pay a manufacturer's rent, and working conditions so ideal that more than one manufacturer has paid his rent from the increase in working efficiency of his men. All this is the best charity. Yet he subscribes money quietly to a score of charitable endeavors. He bowls with his men, he goes to the club-house he gave, he singles out a worker, keeps him on pay, sends him to a hospital to undergo an operation free. He knows his men; therefore he has had no labor trouble. He offered to subscribe yearly fifty per cent. additional to all the funds paid into a languishing terminal aid society. The employees running it objected. He sent for a committee of them.

"See here, men," he said, "I don't know anything more about this plan than you do, but I'm just as good an American as you. I don't see why, even if this country is better than any other country, we should n't learn from Germany. Here are the pamphlets I got my information from. Read them. If we agree, come back. If we don't, drop the matter."

The men came back.

In the pilot-house of the *Beatrice Bush*, with President Truesdale of the Lackawanna Railroad, he crossed the harbor late one afternoon.

The sturdy little boat shrilled a greeting to three terminal lighters passing. It swung its great float barge of loaded cars easily against the tide through a swiftly changing lane of craft. It passed a great freighter three tugs were pointing to the sea, and approached the forest of shipping cluttered about the piers as far as the eye could reach—a jungle of spars and varicolored booms and funnels in a tangle of a million ropes, teeming with little wafts of white smoke, with rattle of steam winch and run of pulley, and swift up-swaying of cargo from lighters nestling hard beside great black hulls.

"It's a wonderful terminal, Bush," President Truesdale said at last.

The tall figure in raincoat touched the brim of the soft hat crunched carelessly down over his eyes. He smiled.

"You did n't think so, Truesdale, before I shipped that hay," he said.

He spoke again when the little tug lost itself between two of the great piers.

"I guess creation is a worth-while job, after all. Creation itself is its own reward."





# Bashfulness

Its Nature, Causes, and Cure

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

Author of "The Boy Who Goes Wrong," etc

A FEW years ago Dr. W. Bechterew, a distinguished Russian specialist in the treatment of nervous and mental diseases, was visited by a man of extraordinary appearance. Cheap and shabby clothing fitted his gaunt frame badly; his gait was shuffling; his whole form and manner testified pathetically to an overwhelming burden of poverty, anxiety, and dread. But what was most remarkable about him was a pair of enormous black spectacles, giving a horribly grotesque aspect to his pallid bearded face. It was with difficulty that Dr. Bechterew concealed the astonishment he felt, and courteously inquired what he could do for his strange visitor.

"I have come," was the hesitating, almost stammering reply, "in the hope that you can cure me of my bashfulness."

"Your bashfulness?" repeated the physician, with a quizzical, but kindly, smile. "Is that all that troubles you?"

"It is enough," answered the other, vehemently. "Doctor, it has made life a hell for me."

"And for how long have you been bashful?"

"Virtually since childhood. I can positively place its beginnings in my school-days." His words now flowed swiftly, torrentially. "Long before I left school I noticed that I felt awkward and uneasy when anybody looked directly at me. I found myself blushing, stammering, turning away, unable to look people in the eye.

"After I left school and went to work, matters became much worse. In business

I had to meet strangers all the time, and in the presence of strangers I felt absolutely helpless. My bashfulness increased to such an extent that I began to invent excuses to stay away from my work, and to remain at home in a miserable solitude. But this did not do; I had to earn my living. In desperation I hit on the idea of wearing these black spectacles."

"So that people cannot see your eyes?"

"Exactly. They have helped me wonderfully; intrenched behind them, I feel comparatively safe. But I detest them, and I long to be like other men. Is there no cure for me?"

Bizarre, startling, unique as this must seem, it, after all, differs only in the single detail of the spectacles from hundreds of other cases which might be cited. All over the world are men and women who suffer agonies from an oppressive, and to them inexplicable, sense of timidity when brought into contact with other people. Many, to be sure, make a brave effort to conceal the true state of affairs, compelling themselves to mingle more or less freely in society, despite the torturing apprehensions they then feel. Others, of less stubborn mold, either seclude themselves or deliberately choose careers that leave them much in solitude. Sometimes, for that matter, the choosing of such careers is an affair not of choice, but of necessity. As a man of thirty-four confided to his physician, the celebrated Dr. Paul Hartenberg:

"I began life as an assistant to my father in the wholesale liquor business, my

work being such that I did not realize my extreme bashfulness. But it was made very clear to me, when, owing to my father's failure, I was obliged to seek employment elsewhere.

"I applied for, and was given, the position of manager in a large café. It was part of my duty to keep order among the employees, and, to my dismay, I found that I was not equal to this. Whenever I had to exert my authority, I was strangely embarrassed; I stammered, trembled, and, worst of all, blushed like a girl. The employees, as you may imagine, were not long in perceiving how timid and bashful I was, and affairs rapidly came to such a pass that the owner of the café angrily dismissed me.

"I then became a clerk in a department store. But, alas! my deplorable bashfulness was again my undoing. If a customer looked at me, when asking a question or giving an order, I blushed, became so embarrassed that I had to turn away, and in my confusion paid no attention to what the customer was saying. If the latter repeated his words, I became more disturbed than ever, trembled, perspired, and acted so queerly that people thought I was drunk.

"Again I was dismissed, and again I found employment, this time in a smaller store. The result was the same. Thus I passed from position to position, always descending in the social scale. What do you suppose I am doing at present? I am washing dishes in the cellar of a restaurant. It is not pleasant work, but it at least shelters me from the terrible gaze of strangers."

This, fortunately, is an extreme case. Yet it is certain that many a man is to-day holding a position far below that for which he really has ability simply because he is too bashful to assert himself, dreading not so much the increased responsibilities of more remunerative work as the fact that it will bring him more conspicuously and intimately into the view of other people. He feels in his soul, poor fellow, that the result will be to plunge him into unendurable confusion. It is an ordeal

too great for him to face, and he clings desperately to the inferior position, which from his distorted point of view has the merit of allowing him to go through life unnoticed and consequently untroubled.

What, then, is this bashfulness which exerts so wide-spread and baneful an influence? Whence does it take its rise? And how is its victim to go about the task of overcoming it? These are questions of vital significance, particularly in this age of complex civilization and strenuous competition, in which the bashful man is at a tremendous disadvantage. Happily, he appreciates this, and resorts with increasing frequency to the physician's office in quest of advice and aid. As a result, far more is known about bashfulness to-day than was ever the case before, albeit in its most important aspects as yet known only to a comparatively small number of psychologically trained physicians.

These physicians recognize that there are two distinct types of bashfulness, the one chronic, the other occasional, both of which represent an abnormal exaggeration of the shyness which is a normal characteristic of nearly every child, and which manifests itself in blushing, fidgeting, hiding the face, etc. Ordinarily this organic shyness, as the psychologist Baldwin has termed it, disappears between the fifth and seventh year. But it may recur under special conditions, and it is specially likely to recur, as almost everybody knows from experience, under conditions focusing public attention on the person. Under such conditions—being called on unexpectedly to speak in public, taking part for the first time in theatrical performances, etc.—bashfulness of the occasional type is very much in evidence, its symptoms ranging from tremor, palpitation, and vasomotor disturbances to the paralysis of "stage fright." Neither psychologically nor medically is this type of bashfulness of much importance. As the novelty of the conditions giving rise to it wears off,—when, for example, one has become accustomed to public speaking,—it usually disappears. Like the organic shy-

ness of childhood, it is merely a product of inexperience, an expression of an instinctive reaction that is possibly "a far-off echo from the dim past, when fear of the unknown was a safeguard in the struggle for existence."

Altogether different is the case with those who are habitually bashful, of whom the world holds many thousands. Here, obviously, some factor or factors other than inexperience must enter to cause the chronic timidity which has the special quality of afflicting its victim only when in the presence of other human beings. This, indeed, is the distinguishing characteristic of bashfulness, as was pointed out long ago by Charles Darwin in his statement that bashfulness seems to depend on "sensitiveness to the opinion, whether good or bad, of others." Darwin also held—and his view still is the prevailing one—that the sensitiveness of the habitually bashful man relates mostly to external appearances. That is to say, he is bashful because he knows he is awkward, because he is dressed out of style or not in keeping with the special occasion, or because he suffers from some real or fancied bodily defect. To the objection that there are plenty of awkward, badly dressed, and physically deformed men and women who are not at all bashful, the advocates of this theory fall back on heredity as the ultimate determining factor, insisting that it is an inborn weakness which makes the bashful man or woman supersensitive to the opinion of others regarding his or her personal appearance and demeanor.

Now, recent research seems to leave no doubt that heredity does operate to some extent in the causation of bashfulness, since most bashful persons—at any rate, among those who come under the care of physicians—have a strain of the neurotic in their family histories. On the other hand, it has been quite as positively established that the matter of external appearances has a causal relation to bashfulness in comparatively few cases, though it may act as an aggravating element. In case after case the first manifestations of true

chronic bashfulness have been traced to a period in life far antedating any anxiety on the person's part respecting the way he walks or dresses or looks. More than this, when the bashful themselves are questioned as to the causes of their bashfulness, they usually either profess entire ignorance, or emphasize mental rather than physical factors.

"I attribute my bashfulness," is a characteristic response, "to no physical cause. I attribute it to a certain weakness of mind, to my lack of self-confidence, to fear of ridicule, and especially to a nervous excitement which I feel when others look at me."

Of course, apart from the doubt which such a response casts on the external appearances theory of bashfulness, and its emphasis on the mental as opposed to the physical factor, it really throws scarcely any light on the question of causation. Just as there are many awkward, badly dressed, and deformed people who are not bashful, so there are many modest and sensitive ones who go through life in wholly normal fashion, perhaps untroubled even by bashfulness of the occasional type. Quite evidently there still is an underlying something which has to be taken into account before one can fully understand chronic bashfulness.

That something the modern medical psychologist is beginning to believe he has discovered through proceeding on the assumption that bashfulness is far more than a mere innate weakness or character defect; that it is in reality a functional nervous trouble, differing only in degree, not in kind, from hysteria and other psychoneuroses. That is to say, the medical psychologist assumes that, as is now known to be the case in every psychoneurosis, the bashful man is the victim of subconscious memories of distressing incidents in his early life; incidents which in his case have had the effect of arousing in an exaggerated degree sentiments of fear or shame, or of fear and shame.

The supersensitive child, having seen or heard something that profoundly shocks him, or having committed some petty or



really serious fault, feels, on the one hand, that he has a shameful secret he must guard carefully, and on the other hand fears that people can read his secret in his eyes. Hence he develops feelings of awkwardness and embarrassment when others look at and speak to him. He fidgets, blushes, stammers, trembles; in a word, displays all the symptoms indicated by the term bashfulness. In the course of time one of two things will happen: either increased knowledge will reassure him, and he will, as the saying is, outgrow his bashfulness; or the hidden fear and shame—even though the original occasion for them may have completely lapsed from conscious remembrance—will fix themselves firmly in his mind, causing a habit of bashfulness which may torture him all his life.

Whether this new theory as to bashfulness of the chronic type holds good invariably it is as yet impossible to say. Certainly it has been verified in an astonishingly large number of cases. Time and again, applying some one of the delicate methods by which they tunnel into the most obscure recesses of the mind, medical psychologists have dragged into the full light of conscious recollection forgotten memories which the victims of bashfulness themselves recognize as connected with the onset of their abnormal timidity. Often their bashfulness completely disappears, or is markedly abated, as soon as the memories responsible for it are recovered. Or, when an immediate cure is not wrought, one is pretty sure to result after an explanation of the evolution of the trouble and the application of appropriate suggestions to develop self-confidence and will power.

To illustrate by citing a few instances from life, let me give first a case successfully treated by that well-known Boston neurologist and medical psychologist, Dr. I. H. Coriat. It is the case of a young man who, as usually happens, did not resort to a physician until his bashfulness had begun to interfere with his earning a livelihood.

"I have not the slightest idea what is

the matter with me," he told Dr. Coriat, "but the fact is that for a good many years I have felt strangely timid when meeting people. I believe I am naturally of a courageous disposition,—certainly I do not suffer from cowardice in the ordinary sense,—but I actually blush and tremble if spoken to suddenly or looked at intently. Lately I notice this has been growing worse."

"Can you tell me," the physician asked, "just when you first noticed that you were bashful?"

"No, I am sorry to say I can't. I only know that it began while I was a boy."

Nevertheless, by the aid of a method of psycho-analysis, or psychological mind-tunneling, it was ascertained that subconsciously he did know exactly when his bashfulness began, and also was well aware of its cause. From among the forgotten, or only vaguely remembered, episodes of his boyhood there emerged with exceptional vividness a memory-picture of the time when he first went to work. He recalled with painful intensity the figure of his employer, a stern, cold, hard man, with piercing eyes.

"Those eyes seemed to be on me everywhere I went. They seemed to be watching for the least mistake I might make. I began to wonder what would happen to me if I did make mistakes. Then I began to feel incompetent and to fear that he would notice my incompetency. I grew nervous, awkward, timid. Whenever he spoke to me I jumped, I blushed, I trembled. After a time I did the same when anybody spoke to me."

"And sometimes you still think of that first employer who frightened you so much?"

"I try not to, but I know I do."

To Dr. Coriat it seemed unnecessary to probe further for the cause of his patient's bashfulness. The fear, the anxiety, the over-conscientiousness engendered by the employer's attitude, working in the mind of an ultra-impressionable boy, were quite enough to initiate a habit of abnormal diffidence. Tactfully he made this clear to the patient, earnestly he impressed on him

the idea that the unpleasant experience of which he spoke was a thing of the past, and was nothing of which he now need stand in dread; and tirelessly he reiterated the suggestion that the patient had it in his own power to exorcise the demon of bashfulness created by the painful subconscious memory-image of those early days. In the end he had the satisfaction of sending him on his way rejoicing in a perfect cure.

Strikingly different in its inception is a case that came under the observation of Dr. Bechterew. In this instance the patient was a young woman of excellent family and most attractive appearance. The symptom of which she chiefly complained was an abnormal blushing. When with the members of her own family, no less than with strangers, she would at the least provocation feel the blood suffusing her face, and would turn distressingly red. To avoid this she kept much to herself, and led a lonely, miserable life.

Questioned by Dr. Bechterew as to the length of time she had been thus afflicted, and any prior occurrences which might have given her a real and urgent reason for embarrassment and blushing, her answers at first were wholly unenlightening. But little by little, probing with the skill of the trained psychological cross-examiner, he drew from her the details of a pathetic experience.

At the age of seventeen, it appeared, she had been thrown much into the company of a married man old enough to be her father. A friendship had sprung up between them, but on her part there had been no thought of anything beyond friendship until one evening, at a garden party, he asked her to walk with him in a secluded part of the grounds.

"While we were talking together," she confided to Dr. Bechterew, "he suddenly asked me if I cared for him—if I cared enough to leave home and spend the rest of my life with him. His avowal of love shocked and shamed me. I hastily left him, and, with burning cheeks, rejoined the other guests.

"As soon as possible I made my excuses

and went home. It seemed to me that my face betrayed my secret. Afterward I could not speak to, or even think of, that man without blushing. Now that you have made me recall the circumstance, I feel sure that out of that terrible experience has grown the habit of bashfulness and blushing which has made life almost unbearable."

Contrast with this a third case, the case of a young Jew, robust and alert-looking, a wagon-driver by occupation, who applied to the Vanderbilt Clinic in New York City to be treated for what he vaguely termed a "nervous trouble." Referred to Dr. A. A. Brill, specialist in mental and nervous disorders, he confessed that the malady for which he sought relief was nothing more or less than bashfulness.

"It may seem strange to you," said he, "that a fellow like me should be bashful, but I am so timid when with strangers that I scarcely know what I am doing. I speak and act like a fool; my hands tremble; I trip over things."

"Can you give any reason why you should feel so awkward and embarrassed?"

"Not the slightest. I often have tried to explain it to myself, but all to no purpose. As far as I can tell, it is without a cause."

"Still, it must have a cause, and we will do our best to discover what that is."

Step by step, in the course of several days' investigation by psycho-analysis, Dr. Brill led the patient through the details of his past life. In this way it was definitely ascertained that the bashfulness of which he complained dated from his twelfth year. Delving among the forgotten memories of that early period, Dr. Brill presently unearthed one which the patient, the moment he recalled it, recognized as being coincidental with the excessive timidity that had brought him such suffering.

It was the memory of a boyhood escapade that had at the time caused unusual remorse, shame, and fear of discovery. He had fancied that others could read in

his eyes what he had done; he became afraid to look at people or to have them look at him. Awkwardness, embarrassment, bashfulness grew apace, and remained characteristic of him even after he had forgotten all about the affair from which they sprang.

Thanks, however, to the recovery of this lost memory-image, and of other subconscious reminiscences which had intensified the feeling of shame, it was now possible for Dr. Brill to institute psychotherapeutic treatment that eventually resulted in a cure. Incidentally, it also resulted in materially improving the young man's position in life. Freed from his bashfulness, he developed unexpected ambition, and to-day is the owner of a well-paying business.

Similarly, boyhood weaknesses and failings, carrying with them profound feelings of shame and apprehension, were found responsible for the bashfulness experienced by Dr. Hartenberg's dish-washing patient and Dr. Bechterew's visitor with the black spectacles.

Always, in truth, the story seems to be the same—there has been in the chronically bashful man's early life some specific shock, fright, or anxiety, which, provoking in a supersensitive mind feelings of extreme embarrassment, has established a bashfulness that may not fully yield to any method of treatment until the remote and usually forgotten cause is recalled to remembrance.

Happily this requirement is not always necessary. As an eminent medical psychologist said to me not long ago:

"It is my experience that in many cases a cure can be brought about simply by developing the patient's will power either through suggestion in hypnosis or through psychic re-education in the normal waking state. In such instances it is enough to explain to the patient that his bashfulness undoubtedly had its origin in some shock which he has forgotten; that while, in the beginning, he may have had reason enough for feeling bashful, that reason has long since been outlived; and that his present bashfulness is actually nothing

more than a bad habit, the result of self-suggestion.

"Attacking the problem this way, and applying strong counter-suggestion, it frequently is possible to effect a cure without a tedious preliminary ransacking of subconscious memories. When, however, this method fails, psycho-analytic investigation becomes indispensable."

Manifestly, of even greater importance than the cure of bashfulness is its prevention. This, on any theory of its causation, and especially on the theory now advanced by medical psychologists, is primarily a matter resting with parents. The appearance in a growing boy or girl of symptoms of habitual uneasiness and embarrassment when with other children or older persons, should be regarded as a reason for real anxiety.

Most parents, as a matter of fact, are inclined to dismiss such symptoms from their minds with the careless remark: "Yes, he 's bashful; but that 's nothing. He 'll outgrow it." Unfortunately, the boy may not outgrow it without definite aid and guidance.

For one thing, the effort should immediately be made to develop in him interests, whether scholastic or athletic, that will take him out of himself. Whatever else may be said of bashfulness, it is always a sign of excessive preoccupation, conscious or subconscious, with thoughts of self. The bashful boy, no less than the bashful man, is abnormally self-centered. And besides endeavoring to weaken his extreme egoism, there should be a systematic attempt to cultivate self-control and self-reliance; while at the same time his confidence should be tactfully sought, to draw from him a statement as to anything that is particularly perplexing or worrying him, and thereby to gain a vantage-point for effectually banishing doubt and anxiety from his mind.

Thus, and thus alone, may the parent feel confident of uprooting the noxious weeds of bashfulness, which flourish so abundantly in the mind that lacks in will power and is dominated by egoism and fear.



"The Coming Storm." By Winslow Homer  
*Owned by The Lotus Club, New York City*

## Evolution of American Painting

As Exemplified in the International Exhibition of Fine Arts in the  
 Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco

By J. NILSEN LAURVIK

Commissioner of Fine Arts to Norway at the Exposition

THE Panama-Pacific International Exposition may well be regarded as expressing the culmination of that wider cosmopolitanism which has marked America's entrance into the ranks of world powers, significantly emphasized by the completion and opening of the Panama Canal, which "divides nations to unite the world," just as the Centennial Exposition of 1876 was the visible symbol, as well as the actual focal point, of a fully developed national self-consciousness that had hitherto found no concrete expression. The Centennial commemorated the wisdom of the founders of the nation, whose principles of government had been thoroughly tested by one hundred years of fairly strenuous usage that had successfully survived two foreign wars and a civil

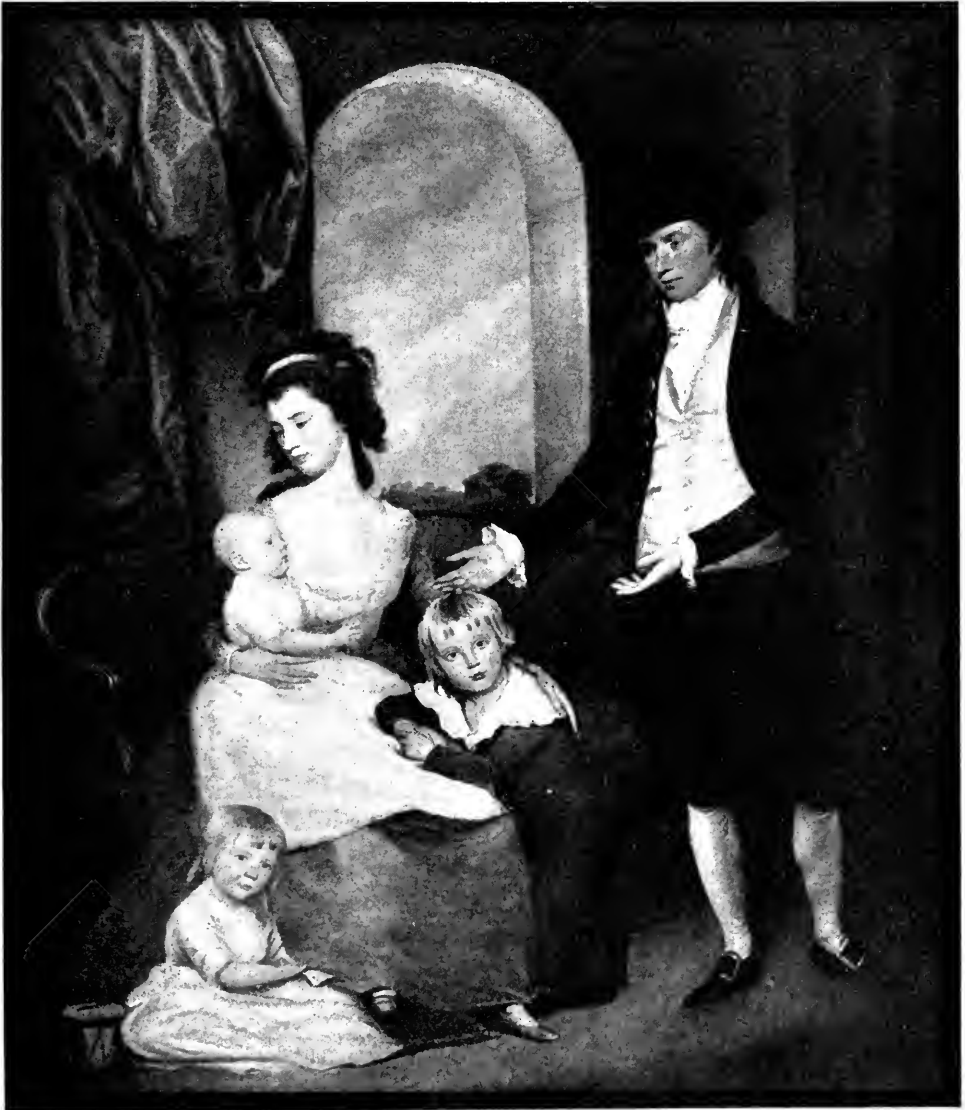
war of even greater magnitude. The nation had, so to speak, attained its majority, and the Centennial Exposition was an invitation to the nations of the world to join in celebrating the event. The fact that this coincided with a general esthetic awakening that everywhere responded to the appeals of art—New York and Boston incorporated their first art museums in 1870—makes the year 1876 one of the most important mile-stones in the cultural as well as in the commercial development of America.

The Centennial became at once a fulfilment and a promise in that it marked the completion of the old and the beginning of an era that ushered into public notice the first banner-bearers of that new movement which was destined to regener-

ate American art, lifting it out of its provincial anecdotage into that broader field of cosmopolitan activity toward which the nation itself was moving. The forty years that have elapsed since the international exposition in Philadelphia have not only seen the realization of the promise held forth therein both as to political and esthetic progress, but have also witnessed the unexpected phenomenon of two American painters sharing with the leaders of Europe in the honor of powerfully influ-

encing the artistic trend of their time, while producing several artists of world renown, such as Mary Cassatt and Alexander Harrison, who are generally regarded as part and parcel of that modern movement in art which had its origin in France.

With the appearance of Sargent and Whistler and that group of enthusiasts, Chase, Currier, Duveneck, Shirlaw, and Alexander, who returned from Munich, or sent home their works therefrom in the



Joseph Wright and Family. By Joseph Wright  
*Owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts*



Portrait of Benjamin West. By Matthew Pratt  
*Owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts*

early seventies, American art definitely became the art of the world. The retrospective and historical collection of American art organized by John E. D. Trask, Chief of the Department of Fine Arts, fittingly celebrates this fact. It forms, so to speak, the *clou* of the whole fine arts exhibit, and if the Palace of Fine Arts contained nothing else than this, it would suffice to make it notable and worthy of the most careful attention. This collection offers the first

opportunity for a survey of the evolution of American painting from its most tentative beginnings in pre-Revolutionary days down to the highly accomplished and cosmopolitan achievements of our own day. It presents a fairly logical sequence of events that touch and emphasize the high spots in national as well as in esthetic development, and makes a study of absorbing interest to the patriot as well as to the student of art.



Portrait of Mrs. David Olyphant. By Samuel F. B. Morse  
*Owned by Robert M. Olyphant, Esq.*

Here one may gain a clear idea of native art as it existed in the year 1876, of what preceded it, and the progress made since then. Of the five hundred and ninety-three American artists represented in the Centennial Exposition, thirty-six are represented here, with two or three exceptions virtually all that have survived the test of time, and several of these by works first exhibited in the Centennial,

such as the famous "*Toning of the Bell*,"<sup>1</sup> by Walter Shirlaw, the exquisitely lovely landscape called "*Bishop Berkeley's Rock*," by John LaFarge, the very fine "*Study of a Head*," by J. F. Currier, and the much discussed painting by John F. Weir, called "*The Gun Foundry*," now known as "*Forging the Shaft*," owned by the Metropolitan Museum.

<sup>1</sup> *Italics* indicate exhibits in the exhibition under discussion.



Portrait of Mrs. Huth  
By James McNeill Whistler

While it cannot be denied that artists of little or no importance have been included in this most important display of native art ever held in America, it will readily be admitted by all who know that not one name of consequence in its development has been omitted, though several

names of interest and importance, such as Thomas W. Dewing, Wilton Lockwood, Wyatt Eaton, Elihu Vedder, Robert F. Blum, Frank W. Benson, and Abbott H. Thayer, are conspicuous by their absence. This at once summarizes the scope as well as the shortcomings of the collection as a whole, irrespective of whatever praise or blame may be applied to any particular portion of it.

What this collection reveals will undoubtedly come as a pleasant surprise to all not intimately acquainted with the evolution of American art. I dare say that few of those who visit the Palace of Fine Arts ever realized before that almost from the beginning of its history as a nation America possessed an art that they need not be ashamed of, considering the difficulties attending its production. Indeed, one may say that even before the firing of that shot heard round the world, art was practised and accepted in the colonies, as is amply proved by such portraits as that of young

*Benjamin West*, painted by that skilful pre-Revolutionary sign-painter, Matthew Pratt. It offers an excellent example of the first tentative struggles of American art to express itself, and the quaint group of "*Joseph Wright and Family*," by Joseph Wright, hanging in the same room,





Portrait of Major-General Henry Dearborn  
By Gilbert Stuart

is scarcely less interesting as a proof of the very real talent possessed by these early painters.

Remembering the handicaps of training and lack of opportunity for study under which these early men labored, one is surprised by the workmanlike quality of these portraits, which, moreover, succeed to a remarkable degree in reflecting something of the drab sobriety of their time. How

this changed with the changing life of the colonies, growing more flexible and elegant with the greater ease and luxury of the settlers, is well expressed in the portrait of *Miss Peel*, painted by Benjamin West at the age of seventeen. Something of the suave elegance and refinement of European culture, which was then beginning to make itself felt in the colonies, is clearly discernible in the comparative ease

and elegance of the painter's handling no less than in the demeanor of the lady herself, whose natural primness is softened by an outward charm and graciousness of manner that comports with the elegance of her gown, which is plainly derived from Europe. The climax of this foreign influence upon the early art of America may be seen in West's large canvas depicting "*Mary Magdalen Anointing the Feet of Christ*," painted after his study of the North Italian masters, whose methods it reflects, albeit very much weakened and sentimentalized. Broadly speaking, it marks the assumption by American artists of the "grand manner," which found expression in the social life of the times in stately balls and routs.

In portraits such as that of *Mrs. Elizabeth Willing Powell*, by John Singleton Copley, one gains a vivid impression of the distinguished hauteur, the decorum, and the elegance that marked the dress and deportment of the ruling class of his day, and one notes with interest the technical superiority of these later works over those

executed by the pre-Revolutionary limners. Portraits such as that of *Colonel Charles Pettit*, by Charles Willson Peale, and that of *General Henry Lee*, by Robert Edge Pine, are not unworthy rivals of portraits painted by certain of their highly esteemed contemporaries in England, now long since forgotten. Moreover, it shows that art had at last taken root and become an established profession in the colonies, patronized and respected by the most distinguished men in public life as well as by the most exclusive ladies of fashion, and the series of portraits painted by Stuart, West, Copley, Peale, and Sully form a notable pantheon of the wit and beauty of colonial days. Here is Sully's sprightly portrait of that most bewitching actress, *Frances Anne Kemble*, in which he essays the manner of Lawrence, without, however, quite attaining that master's elegance either of color or handling. Nevertheless, it clearly reveals the astonishing virtuosity of this facile and surprisingly productive painter, whose long life stretched far into the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.



"The Thunder Storm, Catskills." By Asher B. Durand

Owned by H. K. Bush-Brown, Esq.



"In the Berkshire Hills." By George Inness

*Owned by Rhode Island School of Design*

Though far inferior to Stuart and even to Henry Inman, whose fine portrait of *Henry Pratt* commands more than passing attention, Sully possessed in a greater or lesser degree most of the qualifications of a great portrait-painter, and his brilliantly painted canvases went far toward demonstrating that American art had emerged from its novitiate.

But it was given to Gilbert Stuart, more than to any other painter of his time, to emphasize and confirm this fact, as is convincingly shown in this exhibition. His frankly painted portrait of *President Monroe* more than holds its own with that of *John Thomas, Bishop of Rochester*, by Reynolds, and the portrait of *Sir William Lynch*, by Gainsborough, while the head of *Major-General Henry Dearborn* far surpasses them both. The latter reveals Stuart's uncommon powers of characterization as well as his accomplished craftsmanship. The hand of the master is in every stroke, and the whole is imbued with a profound dignity achieved only by the great masters of portraiture, with whom Stuart will surely rank when

the world comes to know and esteem his art at its proper value. At his best he is a worthy rival of Reynolds and Gainsborough, but more especially of Raeburn, with whom he had much in common, as is shown by the latter's fine portrait of *John Wauchope*. A certain Scotch solidity and directness of treatment as well as a freshness and purity of color are common to both. It remains only to add that the period of which Stuart was the crowning glory is further represented and completed by the presence here of portraits by Wertmüller, James Peale, and Rembrandt Peale, which serve to define the *milieu* in which he lived and worked.

Very little at all comparable with the seriousness and dignity of the best painters of colonial times is to be found in the period that followed, though an occasional portrait such as that of *John Randolph of Roanoke* by Chester Harding and that of *Henry Pratt* by Henry Inman, already referred to, together with such closely studied characterizations as the fine portraits of *William Cullen Bryant* and *Mrs. David Olyphant*, by that gifted and little-remem-

bered painter Samuel F. B. Morse, whose invention of the telegraph has completely obscured his fame as a painter, not to mention the stimulating and frankly rendered portraits of *Mrs. Mary A. Goulding* and *H. W. Hewitt*, by Charles Loring Elliott, serve to relieve the feeling of mediocrity provoked by the able, but uninspired, creations of Trumbull, Allston, and Vanderlyn. In fact, the freshness and engaging frankness of these portraits by Elliott will undoubtedly come as a complete surprise to many. In a large measure they anticipate the technical bravura imported from Munich a generation later by Duveneck, Chase, and Currier, and are so far superior to the Düsseldorf anecdotalism of the period, aptly expressed in R. C. Wood-

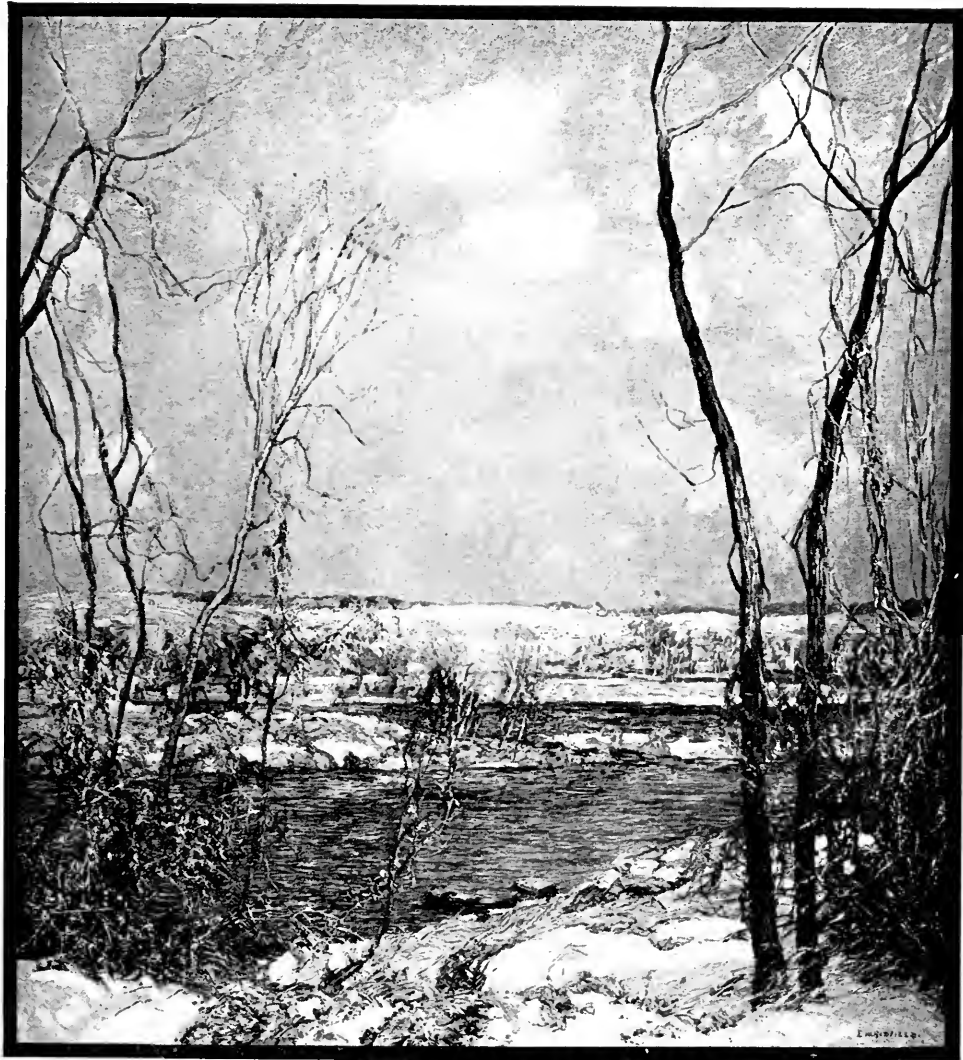
ville's "*War News from Mexico*" and Eastman Johnson's "*Wounded Drummer-Boy*," as to remain a unique and almost isolated phenomenon of the time in which they were produced.

How long the Düsseldorf influence persisted in the art of this country is revealed here by Thomas Hovenden's "*Breaking Home Ties*," which was one of the most popular pictures in the Chicago world's fair and still has its coterie of delighted admirers, for whom our present-day Mr. Watrous has surely painted his sad domestic allegory of "*The Bursting Bubble*," which perpetuates in a somewhat modernized guise the chief characteristics of that anecdotal school of art which was the special admiration and delight of our grand-



"The Yachts, Gloucester Harbor"

By Childe Hassam



"The Breaking of Winter"

By Edward W. Redfield

fathers. These, together with such paintings as the one here by John F. Weir, called "*Forging the Shaft*," summarize the art of the period of which the 1876 exposition marked the culmination.

Contemporary with these men were a number of landscape-painters who in every sense of the word were pioneers in their field. In paintings such as that shown here of "*The Thunder Storm, Catskills*," by Asher B. Durand; "*In the Adirondacks*," by John Frederick Kensett; and "*On the Susquehanna*," by Thomas Doughty, we find the first evidences of

a native school of landscape-painting, which was soon reinforced by such able painters as F. E. Church, represented here by his famous "*Niagara Falls*"; Albert Bierstadt, whose panoramic art is well represented by his "*Grand Lake, Colorado*"; Thomas Cole, represented here by a very fine, but not typical landscape; and Thomas Moran, whose truthful study of "*A California Forest*" further emphasizes the decided preoccupation with native subjects by the landscape-painters of that time, which won for them the name of the "Hudson River School," in

contradistinction to any foreign school of painting, particularly the Barbison School, the influence of which upon American art begins to be discernible in the work of Hunt, Inness, and LaFarge shown here. An increasing freedom of individual expression, which resulted in a more synthetic treatment of the subject, is the outstanding characteristic of the three paintings by Inness, notably "*In the Berkshire Hills*," no less than of the several paintings by William Morris Hunt and Alexander H. Wyant; while the two very fine landscapes by Homer Martin and the group of six paintings by John LaFarge, whose romantic landscape entitled "*Bishop Berkeley's Rock*," as well as his superb *tour de force*, "*Our Boatman*," painted in the South Sea Islands, clearly indicate that parting of the ways which in 1877 made the National Academy of Design a house divided against itself.

The whole history of American art since then testifies to the completeness with which the old order was supplanted by the new. In that notable group of artistic rebels Frank Duveneck was the bright particular star and William M. Chase the undisputed leader, with Frank Currier and John W. Alexander dividing the attention of the public. As we see in the superb collection of thirty paintings and thirteen etchings by Duveneck, who has been accorded the well-deserved honor of a special gallery, as has also William M. Chase, these men emancipated American art from its anecdotalism, and revived an interest in all the problems that are essentially those of the painter as opposed to the preoccupations peculiar to the writer and the illustrator. And "art for art's sake" became the battle-cry of the leaders of the new movement, whose scorn of the meticulously truthful story-telling art of their forebears was expressed not only in the greater verve and suggestiveness of their art, but also in the titles given to their work. Instead of "*Breaking Home Ties*" and "*The Detective Story*," we are confronted with a "*Symphony in White and Red*," "*A Variation in Blue and Green*," or a "*Study in Rose and Brown*,"

which are titles of three of the twenty-odd paintings by Whistler shown here in a gallery specially devoted to the work of that master, besides another room of etchings, lithographs, and pastels that further reveal those qualities of his art that made him the most discussed, hated, and withal influential figure in the art world of his time.

All the qualities of synthetic abstraction that made Whistler an inspiration to the young and anathema to the old are summed up in his nocturne of "*The Falling Rocket*." Indeed, this is the very picture that, characterized by John Ruskin as "a paint-pot flung into the face of the public," caused the famous libel suit of the artist *versus* the critic, which resulted in Whistler being awarded the farthing in damages that henceforth was worn by him on his watch-fob as a warning and a rebuke to presumptuous critics. This verdict not alone vindicated Whistler, but in a measure established the fact that American art had at last taken its place with that of the world, and it was a fitting answer to one of Ruskin's earlier dicta, apropos of Turner, that there could be no good landscape-painting in America because, forsooth, America had no landscape fit to paint. A walk through these galleries not only shows the fallacy of this contention, but reveals the fact that American landscape-painting ranks with the best produced anywhere to-day.

With the advent of Theodore Robinson and Alexander Harrison, each represented by a group of typical examples of their art, America took a place in the front rank of that pioneer movement which introduced the invigorating breath of Impressionism into modern art. The study of Velasquez and Frans Hals, which had brought forth in America such masterpieces of forthright painting and discerning observation as Duveneck's *Portrait of John W. Alexander*, while producing in France such living, noble portraits as Manet's "*Rouvière*," was vitalized and supplemented by a study of light, of the circumambient ether enveloping objects, which sent the painters forth into the open instead of into the galleries.



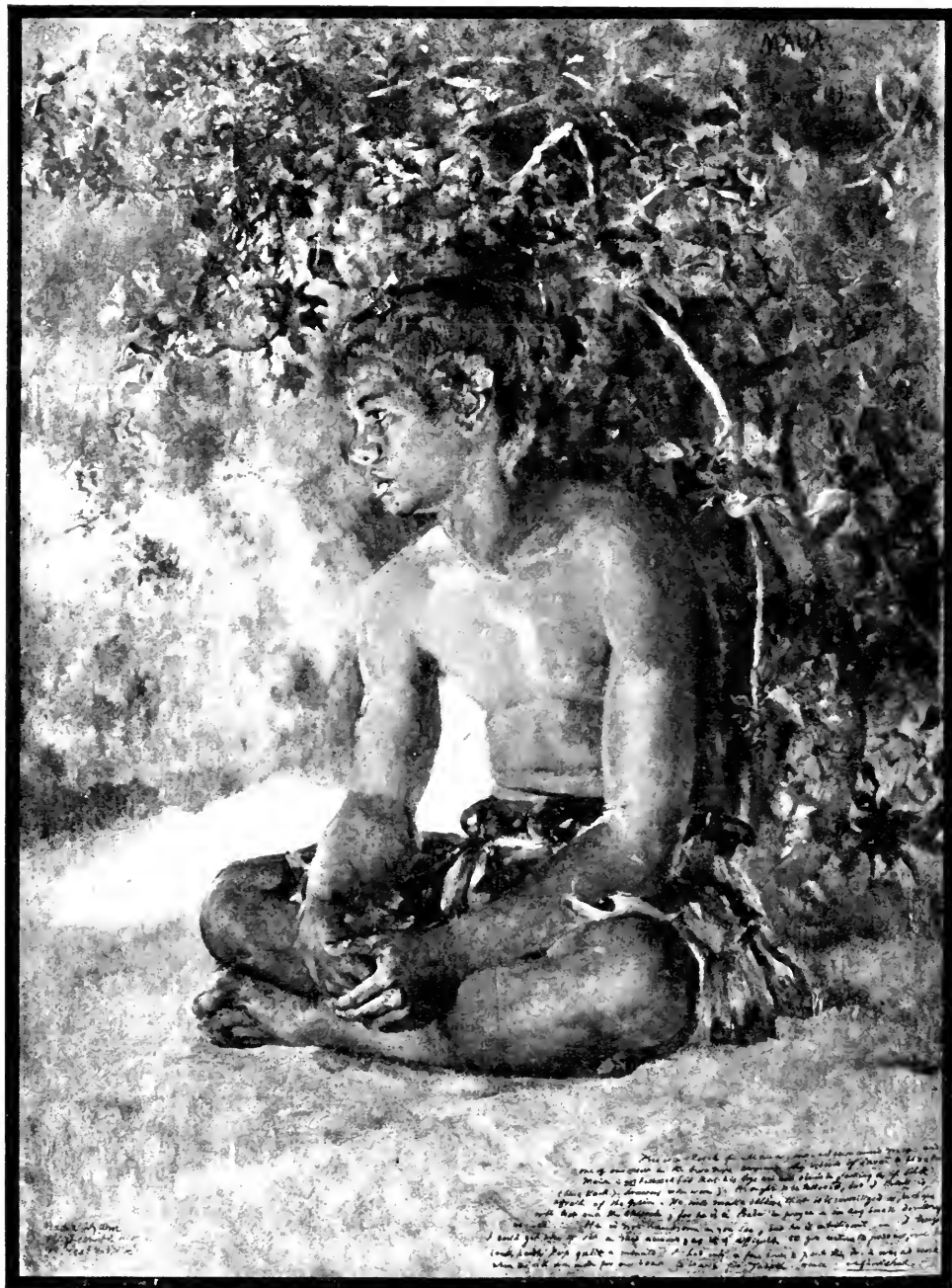
"Wounded Drummer Boy." By Eastman Johnson  
 Owned by The Union League Club, New York City

Just as this study of the refraction of light and color was greatly stimulated in France by the writings of an American, Professor Rood of Columbia University, so the American painters were among the first to brave the light of the sun. The group of paintings by Theodore Robinson and Alexander Harrison shown here prove the close relationship of these men to the pioneers of this movement, which later

commanded the allegiance of John H. Twachtman, Childe Hassam, J. Alden Weir, and Willard L. Metcalf, not to mention Mary Cassatt, one of the earliest and most accomplished exponents of Impressionism, whose "*Femme lisant dans un jardin*" is worthy of hanging with the best things done by the initiators of the movement.

What a stimulating and beneficent tonic





"Our Boatman"

By John LaFarge

the influence of the French Impressionists was upon American art may be seen in the several paintings by Robert Reid as well as in the fine groups of landscapes by Willard L. Metcalf and Ernest Lawson, no less than in the notable group of can-

vases in the three galleries devoted respectively to Twachtman, Hassam, and Edward W. Redfield. All of these men owe much of what is most vital and lasting in their work to their intelligent application of the lessons taught by the Impressionists.



Paintings like "*The Yachts, Gloucester Harbor*," by Hassam, are rivals of the best produced by Monet, whose principles of painting are given a more dazzling expression in the veracious realism of Redfield's "*The Breaking of Winter*," while Weir and Twachtman apply the same underlying principles in a manner so personal and ingratiating as almost to appear idiosyncratic. The latter's "*Niagara*" is an excellent illustration of his very individual point of view, as well as a striking evidence of the progress made by American art in the fifty years that have elapsed since F. E. Church painted his epoch-making "*Niagara Falls*." In the meantime American art has been enriched by a group of men in whom the best currents in modern art find full expression, as is brilliantly exemplified in William J. Glackens's "*In Mouquin's*," in Everett Shinn's "*Stage*," in John Sloan's etchings, and in Robert Henri's "*Lady in Black Velvet*," while producing such typically American works as "*The Coming Storm*," by Winslow Homer, who expressed the realistic spirit of our time with an accent racy and smacking of the soil, that is finding its fulfilment in the work of such men as George W. Bellows, Randall Davey, Carl Springhorn, W. Elmer Schofield, Paul Dougherty, A. L. Kroll, George Luks, Van Dearing Perrine, Charles Morris Young, and Charles Rosen, all of whom are well represented in this collection.

But the epitome of clearly and convincingly expressed realism is undoubtedly found in the gallery of paintings by that arch-realist, John Singer Sargent, whose portraits of *John Hay* and of America's most distinguished novelist, *Henry James*, are unrivaled examples of penetrating observation and supreme technical mastery that find their counterpart only in the art of Cecilia Beaux, represented here by a notable group of portraits. Her portrait of Henry Sturgis Drinker, Esq., is even a serious rival of Sargent in sheer technical virtuosity. He has painted few heads and hands better than those in this shrewdly characterized portrait of the president of

Lehigh University. How wide-spread and potent has been the influence of Sargent, who, like Whistler, is claimed by the world, may be seen here in Irving R. Wiles' portrait of *Mme. Gerville-Réache*, in Wilhelm Funk's portrait of *Mrs. John W. McKinnon*, in Wallace W. Gilchrist, Jr.'s portrait of the "*Girl in Pink*," in Ben Ali Haggin's "*Little White Dancer*," in Julian Story's portrait of *Mrs. Story*, in Louis Betts's "*Lady in White*," and in John C. Johansen's finely conceived and brilliantly executed group called "*The Rider*," all of whom are related in one way or another to Sargent.

How variously this modern spirit of realism has expressed itself is here made clear in the most interesting manner in the two galleries devoted respectively to the art of Gari Melchers and Edmund C. Tarbell. The robust, colorful, pulsating flesh-and-blood impressionistic realism of Melchers, vividly exemplified in his unforgettable "*Maternity*," is as stimulating as the reserved and recondite art of Tarbell, perfectly epitomized in his incomparable "*Girl Crocheting*," is alluring and provocative of thought. Temperamentally the art of these two men is of opposite kinds, while artistically they achieve somewhat similar results through means vastly dissimilar. Tarbell's art is the quintessence of that eclectic point of view of which Joseph R. De Camp, Sergeant Kendall, Philip Hale, Willard L. Metcalf, William M. Paxton, Kenyon Cox, and George de Forest Brush, are the devoted high priests, whose achievements preserve what is best and most abiding in tradition.

What is the most interesting, comprehensive, and edifying display of American art held in America is further completed and rounded out with a fine graphic collection, reviewing the whole development of American graphic art, admirably arranged and selected by the assistant chief of the Department of Fine Arts, Professor Robert B. Harshe, and the inclusion of works by painters of such diverse tendencies as H. O. Tanner and Frederic Carl Frieseke, Edwin A. Abbey and Charles

Bittinger, Dwight W. Tryon and Maurice B. Prendergast, Ralph Albert Block and D. Putnam Brinley, J. Francis Murphy and Robert Spencer, Albert P. Ryder and Howard Gardiner Cushing, Thomas Anshutz and Josephine Paddock, Thomas Eakins and William H. K. Yarrow, Charles W. Hawthorne and Haley Lever, Max Bohm and George Alfred Williams, Edward Cucuel and Daniel Garber, Leonard Ochtman and Francis McComas, to whose varied accomplishments it would be a pleasure to refer more extensively if space permitted. As it is, I must content myself with saying that the exhibition as a whole furnishes the best possible refutation of the half-veiled slurs of those critics who, in the pride of their much-vaunted internationalism, have for many years treated American art with the cautious circumspection of a man dealing with a person of doubtful repute. In the face of all this ability, all this accomplished craftsmanship, to which no trick of the trade is unfamiliar and that often reveals that deeper feeling for the medium of paint more instinctive than acquired, marking the painter who is to the manner born, in the presence of a cosmopolitanism that nevertheless preserves an individual and national flavor, their attitude of indifference on the one hand and of patronizing condescension on the other now appears as silly as it was uncritical.

In conclusion we must pay a word of tribute to the younger generation who stand knocking at the door. These heralds of a new era, who are here given a hearing, may or may not be the prophets of to-morrow, but surely they will prove to be the bone of contention of to-day. Already murmurs are audible regarding the moral and esthetic propriety of Arthur B. Carles's "*Nude*," in my opinion the finest performance of its kind in the whole American section, and Rockwell Kent's imaginative canvas, called "*A Mother and Her Sons*," is proving an enigmatic departure to most people, while "*The Belated Boat*" of Armin Hansen and the powerfully conceived monumental figure of "*The Laborer*" by Gus Mager provoke

the old question, Is it art? Randolph Dirks, with his boldly executed and strongly colorful "*Head of Old Dutchman*," Sydney Dale Shaw's prismatic arabesques of interlaced trees, and George W. Bellows's vigorous and unconventional treatment of contemporary subjects, while pleasing the few, are not incomprehensible to the many who hesitate before the "*Interior*" by Samuel Halpert and the "*Still Life*" by Henry Lee McFee. Yet, if this is not the art of to-morrow, I am confident it points the direction in which art must go to realize a further development of its possibilities, if indeed these be not already exhausted.

The departure from accepted standards marked by the advent of these men appears to most people so radical, so unrelated to the general, logical evolution of art, as to have nothing whatever to do with it. However, if one considers what occurred in the interval between the painting of "*Niagara Falls*" by F. E. Church and the same subject some forty years later by John H. Twachtman, one will perhaps be ready to admit that work such as this "*Interior*" by Halpert may perhaps carry forward into a new sphere of expression the ideas admirably expressed in Tarbell's "*Girl Crocheting*." It would appear from the work of such men as Halpert and McFee that art is entering upon a more highly intellectualized plane than heretofore, in which the quest of form—the eternal one of the artist—is being pursued more assiduously,—shall I say more scientifically?—than before in the history of art. They appear to realize that this can be fully attained only by an emphasis of the salient characteristics of form rather than by a servile copying of its superficial surfaces, which emphasizes the fact that modern pictorial photography has so largely discounted the finest achievements of the purely imitative painter as to render his position extremely precarious. Upon them depends whether the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915 will prove as memorable in the history of art in America as was the Centennial Exposition in 1876.



# The Diplomatic Point of View

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

American Minister to Denmark ; Author of "Everybody's St Francis," "The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis," etc

THE present war has not changed the diplomatic point of view, except to force upon diplomatists realities which they always dreaded, and consequently to lessen the symbolical outward show of which they were a part. War and the results of war were never absent from the diplomatic mind; they are horribly near now, but so is the protocol.

The point of view of the individual foreign diplomatist is well exemplified in the case of Count de Beaucaire, a very sympathetic and learned man, who lately died while minister at Copenhagen. Count de Beaucaire, with the frankness which, despite the popular impression, characterizes diplomatists, looked on Copenhagen as the road to an embassy, and on his death the press just as frankly regretted that he had not attained the end of his ambitions.

With all European diplomatists their work is both a vocation and a career. The duty of the moment is done more or less effectively, but usually with the feeling that there is not only a decoration at the end of their stay in any country, but that this stay, provided no untoward accident happens, means a step upward, involving no extra expense that cannot be met out of the emoluments of the position. To an English minister an embassy means not only wider opportunities, but more money, a better house, and a larger pension. This is true of all diplomatists in the great countries. Since a tendency toward democracy has begun to come into fashion in Europe, political complications may interfere with the upward progress of a minister, and some ministers find the popular temperature more difficult to gage. Never-

theless, European constitutionalism does not tear itself away from the older traditions of diplomacy, because it is too wise not to have learned something from the past; and if the peace of nations to-day is not dependent on the qualities of resident envoys, the good-will of nations is very often determined by the attitude of the foreign representatives within their precincts. The nations to the south of us in America understand this very well.

Naturally, a European diplomatist, whether he is clever or not, acquires a certain training and point of view which give him in unexpected moments a poise and balance that men without this training find it hard to acquire. He knows, for instance, the value of gaining time, and also the necessity of keeping his temper, unless he is instructed by his foreign office to lose it. For this reason, to a man who finds spasms of originality or genius uncomfortable there is no society more agreeable in the world than the society which one finds in diplomatic centers. The value of patience, the value of suppression, the value of strictly conforming to the dictates of good form, take the place of natural tact. It is folly to imagine that the diplomatic method can be entirely acquired by the exercise of common sense. It is much more than that. It implies the art of making naturally stupid people extremely agreeable to one another, and not disagreeable to those clever people who feel that they cannot exist effectively without displaying their cleverness.

A diplomatic corps divided into cliques soon loses a certain value in the eyes of its members and with the Government to

whom the members are accredited. There is one essential quality of *esprit de corps*—that no member of this society shall be made to appear inferior to the other members. There is only one case in which this sometimes unintentionally happens, and this is when a member of the corps does not at all speak or understand the French language. The wife of a diplomatist, whose main business is not to talk too much, but to perform all her duties of etiquette, can get on by speaking only her native language or not speaking at all, provided she dresses well; but when it comes to a visit to the foreign office or an official meeting of the diplomatic corps, the man who does not speak or understand French is likely to find himself in a rather unpleasant position. There are many men who represent our country abroad and do not speak French, but those who do speak it have a great advantage. There are others who read French admirably without speaking it effectively, and these do not suffer so much by comparison. A knowledge of French, at least a reading knowledge, is a necessity, because all the despatches from the foreign offices are written in French, and a member of the diplomatic corps who cannot read these despatches is absolutely dependent on his secretary, when he is on duty, or on an interpreter. This is always awkward.

However, in the case of Americans, the veteran diplomatist says very frankly that he does not expect them to understand any language but their own. The English, who are proverbial for their contempt of all modern languages,—sometimes including “the American,”—seldom, except when they are members of the diplomatic corps, speak any other language than their own. Those in the diplomatic corps, having had the usual training, all speak French with velocity, if not always with strict accuracy. Probably the determination of the Englishman to force the inhabitants of other countries to his language or to remain mute has had much to do with the rapid increase of the English language all over the world. I recall that in

1875 there was no member of the diplomatic corps in Washington who spoke English well except the British minister, Sir Edward Thornton. The Marquis de Noailles, the Baron de Santa Anna, and others of that period preferred to speak French. Now nearly every diplomat in Washington speaks English, and none with more accuracy than the present French ambassador, and none with quite his grace.

The instructions, given or implied by every foreign office, that the representatives shall treat one another with diplomatic cordiality, make life very easy on the surface. One always knows what is expected of him,—the protocol or official list settles that,—and the diplomatic ladies of the highest title and rank in their own country follow the wife of the dean in to dinner with amiable acquiescence. The *doyenne* may be relatively of no importance in her own country, but after her husband has served long enough in the corps to insure his precedence, hers is granted as a matter of course, and the whole corps would at once resent any infringement of it. Whatever may be said of the effect of diplomatic life on young American men, and that is an open question, there is hardly a better social school for the young American girl than this life, the very complications of which make for simplicity. It is a most valuable training for the overproud and independent.

Those ebullitions of individuality which often make life seem unpleasant in societies where impulse rules and where even courtesy is unregulated, where rank is a matter of one's position in one's own mind, are impossible where the diplomatic point of view exists. Each one has a fixed place,—it may be first or last,—but it is his place. No secretary, no matter how bumptious he may have been in his own circle at home, or how keenly aware that his father's position as a leading banker in Massachusetts gives him precedence of any guests who have been retail grocers in Oklahoma, will dream of objecting to his place at the end of the table in his own diplomatic household. He may be

quite aware that his "chefesse" would not be admitted to the Assembly in Philadelphia, or to the pre-Colonial Dames in Lexington, North Carolina, but nevertheless he must be "*protocolaire*," and treat her with distinguished consideration on all occasions. Similarly, the daughter of a duke, without thought, without question, walks in to dinner or takes her place in a circle at court after the wife of an ambassador or minister who may happen to be the daughter of a Dutch *roturier*. It is a matter of course, because it is *protocolaire*. This is the reason why a diplomatic circle in any country is the least snobbish of all circles. It must submit, however, to the court etiquette, and that court etiquette often gives its members an air of snobbishness which they do not deserve. I use snobbishness in the American sense, which I think means any outward showing that a difference in classes is possible—in a phrase, the open acknowledgment of class distinctions.

It does not follow that the members of a diplomatic corps are not extremely frank in their opinions of one another. Their relations during the season in a foreign capital are so close,—they form, in fact, a smiling oasis,—that a close knowledge of one another's affairs is inevitable; but they are usually very tolerant of everything except a breach of diplomatic etiquette which in any way may inconvenience the corps. When court mourning is announced, it is considered rather inconvenient for any member to infringe its rules, as it implies a singularity which may be noticed by the outside public, and thus reflect on the good taste of the corps itself.

The frankness of the diplomatists to one another, and the certainty that any open misbehavior will be noticed and spoken of at once by the dean or some member of the corps, help to keep what might euphemistically be called order, and foreign offices are as a rule very strict as to the personal conduct of their representatives. A past is easily condoned; a present excites at once the utmost condemnation; a future may be explained or cleared up in some way, if the members of a dip-

lomatic corps are to find life agreeable. Talleyrand's famous "*pas de zèle*" is today overshadowed by the now more-important "*pas de scandale*"; but it must be admitted by even the most bitter critics of the diplomatic corps—usually people who have not received the invitations they thought they deserved—that the diplomatic code produces a highly respectable, yet by no means dull, condition in society.

It would be too much to say that the diplomatist, even the veteran diplomatist, is always discreet, except in his relations with the foreign office; but that is another question.

When it was recently rumored that the very advanced nation of Norway was about to suppress all decorations, as it had already suppressed all titles of nobility, some diplomats were full of pity for the unfortunate representatives of Norway. The late Princess Marie of Denmark is quoted as saying, "Decorations are the tips of royalty." In our country they are looked on officially with a certain disdain and suspicion, but no people seem more anxious to obtain decorations than our own countrymen. That is, perhaps, since, like other human beings, we are not exempt from the passion for distinction simply because we are democratic. Naturally the American diplomatist is in rather a difficult position when he is asked by his compatriots who have distinguished themselves in some way to suggest that a foreign government give them a decoration.

The American diplomatist, if he is a person of delicacy, remembers that it is a rather curious proceeding for him to ask for a ribbon for an American when his own Government has no official way of recognizing merit on the part of foreigners. This, as a rule, does not seem to occur to the American who wants a button or a star; but it is a consideration that ought not to be left out of the matter. Whether the giving of orders is republican or not,—and it seems to me it would be a great pity for the republic of France to do away with the *Légion d'Honneur*,—there is no doubt that there are many services done to our Government by for-

eigners, and often out of personal regard for our diplomatic representative, that ought to be rewarded in some way. There is a rumor at some courts that the American diplomatists were formerly permitted by their Government to return kindnesses with a certain amount of tobacco, or other products of our fruitful land. But this is only a rumor or the echo of something that may have occurred in the distant past.

When an American official is traveling in Europe, and all sorts of courtesies are shown to him as the representative of his Government, he has no "tips" to give. There is no civil list which will enable him to buy gold cigarette-cases, or watches covered with grateful inscriptions, or silver frames for his photographs, and certainly no decorations, which would be much more satisfactory to the recipients than the cold thanks the diplomatic representative of the great person's country is obliged to offer.

In all foreign countries this is a source of wonder, and it can be explained only by the announcement that we are too high-minded and democratic to give anything away in return for favors received. It would certainly be an advantage for an American ambassador or minister if he had an official ribbon or two, a star or a garter or any symbol you like, that would enable him to repay courtesies done to his Government. It is not at all necessary that our diplomatists, while in an official position, should accept foreign decorations, and at present it is against the law; but there is no reason that there should be none that could be given through his suggestion by our Government. Cases are said to have occurred where a diplomat was enabled to save his Government all legal expenses for many years because the eminently gentlemanly lawyers in the case preferred to be merely courteous in regard to their retainers, in order that a ribbon or two might illuminate their buttonholes on great occasions! This, however, is putting the question of decorations on such a thoroughly practical basis that it deprives them of their most honorable quality. It savors a little of dollar diplomacy.

The point of view of the experienced diplomatist is that this institution of governmental rewards—royal tips—is one of the things that help to make life agreeable in a foreign country. The eminent tenor may volunteer to sing at the official concerts of the wife of the ambassador, the grower of most exquisite orchids will force all his plants into her salons on an official occasion, the automobiles of all the neighbors will be offered in dozens for the use of distinguished official guests, all, of course, from a desire to be courteous, but also with no intention of refusing a decoration of even the third or fourth class, if it should be the result of these amiabilities.

It is understood among diplomats that a dozen glittering decorations do not mean much. They often only signify that an innocuous person has spent a year or two at one post without offending anybody of importance. Nevertheless, they are a distinction, and add to the glitter and glow of those occasions when the *corps diplomatique* is most conspicuous.

It is a pet theory, held collectively by Americans,—but not individually, as experience shows,—that uniforms for the representatives of the United States abroad are both snobbish and un-American, and yet no people on earth seem to be more in love with uniforms at home than Americans. There is nothing more splendid in Europe than the sheen of the City Troop in Philadelphia, or of a grand gala of the Knights Templars, or the glamour of the fourth degree of the Knights of Columbus, or a camp of the Shriners in full bloom; but an American ambassador or minister is supposed to be extremely distinguished when he arrives at ten o'clock in the morning in an evening suit. In the ultra-patriotic novels, when a scene of royal grandeur is described, the American diplomatist always appears as the one really distinguished, high-minded, purely simple, faultless person, in the meretricious display of gold lace and cocked hats that surrounds him. "Here," the king on his throne is supposed to say, "is an example of true worth that needs no outward show, as good champagne is not de-

pendent on the label." The truth is, however, that the American diplomatist, in his black clothes,—quite as well cut as those of the fifty or sixty waiters present,—is merely looked on as singular. Nobody cares very much what he wears; but that his Government should insist on his refusing to make clothes a symbol of the rank given him for the moment by his country is usually put down to an inexplicable vagary of a people still in an incomplete phase of civilization.

In Europe clothes are part of the symbols of life. Diamonds and gold lace are worn only on fixed occasions. They are not matters of ostentation, and the American lady who puts on a tiara and all her jewels when the occasion is not a gala one is just as much out of place as a man who insists on wearing an ordinary morning coat when everybody else comes to dinner in appropriate garments. It will be recalled that a certain king was very severe on those guests who refused to adorn themselves properly for a wedding-feast. The censuring of certain ambassadors because they accepted the court-dress of the country to which they were accredited, simply because they wished to be courteous,—as polite as any man who wears a white tie at dinner because his host expects it,—is quite unworthy of a country which, like ours, has ceased to be a collection of provincial colonies.

From the diplomatic point of view it is rather an honor to wear a uniform prescribed by one's country, just as it is a dishonor to invent a uniform or to wear one to which there is no official right. Uniforms are very strictly considered in European countries, and are not at all regarded as mere graceful appurtenances or adornments. The only value that a uniform prescribed by our Government for diplomats could have, is that they would be distinguished by it in cases where otherwise they would be unknown. On state occasions, a representative of the United States frequently loses the salute due to the dignity of his country because he must pass the soldiers in the simple black garb of the simple citizen of the country to

which he is accredited. The distinction of a salute is not a personal one; it is intended for the rank of the official, a recognition of the dignity of his Government. The foreign diplomatists accept without criticism the fact that the American ambassadors and ministers wear no uniform while the rest of the corps is in gala; but they seem rather surprised that a Government as important as ours, which puts its soldiers and sailors in official dress, refuses to permit its diplomatic representatives to follow the rules which older countries have found to be proper. It must be admitted that all the diplomatic uniforms are not agreeable to their wearers. The German diplomatist sometimes groans in hot weather under his surplus of gold lace, and the Austrian has even been known to envy the American his light evening clothes in summer; but at the same time it would strike them all as amazing if they had to present their cards or call out their names in order to receive the attention which is due their respective Governments. They may be personally unknown, but the proper respect is always paid to the symbolical uniform.

The diplomatic point of view on the position of the consuls sometimes makes embarrassing complications for an American diplomatist who represents a country that, although it does not deserve the name of being a "nation of tradesmen," is certainly very largely a "nation of business men." *Protocolaire* diplomatic etiquette insists on making a plainly evident social distinction between the diplomatic position and that of the representative of the commercial interests of his country. As at the court of Vienna one cannot expect the presentation of a lady, no matter whom she marries, if she has not the required number of quarterings, so the American diplomatic representative is sometimes embarrassed by the fact that some of his colleagues appear offended if they meet consuls-general or consuls at an official diplomatic dinner; but this point of view is being modified, and even if the wives and daughters of consuls have not the entrée to court, it is usually possible, by the exercise of tact, not to

offend their susceptibilities. The relation of the diplomatist with his consul and the consul's family requires delicate manipulation, especially in those countries where the consular officers are invited to court on certain occasions without their wives. The consular officers, however, representing business interests entirely, are placed by the court rules in the position of the *haute bourgeoisie*, which to-day includes in Europe most of the professional classes, and is the most important really of all classes.

Probably if a veteran diplomatist were asked what was the most dangerous rock in his career to avoid, he would say "inattention to trifles." It is by a moment of inattention to some trifle that a diplomatist often lives or dies. He is often accused of paying too much regard to cards or to sports or to the cuisine or to the esthetics of life. But it must be remembered that in most countries his principal object is to hear all he can without saying more than he can help. Bridge stifles conversation, valuable or otherwise. If a man can talk about wine or cookery or art in its brighter aspects, he is not likely to get into trouble from indiscreet use of language, or be frankly reported by a colleague as inimical to the interests of his country. In St. Petersburg the ballet is a very safe subject of conversation. In Stockholm the Russian ballet is not so safe a refuge, as it may lead up to questions which relate to Finland or to the plans of Russia; but in most countries the diplomatist, in order to be non-committal, supplies himself with a hobby or else takes to cards. A general cry in European assemblages in which the diplomatic element preponderates is that there is no conversation. But, then, nobody wants conversation. The diplomatic circle in any country does not enlarge itself very easily. Usually it entertains, and is entertained by, the same people.

In Washington, where in times of peace few persons are specially interested in foreign affairs and at first the diplomatist is rather out of his element, the rule of silence on important subjects is not so nec-

essary; but everywhere else it is. In diplomatic society, more than in any other, comparisons are odious, and while the members of a diplomatic corps have generally no illusions, and may tolerantly express this fact with frankness, yet censure is rarely heard, and comments on one another outside of the circle are considered the worst possible form. The dean's opinion always receives a certain amount of consideration, and most deans and their wives delight in plain-speaking to the members of the corps.

As a rule, a long diplomatic career develops a curious restlessness. No sooner is a minister settled in one post than he begins to wonder how soon he will obtain another, for each step in foreign diplomacy is looked on as bringing one nearer an embassy. St. Paul says, "If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work." But as diplomatists grow older, the longing for an embassy becomes so intense that ministerial positions are often looked on as mere steps in a ladder, and this is the reason why Governments are beginning to consider diplomacy as less of a career and more of a vocation. There is no profession perhaps that has a more important bearing on the peace of the world than this one of diplomacy. A haughty, arrogant minister may make his country so hateful to the people among whom he lives that the slightest spark, even carelessly thrown, will cause a flame that may become a conflagration.

If one were to take seriously the accounts of diplomatists found in public print, one would imagine that luxury and ostentation are necessary diplomatic accompaniments; but the reverse of this is true. The day when a Prince Esterhazy found it necessary to cover his court-dress with diamonds, if he ever did, is past. The ambassador or minister who makes a point of outrivaling his colleagues in splendor is usually disliked, and only a very charming personality can prevent him from having this dislike actually expressed. Most of his colleagues, no matter how rich they may be, have responsibilities, and they object to spending more on their



houses and equipages than their Governments allow them. If a tremendous pace is set by a rich man, with no responsibilities, they soon look on him as unreasonable and pretentious.

"But you are very rich," said a friend of mine to a distinguished diplomatist, who was complaining of the useless glory of one of his colleagues, "and you can outdo him if you like."

"But I don't like," said the diplomatist. "My Government does not expect me to do it, and if I did it, I should have to discharge a hundred workmen that I employ at home now to make my costly experiments in forestry."

A diplomatist who gives good and simple dinners and does his duty in the way of hospitality is not expected to be very

splendid except when he is visited by royalty, and royalty, despite all the legends to the contrary, is very easy to entertain, and much more uncritical than the ordinary person. What the rest of the world considers monotonous the average diplomatist welcomes with a certain pleasure, for to him constant rounds of dinners and entertainments, more or less *protocollaire*, become onerous duties. In a word, the diplomatic point of view is neither frivolous nor vulgar nor lacking in direct simplicity. If it is not always Christian, at least the reticence which governs it forces it into consideration for the feelings and opinions of others, and whatever may have been the practice in past days, the point of view of modern diplomacy as to truth is—to tell it, or not to speak at all.



## The New Heart of Old India

By BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

Author of "Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry," etc.

ONE of the most stupendous reforms in national life is now being carried on in India in the reconstruction of Hindu society. The leaven is affecting the different social strata of that ancient land. Even orthodox elements are being drawn into the vortex of social agitation, and the autocratic Brahman priests are being deprived of their power. To preserve at least the semblance of it, they are extending rights and privileges previously withheld from the people.

The most complicated social problem in India is the caste system, and even experts lose themselves in the labyrinth of this vexed question. Reformers denounce it in scathing terms; the orthodox defend it with irrational sophistry. Though in the beginning it was an economic necessity, it has long ceased to serve any rational purpose, and to-day stands in the way of India's progress.

But the outlook is very hopeful, for things are changing for the better. Leaders of Indian thought have realized the necessity of a radical change, for the present system tends to undermine the national unity of India. It fails to take a broad view of life and humanity, and really encourages degenerate sectarianism.

Though going to foreign countries by crossing the ocean is to break one's caste, hundreds of young Indians are now visiting Europe and America in pursuit of modern scientific and industrial education. Indeed, so numerous are the families affected, that public opinion has compelled the Brahmans to ordain that no loss of caste shall result from going abroad for education. The step next contemplated is to have merchants and other business men exempted from the ban. It is certain that in time all classes of travelers will be exempted.

It is not so much the going abroad that is objected to, as the eating of forbidden food, as beef, pork, and chicken, or any food cooked by foreigners. To obviate partly this difficulty, the Hindus have just organized a steamship line—the Indian Peninsula Company—between Bombay and London. On board the ships of this line Hindu caste rules are studiously observed. This company is soon to open a hotel in London for the caste people of India, so that Hindu students, merchants, and travelers may go to London, reside for any length of time, and still return home without breaking their caste.

Caste rules prohibit people of different castes dining together. These rules, however, are broken by the rising generation in schools and colleges. The students, defying the cold and calculating conservatives, use the school and college buildings for dinner parties, where Hindus and Mohammedans, Christians and Jains, Buddhists and atheists, break bread together. In Benares, the stronghold of Brahmanical orthodoxy, inter-caste dinners are of common occurrence. The Indian leaders in reform have gone a step further. On a public occasion they dined publicly with Europeans in the town hall of Calcutta. These dinners are helping to break down obnoxious rules, and thus are establishing dinner-table democracy.

The caste walls have divided different professions into exclusive organizations. Interchange of profession is virtually impossible. Some professions are believed to be high, others low. If a high-caste man does anything that is thought to be the function of a low-caste man, he is socially snubbed and often ostracized. So the thing that is known in America as the dignity of labor is totally unknown and inconceivable in India. A high-caste Hindu would prefer death to doing anything menial. Just a short while ago a Hindu master of science from an American university wrote to his parents at home that on his return to India he intended to establish a modern laundry, with American machinery. His high-caste parents were broken-hearted at the idea of their

beloved son, after a university education at home and abroad, becoming a washerman, one of the lowest of all castes in India. They wrote a strong, yet pathetic, letter, heartily disapproving of his proposed undertaking, even offering him a large sum of money to induce him to change his mind, and thus save the family from unspeakable disgrace and humiliation.

But the clock has struck, and things are changing fast. The present writer has recently seen high-caste young volunteers at national congresses and conferences carrying on their heads and shoulders bags and trunks of low-caste delegates. Only the other day, in a Backergunge village, some young men of the highest castes, despite tremendous opposition from the older men and women of the village, with their own hands completed the building of a road for the common good. In India these reforms are nothing short of social revolution.

In ancient India, by the system of *sayambaa*, Hindu girls were wont to select their own husbands, and the parents had to abide by the decisions they made; but to-day not only are Hindu girls not allowed any choice in the selection of their husbands, but they are legally married, though technically betrothed, at an age when they should be studying in grammar schools and playing with dolls. Innumerable young mothers, their babies, or both, die at childbirth, or suffer from lifelong ailments. A Calcutta physician of experience testified that one out of three babies born of mothers under sixteen died. Mrs. R. N. Modhalkar, as president of the last All-India Woman's Union, said:

"A far more serious evil than the illiteracy of women has resulted from child marriage, and that is the ever-increasing weakness of the females of the Hindu middle classes. There is hardly a family which has not suffered from this weak condition of women, resulting in too many cases in premature death."

Thus this pernicious system of early marriage is eating to the very core of the

physical stamina of the Hindus, and is responsible, in conjunction with many economic factors, for the physical degeneracy and intellectual decadence of Hindus in general. There are in British India alone 9,412,642 wives under sixteen years of age, and 335,015 of these are widows for life.

Fortunately for India, the tide of early marriage has been stemmed. The agitation against this cruel custom is wide-spread, and men and women in all walks of life, excepting the incorrigibly orthodox, are working to do away with the practice of it. Side by side with the rise in the age of girls at marriage, another reform is permitting Hindu widows, especially girl widows, to marry. Opposition is still very strong, but this only tends to strengthen the movement, and hundreds of girl widows are being married all over India.

Another step in marriage reform is to introduce marriage between different castes and sub-castes, of which there are more than three thousand. Inbreeding has been anything but helpful for the growth of Hindu society. Inter-marriage between different castes and sub-castes is now a thing of daily occurrence. It is getting to be fashionable. To make this movement wide-spread, different bodies of the Kayasthas and the Brahmans, even those of the Telis and the Jolas, are claiming their fundamental unity. Two most intellectual Bengali ladies have married men from distant provinces, with different tongues. Sarojini Naidu, the poetess, married in Madras, and Sarala Devi, the nationalist, married in the Punjab, against the wishes of their friends and relatives. Last autumn Princess Indira of Baroda married a Bengali prince against the wishes of her royal parents. These and many other women have not only furthered the cause of inter-marriage, but also have established the Hindu woman's right to choose her own husband.

Nowhere does the rottenness of Hindu priestcraft show its original despotism more clearly than in the ordinances prohibiting all social communication with the

"depressed classes," or the so-called pariahs. Those who know conditions will agree that neither the term "pariah" nor "depressed" is strong or explicit enough to convey to the minds of the readers the real condition of the pariah. A dog is allowed to come near a man, a cat is allowed to enter a house, but not a pariah. If even the shadow of a pariah touches a caste man, the latter must bathe away his pollution. One day, on the bank of a river, a Brahman was performing his mid-day ablutions. A few pariahs were tugging at a boat, with a rope tied to the mast. The moment the shadow of the rope fell on the Brahman at prayer, he looked at the men who were tugging the boat, and was furious with rage. His bath was lost, his ablutionary rites lost, by the touch of the shadow of a rope in the hands of pariahs. He plunged into the river again, this time not saying his bathing-hymns, but abusing the pariahs for causing him extra trouble.

The Maharaja of Travancore and the Gaekwar of Baroda have already allowed the pariahs to send representatives into their imperial legislative councils. The latter has established special schools and boarding-houses to facilitate the education of the "untouchables" of his state. The pariahs themselves are taking courage and objecting to the ignominies to which they are subjected. At the least displeasure they go on strike, and bring the high-caste people to their knees. Sometime ago the sweepers and scavengers of Simla went on strike for higher wages, and made the Government of his Britannic Majesty accept the terms which they dictated.

Even the language problem is nearing a solution. To-day there are in India one hundred and forty-seven different vernacular languages. Interchange of thought between peoples of different provinces is exceedingly difficult. English is spoken whenever it is possible, but only about two per cent. of the people speak it. Hindi is far from generally understood. A man from the Punjab cannot make himself understood in Bengal, nor can a Bengalee

make himself understood in Madras, or a Madrasee in Bombay. A common language and a common script are two of the most important things that are needed to weld the heterogeneous masses and races of India into a homogeneous whole. People feel the need keenly. To move the masses, leaders must talk in their own vernacular. Feeling the need of a common language, leaders of Indian thought have started a strong agitation to advocate it. The great majority of the educated people will, it seems, vote for Hindi. Are the people of Hindustan ready to cast aside their provincial pride and adopt a new language for common good? Yes, the true patriots are. They think no sacrifice is too great to further the cause of national solidarity.

By far the most significant and far-reaching feature of the social reconstruction in India is the fact that both the Hindus and the Mohammedans are realizing that the progress of India is directly dependent on the proportionate progress the women of India make in education and liberalism. Womanhood is the greatest asset of any nation. A weak womanhood means a feeble nation; an emancipated womanhood means a nation based on sound foundation. The men of India realize that it is on account of their selfishly domineering influence that women have grown feeble in intellect and sickly in physique.

So a strong movement for the education and elevation of India's women is sweeping the country. Rich men and poor men, princesses and paupers, are working together for this new educational movement. While we read in an Indian paper that Sir Sorab Tata has given \$1,000,000 for the promotion of female education in India, in another column of the same paper we read of a poor mother selling her jewels to give her daughter an education. Parents always have sold their jewels and mortgaged their properties to educate their boys; now they are doing the same thing for their girls.

Sarala Devi Chowdhurani, the enlight-

ened niece of the poet Rabindranath Tagore, is doing wonderful educational work for women through Bharat Stri Mahamandal—All-India Woman's Union. She demands perfect equality with men. In fact, she herself is superior in education and liberality to many of India's sham reformers, who preach one thing and practise something different. Having been invited to make a speech before the last Indian National Social Conference, organized and controlled by men, she held the vast audience spellbound with her fiery eloquence.

To-day even the Purdanashin begums are throwing aside their veils, and rubbing shoulders with their progressive sisters of the West in New York, Paris, and London. Some of the progressive women of India, in their picturesque costumes, have graced suffragist parades in the streets of London, or taken keen interest and active part in international suffrage congresses or conferences. Princess Sophia Dhuleep Singh is often seen selling "Votes for Women," the Pankhurst paper.

Though the conservative element in Indian society is crying a curse on such immodesty on the part of women, the new womanhood of India is a thing to be reckoned with. Without throwing bombs, setting fire to houses, or destroying public property indiscriminately, they are doing solid constructive work; and it is a thing of common knowledge that in the present industrial revolution and political agitation the women of India, yes, the much-maligned women of India, are playing a most heroic part.

It is easy to realize the true significance of the quickening in the social conscience of the teeming millions of India. The withered bones of that dormant country are stirring with new life, which is intensely national, yet passionately international, in spirit. And it will indeed be a happy day for the world at large when India is again able to contribute her share of idealism to the total of human culture, human happiness, and international amity.

## Jules Guérin, Director of Color, Panama Exposition

**B**IRGE HARRISON, in his eminently sane "Landscape Painting," declares that most of the progress in art in the last two centuries has been made in the domain of color, and says that "from the quiet, subdued, and restful light of the studio, we have stepped out into the gay and palpitating sunlight."

But not all those who have led us into the sunlight have the magic to see and to make us see all the prismatic harmonies blending to make a sunbeam, or separated to lend the supreme beauty to nature. Indeed, the masters of color are as rare as master poets, and as impossible of production at will. Ruskin names only seven supreme colorists, and defines color as the "purifying or sanctifying element of material beauty."

As it is so precious a quality, and is so rare in art, those who can give us the joys of color are worthy of fitting honor and recompense.

The master of color, like the poet, must be attuned to receive and trained to interpret; the mute, inglorious Milton and the inexpressive Correggio are alike useless to their fellow-men. We must hear or see the masterpiece to know that the seer exists.

Visitors to the Panama Exposition agree that it is, above all, a triumph of color. Seen by day, it epitomizes the poetical hues of the great Western world; at night it glows with the gleaming jewel-lights of a giants' fairy-land.

Nothing so glorious to the sense of sight has ever existed or been possible. The very elements that go to its creation are new. One whose thoughts were poetic, if his language was crude, was heard to exclaim, "Heaven will have to go some to beat this!" The same thought comes to every beholder in some form—that this creation of art is comparable only with something transcending earthly experience.

And the thought is true, for only the

brilliant palette of electricity could paint such spectral pictures on night's utter blackness, or cunningly illumine the tinted walls by its reflected rays; only the manifold coöperation of artists and craftsmen could rear and tint that city of color by the Golden Gate.

But no coöperation could produce it save under the unifying direction of a master colorist.

The artist to whom the world owes gratitude for this visual symphony is one whose capacity to see and to make others see the poetry of light has long been known to appreciative readers of *THE CENTURY*.

Jules Guérin more than ten years ago began to interpret through this magazine the picturesque beauty of modern architecture in "New New York"; then followed the romance of French Gothic in the old châteaux, the somnolent "Spell of Egypt," and the dim religious atmosphere through which one most truly feels the inspiration of "The Holy Land."

Born in 1886, a native of St. Louis, Missouri, of French and Welsh extraction, the boy Guérin's first artistic work was scene-painting, a most excellent preparation for one who would acquire breadth and effectiveness.

In this work his most recent production was the settings for "Antony and Cleopatra" at the opening of the New Theater, New York.

After his years of Parisian study, he returned to America. He is a member of the American Water Color Society, and was an exhibitor at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

He has traveled extensively in the Orient, where color is an element with which men dare to play. For the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York he executed six great decorative panels, and proved that he appreciated and utilized the opportunity as a master of mural art.

Guérin was fortunate in his masters,—Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant,—and under their influence acquired the French perfection of drawing and simplicity of treatment without which his in-born color sense might have lacked its solid foundation. But no work in studio or atelier can give more than the technic of translation. Only outdoor work enables the artist to seize the truths of light, color, and atmosphere that the landscape-painter must have at his finger-ends as well as in his brain.

It was soon after his return to America that he began his work for *THE CENTURY*.

That Jules Guérin possessed the power to appreciate and to convey to his work the essential qualities of varied scenes, that, especially, he was a poet in color, became widely known through his paintings reproduced in *THE CENTURY*; and to these proofs of his ability may be traced the beginning of that reputation which caused him to be chosen as Director of Color for the Exposition.

Only a public capable of appreciating his rare gifts could have warranted the long series of pictures that enabled Guérin to perfect and establish his right to pre-eminence in the great Californian project, and *THE CENTURY* is supported by such a public.

It may seem a far cry from the colored frontispiece of a monthly magazine to the creation of a new architecture. But the demonstration on the Pacific Coast of the triumph of color as applied to great buildings should lead us from our present mistaken conception of Greek architecture as a colorless grouping of artistic shapes of marble to the realization that the Greek as an artist gladly made use of every resource which would lend beauty to his temples, and that we, to whom so many new agencies are intrusted, should employ these for the beautifying of our structures.

There is no esthetic objection to the use in right ways of all the "Lamps of Architecture," even if they grow to seven times seven. Light, color, shadow, reflection—all may be used to purify and sanctify material beauty, provided only we allow ourselves to be guided and directed by those who have, whether through inborn capacity or through following right traditions, the power to create structures that will typify and support the best ideals of our race and our time.

Each great exposition has left us something worthy of the effort that went to its making. If the Panama Exposition shall leave us a nation to whom the magic of color shall more strongly appeal, it will be justified by that alone.

## American Drama

A VERY few years ago there was scarcely an American play on the American stage. Our drama was imported from England or adapted from France. Augustin Daly bought nearly all his plays abroad, and even the late Charles Frohman was faithful to the old tradition, and did little or nothing to encourage the native playwright. But within the last ten years the French play has almost wholly lost its market here, and now the English play is becoming less frequent and less successful with us. The popular hits of the last few seasons have been American. They have been exported to London; and this season there are almost as many American plays on the Eng-

lish stage as there are modern English plays on the American stage.

This does not mean that we have playwrights who compare with Shaw, Pinero, Barrie, Galsworthy, Jones, or any other of the English best; but it does mean that the American public is interested in seeing its own life and its own problems reproduced in dramatic art, and that it has playwrights able to write comedies and melodramas of sufficient technical excellence to stand the test of exportation not only to England and her colonies, but to France, Italy, Germany, and Spain. The American playwright has learned the trick of popularity in the theater, and there is no art in which popularity is more essen-

tial. A book may live immortally with a comparatively select circle of readers; a play cannot live unless it fills its house. To do that, it must make a basic appeal to the common humanity of all sorts and all classes of people; and such an appeal, of course, is often international.

True, we are not producing any serious sort of high dramatic literature, but that may be because we do not produce the audiences for it. When we import serious plays from abroad, they draw what is called "a down-stairs house," and the galleries are almost empty. Even these fash-

ionable audiences cannot be persuaded to attend serious plays on American subjects. Apparently, the tragedies of foreign life are less distressing to cultivated sensibility than are our own, and the sorrows of European aristocracy are a more congenial material for high art than our sordid domestic infelicities. Or perhaps our audiences have discovered that the frank commercialism of the American manager keeps his playwright from learning the technic of tragedy by keeping him always at work on comedies and melodramas, because these are everywhere the surest of success.



## IN LIGHTER VEIN



### The Man with the Hose

By LAWTON MACKALL

**A** FEELING of elation is like a feeling of alcohol. Under its stimulus a person may do the most brilliant things—and also the most grotesque.

It was just this feeling that took hold of Jack Carrington when the senior member of the firm invited him to dine at his apartment on the following evening and meet "Mrs. Stockbridge and my daughter." During all the rest of the day the young college-man-learning-how-to-work-in-an-office fairly walked on air, and that night, in his hall bedroom, he went through a sort of dress-rehearsal of the rôle he hoped to play on the great occasion, resuscitating and donning his evening clothes to make sure that they looked as well as they did when he led the commencement prom six months before, and marshaling all the bons mots he could recollect, in order that his supply of "extempore" witticisms might be adequate.

Still buoyed up by this feeling of elation, Carrington presented himself next evening at the door of the sumptuous apartment-house where the "boss" lived,

gave his name to one of the liveried grantees in attendance, and was shown up to E 4, a gorgeous duplex suite half as large as a house, and renting for twice as much.

Everything went off splendidly. The "boss" unbent to a surprising degree, Mrs. Stockbridge was most cordial, and the daughter proved to be a fascinator. What was more, Carrington surpassed himself as a social light. He told several funny stories with considerable éclat; and inspired by the thrill of the occasion, even thought up one or two *original* ones that surprised him as much as they impressed his hosts. When, later in the evening, he played bridge as the daughter's partner, he had a rush of hearts and aces to the hand. He made slams big and little at such a rate that Miss Stockbridge complimented him upon his skill. Consequently, when, after two victorious rubbers, he bid his hosts good night and noted from their effusiveness that he had made a very favorable impression, it was no wonder that he already pictured himself a member of the firm and the "boss's" son-in-law.

As the door of the apartment closed behind him, he heaved a sigh of triumph. He felt like shouting or doing something violent. Tingling with pride, he strutted down the hallway toward the elevator.

A shining brass fire-nozzle, jutting out provokingly from a coil of hose, attracted his attention. It looked so like the head of some absurd animal that he could n't help poking his finger into its mouth as he went by. His finger stuck.

Facing the nozzle squarely and taking hold of it with his free left hand, he pulled more carefully. Still it stuck. The finger was beginning to swell and turn red. He tugged it harder, with no result.

Concluding that lubrication was necessary, he leaned over and licked it, acquiring a strong brass taste upon his tongue. Then he pulled hard. More swelling.

By this time he was in a perspiration of misery. He paused and tried to think clearly, but his mind, which had scintillated all evening, was now a blur. His first lucid thought was that he must unscrew the nozzle from the hose. Why, of course! How simple! But when he tried turning the coupling of the hose, the nozzle insisted on turning with it, and his imprisoned finger was averse to revolving.

Lapsing again into rueful speculation, he tried desperately to devise some means of regaining his liberty. Why not go ring the elevator bell? No; that was around the bend of the corridor, and his tether probably would not reach that far; and, besides, it would be awful to have to explain his plight to a liveried dignitary like the one who had convoyed him up. And suppose the elevator should arrive full of plutocrats coming home from the opera, or high-strung women who would shriek when they saw him with the fire-hose?

No, that could never be risked. He must think of something else. A little olive-oil would probably do the trick, but how could he get it? If he had thought of that at first and gone right back and asked for it, it would n't have been so bad; but now, after nearly half an hour,

his hosts were probably in bed. No, it was too late to ring their door-bell now.

Suddenly an ingenious idea occurred to him: he would turn on the water and *squirt* his finger out! Splendid! He reached up and turned the wheel. It made a mournful creaking sound, but no water came through the coil of hose. "It must be shut off down-stairs," he thought.

Thanks to the incessant sting of his finger and the maddening exasperation of the predicament he was in, Carrington was nearly frantic.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I 'll have to disturb them for that oil sooner or later, so I 'd better do it right off."

With that he started for the "boss's" door, trailing the hose after him. His heart thumped as he rang the bell. Standing in close to the wall, he kept the nozzle behind his back, thinking it better to explain before displaying his appendage.

There was a sound of slipped feet, and, from the opposite direction, a sound of slipping hose. The door was unlocked, and the remainder of the canvas-and-rubber coil that had kept back the water unrolled down upon the floor.

"Who 's there?" growled Mr. Stockbridge, arrayed in a bath-robe and squinting out into the dimly lighted corridor without his glasses.

Mortification seemed to paralyze Carrington's speech. Bringing the nozzle forward abjectly, so that Mr. Stockbridge could see his plight, he faltered:

"I—"

At that moment his finger was shot like a bullet from a gun, and the ensuing stream of water caught Mr. Stockbridge squarely in the throat.

Simultaneously, a supreme inspiration came to Carrington.

"I 'm a *fireman*," he cried in a disguised voice. "Wake your family at once!"

Whereupon, as Mr. Stockbridge rushed back into the apartment, Carrington, dropping the hose, made a thrilling rescue of himself down the stairway, and darted into the street before the drowsy dignitary in the vestibule could raise his head.







“On—hour stays golden-mellow; do you reckon she remembers  
That sunset fading yellow through the notches of the hills?”

By  
Dorothy Stevens

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## Meddling with Our Neighbors

By LINCOLN G. VALENTINE

"Now, there is one thing I have got a great enthusiasm about, I might almost say a reckless enthusiasm, and that is human liberty. The governor has just spoken about watchful waiting in Mexico. I want to say a word about Mexico—not so much about Mexico as about our attitude toward Mexico. I hold it as a fundamental principle, and so do you, that every people has the right to determine its own form of government, and until this recent revolution in Mexico, until the end of the Diaz régime, eighty per cent. of the people of Mexico never had a 'look-in' in determining who should be their governors or what their government should be. Now, I am for the eighty per cent.<sup>1</sup> It is none of my business, and it is none of your business, how long they take in determining it. It is none of my business, and it is none of your business, how they go about the business. The country is theirs. The Government is theirs. The liberty, if they can get it,—and God speed them in getting it!—is theirs. And so far as my influence goes, while I am President, nobody shall interfere with them."—From Jackson Day address of the President, January 8, 1915, at Indianapolis.

**F**EW people are familiar with the pathetic case of Central America, separated into five independent parts by political accident, and struggling for reunion. I believe that the moment is opportune for acquainting the public with a situation that should command our close attention, because the Panama Canal has brought us one step further toward a definite pan-American policy that should be applied to Central America without delay. The situation is acute and requires immediate attention.

The Central-American Federation declared its independence from Spain in 1821, and formed until about 1838 one sovereign state. Between 1838 and 1847 dissatisfaction broke out between its com-

posite parts, and the federation separated temporarily into five autonomous fractions, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Salvador, and Costa Rica. "Temporarily," I say, because one of the first articles of their constitutions states the intention to reunite at an opportune moment.

Article 1. Honduras is a state disgregated from the Central-American Confederation. In consequence thereof it recognizes as its principal duty and its most pressing necessity to return to the union with the other states of the dissolved republic.

By the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine, we assumed the responsibility of guaranteeing the autonomy of the Latin-

<sup>1</sup> The following article states that seventy-five per cent. of the Nicaraguans are "Liberals."—THE EDITOR.

American states by refusing to permit European territorial expansion or interference on our continent, and declaring our intention of not aggrandizing our territory at their expense. We became the strong brother of weak sisters, and incurred the moral obligation of protecting not only their life, but their welfare as well. Our duty was, therefore, to aid them in carrying out the basic ideas of their constitutions.

The above article of the constitution shows that Central America cherishes the ideal of reunion into one solid federation, the bonds of which had been broken by the selfish personal ambitions of chieftains, aided by the long distances separating the five republics and the lack of communications and transportation.

Since the disgregation of the federation, fate has been unkind. Clashes of rebellious leaders, revolutions, hostilities between two and more states, have been so frequent that Central America has been styled a boiling and fire-spitting crater. This condition, of course, hampered progress, intimidated foreign capital, and accounts for the present backwardness of that enormously rich territory. Costa Rica alone, geographically separated from contagion, prospered, and has enjoyed several decades of uninterrupted peace.

Secretary of State Elihu Root was the first to realize that something should be done for Central America. For the purpose of ameliorating conditions, he called the representatives of those countries to a Peace Conference in Washington in 1907. Assisted by Mexican Ambassador Creel, he succeeded in negotiating peace treaties between them providing for a permanent Central-American Court of Justice similar to the Permanent Court of Arbitration established by The Hague conventions, but with the additional feature of compulsory arbitration of all disputes. While being highly beneficial, these peace treaties did not prove a complete success, because no international police could be provided for the enforcement of the decrees or the compulsory arbitration of in-

ternal troubles. It is true that no more warfare occurred between the republics, but revolutions have still been frequent, each government being single-handed in its effort to subdue uprisings, and unable to call on its neighboring states for help.

At all events, Secretary Root accomplished the first effective step toward the pacification and progress of Central America. Issues of such vital importance as the formation of an autonomous nation cannot be forced. However incomplete the result of the Peace Conference may appear, if present-day conditions are considered, the fact remains that Mr. Root's effort received true and undivided appreciation throughout Latin America. There is hardly a thinking man in those countries who does not proclaim him the greatest living statesman and the best friend of our sister republics.

Root's foreign policy left relations of truer friendship with Latin America than had ever existed. This shows that fair and just consideration of Central-American ideals and the unselfish assistance of the stronger brother are gratefully accepted by our weaker continental sisters.

To-day, however, the five republics north of the Panama Canal feel differently toward us. The pro-Americanism existing a few years ago has been supplanted by intense anti-Americanism. An unbiased diagnosis of the case shows that Nicaragua is the origin of the disease. We committed so pronounced an injustice against that little country that we have forfeited the love of the others, which speaks well of Central-American unionism.

Nicaragua is the only one of those little states having two well-defined political parties, the Liberal and the Conservative. Until 1909 the country had been ruled by the dictator José Santos Zelaya, a member of the Liberal party. In that year the Conservatives, encouraged from without, started a revolution against him that was about to be radically crushed when the United States intervened on the ground that two Americans, Groce and Cannon, had been murdered by Zelaya.

Authentic documents showed subsequently that these men were mere adventurers who had joined the ranks of the revolutionists and had been caught in the act of blowing up a government steamer. They had been properly court-martialed, found guilty, and shot.

For the ostensible purpose of "avenging the murder," hundreds of American marines were thereupon sent to Nicaragua. They openly backed the Conservatives by preventing the Government from exercising its sovereignty. The Government at that time controlled the whole country with the exception of the port of Bluefields, occupied by the revolutionists. The resignation of Zelaya being the objective point of the intervention, the dictator turned the power over to Dr. José Madriz, a man of the highest culture and intellect. Not satisfied with this substitution, the United States used further pressure, forced out Madriz, and established the Conservatives in power.

In 1912, General Luis Mena arose in revolution, and, although himself a Conservative, was backed by the Liberals. The uprising soon became so general as to threaten the immediate overthrow of the American-backed Government. And here is where the page of shame in our history begins. Between 1500 and 2000 United States marines were despatched to Nicaragua under pretext of protecting American life and property. They fulfilled this duty by fighting side by side with the government troops, to whom the necessary arms and ammunition were supplied by them, and killing off the Liberals by thousands. And how many of our troops lost their lives!

Upon thus ousting the Liberals, the American flag was hoisted on the Nicaraguan White House, and presidential elections were called. As our diplomatic representative agreed to Conservative candidates only, the Liberal party, composed of about seventy-five per cent. of the people, refused to vote. Nevertheless, we held these elections to be valid, and the elected Government is still being maintained in power by the presence of

the American marines quartered in the White House of Managua, the capital of Nicaragua. That, without the presence of our soldiers, the present administration would have fallen long ago, goes forth from the official reports of their commanding officers, particularly the one of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Long, dated November 18, 1912, which says: "The Liberals constitute three fourths of the country. The present Government is not in power by the will of the people." The situation is unchanged at the present writing; and the stars and stripes are still hoisted<sup>1</sup> on the Nicaraguan White House.

Our drastic action was for the defense of our national honor, on the one hand, and for the good of Central America, on the other. That the execution of two American adventurers caught in the act of fighting against a friendly Government does not constitute an attack against our national honor is evident. As to the advantages derived by Nicaragua from our intervention, let results speak:

The Liberal party left about \$2,250,000 gold in the treasury, and the external debts of Nicaragua amounted to \$5,000,000. This was about four years ago. Now the country has no balance to speak of on hand, and owes more than \$15,000,000 in gold. While Zelaya had maintained the republic on a sound financial footing, a report of Nicaraguan Senator Rito Baez shows a deficit for 1910 of about \$2,300,000; for 1911 of about \$3,100,000 in gold. From the above figures we see that the deficit during our *de facto* protectorate amounts to over \$12,350,000 in gold. How was that enormous amount spent? Public improvements during that period do not amount to one hundredth of that sum. A statement in my possession shows that it was distributed chiefly as spoils among the loyal Conservatives. Approximately eight hundred friends of the administration received \$21,351,204.99 (*pesos*), one family alone, closely connected with the Government, benefiting to the extent of

<sup>1</sup> August 20, 1915.

over \$5,000,000 (*pesos*), while Adolfo Diaz, the actual President, drew about \$750,000 (*pesos*). The gold equivalent of these latter amounts is difficult to give, owing to the extremely unstable exchange. Moreover, the government pay-roll includes a considerable number of American custom-house supervisors and other employees, some of whom draw a larger salary than the president of the republic!

Many of the Liberals had to emigrate, and settled in Costa Rica, Honduras, and Salvador, where they won the sympathy of their partizans in those countries to the extent that the general feeling in Central America is bitter against the American imposition that ruined the sister state. This subdued indignation came to the surface when we negotiated in 1913 a treaty with Nicaragua containing the protectorate clause (Platt Amendment). The exasperation of the people came to a climax. "You took all we had, and now you want the pound of flesh, if not the whole body!" was the outcry of the masses.

President Wilson's Mobile speech of October 26, 1913, was interpreted as a double-faced policy, and hypocrisy was read between the lines. For were not the facts totally different from Wilson's words?

The future . . . is going to be very different . . . from the past. These states lying to the south of us . . . will now be drawn closer to us by . . . the ties of common understanding of each other. . . .

We must prove ourselves their friends and champions, upon terms of equality and honor. . . . We must show ourselves friends by comprehending their interest, whether it squares with our own interest or not.

I want this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek any additional foot of territory by conquest.

Our relationship with the rest of America is the relationship of a family of mankind devoted to the development of true constitutional liberty. . . .

It sounded well and, taken literally, would have meant the holding of free,

constitutional elections in Nicaragua and the recognition of the people's rights. That the words were never to become facts would appear from the present state of affairs. Nicaragua is in a more precarious condition than ever in her history. The people are close to starvation, and ready to take up arms against the oppressor.

Immediately upon the publication of the terms of the Nicaragua treaty, the blood of Central America began to boil. Mass meetings were held throughout the land, and protests from all sides poured into the State Department at Washington, the Senate, and the White House, subscribed by presidents, public men, writers, and citizens.

To convey a clear understanding of the situation, let us summarize the terms of the proposed treaty. It provided for the following: first, American supervision of affairs; secondly, interoceanic canal rights through Nicaragua; thirdly, a naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca.

Objection to the first point was raised on the ground that it would not only destroy Nicaragua's autonomy, but that it conflicted with the basis of the Central-American constitutions by making a reunion of the states into a federation impossible. As to the second point, the canal route takes in the San Juan River, to which Costa Rica has co-riparian rights, as per President Cleveland's arbitral award of 1888 and existing treaties between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, which stipulate that the former must consult the latter before granting of such interoceanic communication.

There is a similar legal objection to the third point. Precedents show that the Gulf of Fonseca has always been considered as the undivided property of Honduras, Salvador, and Nicaragua. Moreover, the latter state borders on only a very small portion of the gulf, which portion naval experts pronounce as of no strategical value. An effective naval base should be located where the radius of a gun controls the whole of the gulf, and that would be on one of the Honduran

islands. There is a rumor that the unpopular Government of Nicaragua claims these as belonging to its territory on the strength of an old, legally void Spanish grant.

The following extracts from Central-American dailies give an idea of the bad feeling that resulted from the unfair treaty:

"La Información," Costa Rica, said on July 1, 1914:

... Everybody is aware that ... our sovereignty is threatened, at least in part, through the unbelievable acts of the men governing Nicaragua. Not satisfied with offering their own country to the United States, they included a part of Costa Rican territory.

"El Diario," of Salvador, said on August 14, 1914:

... The time is ripe for joint Central-American action to show the united Central-American spirit. ... The autonomy of our country is at stake. ...

"El Cronista," of Honduras, on August 7, 1914, declared:

... American interference in the land of the lakes [Nicaragua] will not stop, and the new feature of the protectorate still threatens the other small republics.

... Reading carefully the Mobile speech, ... we can read between the lines that the President of the United States has not taken the stand of non-intervention in Central America, but shows a desire to meddle in our politics. ...

... Young Honduras heatedly protests against the threat by Bryan of a protectorate, and must feel that the danger is not passed. ...

"El Cronista" declared further on August 21, 1914:

... The tutelage of the United States over Central America is well known; and it is evident that it will become stronger as a result of the European War.

... There is nothing new in that the United States has not given up her intention of creating protectorates from Guatemala to Costa Rica, ruinous not only to Central-American sovereignty, but to human justice as well. ... We shall fall victims to political hunger. ...

Costa Rica and Salvador are working enthusiastically for the salvation of our weak countries. ... We are on the verge of sensational happenings, and to-day more than ever must we consider measures to save ourselves and the Central-American Union. ...

"La Republica," of Guatemala, copied the above expressions of Central-American opinion with comments showing sympathy with the ideas contained therein.

As to the direct expression of the people, I shall quote from the protests published in pamphlet form by the Central-American National Defense League, and bearing about twenty-five thousand signatures, many thousands more not being published.

... We must realize that we are to-day threatened by the corrupt dollar diplomacy, applied with unheard-of impudence by the Executive of the great American nation whose history speaks with legitimate pride of glorious Washington and Lincoln, respected throughout their country for their strict observance of right, justice, and liberty, to which the weaker nations now appeal against the threat of the modern conqueror.

But if, unfortunately, the eagle of the North finally succeeds in burying his claws in the entrails of our country and wipe out our national existence, let us be content with at least saving the dignity and pride of the race by throwing our energetic protests with sacred fury at the Northern invader, and perishing arms in hand and head uplifted!

By all means let us fight, because it is too sad to die like lambs. Let us resist to the last man, even if the combat be unequal, to save at least our dignity as free men!

Once the protectorate is formally estab-

lished in Nicaragua, we shall be despised as miserable outcasts. . . .

If imperialism be explained as "the factor of a country's development," how is it applied by the powerful nations who, with a fleet of dreadnoughts, excuse the greatest outrage and most flagrant violation of international law in their dealings with weaker states? Therefore the country of the stars and stripes deserves the reprobation of every honest man, of every worthy people following the principles of liberty and justice. . . .

If Nicaragua is for the North-Americans a "precious jewel," we, the Central-Americans, must make them see that for us it is more: "Our idolized mother!" As devoted sons, we will defend her against the claws of the conqueror at any cost, even that of our countrymen's lives. Yes, even death we do not fear. Let us die like citizens of a free nation!

Let us all gather in a sublime patriotic effort and, united, face in arms the villainous intruder! Let us take up dagger, gun, deadly bomb, as redeeming weapons under our sacred national emblem, and with divinely inspired fury rush at the enemy!

Armed resistance against the vandalic hordes that are sweeping down upon Central America. . . .

If the Yankee conqueror succeeds in his invasion, let the stars and stripes fly over burning heaps of blood and ruin! . . .

The child that is being torn from its mother's arms. . . .

The conquerors will drown in a lake of blood. . . .

War against the invader! . . .

We herewith declare a boycott against all American merchandise. . . .

Although President Wilson was personally informed of the general situation by disinterested Americans of high standing, his multitudinous urgent duties prevented him from devoting immediate attention to the matter.

It remained, therefore, entirely in Secretary Bryan's hands, who took the extreme view that no man approaches the Government unless he has "an ax to

grind." He could not conceive that a citizen is at times able, as a result of association and special study, and desirous, for purely patriotic motives, to submit valuable information.

Finally, however, the President took personal cognizance of the situation and caused the elimination of the Platt Amendment from the proposed treaty. Soon, thereafter, Secretary Bryan "promised to consider" the territorial claims of Costa Rica, Salvador, and Honduras in separate treaties. The vital point of Nicaraguan freedom was entirely disregarded. Technically, therefore, the objections were met, or at least considered; practically, only symptoms were removed, while the root of the disease was not attacked. While *de jure* Nicaragua remained a free country, *de facto* it continued to be our ward, ruined by its guardian.

Indignation in Central America has, therefore, not decreased in intensity. The people feel that they are being trifled with, and above their patriotism their traditional Spanish pride is showing. The intensity of anti-Americanism is such that American capital and enterprise have but little protection. This is not only noticeable in dealings with governments, but in the working-classes as well; a spirit of antagonism, obstinacy, and rebelliousness reigns at times, which is a product of recent years.

That the majority of the Nicaraguan people favor the Liberal cause is a fact recognized by every one acquainted with Nicaragua at the present period. The other Central-American countries have also shown themselves well disposed toward it. Many steps have been taken by leading Liberals to inform the United States Government not only of the advisability, but the justice, of reversing our past policy, or, rather, of following literally that outlined by President Wilson in his Mobile speech. Such a course alone can avoid grave complications, as the leaders of the Liberals have succeeded in holding back their followers only by promising a pending friendly solution. Now the



one last hope of Central America is that our new secretary of state, who is justly known for his spirit of fairness, broad mind, and his competence in the laws and rights of nations, will recognize the necessity of quick action, and decide unhesitatingly upon a course of procedure befitting our national dignity.

Already several smaller revolutionary outbreaks have occurred in Nicaragua in the last few months, some of the less important factional chieftains having been carried away by impatience.

But let us consider what Nicaragua wants. After numerous discussions with representative Nicaraguans, the writer considers himself competent to summarize the expectations of that small country as follows:

The people demand emphatically to exercise their constitutional right of sovereignty. This is being infringed upon by the presence of our marines.

Why are they there? Ostensibly for the protection of American life and property.

But American life and property are safe, as Conservatives and Liberals alike offer ample guaranties in this respect. Hence our marines are no longer needed, and there is no further excuse for their remaining. They should be removed without delay.

Nicaragua is entitled to manage its own affairs, choose its own President, and work out its own business. Instead of having imposed upon them a trembling figure-head executive, the people have the right to free elections and to the recognition of the successful candidate. As a proof of their honest intention, the people of Nicaragua are quite willing to have such elections impartially supervised by the United States.

The proposed treaty is acceptable in substance, as it will benefit the country, but it should be negotiated with a new, freely elected Government.

Moreover, Costa Rica must be first consulted, in so far as the granting by Nicaragua of the canal rights is concerned, in accordance with existing treaties and

the Cleveland award. As to the naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca, a joint treaty, or simultaneous treaties, should be made with Honduras and Salvador.

In other words, Central America offers on a golden platter what we now demand at the point of a dagger. The only thing our little sisters want is justice.

Should we refuse to consider their complaints, should we persist in disregarding their just motives, the cause of the weak, then we shall within a few months have to face a situation worse than that in Mexico, because we shall have to fight a united people.

That this opinion is shared by eminent Americans is shown by the following letter which Senator Root wrote not long ago to a friend:

I understand you are going to see the President regarding Central-American affairs and that before you see him you wish to know what I think about the effect of the pending Nicaragua treaty.

I confess I am a good deal troubled about it. I felt that it was desirable to do what the treaty provides for, that is to say, to protect our Panama Canal by securing an exclusive right to the Nicaragua route so far as the Republic of Nicaragua can grant it, and to have the right to a naval station in Fonseca bay. I was not in favor of the more extensive provisions originally proposed similar to those in the Platt Amendment, because I considered that they went far beyond the Platt Amendment and unduly interfered with the independence of Nicaragua. I was unwilling to have our government accept from any Nicaragua government a grant of power which I felt certain the people of Nicaragua would not and ought not to approve. With those provisions out, however, and nothing left but the grant which I have described, I voted for a favorable report on the treaty. I am, however, troubled about the question whether the Nicaragua government which has made the treaty is really representative of the people of Nicaragua, and whether it will be regarded in Nicaragua and in Central America as having been a free agent

in making the treaty. I have been looking over the report of the commanding officer of our marines in Nicaragua and I find there the following: "The present government is not in power by the will of the people; the elections of the House of Congress were mostly fraudulent."

And a further statement that the Liberals, that is to say, the opposition, "constitute three-fourths of the country." It is apparent from this report and from other information which has in a casual way come to me from various sources that the present government with which we are making this treaty is really maintained in office by the presence of United States marines in Nicaragua. I am told that if the marines were withdrawn, the present President would be obliged to leave the country immediately or he would be expelled by a revolution. This situation raises a very serious question, not about the desirableness of the treaty, but about the way in which the treaty should be made. Can we afford to make a treaty so serious for Nicaragua, granting us perpetual rights in that country, with a President who we have reason to believe does not represent more than a quarter of the people of the country, and who is maintained in office by our military force, and to whom we would, as a result of the treaty, pay a large sum of money to be disposed of by him as President? I should be sorry to see the United States get into that position. We don't want to maintain a government in Nicaragua by military force perpetually, and it is highly probable that if we were to withdraw our force after making such a treaty there would be a revolution and the treaty would be repudiated, leaving us in a position where our legitimate moral influence would be destroyed and nothing but brute force left. There is a good deal of evidence that the other peo-

ple of Central America look at the subject in this way. I should be very sorry to see the Central-Americans convinced that we wish to rule them by force, for it would be the end of all our attempts to benefit them and help them along as we have been trying to do. I think that we ought to keep before us always as an objective the building up of a stable and orderly Central-American Union, and a good deal of progress in that direction has already been made. The treaties which were agreed upon at the Central-American Conference in Washington in 1907 contribute in a practical way to promote an approach towards ultimate union. It seems to me that there is a great opportunity now to try to bring the Central-American states together because of their active interest in this proposed treaty with Nicaragua. At all events, I feel that for our own protection and for the good of Central America we ought to make some provision by which there shall be either a submission of this treaty to the people of Nicaragua under a fairly supervised election, or the election of a new government under such supervision as to prevent fraud in election, and then let the new government, representing the majority of the people of Nicaragua, pass upon the ratification of the treaty.

I feel that all fair-minded Americans are heartily in accord with the ideas so clearly expressed by this great statesman. Let us prove to be what Central America once thought we were, champions of the weaker's cause! Let us show the world that the germ of "right by might" has not contaminated our hemisphere of freedom and justice, that we do not wish to rule by force, but collaborate in sympathy! Let us, then, give our weaker sisters what made us great—liberty and union!



# The Friends

By STACY AUMONIER

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

WHITE and Mapleson often tried to recall the occasion when their friendship began, but neither succeeded. Perhaps it had its origin in some moment when the memory was to some extent blurred. Certain it is that they drifted together across the miasma of commercial London, and founded a deep and lasting friendship that found its chief expression in the chinking of glasses in the saloon and luncheon bars of various hostelries off Oxford Street and Bloomsbury.

White acted as an agent for a firm of wire-mattress manufacturers in Old Street in the city, and as his business was conducted principally among the furnishing and upholstering outfitters in the West End, and as Mapleson was the manager of the brass-bed department at Taunton's, the large furnishing emporium in Bloomsbury, it is not surprising that they came in contact and that they had many interests in common. There is, alas! no doubt that the most absorbing interest of both was the consumption of liquid refreshment, and there is also, alas! no doubt that the friendship was quickened by the curious coincidence of their mental vision when stimulated by alcoholic fumes. And it is here that one or two curious facts relating to the personalities of the two men should be noted. During the day it would be no uncommon thing for either man to consume anything between ten and fifteen whiskies and sodas, and sometimes even more; yet of neither man could it be said that he ever was really drunk. On the other hand, of neither man could it be said that he was ever really sober. White was a man of medium height, rather pale and slight. He had a dark mustache, and was always neatly dressed in a dark-blue suit, with well-fitting boots and gloves. He was extremely quiet and courteous in manner, and his manner varied but little. The effect of alcohol upon him was only to accentuate his courtesy and politeness.

Toward the evening his lips would tremble a little, but he would become more and more ingratiating. His voice would descend to a refined gentle croon, his eyes would just glow with a sympathetic light, and he would listen with his head slightly on one side and an expression that conveyed the idea that the remarks of the speaker were a matter of great moment to him. Not that he did not speak himself; on the contrary, he spoke well, but always with a deferential timbre, as though attuning himself to the mood and mental attitude of his companion.

On the other hand, Mapleson always started the day badly. He was a large florid man, with a puffy face and strangely colorless eyes. He wore a ponderous frock-coat that was just a little out of date, with a waistcoat that hung in folds, and the folds never seemed free from sandwich crumbs and tobacco ash. He had an unfortunate habit with his clothes of never being quite complete. That is to say, that if he had on a new top hat, his boots were invariably shabby; or if his boots were a recent acquisition, his top hat would seem all brushed the wrong way. As I say, he always started the day badly. He would be very late and peevish, and would fuss about with pills and cloves. He would complain of not being quite "thumbs up." Eleven fifteen would invariably find him round at the Monitor, leaning against the mahogany bar and asking Mrs. Wylde to mix him "a whisky and peppermint," or some other decoction that between them they considered would be just the thing for his special complaint that morning. "In the way of business" he would treat and be treated by several other pals in "the sticks," as this confraternity called the furnishing trade. It would be interesting to know what proportion of Mapleson's and White's income was devoted to this good cause. When Mapleson would arrive home some-

times late at night, breathing heavily, and carrying with him the penetrating atmosphere of the tap-room, he would say in response to the complaints of his tired wife:

"I hate the stuff, my dear. You have to do it, though. It's all in the way of business."

A sociologist might have discovered, if he was searching for concrete instances, that White and Mapleson spent on each other every year very nearly eighty pounds, although the business they did together amounted to rather less than thirty, an unsound premium surely.

As the day wore on, Mapleson would improve. And it was one of the assets of the White-Mapleson friendship that they usually did not meet till luncheon-time. Then the two friends would chink glasses and stroll arm in arm into Polati's, in Oxford Street, for, as Mapleson would say, "When a man works hard he needs feeding," and White would agree with him deferentially, and they would secure a seat not too near the band, and after thoroughly considering the menu, they would order a "mixed grill" as being "something English and that you can get your teeth into." During the interval of waiting for the mixed grill, which took fifteen minutes to prepare, Mapleson would insist on standing White a gin and bitters, and of course it was only right and courteous of White to return the compliment. The mixed grill would be washed down with a tankard of ale or more often with whisky and soda, after which the friends would sometimes share a Welsh rabbit or a savory, and it was Mapleson who introduced the plan of finishing the meal with a coffee and liqueur. "It stimulates one's mind for the afternoon's business," he would explain, and White flattered him on his good sense, and insisted on standing an extra liqueur, "just to give value to one's cigar." Under the influence of these good things, Mapleson would become garrulous, and White even more soothing and sympathetic. This luncheon interval invariably lasted two hours or two hours and a half.

They would then part, each to his own business, while making an appointment to meet later in the afternoon at the Duke of Gadsburg.

And here a notable fact must be recorded: for an hour or two in the afternoon each man *did* do some work. And it is a remarkable point that Taunton's, the great house in Bloomsbury, always considered Mapleson a good salesman, as indeed he was. The vast lapses of time that he spent away from business were explained away on the score of active canvassing. His "turnover" for the year compared favorably with that of the other managers at Taunton's. While of White strange rumors of the enormous fortune that he was accumulating were always current. The natural reserve of the wire-mattress agent, and his remarkable lucidity on matters of finance, added to the fact that he took in and studied "The Statist," gave him a unique position in the upholstering world. Men would whisper together over their glasses and say, "Ah, old White! He knows a thing or two," and grave speculations would go on as to whether his income ran into four figures, and in what speculations he invested his money. Considerable profundity was given to these rumors by the fact that White always *had* money and that he was always willing to lend it. He carried a sovereign purse that seemed inexhaustible.

Mapleson, on the other hand, though natively lavish, had periods of "financial depression." At these periods he would drink more and become maudlin and mawkish, and it was invariably White who helped him out of his troubles. The two friends would meet later in the afternoon "to take a cup of tea," and it often happened that Mapleson felt that tea would not be just the thing for his nervous constitution; so White would prescribe a whisky and soda, and they would adjourn to a place where such things may be procured. It is remarkable how quickly the time passed under these conditions; but just before six Mapleson would "run back to the shop to see if any orders had come in." With studious consideration

White would wait for him. It was generally half-past six or seven before Mapleson returned, thoroughly exhausted with his day's work.

It was then that the suavity and charm of White's manner was most ingratiating. He would insist on Mapleson having a comfortable seat by the fire in the saloon, and himself carrying across the drinks from the bar. Mapleson soon became comforted, and would suggest "a game of pills before going home." Nothing appealed to White more than this, for he was a remarkable billiard-player. Young Charlie Maybird, who is a furniture draftsman and an expert on sport, used to say that "White could give any pub marker in London forty in a hundred and beat him off the mark." He had a curious feline way of following the balls round the table; he seemed almost to purr over them, to nurse them and stroke them, and make them perform most astounding twists and turns. And every time he succeeded, he would give a sort of self-depreciatory croon, as much as to say: "I'm so sorry! I really don't know how the balls happen to do all this." And yet it is remarkable how often White lost, especially against Mapleson.

Mapleson was one of those players who gave one the impression of being an expert on an off day. As a matter of fact, he never had an "on" day. He was just a third-rate player; only he would attempt most difficult shots, and then give vent to expressions of the utmost surprise and disgust that they did not come off.

The billiards would last till eight o'clock or half-past, when a feeling of physical exhaustion would prompt the arrangement that "a chop would be a good idea." They would then adjourn once more to the dining-room at the Monitor and regale themselves with chops, cheese, and ale, by which time Mapleson would arrive at the conclusion that it was not worth while going home; so an adjournment would be made once more to the bar, and the business of the evening would begin.

It might be worth while to recall one



"He traveled home in his wet clothes, and next day developed a bad chill"

or two features of the Monitor bar, which was invariably crowded by salesmen and assistants from Taunton's, and was looked upon as a sort of headquarters of the upholstering trade at that time. It was a large room, fitted in the usual way with glittering mahogany and small glass mirrors. Two long seats upholstered in green leather were set about a cheerful fireplace of blue tiles. There were also four small circular tables with marble tops, and on each side of the fireplace two enormous bright-blue pots of hideous design containing palms. On the side facing the bar was a florid staircase with a brass hand-rail leading up to the dining- and billiard-rooms.

The only difference that a stranger might have felt between this and any other place of similar description at that time lay perhaps in its mental atmosphere. There was always a curious feeling of freemasonry. In addition to Mrs. Wylde, there were two other barmaids, Nancy and Olive, who was also sometimes called "the Titmouse." Both were tall, rather

thin girls, with a wealth of wonderful flaxen hair. They seemed to spend a considerable amount of time, when not engaged in serving, in brewing themselves cocoa and hot milk. Olive was a teetotaler, and confessed frankly with regard to alcohol that she "hated the muck," but Nancy would occasionally drink stout.

To be served by Mrs. Wylde was a treat that only occasionally occurred to the more favored devotees of the Monitor. She was a woman of enormous proportions, with a white-powdered face and also a wealth of flaxen hair. She invariably wore a rather shabby black dress, trimmed with lace, and a huge bunch of flowers, usually lilies and carnations.

Now, everybody who came into the bar of the Monitor seemed not only to know Nancy and Olive and Mrs. Wylde by name, but everybody else by their name or nickname. For instance, this sort of thing would happen: a pale, thin young man, with pointed boots and a sort of semi-sporting suit, would creep furtively in and go up to the bar and lean across and shake hands with Nancy, and after a normal greeting would say:

"Has the captain been in?" Nancy would reply:

"Yes, he was in with the Rabbit about four o'clock." Then the young man would say:

"Oh, did n't he leave nothing for me?" and Nancy would say:

"No. I would n't be surprised if he came in later. 'Ere, I tell you what—" and she would draw the young man to a corner of the bar, and there would be a whispered conversation for a few moments, and then the young man would go out. All of which would seem very mysterious to a casual visitor.

Of this atmosphere White and Mapleson were part and parcel. They had their own particular little round table near the fire, where, despite Mapleson's daily avowal to get home, one could rely on finding them nearly every evening. And they gathered about them a small colony of kindred spirits. Here they would sit very often till nearly twelve o'clock, when

the Monitor shut, drinking whisky and talking. As the evening advanced, Mapleson expanded. One of his favorite themes was conscription. On this subject he and White were absolutely in accord.

"Every man ought to be made to serve his country," Mapleson would say, bringing his fist down with a bang on the marble table. "He ought to be made to realize his civil responsibilities and what he owes to the empire. Every man under thirty-five should serve three years."—Mapleson was forty-four—"It seems to me we're becoming a nation of knock-kneed, sentimental women."

And White would dilate upon what the Germans were doing and would give precise facts and figures of the strength of the German army, and the cost and probabilities of landing two army corps on the coast of Suffolk.

Another favorite theme was the action of "these silly women," and Mapleson would set the bar in roars of laughter with a description of what *he* would do if *he* were Home Secretary.

Mapleson was very fond of talking about "his principles." In conversation it seemed that his actions must be hedged in by these iron-bound conventions. In effect they were virtually as follows: business comes first always; never fail to keep a business appointment; never mix port and whisky; never give anything to a stranger that you might give to a pal.

He had other rules of life, but they were concerned exclusively with questions of diet and drinking, and need not concern us here.

Thoroughly exhausted with the day's business, Mapleson would leave the imperturbable White just before twelve o'clock, and not infrequently would find it necessary to take a cab to Baker Street to catch his last train to Willesden Green, where he lived, and where he would arrive at night, having spent during the day a sum varying between twenty and thirty shillings, which was precisely the amount he allowed his wife every week to keep house for a family of five, and to include food, clothing, and washing.

White lived at Acton, and no one ever quite knew how he arrived there or by what means. But he never failed to report at nine o'clock the next morning at Old Street, with all his notes, orders, and instructions neatly written out. It was remarkable how long the Monitor remained the headquarters of this fraternity, for, as one of them remarked, "the licensing business is very sensitive" in the same way that a flock of crows will simultaneously and without any apparent reason fly from one hill to another; it will be a sort of fashion for a group of men to patronize a certain establishment and then suddenly to segregate elsewhere. It is true that there were one or two attempts at defection,—Charlie Maybird once made an effort to establish a headquarters as far away as the Trocadéro even,—but the birds soon returned to the comforting hostility of Mrs. Wylde.

And then one summer Mapleson was very ill. He got wet through walking to Baker Street one evening when, after having started, he found he had only three coppers on him. He traveled home in his wet clothes, and next day developed a bad chill, which turned into pneumonia. For days he lay in a critical state, but, thanks to the attention of Mrs. Mapleson, who did not go to bed for three nights, and a careful doctor he got over the crisis. But the doctor forbade him to go back to business for a fortnight, and suggested that if it was possible to arrange it, a few days at the seaside might set him up. White called several times, and was most anxious and solicitous, and assured Mrs. Mapleson that he would do anything in his power to help his friend, and sent a large basket of expensive fruits and some bottles of very old port wine.

Mapleson's illness, however, was of more troublesome a nature than appeared at first. After a rather serious relapse, the doctor said that his heart was not quite what it should be, and it was nearly a month before the question of moving him could be considered. Taunton's treated Mapleson very well over this, and his salary was paid every week; only of

course he lost his commissions, which in the ordinary way represented the bulk of his income, and it became necessary for Mrs. Mapleson to economize with the utmost skill, especially as the invalid required plenty of good and well-cooked food on regaining his strength. The rest of the family had therefore to go on shorter commons than usual, and matters were not helped by the fact of one of the children developing glands and being in an enfeebled condition. White called one evening, and was drinking a glass of the old port with the invalid, and they were discussing how it could be arranged for Mapleson to get a week at Brighton.

"I think I could travel now," said Mapleson, "only I don't see how the missus is going to leave Flora."

It was then that White had an inspiration. If it would help matters in the Mapleson family, he would be pleased to take a week off and go to Brighton with Mapleson. Mapleson hailed this idea with delight, and Mrs. Mapleson was informed, on entering the room a little later, "You need not bother about it any more, my dear; White has been good enough to offer to go to Brighton with me." Mrs. Mapleson was a woman who said very little, and it was difficult on this occasion to know what she thought. In fact her taciturnity at times irritated Mapleson beyond endurance. She merely paused, drew in her thin pale lips, and murmured, "All right, dear," and then busied herself with preparing Mapleson's evening broth. The friends were very lucky with the weather. Fresh breezes off the channel tempered the fierce August sun and made the conditions on the front delightful. It might be hinted that perhaps the weather might have been otherwise for all the interest that they took in it.

For after the first day or so, finding his vitality returning to him, Mapleson persuaded his companion that the choicest spot in Brighton was the saloon bar of the Old Ship. And he could not show his gratitude sufficiently. White was given carte blanche to order anything he liked. But White would not listen to such gen-

erosity. He knew that the expenses that Mapleson had had to endure must be telling on him, so he insisted on paying at least twice out of three times. Mapleson acknowledged that it was "a hell of a worry and responsibility having a family to keep. They simply eat up the money, my dear chap."

The week passed quickly enough, and both were soon back at their occupations in town. The friendship pursued the even tenor of its way, and it was fifteen months before any incident came to disturb it.

Then one day in October something happened to White. He fell down in the street, and was taken to a hospital. It was rumored that he was dead. Consternation prevailed in the upholstering confraternity, and Mapleson made anxious inquiries at the hospital bureau. It was difficult to gather precise details, but it was announced that White was very ill, and that a very serious operation would have to be performed. Mapleson returned to the bar of the Monitor harboring a nameless dread. A strange feeling of physical sickness crept over him. He sat in the corner of the bar, sipping his whisky, enveloped in a lugubrious gloom. He heard the young sparks enter and laugh and joke about White. It was a subject of constant and cynical mirth. "Hullo," they would say, "heard about old White? He's done in at last." And then there would be whisperings and chucklings, and he would hear: "Drunk himself to death. Does n't stand a dog's chance, my dear chap. My uncle had the same thing. Why, he's been at it now for about twenty-five years; can't think how he's lasted so long." And then they would come grinning up to Mapleson, hoping for more precise details. "Sorry to hear about your friend, Mr. Mapleson. How did it happen?"

Mapleson could not stand it. He pushed back his half-filled glass, and stumbled out of the bar. He was not aware of an affection for White, or of any sentiment other than a vast fear and a strange absorbing depression. He crept into the saloon of a small house off the Charing

Cross Road, where no one would be likely to know him, and sat silently sipping from his glass. It seemed to have no effect upon him. The vision of White lying there, like death, and perhaps even now the doctors busy with their steel knives—

Mapleson shivered. He ordered more whisky, and drank it neat. He stumbled on into other bars all the way to Trafalgar Square, wrestling with his fear and drinking. The spirits ultimately took their effect, and he sat somewhere, in some dark corner, he could never remember where, with his mind in a state of trance. He remembered being turned out—it must have been twelve o'clock—and engaging a cab—he could just remember his address—and ordering the man to drive home. In the cab he went sound asleep, hopelessly drunk for the first time in many years. He knew nothing more till the next day. Some one must have come down to help carry him in; he was no light weight. He woke up about one o'clock, feeling very ill and scared. He jumped up and called out:

"What the devil's the time? What are we all doing? Why have n't I been called?"

Mrs. Mapleson came in; she put her hand on his forehead and said:

"It's all right. I sent a telegram to say you were ill. You had better stop here. I'll get you some tea."

Mapleson fell back on the pillows, and the sickening recollection of last night came back to him.

Later in the evening Mrs. Mapleson came in again and said:

"I hear that Mr. White has had his operation, and is going on as well as could be expected."

Beads of perspiration streamed down Mapleson's face, and he murmured, "My God! my God!" That was all that was said, and the next day Mapleson went back to work.

The officials at the hospital seemed curiously reticent about White. The only information to be gleaned for some days was that he was alive. Mapleson went about his work with nerveless indiffer-



ence. He drank, but his drinking was more automatic than spontaneous. He drank from habit, but he gained neither pleasure nor profit from doing so.

The nameless fear pursued him. Great bags appeared under his eyes, which were partly bloodshot. He stooped in his walk, and began to make mistakes in his accounts, and to be abstracted in dealing with customers.

He was arraigned before two of the directors of Taunton's, and one of them finished a harangue by suggesting that "it might be more conformable to business methods if he would remove the traces of yesterday's breakfast from the folds of his waistcoat." The large man received these criticisms in apathetic silence. "Poor old Mapleson!" they said round in the bar of the Monitor. "I've never seen a chap cut up so about anything as he is about White," and then abstract discussions on friendship would follow, and remarkable instances of friendships formed in business.

Of course White would die—that was a settled and arranged thing, and curiously enough little sympathy was expressed even by those to whom White had lent money. Despite his charm of manner and his generosity, they all felt that there was something about White they did n't understand. He was too clever, too secretive.

On Friday he was slightly better, but on Saturday he had a relapse, and on Sunday morning, when Mapleson called at the hospital, he was informed that White was sinking, and they did n't expect him to last forty-eight hours.

Mapleson had inured himself to this thought; he had made up his mind to this conclusion from the first, and this last intimation hardly affected him. He went about like one stunned, without volition, without interest. He was only aware of a vast unhappiness and misery of which White was in some way a factor.

For five days the wire-mattress agent lay on the verge of death, and then he began to rally slightly. The house surgeon said it was one of the most remarkable



"He picked up the glass of whisky and raised it slowly to his lips"

constitutions he had ever come up against. For three days there was a distinct improvement, followed by another relapse; but still White fought on. At the end of another week he was out of danger, but the convalescence was long and tedious.

When at the end of six weeks he was well enough to leave the hospital, the house surgeon took him to one side and said:

"Now look here, my friend, we're going to let you out. And there's no reason why you should n't get fairly well again. Only I want you to understand this: if you touch alcohol again in any form,—in any case, for years,—well, you might as well put a bullet through your own head."

In another ten days White was back at business, looking exactly the same as ever, speaking in the same suave voice. He soon appeared in the Monitor, but with the utmost courtesy declined all offers of drinks except ginger-ale. It need hardly be said that to Mapleson such an event seemed a miracle. He had sunk into a low morbid condition from which he had never hoped to rise.

Out of courtesy the first evening Mapleson insisted on drinking ginger-ale himself, so that his friend should not feel out of it.

And they sat and had a discussion far into the night, White giving luminous and precise details of the whole of his illness and operation, eulogizing hospital methods, and discussing the whole aspect of society toward therapeutics in a calmly detached way.

But Mapleson was not happy. He was glad to have White back, but the element of fear that White had introduced him to was not eliminated. He felt ill himself, and there somehow seemed a great gap between White in the old days and White drinking ginger-ale and talking medicine. For three nights Mapleson kept this up, and then thought he would have "just a night-cap."

It gradually developed into the position that Mapleson resumed his whisky and White stuck to his ginger-ale. And it is a curious fact that this arrangement depressed Mapleson more than it did White. He drank copiously and more frequently in order to create an atmosphere of his own; but always there was White looking just the same, talking just the same.

The ginger-ale got on Mapleson's nerves. He felt that he could n't stand it, and a strange and enervating depression began to creep over him again. For days this arrangement held good, White seeming utterly indifferent as to what he drank, and Mapleson getting more and more depressed because White did n't drink whisky. At length Mapleson suggested one evening that "surely just one" would n't hurt White. But White said with the deepest tone of regret that he was afraid it would be rather unwise; and as a matter of fact he had got so used to doing without it that he really hardly missed it.

From that moment a settled gloom and depression took hold of Mapleson. He just stood there looking at White and listening to him, but hardly troubling to speak himself. He felt utterly wretched.

He got into such a state that White began to show a sympathetic alarm, and one evening toward the end of February, as they were sitting at their favorite table in the Monitor, White said, "Well, I 'll just have a whisky and soda with you if you like."

That was one of the happiest evenings of Mapleson's life. As soon as his friend began to drink, some chord in his own nature responded; his eyes glowed, he became garrulous and entertaining.

They had another, and then went to a music hall, into the lounge; but there was such a crowd that they could not see the stage, so they went to the bar at the back, and had another drink and a talk. How they talked that night! They talked about business and dogs and conscription and women and the empire and tobacco and the staff of Taunton's. They had a wild orgy of talk and drink. That night White drank eleven whiskies and sodas, and Mapleson got cheerfully and gloriously drunk.

It was perhaps as well that the friends enjoyed this bacchanalia, for it was the last time they met. By four o'clock the next afternoon White was dead.

Mapleson heard of it the following night. He was leaning against the fireplace in the Monitor expatiating upon the wonderful improvement in White, and extolling his virtues, when young Howard Aldridge, the junior salesman to Mr. Vincent Pelt of Taunton's, came in to say that White's brother-in-law had just rung up Mr. Pelt to say that White was dead. When Mapleson heard this he muttered, "My Christ!"

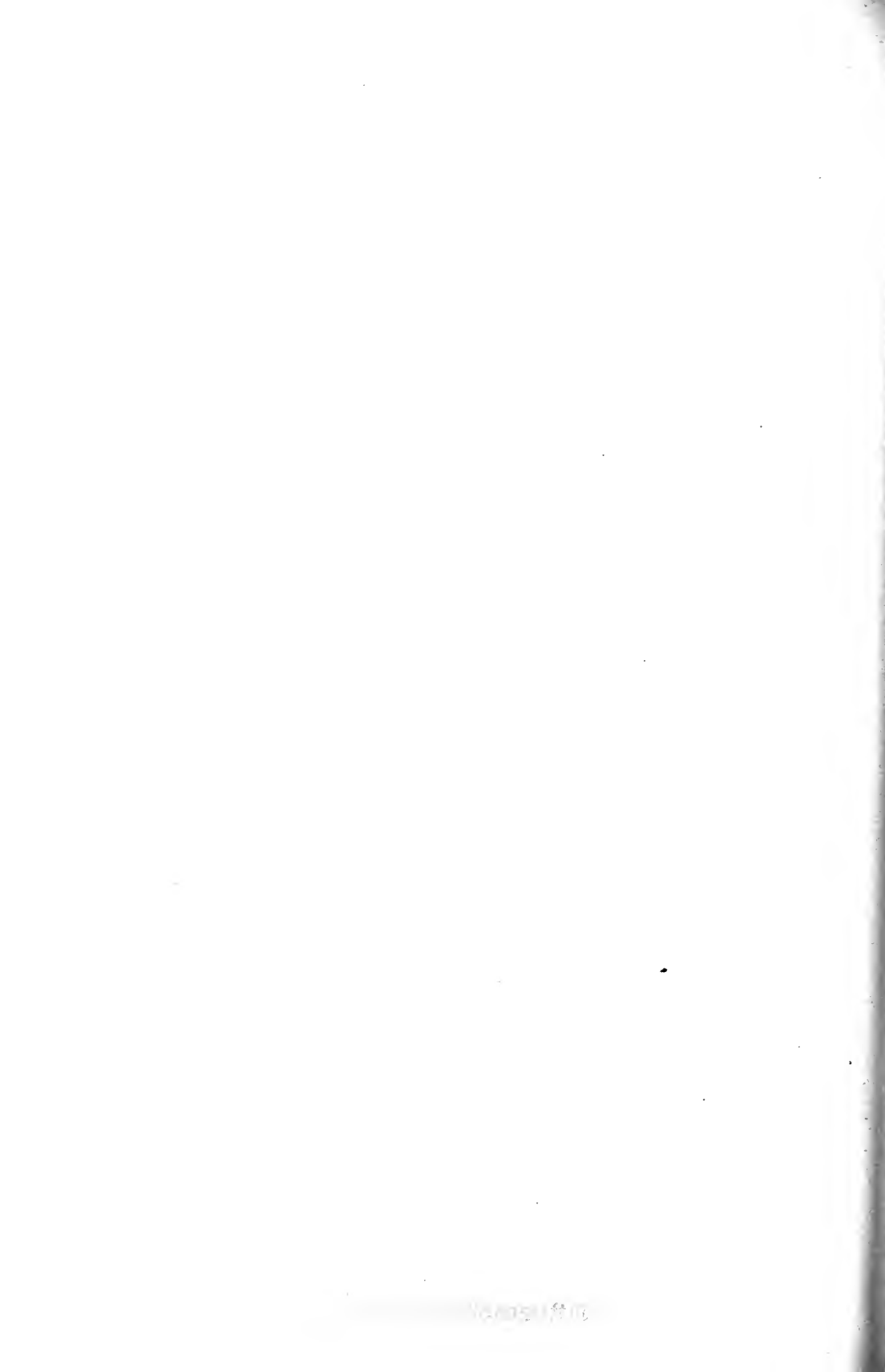
These were the last words that Mapleson ever uttered in the bar of the Monitor.

He picked up his hat and went out into the street. It was the same feeling of numbed terror and physical sickness that assailed him. With no plan of action arranged, he surprised his wife by arriving home before ten o'clock and by going to bed. He was shivering. She took him up a hot-water bottle and said, "I 'm sorry to hear about White." Mapleson



“Of this atmosphere White and Mapleson were part and parcel”

Drawing by  
Henry Raleigh



did n't answer, but his teeth chattered. He lay awake half the night thinking of death.

The next day he got up and went to business as usual, but for the second time the head of the firm felt it his duty to point out to him one or two cases of negligence and to warn him that "these things must not happen in the future."

Two days later Mapleson received a post-card, signed by "F. Peabody," to say that the funeral of the late G. L. White would take place at such and such a church at East Acton, and would leave the "Elms," Castlereach Road, Acton, at twelve o'clock, and it was intimated that a seat for Mr. Mapleson would be found in a carriage.

A fine driving rain out of a leaden sky greeted Mapleson when he set out for White's funeral on the Saturday. His wife tried to persuade him not to go, for he was really ill; but he made no comment. He fiddled about with a timetable, and could come to no satisfactory decision about the way to get there. His wife ultimately looked him up a train to Hammersmith, from which terminus he could get a train. Before reaching Hammersmith a strange revulsion came over him. Why, after all, should he go to this funeral? White would n't know about it, and what did he know of White's relatives? A strange choking and giddiness came over him, and at Hammersmith he found a comfortable refreshment-room, where he partook himself, and decided that after refreshing he would go on to business.

After having two whiskies, however, he changed his mind. "No," he muttered to himself, "I'll see it through." He boarded a train that went in the direction of Acton. He found that he had to change trains at one point. It seemed an interminable journey. He kept wondering how White managed to get home at night from Oxford Street at twelve o'clock. He felt cold and wretched as the effect of the whisky wore off.

At last he reached Acton, and asked for Castlereach Road. Nobody seemed to

know it. He was directed first in one direction, and then in another; at last a postman put him on the right track, but suggested that as it was some way, he might get a bus to Gaddes Green, and then it was only about fifteen-minutes' walk.

Mapleson set off, keeping a sharp lookout for a place of refreshment, for the reactionary spirit was once more upon him. The bus put him down at a forlorn-looking corner, where there was only a sort of workman's ale-house. "I expect I'll pass one on the way," he thought, and taking his directions from the assistant of a greengrocer's shop, he set out once more through the rain.

The farther he went, the meaner and more sordid did the streets become. He did not pass a single public house that he felt he could approach. "I expect the neighborhood will change soon," he thought; "I expect I've come the wrong way. Why, every one said White must be making at least eight hundred a year. He would n't live in a place like this."

At length he came to a break in the neighborhood where some newly built villas crowded one another on the heels of the more ancient squalor. An errand-boy told him that "Castlereach Road was the second turning on the right off Goldsmith's Havenue." He found Goldsmith's Avenue, where a barrel-organ was pouring forth lugubrious music to an audience listening from the shelter of their windows, and swarms of dirty children were hurrying through the rain on nameless errands. A slice of bread and jam was thrown from a second-story window to a little boy in the street, and missed Mapleson's hat by inches. His progress was in any case the source of considerable mirth to the inhabitants.

At last he came to Castlereach Road. After the noise and bustle of Goldsmith's Avenue, it seemed like the end of the world. It was a long straight road of buff-colored villas, with stucco facings and slate roofs, all identically the same. From the end, where Mapleson entered it, it looked interminably and utterly de-

sented. Doubtless, if it had been a fine day, the gutters would have been crowded with children; but with the pouring rain there was not a soul in sight.

Mapleson blundered on in search of Number 227, and as he did so a thought occurred to him that he and White had a common secret apart. He always had felt in his inmost heart a little ashamed of his red-brick villa in Willesden Green, and that was one reason why he had always kept business well apart from domestic affairs, and White had casually referred to "his place at Acton." His place at Acton! Mapleson entered it, horribly tired, horribly sober, horribly wretched. All the blinds were down. It had taken so long to get there he hoped that he was too late.

A tall, gaunt woman in black, with a slight down on her upper lip, opened the door. She seemed surprised to see him.

He explained who he was.

She said:

"Oh, yes. My! you are early. It's only half-past twelve."

"Half-past twelve?" said Mapleson. "But I thought the funeral was to be at twelve."

Then the gaunt woman called into a little side room:

"Ere, Uncle Frank, what 'ave you been up to? Did you tell Mr. Mapleson that the funeral was at twelve?"

"Oh, don't sye that; don't sye that!" came a voice from the room, and a small man, with sandy hair and wizen features and small dark, greedy eyes, came out into the hall. "Oh don't sye that, Mr. Mapleson! I'm Peabody. I quite thought I said two o'clock."

Mapleson had a wild impulse to whistle for a cab or a fire-engine, and to drive away from this anywhere; but the utter helplessness of his position held him fast. Before he had time to give the matter serious thought he was being shown into the drawing-room, a small stuffy room with a blue floral wall-paper, bamboo furniture, and many framed photographs, and the gaunt woman was saying, "O Uncle Frank, how could you have made that mistyke!" And Uncle Frank was

explaining how it might have occurred, and at the same time saying that they must make the best of it; that Mr. Mapleson would have a bit of lunch. There was a nice cut of cold leg of mutton, and of course no one under circumstances like this would expect an *elaborate* meal; in fact, no one would *feel* like it apart from anything else. And then the gaunt woman left the room, and Mapleson was alone with Uncle Frank.

Mapleson could not recollect ever having met any one whom he so cordially hated at sight. He had a sort of smug perpetual grin, a habit of running his hands down his thighs as far as his knees, and giving vent to a curious clicking noise with his cheeks.

"Well, this is a very sad hoccasion, Mr. Mapleson," he said, "very sad, indeed. Poor George! Did you know him well? Eva—his wife, you know—she's upstairs quite prostrate. That was her sister who showed you in. Yes, yes, well, how true it is that in the midst of life we are in death! I'm afraid poor George was careless, you know. Very careless. Clever, mind you—clever as they make 'em, but careless. Do you know, Mr. Mapleson, he had n't even insured his life! And he's left no will. There is n't enough to pay his funeral expenses. Fortunately, Eva's clever; oh, yes, she's clever with her fingers. They say there's no one in the neighborhood to touch her in the millinery. Oh, yes, she's been at it some time. Why, bless my soul! do you know she's paid the rent of this 'ouse for the last four years. Oh, she's a clever woman! Poor soul, though, her great consolation is that George did n't die in the 'orspital. Yes, Mr. Mapleson, he died up-stairs, quiet as a lamb. She was there at the end. It was a great consolation."

And Uncle Frank nodded his head, and his little eyes sparkled, but the grin never left his lips. Mapleson said nothing, but the two men sat there in a somber silence, Uncle Frank occasionally nodding his head and muttering, "It's a sad hoccasion."



"Then one day in October something happened to White"

The rain increased, and it seemed unnaturally dark in the blue drawing-room, and Mapleson felt that he had sat there an eternity, consumed by desire to get away, when there was another knock at the door, and a youth was let in.

Uncle Frank called him Chris, and he seemed to be a cousin or some near relative of White's. He was a raw youth who had just gone to business, and was very much aware of his collars and cuffs. He seemed to take to Mapleson, and he sat watching him furtively. Mapleson

seemed a man of the world, a very desirable personality. The youth made many advances, but the latter felt a repugnance for him in only a slightly less degree than in the case of Uncle Frank.

At length the gaunt sister asked them all into the dining-room, which was a room on the other side of the passage that seemed even smaller and stuffer than the drawing-room. It was papered with a dark-red paper, and the woodwork was painted chocolate. As they crossed the hall, they passed Mrs. White, who had

apparently been persuaded by her sister "to try and take something." She was a shriveled little person, with white cheeks, and her eyes were red with weeping.

She hurried by the men without speaking, and a curious thought struck Mapleson. During the twenty years or so that he had known White he could not recollect him speaking of his wife. He probably had done so, but he could not recollect it. He remembered him talking about "his place at Acton," but never of his wife. He did not feel entirely surprised. White was probably ashamed.

In the window of the dining-room were several bird-cages, containing two canaries, a bullfinch, and a small highly colored bird that hopped from the floor of its cage to a perch and kept up a toneless squeak, with monotonous regularity. Uncle Frank went up to the cage and tapped the wires and called out, "Ah, there he is! *Cheep! cheep!* This is our little Orstrylian bird, Mr. Mapleson. Is n't he? Yes, yes; he's our clever little Orstrylian bird." And during the course of the hurried meal of cold mutton and cheese the birds formed a constant diversion. Uncle Frank would continually jump up and call out, "Oh, yes, he's our little Orstrylian bird."

Mapleson tried to recall whether he had ever discussed birds with White, and he felt convinced that he had not. It seemed a strange thing. White apparently had had these birds for some time—three different varieties in his own house! Mapleson would have enjoyed talking about birds with White; he could almost hear White's voice, and his precise and suave manner of discussing their ways and peculiarities. And the terrible thought came to him that he would never hear White talk about birds, never, never. This breach of confidence on White's part of never telling him that he kept birds upset Mapleson even more than his breach of confidence in not talking about his wife.

"Oh, yes, he's a clever little Orstrylian bird." A terrible desire came to Mapleson to throw Uncle Frank through

the window the next time he heard this remark.

Before they had finished the meal, three other male relatives appeared, and a terrible craving came over Mapleson for a drink. Then the sister came down with a decanter of sherry, and said that perhaps the gentlemen would like a glass. Uncle Frank poured out a glass all round. It was thin, sickly stuff, and to the brass-bed manager like a thimbleful of dew in a parched desert. A horrible feeling of repugnance came over him—of repugnance against all these people, against the discomfort he found himself in.

After all, who was White? When all was said and done, White was really nothing to him, only a man he'd met in the course of business and had a lot of drinks and talks with. At that moment he felt he disliked White and all his sniveling relatives.

He wanted to go, to get away from it all; but he could n't see how. There was half a glass of sherry left in the decanter. He unblushingly took it as the funeral cortège arrived. There were two ramshackle carriages and a hearse, and a crowd of dirty children had collected. He tried to mumble to Uncle Frank some excuse for not going, but his words were lost by an intensely painful scene that took place in the hall as the coffin was brought down. He did not notice that the sister with the down on her upper lip became an inspired creature for a few moments, and her face became almost beautiful.

He felt that he was an alien element among all these people, that they were nothing to him, and that he was nothing to them, and he felt an intense, insatiable desire for a drink. If he could n't get a drink, he felt he would go mad.

Some one touched him on the arm and said, "Will you come with us in the second carriage, Mr. Mapleson?" He felt himself walking out of the house and through a row of dirty children. For a moment he contemplated bolting up the street and out of sight, but the feeling that the children would probably follow him and jeer paralyzed this action; and





"The vision of White lying there, like death, and perhaps even now the doctors busy with their steel knives—"

then he was in the carriage with Chris and another male relative, who was patiently moved by the solemnity of the occasion.

Chris wriggled about and tried to engage him in banal conversation, with an air that suggested, "Of course, Mr. Mapleson, this is a sad affair, but we men of the world know how to behave."

The dismal cortège proceeded at an ambling trot, occasionally stopping. Chris gave up for the moment trying to be entertaining, and the forlorn relative talked about funeral services and the comfort of sympathy in time of bereavement. They crawled past rows of congested villas and

miles of indescribable domesticity of every kind, till, as they were turning round a rather broader avenue than usual, where there were shops, the forlorn relatives said, "We shall be in the cemetery in five minutes."

And then Mapleson had an inspiration. They were ambling along this dreary thoroughfare when his eye suddenly caught sight of a large and resplendent public house. It was picked out in two shades of green, and displayed a gilt sign-board denoting "The Men of Kent."

Almost without thinking, and certainly in less time than it takes to chronicle, Mapleson muttered something to his two

companions, and called out of the window to the driver to stop. He then jumped out, and called out to the driver of the hearse and the other carriage to stop, and then before any one realized what it was all about, he darted into the saloon bar of The Men of Kent!

The bar was fortunately empty, but through the little glass shutters two women and a man in the private bar watched the performance.

There was a moment of dazed surprise, followed by a high shriek of laughter and a woman's voice in strident crescendo:

"He 's stopped the funeral to come in an' 'ave a drink! O my Gawd!" Mapleson's tongue seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth, but he gasped out an order for a whisky and soda. To the barman these incidents were nothing, and he served the drink instantly; but to the three in the private bar it was a matter of intense enjoyment. The other woman took it up.

"Well, that 's the first time I 've known that 'appen. Gawd! fancy stoppin' a funeral to come and 'ave a drink!" Then the man bawled out: "'Ere, I sye, ain't the others comin' in? Let 's make a dye of it."

The women continued shrieking with laughter, and the appalling ignominy of his position came home to him. He knew that he was damned in the eyes of White's friends.

Curiously enough, the thought of White had passed out of his mind altogether. He was a thing in revolt against society, without feelings and without principles.

Yet when the whisky was put in front of him, his hand trembled, and he could not drink it. He fumbled with the glass, threw down a sixpence, and darted out of the bar again.

In the meanwhile Uncle Frank and other members of the funeral party had got out of the carriages and were having a whispered consultation on the curb. Instructions had evidently been given for the cortège to proceed, for Uncle Frank was talking to the driver of the hearse when Mapleson appeared.

As all returned to the carriages, the three people came out of the bar and raised a cheer, and one of the women called out, "Oh, I sye, don't go!"

Mapleson lay all of a heap in the corner of the carriage, and he noticed that he was alone with Chris. The forlorn relative had gone into the other carriage.

In a few minutes they arrived at a church, a large new building with early-Victorian Gothic arches and a profusion of colored glass. The funeral party huddled together in the gloom of the large church, and somehow the paucity of their numbers seemed even more depressing than the wretchedness of their appearance.

Mapleson sat a little way back, and curiously enough his mind kept reverting during the service to the little birds. He felt a distinct grievance against White on account of the little birds. Why had n't he told him, especially about the small Australian bird? It would have made a distinctly interesting subject of conversation.

The service seemed interminably long, and it was a relief when the tall, rather good-looking young clergyman led the way out into the cemetery. The rain was still driving in penetrating gusts, and as they stood by the grave-side, the relatives looked askance at one another, uncertain whether it was the proper thing to do to hold up an umbrella. As to Mapleson, he was indifferent. For one thing, he had not brought an umbrella; but it seemed frightfully cold.

They lowered the coffin into the grave, and earth was sprinkled. For a second it flashed through his mind, "That 's White being let down," and then a feeling of indifference and repugnance followed, and the craving desire to get away from all these sordid happenings. Then he suddenly thought of White's wife. "A miserable-looking slattern she was," he thought. "Why, what was *she* sniveling about? What could she have been to White or White to her? Why, he never mentioned her during twenty years!"

He experienced a slight feeling of relief when the service was finished and the



"During the twenty years or so that he had known White he could not recollect him speaking of his wife"

party broke up, and he hastily made for the cemetery gates, knowing that White's friends would be as anxious to avoid him as he was to avoid them; but he had not reached them before some one, hurrying up behind, caught him. It was Chris.

"I expect you 're going up west, Mr. Mapleson," he said. "If it 's not putting myself in the way, I 'll come, too."

Mapleson gave an inarticulate grunt that conveyed nothing at all; but the young man was not to be put off.

There was something about the bulk of Mapleson and the pendulous lines of his clothes and person that made Chris feel, when he was walking with him, that he was "knocking about town" and "mixing with the world." He himself was ap-

prenticed to a firm of wall-paper manufacturers, and he felt that Mapleson would be able to enlighten him on the prospects and the outlook of the furnishing and decorating trade. He talked gaily of antique furniture till they came to a gaunt yellow-brick station.

On inquiry, there seemed to be no trains that went from it to any recognizable or habitable spot, but outside were two melancholy hackney-carriages. By this time Mapleson was desperate, and a strange feeling of giddiness possessed him.

He got in, and told the driver vaguely "to drive up to London." Chris came to the rescue, and explained to him that he might drive to Shepherd's Bush first. They started off, and rattled once more through the wilderness of dreary villas.

The young man accepted the position he found himself in with perfect composure. He attributed Mapleson's silence to an expansive boredom, and he talked with discretion and with a sort of callous tact. Before they reached Shepherd's Bush, however, Mapleson muttered something about feeling faint, and Chris immediately suggested that they should go and have a drink. "You might bring me something in," said Mapleson. "I'll have a brandy neat." They drove helplessly through neat avenues and roads for nearly ten minutes without passing anything in the way of a public house. At last they came to a grocer's shop licensed to sell spirits not to be consumed on the premises. "Go and buy me a bottle of brandy," said Mapleson. The young man got out, and soon returned with a six-and-sixpenny bottle of brandy and a corkscrew. He paid for it himself, relying on the natural honor of Mapleson to settle up afterward; but the matter was never mentioned again.

He drew the cork, and Mapleson took a long drink, and then wiped the mouth of the bottle and offered it to Chris. Chris behaved like a man, and also took a draft, but spluttered rather.

For the rest of the journey Mapleson at regular intervals took thoughtful and meditative drinks, and gradually began to

revive. He went so far as to ask Chris if he knew anything about the little birds and how long White had had them. Chris said he knew he had had the canaries for four or five years and the bullfinch for two years. He did n't know much about the little Australian bird. This information seemed to cause Mapleson to revert to his former gloom.

When they reached Shepherd's Bush the cabman refused to go farther. So they got out, and entered another cab, Mapleson carrying the brandy bottle under his arm. He took it upon himself to tell the cabman—this time a taxi—"to drive round the Outer Circle of Hyde Park, and to take the hood down."

It was about half-past four when they reached Hyde Park, and the rain had ceased a little. It was the fashionable hour for the afternoon drive. Magnificent motors and two-horse phaëtons were ambling round well within the regulation limit. Their cab was soon almost hemmed in by the equipages of the great world. But after they had completed the circle once, and Mapleson lay back, with his feet on the opposite seat and his hat all brushed the wrong way, and without the slightest compunction held the large brandy bottle to his lips every few yards, Chris began to feel that there was a limit to his desire to "mix with the world."

He got the cab to stop near the Marble Arch, and explained to Mapleson that he must get out and take the tube to business.

And then there was a scene. Mapleson, who up to that time had not addressed a personal word to Chris, suddenly became maudlin. He cried, and said that he had never taken to any one as he had to Chris. He was the dearest fellow in the world; he must n't leave him; now that White was dead, he was the only friend he had.

But people began to collect on the sidewalk, and Chris simply ran off. The taxi-driver began to be suspicious about his fare, which was registered fourteen shillings. But Mapleson gave him a sovereign on account, and told him to drive

to Cleopatra's Needle, on the Embankment.

By the time they reached there, the brandy bottle was three quarters empty and tears were streaming down his cheeks. He offered the driver a drink, but the driver was not "one of that sort," and gruffly suggested that Mapleson "had better drive 'ome." So he got out of the cab pathetically, settled with the driver, and sat on a seat of the Embankment, hugging his bottle and staring at the river.

Now, it is very difficult to know exactly what Mapleson did the rest of that afternoon between the time when he dismissed the cabman and half-past eight, when he turned up in the bar of the Monitor.

It is only known that he struggled in there at that time, looking as white as a sheet. He was wet through, and his clothes were covered with mud. He struggled across to the corner where he and White used to sit, and sat down. The bar was fairly crowded at the time, and young Chris made his *début* there. He felt that he would be a person of interest. When Mapleson appeared, he went up to him, but Mapleson did n't know him, and said nothing.

Several others came up and advised Mapleson to go home and change his clothes and have a drink first; but he just stared stupidly ahead and made no comment. Some one brought some whisky and put it before him, but he ignored it. They then came to the conclusion that he was ill, so they sent for a cab, and two of them volunteered to see him home.

Just as they were about to lead him out he stood up. He then stretched out his arms and waved them away. He picked up the glass of whisky and raised it slowly to his lips; but before it reached them, he dropped it, and fell backward across the table.

"WOMEN, you know," said Charlie Maybird some months later, addressing two friends in the Monitor, "are silly crea-

tures. They think love and friendship is all a question of kissin' and cuddlin'. They think business is all buyin' and sellin'; they don't think men can make friendships in business. Crikey! I reckon there 's more friendships made in business—real friendships, I mean—than ever there is outside. Look at the case of White and Mapleson. I tell you those two men loved each other. For over twenty years they were inseparable; there was nothing they would not have done for each other; hand and glove they was over everything. I 've never seen a chap crumple up so as Mapleson did when White died, in fact from the very day when White was took ill. He went about like a wraith. I 'll never forget that night when he came in here after the funeral. He sat over there—look—by the fireplace. He looked as though his 'eart was broken. Suddenly he stood up and lifted his glass, and then dropped it, and then fell backward crash on to the floor. They took him to the 'orspital, but he never regained consciousness. The doctors said it was fatty degeneration of the 'eart, 'elped on by some kidney trouble; but I know better. He died of a broken 'eart. Lord, yes; I tell you there 's a lot of romance in the furnishing trade."

"Did he leave any money?" asked one of the friends.

"My word, yes; more than White," answered the genial Charles. "White never left a bean, and it seems his missus had not only been paying the rent out of her millinery, but allowed White some. White was a card, he was."

"And what did Mapleson leave?"

"Mapleson left nearly four pounds."

"Is that all?"

"Four pounds and a wife and five kids, the eldest twelve."

"A wife and five kids! How the hell does she manage to keep things going?"

"Oh, Gawd knows. Come, let 's go over to the Oxford and see what 's on."

# Dear Enemy<sup>1</sup>

By JEAN WEBSTER

Author of "Daddy-Long-Legs," etc., etc.

With sketches by the author and illustrations by Herman Pfeifer

## Part III

John Grier Home, June 9.

Dear Judy:

You are an awful family for an impressionable young girl to visit. How can you expect me to come back and settle down contentedly to institution life after witnessing such a happy picture of domestic concord as the Pendleton household presents?

All the way back in the train, instead of occupying myself with the two novels, four magazines, and one box of chocolates that your husband thoughtfully provided, I spent the time in a mental review of the young men of my acquaintance to see if I could n't discover one as nice as *Jervis*. I did! (A little nicer, I think.) From this day on he is the marked-down victim, the destined prey.

I shall hate to give up the asylum after getting so excited over it, but unless you are willing to move it to the capital, I don't see any alternative.

The train was awfully late. We sat and smoked on a siding while two accommodations and a freight dashed past. I think we must have broken something, and had to tinker the engines. The conductor was soothing, but uncommunicative.

It was 7:30 when I descended, the only passenger, at our insignificant station in the pitch darkness and *rain*, without an umbrella, and wearing that precious new hat. No Turnfelt to meet me; not even a station hack. To be sure, I had n't telegraphed the exact time of my arrival, but, still, I did feel rather neglected. I had sort of vaguely expected all one hundred and thirteen to be drawn up by the platform, scattering flowers and singing songs of welcome. Just as I was telling the sta-

tion man that I would watch his telegraph instrument while he ran across to the corner saloon and telephoned for a vehicle, there came whirling around the corner two big search-lights aimed straight at me. They stopped nine inches before running me down, and I heard Sandy's voice saying:

"Weel, weel, Miss Sallie McBride! I 'm thinking it 's ower time you came back to tak' the bit bairns off my hands."

That man had come three times to meet me on the off chance of the train's getting in some time. He tucked me and my new hat and bags and books and chocolates all in under his waterproof flap, and we splashed off. Really, I felt as if I was getting back home again, and quite sad at the thought of ever having to leave. Mentally, you see, I had already resigned and packed and gone. The mere idea that you are not in a place for the rest of your life gives you an awfully unstable feeling. That 's why trial marriages would never work. You 've got to feel you 're in a thing irrevocably and forever in order to buckle down and really put your whole mind into making it a success.

It 's astounding how much news can accrue in four days. Sandy just could n't talk fast enough to tell me everything I wanted to hear. Among other items, I learned that Sadie Kate had spent two days in the infirmary, her malady being, according to the doctor's diagnosis, half a jar of gooseberry jam and Heaven knows how many doughnuts. Her work had been changed during my absence to dish-washing in the officers' pantry, and the juxtaposition of so many exotic luxuries was too much for her fragile virtue.

Also, our colored cook Sallie and our colored useful man Noah have entered upon a war of extermination. The original trouble was over a little matter of kindling, augmented by a pail of hot water that Sallie threw out of the window with, for a woman, unusual accuracy of aim. You can see what a rare character the head of an orphan-asylum must have. She has to combine the qualities of a baby nurse and a police magistrate.

The doctor had told only the half when we reached the house, and as he had not yet dined, owing to meeting me three times, I begged him to accept the hospitality of the John Grier. I would get Betsy and Mr. Witherspoon, and we would hold an executive meeting, and settle all our neglected businesses.

Sandy accepted with flattering promptness. He likes to dine outside of the family vault.

But Betsy, I found, had dashed home to greet a visiting grandparent, and Percy was playing bridge in the village. It's seldom the young thing gets out of an evening, and I'm glad for him to have a little cheerful diversion.

So it ended in the doctor's and my dining tête-à-tête on a hastily improvised dinner,—it was then close upon eight, and our normal dinner hour is 6:30,—but it was such an improvised dinner as I am sure Mrs. McGurk never served him. Sallie, wishing to impress me with her invaluableness, did her absolutely Southern best. And after dinner we had coffee before the fire in my comfortable blue library, while the wind howled outside and the shutters banged.

We passed a most cordial and intimate evening. For the first time since our acquaintance I struck a new note in the man. There really is something attractive about him when you once come to know him. But the process of knowing him requires time and tact. He's no' very gleg at the uptak. I've never seen such a tantalizingly inexplicable person. All the time I'm talking to him I feel as though behind his straight line of a mouth and his half-shut eyes there were banked fires

smoldering inside. Are you sure he has n't committed a crime? He does manage to convey the delicious feeling that he has.

And I must add that Sandy's not so bad a talker when he lets himself go. He has the entire volume of Scotch literature at his tongue's end.

"Little kens the auld wife as she sits by the fire what the wind is doing on Hurly-Burly-Swire," he observed as a specially fierce blast drove the rain against the window. That sounds pat, does n't it? I have n't, though, the remotest idea what it means. And listen to this: between cups of coffee (he drinks far too much coffee for a sensible medical man) he casually let fall the news that his family knew the R. L. S. family personally, and used to take supper at 17 Heriot Row! I tended him assiduously for the rest of the evening in an

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,  
And did he stop and speak to you?

frame of mind.

When I started this letter, I had no intention of filling it with a description of the recently excavated charms of Robin MacRae; it's just by way of remorseful apology. He was so nice and companionable last night that I have been going about to-day feeling conscience-smitten at the thought of how mercilessly I made fun of him to you and Jervis. I really did n't mean quite all of the impolite things that I said. About once a month the man is sweet and tractable and engaging.

Punch has just been paying a social call, and during the course of it he lost three little toadlings an inch long. Sadie Kate recovered one of them from under the bookcase, but the other two hopped away; and I'm so afraid they've taken sanctuary in my bed! I do wish that mice and snakes and toads and angleworms were not so portable. You never know what is going on in a perfectly respectable-looking child's pocket.



I had a beautiful visit in Casa Pendleton. Don't forget your promise to return it soon.

Yours as ever,

SALLIE.

P.S. I left a pair of pale-blue bedroom slippers under the bed. Will you please have Mary wrap them up and mail them to me? And hold her hand while she writes the address. She spelt my name on the place-cards "Mackbird."

Tuesday.

Dear Enemy:

As I told you, I left an application for an accomplished nurse-maid with the employment bureau in New York, my main requirement being a capacious lap suitable for the accommodation of three babies. She came this afternoon, and this is the fine figure of a woman that I drew!



We could n't keep a baby from sliding off her lap unless we fastened him on with safety-pins.

Please give Sadie Kate the magazine. I'll read it to-night and return it to-morrow.

Was there ever a more docile and obedient pupil than

S. McBRIDE?

Thursday.

My dear Judy:

I've been spending the last three days busily getting under way all those latest

innovations that we planned in New York. Your word is law. A public cooky-jar has been established.

Also, the eighty play-boxes have been ordered. It is a wonderful idea, having a private box for each child, where he can store up his own private treasures. The ownership of a little personal property will help develop them into responsible citizens. I ought to have thought of it myself, but for some reason the idea did n't come. Poor Judy! You have inside knowledge of the longings of their little hearts that I shall never be able to achieve, not with all the sympathy I can muster.

We are doing our best to run this institution with as few discommoding rules as possible, but in regard to those play-boxes there is one point on which I shall have to be firm. The children may not be permitted to keep in them mice or toads or angleworms.

I can't tell you how pleased I am that Betsy's salary is to be raised, and that we are to keep her permanently. But the Hon. Cy Wykoff deprecates the step. He has been making inquiries, I have learned, and he finds that her people are perfectly able to take care of her without any salary.

"You don't furnish legal advice for nothing," say I to him. "Why should she furnish her trained services for nothing?"

"This is charitable work."

"Then work which is undertaken for your own good should be paid, but work which is undertaken for the public good should not be paid?"

"Fiddlesticks!" says he. "She's a woman, and her family ought to support her."

This opened up vistas of argument which I did not care to enter with the Hon. Cy, so I asked him whether he thought it would be nicer to have a real lawn or hay on the slope that leads to the gate. He likes to be consulted, and I pamper him as much as possible in all unessential details. You see, I am following Sandy's canny advice: "Trustees are



like fiddle-strings; they maunna be screwed ower tight. Humor the mon, but gang your ain gait." Oh, the tact that this asylum is teaching me! I should make a wonderful politician's wife.

Thursday night.

You will be interested to hear that I have temporarily placed out Punch with two charming spinsters who have long been tottering on the brink of a child. They finally came last week, and said they would like to try one for a month to see what the sensation felt like.

They wanted, of course, a pretty ornament, dressed in pink and white and descended from the *Mayflower*. I told them that any one could bring up a daughter of the *Mayflower* to be an ornament to society, but the real feat was to bring up a son of an Italian organ-grinder and an Irish washerwoman. And I offered Punch. That Neapolitan heredity of his, artistically speaking, may turn out a glorious mixture, if the right environment comes along to choke out all the weeds.

I put it up to them as a sporting proposition, and they were game. They have agreed to take him for one month and concentrate upon his remaking all their years of conserved force, to the end that he may be fit for adoption in some moral family. They both have a sense of humor and *accomplishing* characters, or I should never have dared to propose it. And really I believe it's going to be the one way of taming our young fire-eater. They will furnish the affection and caresses and attention that in his whole abused little life he has never had.

They live in a fascinating old house with an Italian garden, and furnishings selected from the whole round world. It does seem like sacrilege to turn that destructive child loose in such a collection of treasures. But he has n't broken anything here for more than a month, and I believe that the Italian in him will respond to all that beauty.

I warned them that they must not shrink from any profanity that might issue from his pretty baby lips.

He departed last night in a very fancy automobile, and maybe I was n't glad to say good-by to our disreputable young man! He has absorbed just about half of my energy.

Friday.

The pendant arrived this morning. Many thanks! But you really ought not to have given me another; a hostess cannot be held accountable for all the things that careless guests lose in her house. It is far too pretty for my chain. I am thinking of having my nose pierced, Cingalese fashion, and wearing my new jewel where it will really show.

I must tell you that our Percy is putting some good constructive work into this asylum. He has founded the John Grier Bank, and has worked out all the details in a very professional and businesslike fashion, entirely incomprehensible to my non-mathematical mind. All of the older children possess properly printed check-books, and they are each to be paid five dollars a week for their services, such as going to school and accomplishing housework. They are then to pay the institution (by check) for their board and clothes, which will consume their five dollars. It looks like a vicious circle, but it's really very educative; they will comprehend the value of money before we dump them into a mercenary world. Those who are particularly good in lessons or work will receive an extra recompense. My head aches at the thought of the bookkeeping, but Percy waives that aside as a mere bagatelle. It is to be accomplished by our prize arithmeticians, and will train them for positions of trust. If Jervis hears of any opening for bank officials, let me know; I shall have a well-trained president, cashier, and paying-teller ready to be placed by this time next year.

Saturday.

Our doctor does n't like to be called "Enemy." It hurts his feelings or his dignity or something of the sort; but since I will persist, despite his expostulations, he has finally retaliated with a nickname for me. He calls me "Miss Sally Lunn," and

is in a glow of pride at having achieved such an imaginative flight.

He and I have invented a new pastime: he talks Scotch, and I answer in Irish. Our conversations run like this:

"Good afternoon to ye, dochter. An' how 's yer health the 'day?"

"Verra weel, verra weel. And how gaes it wi' a' the bairns?"

"Shure, they 're all av thim doin' foin."

"I 'm gey glad to hear it. This saft weather is hard on folk. There 's muckle sickness aboot the kintra."

"Hiven be praised it has not lighted here! But sit down, dochter, an' make yersilf at home. Will ye be afther havin' a cup o' tay?"

"Hoot, woman! I would na hae you fash yersel', but a wee drap tea winna coom amiss."

"Whist! It 's no thruble at all."

You may not think this a very dizzying excursion into frivolity; but I assure you, for one of Sandy's dignity, it 's positively riotous. The man has been in a heavenly temper ever since I came back; not a single cross word. I am beginning to think I may reform him as well as Punch.

This letter must be about long enough even for you; I 've been writing it bit by bit for three days, whenever I happened to pass my desk.

Yours as ever,

SALLIE.

P.S. I don't think much of your vaunted prescription for hair tonic. Either the druggist did n't mix it right, or Jane did n't apply it with discretion. I stuck to the pillow this morning.

Saturday.

Dear Gordon:

Your letter of Thursday is at hand, and extremely silly I consider it. Of course I am not trying to let you down easy; that is n't my way. If I let you down at all, it will be suddenly and with an awful bump. But I honestly did n't realize that it had been three weeks since I wrote. Please excuse!

Also, my dear sir, I have to bring you

to account. You were in New York last week, and you never ran up to see us. You thought we would n't find it out, but we heard—and are insulted.

Would you like an outline of my day's activities? Wrote monthly report for trustees' meeting. Audited accounts. Entertained agent of State Charities Aid Association for luncheon. Supervised children's menus for next ten days. Dictated five letters to families who have our children. Visited our little feeble-minded Loretta Higgins (pardon the reference; I know you don't like me to mention the feeble-minded), who is being boarded out in a nice comfortable family, where she is learning to work. Came back to tea and a conference with the doctor about sending a child with tubercular glands to a sanatorium. Read an article on cottage *versus* congregate system for housing dependent children. (We do need cottages! I wish you 'd send us a few for a Christmas present.) And now at nine o'clock I 'm sleepily beginning a letter to you. Do you know many young society girls who can point to such a useful day as that?

Oh, I forgot to say that I stole ten minutes from my accounts this morning to install a new cook. Our Sallie Washington-Johnston, who cooked fit for the angels, had a dreadful, dreadful temper and terrorized poor Noah, our super-excellent furnace-man, to the point of giving notice. We could n't spare Noah. He 's more useful to the institution than its superintendent, and so Sallie Washington-Johnston is no more.

When I asked the new cook her name, she replied, "Ma name is Suzanne Estelle, but ma friends call me Pet." Pet cooked the dinner to-night, but I must say that she lacks Sallie's delicate touch. I am awfully disappointed that you did n't visit us while Sallie was still here. You would have taken away an exalted opinion of my housekeeping.

Drowsiness overcame me at that point, and it 's now two days later.

Poor neglected Gordon! It has just occurred to me that you never got thanked

for the modeling-clay which came two weeks ago, and it was such an unusually intelligent present that I should have telegraphed my appreciation. When I opened the box and saw all that nice messy putty stuff, I sat down on the spot and created a statue of Singapore. The children love it; and it is very good to have the handicraft side of their training encouraged. The idiot of a Mrs. Lippett did nothing intelligent for them. As soon as a child learned one piece of work, she kept him at it, because it saved trouble. We have a boy who pared potatoes for three years and a girl who ironed towels for seven. It does n't sound believable, but it's true. I get angry every time I think of the creature. She had exactly the point of view of a Tammany politician—no slightest sense of service to society; her only interest in the John Grier Home was to get a living out of it.

Wednesday.

What new branch of learning do you think I have introduced into my asylum? Table manners!

I never had any idea that it was such a lot of trouble to teach children how to eat and drink. Their favorite method is to put their mouths down to their mugs and lap their milk like kittens. Good manners are not merely snobbish ornaments, as Mrs. Lippett's régime appeared to believe; they mean self-discipline and thought for others, and my children have got to learn them.

That woman never allowed them to talk at their meals, and I am having the most dreadful time getting any conversation out of them above a frightened whisper. So I have instituted the custom of the entire staff, myself included, sitting with them at the table, and directing the talk along cheerful and improving lines. Also I have established a small, very strict training-table, where the little dears, in relays, undergo a week of steady badgering. Our uplifting table conversations run like this:

"Yes, Tom, Napoleon Bonaparte was a very great man—elbows off the table. He possessed a tremendous power of concen-

trating his mind on whatever he wanted to have; and that is the way to accomplish—don't snatch, Susan; ask politely for the bread, and Carrie will pass it to you.—But he was an example of the fact that selfish thought just for oneself, without considering the lives of others, will come to disaster in the—Tom! Keep your mouth shut when you chew—and after the battle of Waterloo—let Sadie's cooky alone—his fall was all the greater because—Sadie Kate, you may leave the table. It makes no difference what he did. Under no provocation does a lady slap a gentleman."

Two more days have passed; this is the same kind of meandering letter I write to Judy. At least, my dear man, you can't complain that I have n't been thinking about you this week! I know you hate to be told all about the asylum, but I can't help it, for it's all I know. I don't have five minutes a day to read the papers. The big outside world has dropped away. My interests all lie on the inside of this little iron inclosure.

I am at present,

S. McBRIDE,  
Superintendent of the  
John Grier Home.

p.s. Let me offer you a radish.



June 13.

Dear Enemy:

"Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in." Has n't that a very philosophical, detached, Lord of the Universe sound? It comes from Thoreau, whom I am assiduously reading at present. As you see, I have revolted against your literature and taken to my own again. The last two evenings have been devoted to "Walden," a book as far removed as possible from the problems of the dependent child.

Did you ever read old Henry David Thoreau? You really ought; I think you'd find him a congenial soul. Listen to this: "Society is commonly too cheap. We meet at very short intervals, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other. It would be better if there were but one habitation to a square mile, as where I live." A pleasant, expansive, neeborlike man he must have been! He minds me in some ways o' Sandy.

This is to tell you that we have a placing-out agent visiting us. She is about to dispose of four chicks, one of them Thomas Kehoe. What do you think? Ought we to risk it? The place she has in mind for him is a farm in a no-license portion of Connecticut, where he will work hard for his board, and live in the farmer's family. It sounds exactly the right thing, and we can't keep him here forever; he'll have to be turned out some day into a world full of whisky.

I'm sorry to tear you away from that cheerful work on "Dementia Precox," but I'd be most obliged if you'd drop in here toward eight o'clock for a conference with the agent.

I am, as usual,  
S. McBRIDE.

Monday.

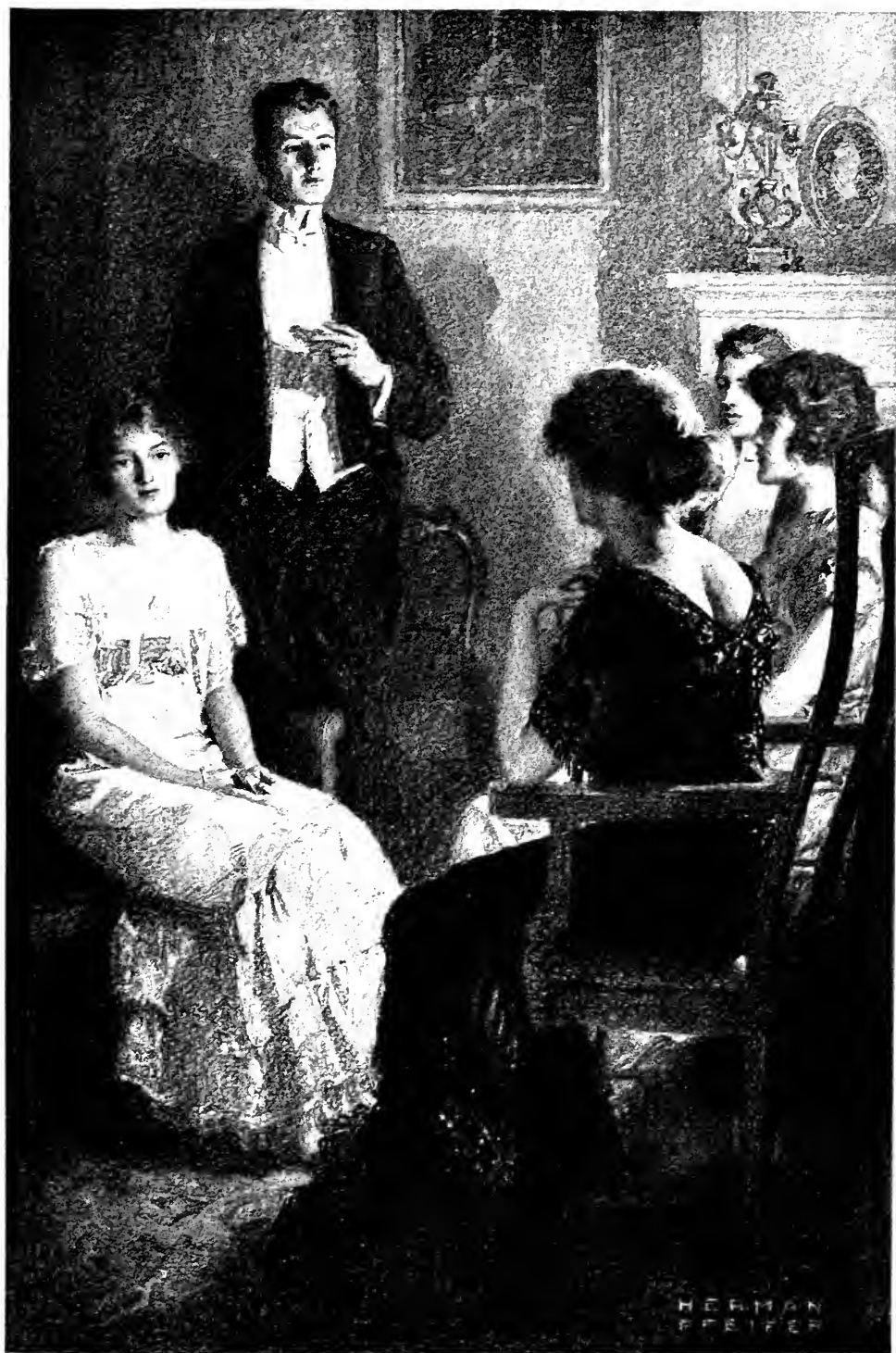
My dear Judy:

Betsy has perpetrated a most unconscionable trick upon a pair of adopting parents. They have traveled East from Ohio in their touring-car for the dual purpose of seeing the country and picking up a daughter. They appear to be the lead-

ing citizens of their town, whose name at the moment escapes me; but it's a very important town. It has electric lights and gas, and Mr. Leading Citizen owns the controlling interest in both plants. With a wave of his hand he could plunge that entire town into darkness; but fortunately he's a kind man, and won't do anything so harsh, not even if they fail to reelect him mayor. He lives in a brick house with a slate roof and two towers, and has a deer and fountain and lots of nice shade-trees in the yard. (He carries its photograph in his pocket.) They are good-natured, generous, kind-hearted, smiling people, and a little fat; you can see what desirable parents they would make.

Well, we had exactly the daughter of their dreams, only, as they came without giving us notice, she was dressed in a flannellet nightgown, and her face was dirty. They looked Caroline over, and were not impressed; but they thanked us politely, and said they would bear her in mind. They wanted to visit the New York Orphanage before deciding. We knew well that, if they saw that superior assemblage of children, our poor little Caroline would never have a chance.

Then Betsy rose to the emergency. She graciously invited them to motor over to her house for tea that afternoon and inspect one of our little wards who would be visiting her baby niece. Mr. and Mrs. Leading Citizen do not know many people in the East, and they have n't been receiving the invitations that they feel are their due; so they were quite innocently pleased at the prospect of a little social diversion. The moment they had retired to the hotel for luncheon, Betsy called up her car, and rushed baby Caroline over to her house. She stuffed her into baby niece's best pink-and-white embroidered frock, borrowed a hat of Irish lace, some pink socks and white slippers, and set her picturesquely upon the green lawn under a spreading beech-tree. A white-aproned nurse (borrowed also from baby niece) plied her with bread and milk and gaily colored toys. By the time prospective parents arrived, our Caroline, full of food and contentment,



"I have just been giving a dinner for Gordon, with Betsy and Mrs. Livermore and Mr. Witherspoon as guests."

Drawing by  
Herman Pfeiffer



greeted them with cooes of delight. From the moment their eyes fell upon her they were ravished with desire. Not a suspicion crossed their unobservant minds that this sweet little rosebud was the child of the morning. And so, a few formalities having been complied with, it really looks as though baby Caroline would live in the Towers and grow into a leading citizen.

I must really get to work, without any further delay, upon the burning question of new clothes for our girls.

With the highest esteem, I am,

D'r Ma'am,

Y'r most ob'd't and h'mble serv't,

SAL. MCBRIDE.

June 17.

My dearest Judy:

Listen to the grandest innovation of all, and one that will delight your heart.

NO MORE BLUE GINGHAM!

Feeling that this aristocratic neighborhood of country estates might contain valuable food for our asylum, I have of late been moving in the village social circles, and at a luncheon yesterday I dug out a beautiful and charming widow who wears delectable, flowing gowns that she designs herself. She confided to me that she would have loved to have been a dress-maker, if she had only been born with a needle in her mouth instead of a golden spoon. She says she never sees a pretty girl badly dressed but she longs to take her in hand and make her over. Did you ever hear anything so apropos? From the moment she opened her lips she was a marked man.

"I can show you fifty-nine badly dressed girls," said I to her, "and you have got to come back with me and plan their new clothes and make them beautiful."

She expostulated; but in vain. I led her out to her automobile, shoved her in, and murmured, "John Grier Home" to the chauffeur. The first inmate our eyes fell upon was Sadie Kate, just fresh, I judge, from hugging the molasses-barrel; and a shocking spectacle she was for any

esthetically minded person. In addition to the stickiness, one stocking was coming down, her pinafore was buttoned crookedly, and she had lost a hair-ribbon. But—as always—completely at ease, she welcomed us with a cheery grin, and offered the lady a sticky paw.

"Now," said I, in triumph, "you see how much we need you. What can you do to make Sadie Kate beautiful?"

"Wash her," said Mrs. Livermore.

Sadie Kate was marched to my bathroom. When the scrubbing was finished and the hair strained back and the stocking restored to seemly heights, I returned her for a second inspection—a perfectly normal little orphan. Mrs. Livermore turned her from side to side, and studied her long and earnestly.

Sadie Kate by nature is a beauty, a wild, dark, Gipsyish little colleen; she looks fresh from the wind-swept moors of Connemara. But, oh, we have managed to rob her of her birthright with this awful institution uniform!

After five minutes' silent contemplation, Mrs. Livermore raised her eyes to mine.

"Yes, my dear, you need me."

And then and there we formed our plans. She is to head the committee on CLOTHES. She is to choose three friends to help her; and they, with the two dozen best sewers among the girls and our sewing-teacher and five sewing-machines, are going to make over the looks of this institution. And the charity is all on our side. We are supplying Mrs. Livermore with the profession that Providence robbed her of. Was n't it clever of me to find her? I woke this morning at dawn and crowed!



A Study in Clothes

Lots more news,—I could run into a second volume,—but I am going to send this letter to town by Mr. Witherspoon, who, in a very high collar and the blackest of evening clothes, is on the point of departure for a barn dance at the country club. I told him to pick out the nicest girls he danced with to come and tell stories to my children.

It is dreadful, the scheming person I am getting to be. All the time I am talking to any one, I am silently thinking, "What use can you be to my asylum?"

There is grave danger that this present superintendent will become so interested in her job that she will never want to leave. I sometimes picture her a white-haired old lady, propelled about the building in a wheeled chair, but still tenaciously superintending her fourth generation of orphans.

*Please discharge her before that day!*

Yours,

SALLIE.

Friday.

Dear Judy:

Yesterday morning, without the slightest warning, a station hack drove up to the door and disgorged upon the steps two men, two little boys, a baby girl, a rocking-horse, and a Teddy bear, and then drove off!

The men were artists, and the little ones were children of another artist, dead three weeks ago. They had brought the mites to us because they thought "John Grier" sounded solid and respectable, and not like a public institution. It had never entered their unbusinesslike heads that any formality is necessary about placing a child in an asylum.

I explained that we were full, but they seemed so stranded and aghast that I told them to sit down while I advised them what to do. So the chicks were sent to the nursery, with a recommendation of bread and milk, while I listened to their history. Those artists had a fatally literary touch, or maybe it was just the sound of the baby girl's laugh, but, anyway, before they had finished, the babes were ours.

Never have I seen a sunnier creature than the little Allegra (we don't often get such fancy names or such fancy children). She is three years old, is lisping funny baby-talk and bubbling with laughter. The tragedy she has just emerged from has never touched her. But Don and Clifford, sturdy little lads of five and seven, are already solemn-eyed and frightened at the hardness of life.

Their mother was a kindergarten teacher who married an artist on a capital of enthusiasm and a few tubes of paint. His friends say that he had talent, but of course he had to throw it away to pay the milkman. They lived in a haphazard fashion in a rickety old studio, cooking behind screens, the babies sleeping on shelves.

But there seems to have been a very happy side to it—a great deal of love and many friends, all more or less poor, but artistic and congenial and high-thinking. The little lads, in their gentleness and fineness, show that phase of their upbringing. They have an air which many of my children, despite all the good manners I can pour into them, will forever lack.

The mother died in the hospital a few days after Allegra's birth, and the father struggled on for two years, caring for his brood and painting like mad—advertisements, anything—to keep a roof over their heads.

He died in St. Vincent's three weeks ago—overwork, worry, pneumonia. His friends rallied about the babies, sold such of the studio fittings as had escaped pawning, paid off the debts, and looked about for the best asylum they could find. And, Heaven save them! they hit upon us!

Well, I kept the two artists for luncheon,—nice creatures in soft hats and Windsor ties, and looking pretty frayed themselves,—and then started them back to New York with the promise that I would give the little family my most parental attention.

So here they are, one little mite in the nursery, two in the kindergarten-room, four big packing-cases full of canvases in the cellar, and a trunk in the store-



room with the letters of their father and mother. And a look in their faces, an intangible spiritual *something*—that is their heritage.

I can't get them out of my mind. All night long I was planning their future. The boys are easy; they have already been graduated from college, Mr. Pendleton assisting, and are pursuing honorable business careers. But Allegra I don't know about; I can't think what to wish for the child. Of course the normal thing to wish for any sweet little girl is that two kind foster-parents will come along to take the place of the real parents that Fate has robbed her of; but in this case it would be cruel to steal her away from her brothers. Their love for the baby is pitiful. You see, they have brought her up. The only time I ever hear them laugh is when she has done something funny. The poor little fellows miss their father horribly. I found Don, the five-year-old one, sobbing in his crib last night because he could n't say good night to "daddy."

But Allegra is true to her name, the happiest young miss of three I have ever seen. The poor father managed well by her, and she, little ingrate, has already forgotten that she has lost him.

Whatever can I do with these little ones? I think and think and think about them. I can't place them out, and it does seem too awful to bring them up here; for as good as we are going to be when we get ourselves made over, still, after all, we are an institution, and our inmates are just little incubator chicks. They don't get the individual, fussy care that only an old hen can give.

There is a lot of interesting news that I might have been telling you, but my new little family has driven everything out of my mind.

Bairns are certain joy, but nae sma' care.

Yours ever,

SALLIE.

P.S. II. The doctor, who is usually scientific and unsentimental, has fallen in love with Allegra. He did n't so much as glance at her tonsils; he simply picked her up in his arms and hugged her. Oh, she is a little witch! Whatever is to become of her?

June 22.

My dear Judy:

I may report that you need no longer worry as to our inadequate fire protection. The doctor and Mr. Witherspoon have been giving the matter their gravest attention, and no game yet devised has proved so entertaining and destructive as our fire-drill.

The children all retire to their beds and plunge into alert slumber. Fire-alarm sounds. They spring up and into their shoes, snatch the top blanket from their beds, wrap it around their imaginary night-clothes, fall into line, and trot to the hall and stairs.

Our seventeen little tots in the nursery are each in charge of an Indian, and are bundled out, shrieking with delight. The remaining Indians, so long as there is no danger of the roof falling, devote themselves to salvage. On the occasion of our first drill, Percy in command, the contents of a dozen clothes-lockers were dumped into sheets and hurled out of the windows. I usurped dictatorship just in time to keep the pillows and mattresses from following. We spent hours resorting those clothes, while Percy and the doctor, having lost all interest, strolled up to the camp with their pipes.

Our future drills are to be a touch less realistic. However, I am pleased to tell you that, under the able direction of Fire-chief Witherspoon, we emptied the building in six minutes and twenty-eight seconds.

That baby Allegra has fairy blood in her veins. Never did this institution harbor such a child, barring one that Jervis and I know of. She has completely subjugated the doctor. Instead of going about his visits like a sober medical man, he comes down to my library hand in hand

P.S. Don't forget that you are coming to visit me next week.

with Allegra, and for half an hour at a time crawls about on a rug, pretending he 's a horse, while the bonnie wee lassie sits on his back and kicks.

You know, I am thinking of putting a card in the paper:

Characters neatly remodeled.

S. McBride.

Sandy dropped in two nights ago to have a bit conversation with Betsy and me, and he was *frivolous*. He made three jokes, and he sat down at the piano and sang some old Scotch, "My luve 's like a red, red rose," and "Come under my plaidie," and "Wha 's at the window? Wha? Wha?" not in the least educational, and then danced a few steps of the strathspey!

I sat and beamed upon my handiwork, for it 's true, I 've done it all through my frivolous example and the books I 've given him and the introducing of such lightsome companions as Jimmie and Percy and Gordon Hallock. If I have a few more months in which to work, I shall get the man human. He has given up purple ties, and at my tactful suggestion has adopted a suit of gray. You have no idea how it sets him off. He will be quite distinguished-looking as soon as I can make him stop carrying bulgy things in his pockets.

Good-by; and remember that we 're expecting you on Friday.

SALLIE.

P.S. Here is a picture of Allegra, taken by Mr. Witherspoon. Is n't she a love? Her present clothes do not enhance her beauty, but in the course of a few weeks she will move into a pink smocked frock.

Wednesday, June 24, 10 A.M.

Mrs. Jervis Pendleton.

Madam:

Your letter is at hand, stating that you cannot visit me on Friday per promise, because your husband has business that keeps him in town. What clishmaclaver is this! Has it come to such a pass that you can't leave him for two days?

I did not let 113 babies interfere with my visit to you, and I see no reason why you should let one husband interfere with your visit to me. I shall meet the Berkshire express on Friday as agreed.

S. McBRIDE.

June 30.

My dear Judy:

That was a very flying visit you paid us; but for all small favors we are grateful. I am awfully pleased that you were so delighted with the way things are going, and I can't wait for Jervis and the architect to get up here and really begin a fundamental ripping-up.

You know, I had the queerest feeling all the time that you were here. I can't make it seem true that you, my dear, wonderful Judy, were actually brought up in this institution, and know from the bitter inside what these little tots need. Sometimes the tragedy of your childhood fills me with an anger that makes me want to roll up my sleeves and fight the whole world and force it into making itself over into a place more fit for children to live in. That Scotch-Irish ancestry of mine seems to have deposited a tremendous amount of *fight* in my character.

If you had started me with a modern asylum, equipped with nice, clean, hygienic cottages and everything in running order, I could n't have stood the monotony of its perfect clockwork. It 's the sight of so many things crying to be done that makes it possible for me to stay. Sometimes, I must confess, I wake up in the morning and listen to these institution noises, and sniff this institution air, and long for the happy, care-free life that by rights is mine.

You, my dear witch, cast a spell over me, and I came; but often in the night watches your spell wears thin, and I start the day with the burning decision to run away from the John Grier Home. But I postpone starting until after breakfast. And as I issue into the corridor, one of these pathetic tots runs to meet me, and shyly slips a warm, crumpled little fist into my hand; and looks up with wide

baby eyes, mutely asking for a little petting, and I snatch him up and hug him; and then, as I look over his shoulder at the other forlorn little mites, I long to take all 113 into my arms and love them into happiness. There is something hypnotic about working with children. Struggle as you may, it gets you in the end.

Your visit seems to have left me in a broadly philosophical frame of mind; but I really have one or two bits of news that I might convey. The new frocks are marching along, and, oh, but they are going to be sweet! Mrs. Livermore was entranced with those party-colored bales of cotton cloth you sent,—you should see our workroom, with it all scattered about,—and when I think of sixty little girls, attired in pink and blue and yellow and lavender, romping upon our lawn of a sunny day, I feel that we should have a supply of smoked eye-glasses to offer visitors. Of course you know that some of those brilliant fabrics are going to be very fadeable and impractical; but Mrs. Livermore is as bad as you—she does n't give a hang. She'll make a second and a third set if necessary. DOWN WITH CHECKED GINGHAM!

I am glad you liked our doctor. Of course we reserve the right to say anything about him we choose, but our feelings would be awfully hurt if anybody else should make fun of him.

He and I are still superintending each other's reading. Last week he appeared with Herbert Spencer's "System of Synthetic Philosophy" for me to glance at; I gratefully accepted it, and gave him in return the "Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff." Do you remember in college how we used to enrich our daily speech with quotations from Marie? Well, Sandy took her home and read her painstakingly and thoughtfully.

"Yes," he acknowledged to-day when he came to report, "it is a truthful record of a certain kind of morbid, egotistical personality that unfortunately does exist; but I can't understand why you care to read it; for, thank God! Sally Lunn, you and Bash have n't anything in common."

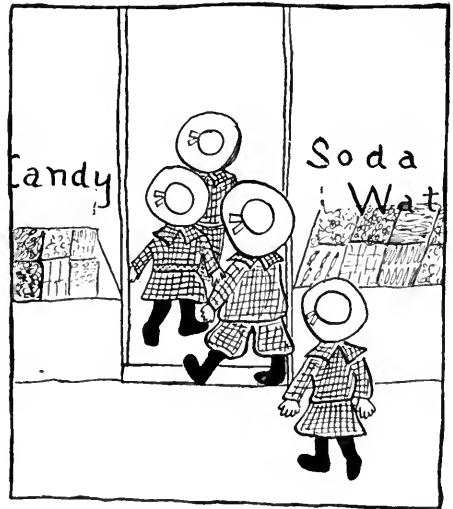
That 's the nearest to a compliment he ever came, and I feel extremely flattered. As to poor Marie, he refers to her as "Bash" because he can't pronounce her name, and is too disdainful to try.

We have a child here, the daughter of a chorus-girl, and she is a conceited, selfish, vain, posing, morbid, lying little minx, but she has eyelashes! Sandy has taken the most violent dislike to that child; and since reading poor Marie's diary, he has found a new comprehensive adjective for summing up all of her distressing qualities. He calls her *bashy*, and dismisses her.

Good-by and come again.

SALLIE.

P.S. My children show a distressing tendency to draw out their entire bank-accounts to buy candy.



My dear Judy:

Tuesday night.

What do you think Sandy has done now? He has gone off on a pleasure-trip to that psychopathic institution whose head alienist visited us a month or so ago. Did you ever know anything like the man? He is fascinated by insane people, and can't let them alone.

When I asked for some parting medical instructions, he replied:

"Feed a cowl'd and hunger a colic and put nae faith in doctors."

With that advice, and a few bottles of cod-liver oil, we are left to our own devices. I feel very free and adventurous. Perhaps you would better run up here again, as there 's no telling what joyous upheaval I may accomplish when out from under Sandy's dampening influence.

S.

John Grier Home, Friday.

Dear Enemy:

Here I stay lashed to the mast, while you run about the country disporting yourself with insane people. And just as I was thinking that I had nicely cured you of this morbid predilection for psychopathic institutions! It 's very disappointing. You had seemed almost human of late.

May I ask how long you are intending to stay? You had permission to go for two days, and you 've already been away four. Charlie Martin fell out of a cherry-tree yesterday and cut his head open, and we were driven to calling in a foreign doctor. Five stitches. Patient doing well. But we don't like to depend on strangers. I would n't say a word if you were away on legitimate business, but you know very well that, after associating with melancholics for a week, you will come back home in a dreadful state of gloom, dead-sure that humanity is going to the dogs; and upon me will fall the burden of getting you decently cheerful again.

Do leave those insane people to their delusions, and come back to the John Grier Home, which needs you.

I am most fervent'

Your friend and servant,

S. McB.

P.S. Don't you admire that poetical ending? It was borrowed from Robert Burns, whose works I am reading assiduously as a compliment to a Scotch friend.

July 6.

Dear Judy:

That doctor man is still away. No word; just disappeared into space. I don't know whether he is ever coming back or

not, but we seem to be running very happily without him.

I lunched yesterday *chez* the two kind ladies who have taken our Punch to their hearts. The young man seems to be very much at home. He took me by the hand, and did the honors of the garden, presenting me with the bluebell of my choice. At luncheon the English butler lifted him into his chair and tied on his bib with as much manner as though he were serving a prince of the blood. The butler has lately come from the household of the Earl of Durham, Punch from a cellar in Houghton Street. It was a very uplifting spectacle.

My hostesses entertained me afterward with excerpts from their table conversations of the last two weeks (I wonder the butler has n't given notice; he looked like a respectable man). But if nothing more comes of it, at least Punch has furnished them with funny stories for the rest of their lives. One of them is even thinking of writing a book. "At least," says she, wiping hysterical tears from her eyes, "we have lived!"

The Hon. Cy dropped in at 6:30 last night, and found me in an evening gown, starting for a dinner at Mrs. Livermore's house. He mildly observed that Mrs. Lipsett did not aspire to be a society-leader, but saved her energy for her work. You know I 'm not vindictive, but I never look at that man without wishing he were at the bottom of the duck-pond, securely anchored to a rock. Otherwise he 'd pop up and float.

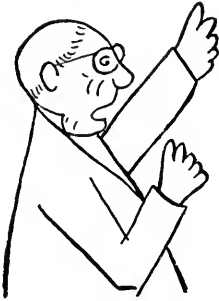
Singapore respectfully salutes you, and is very glad that you can't see him as he now appears. A shocking calamity has befallen his good looks. Some bad child—and I don't think she 's a boy—has clipped that poor beastie in spots, until he looks like a mangy, moth-eaten checker-board. No one can imagine who did it. Sadie Kate is very handy with the scissors, but she is also handy with an alibi! During the time when the clipping presumably occurred, she was occupying a stool in the corner of the school-room with her face to the wall, as twenty-eight chil-

dren can testify. However, it has become Sadie Kate's daily duty to treat those spots with your hair tonic.

I am, as usual,

SALLIE.

P.S. This is a recent portrait of the Hon. Cy drawn from life. The man, in some respects, is a fascinating talker: he makes gestures with his nose.



Thursday evening.

Dear Judy:

Sandy is back after a ten-days' absence, —no explanations,—and plunged deep in gloom. He resents our amiable efforts to cheer him up, and will have nothing to do with any of us except baby Allegra. He took her to his house for supper to-night and never brought her back until half-past seven, a scandalous hour for a young miss of three. I don't know what to make of our doctor; he grows more incomprehensible every day.

But Percy, now, is an open-minded, confiding young man. He has just been making a dinner-call (he is very punctilious in all social matters), and our entire conversation was devoted to the girl in Detroit. He is lonely and likes to talk about her; and the wonderful things he says! I hope that Miss Detroit is worthy of all this fine affection, but I'm afraid. He fetched out a leather case from the innermost recesses of his waistcoat and, reverently unwrapping two layers of tissue-paper, showed me the photograph of a silly little thing, all eyes and ear-rings and fuzzy hair. I did my best to appear congratulatory, but my heart shut up out of pity for the poor boy's future.

Is n't it funny how the nicest men often

choose the worst wives, and the nicest women the worst husbands? Their very niceness, I suppose, makes them blind and unsuspecting.

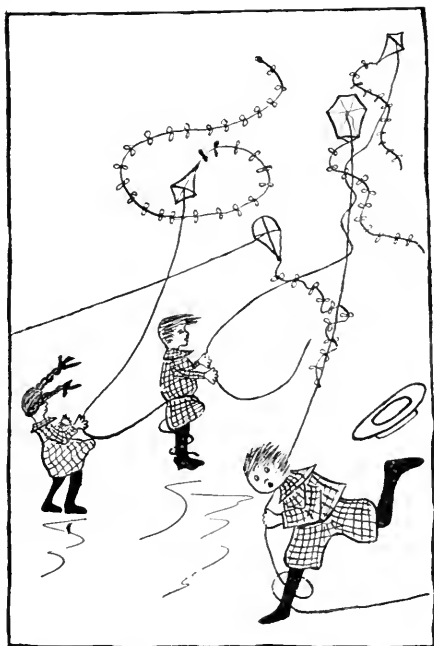
You know, the most interesting pursuit in the world is studying character. I believe I was meant to be a novelist; people fascinate me—until I know them thoroughly. Percy and the doctor form a most engaging contrast. You always know at any moment what that nice young man is thinking about; he is written like a primer in big type and one-syllable words. But the doctor! He might as well be written in Chinese so far as legibility goes. You have heard of people with a dual nature; well, Sandy possesses a triple one. Usually he's scientific and as hard as granite, but occasionally I suspect him of being quite a sentimental person underneath his official casing. For days at a time he will be patient and kind and helpful, and I begin to like him; then without any warning an untamed wild man swells up from the innermost depths, and—oh, dear! the creature's impossible.

I always suspect that sometime in the past he has suffered a terrible hurt, and that he is still brooding over the memory of it. All the time he is talking you have the uncomfortable feeling that in the far back corners of his mind he is thinking something else. But this may be merely my romantic interpretation of an uncommonly bad temper. In any case, he's baffling.

We have been waiting for a week for a fine windy afternoon, and this is it. My children are enjoying "kite-day," a leaf taken from Japan. All of the big-enough boys and most of the girls are spread over "Knowltop" (that high, rocky sheep-pasture which joins us on the east) flying kites made by themselves.

I had a dreadful time coaxing the crusty old gentleman who owns the estate into granting permission. He does n't like orphans, he says, and if he once lets them get a start in his grounds, the place will be infested with them forever. You would think, to hear him talk, that orphans were a pernicious kind of beetle.

But after half an hour's persuasive talking on my part, he grudgingly made us free of his sheep-pasture for two hours, provided we did n't step foot into the cow-pasture over the lane, and came home promptly when our time was up. To insure the sanctity of his cow-pasture, Mr. Knowltop has sent his gardener and chauffeur and two grooms to patrol its boundaries while the flying is on. The children are still at it, and are having a wonderful adventure racing over that windy height and getting tangled up in one another's strings. When they come panting back they are to have a surprise in the shape of ginger cookies and lemonade.



These pitiful little youngsters with their old faces! It's a difficult task to make them young, but I believe I'm accomplishing it. And it really is fun to feel you're doing something positive for the good of the world. If I don't fight hard against it, you'll be accomplishing your purpose of turning me into a useful person. The social excitements of Worcester almost seem tame before the engrossing interest of 113 live, warm, wriggling little orphans. Yours with love,

SALLIE.

P.S. I believe, to be accurate, that it's 107 children I possess this afternoon.

Dear Judy:

This being Sunday and a beautiful blossoming day, with a warm wind blowing, I sat at my window with the "Hygiene of the Nervous System" (Sandy's latest contribution to my mental needs) open in my lap, and my eyes on the prospect without. "Thank Heaven!" thought I, "that this institution was so commandingly placed that at least we can look out over the cast-iron wall which shuts us in."

I was feeling very cooped-up and imprisoned and like an orphan myself; so I decided that my own nervous system required fresh air and exercise and adventure. Straight before me ran that white ribbon of road that dips into the valley and up over the hills on the other side. Ever since I came I have longed to follow it to the top and find out what lies beyond those hills. Poor Judy! I dare say that very same longing enveloped your childhood. If any one of my little chicks ever stands by the window and looks across the valley to the hills and asks, "What's over there?" I shall telephone for a motor-car.

But to-day my chicks were all piously engaged with their little souls, I the only wanderer at heart. I changed my silken Sunday gown for homespun, planning meanwhile a means to get to the top of those hills.

Then I went to the telephone and brazenly called up 505.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. McGurk," said I, very sweet. "May I be speaking with Dr. MacRae?"

"Howld the wire," said she, very short.

"Afternoon, Doctor," said I to him.

"Have ye, by chance, any dying patients who live on the top o' the hills beyant?"

"I have not, thank the Lord!"

"'T is a pity," said I, disappointed. "And what are ye afther doin' with yer-self the day?"

"I am reading the 'Origin of Species.'"

"Shut it up; it's not fit for Sunday. And tell me now, is yer motor-car iled and ready to go?"

"It is at your disposal. Are you wanting me to take some orphans for a ride?"

"Just one who 's sufferin' from a nervous system. She 's taken a fixed idea that she must get to the top o' the hills."

"My car is a grand climber. In fifteen minutes—"

"Wait!" said I. "Bring with ye a frying-pan that 's a decent size for two. There 's nothing in my kitchen smaller than a cart-wheel. And ask Mrs. McGurk can ye stay out for supper."

So I packed in a basket a jar of bacon and some eggs and muffins and ginger cookies, with hot coffee in the thermos-bottle, and was waiting on the steps when Sandy chugged up with his automobile and frying-pan.

We really had a beautiful adventure, and he enjoyed the sensation of running away exactly as much as I. Not once did I let him mention insanity. I made him look at the wide stretches of meadow and the lines of pollard willows backed by billowing hills, and sniff the air, and listen to the cawing crows and the tinkle of cow-bells and the gurgling of the river. And we talked—oh, about a million things far removed from our asylum. I made him throw away the idea that he is a scientist, and pretend to be a boy. You will scarcely credit the assertion, but he succeeded—more or less. He did pull off one or two really boyish pranks. Sandy is not yet out of his thirties, and, mercy! that is too early to be grown up.

We camped on a bluff overlooking our view, gathered some fire-wood, built a fire, and cooked the *nicest* supper—a sprinkling of burnt stick in our fried eggs, but charcoal 's healthy. Then, when Sandy had finished his pipe and "the sun was setting in its wonted west," we packed up and coasted back home.

He says it was the nicest afternoon he has had in years, and, poor deluded man of science, I actually believe it 's true. His olive-green home is so uncomfortable and dreary and uninspiring that I don't wonder he drowns his troubles in books. Just as soon as I can find a nice comfortable house-mother to put in charge, I am

going to plot for the dismissal of Maggie McGurk, though I foresee that she will be even harder than Sterry to pry from her moorings.

Please don't draw the conclusion that I am becoming unduly interested in our bad-tempered doctor, for I 'm not. It 's just that he leads such a comfortless life that I sometimes long to pat him on the head and tell him to cheer up. The world 's full of sunshine, and some of it 's for him, just as I long to comfort my hundred and seven orphans—so much and no more.

I am sure that I had some real news to tell you, but it has completely gone out of my head. The rush of fresh air has made me sleepy. It 's half-past nine, and I bid you good night.

S.

p.s. Gordon Hallock has evaporated into thin air. Not a word for three weeks; no candy or stuffed animals or tokimen-toes of any description. What on earth do you suppose has become of that attentive young man?

July 13.

Dearest Judy:

Hark to the glad tidings!

This being the thirty-first day of Punch's month, I telephoned to his two patronesses, as nominated in the bond, to arrange for his return. I was met by an indignant refusal. Give up their sweet little volcano just as they are getting it trained not to belch forth fire? They are outraged that I can make such an ungrateful request. Punch has accepted their invitation to spend the summer.

The dressmaking is still going on; you should hear the machines whir and the tongues clatter in the sewing-room. Our most cowed, apathetic, spiritless little orphan cheers up and takes an interest in life when she hears that she is to possess three perfectly private dresses of her own, and each a different color, chosen by herself. And you should see how it encourages their sewing ability; even the little ten-year-olds are bursting into seam-

stresses. I wish I could devise an equally effective way to make them take an interest in cooking. But our kitchen is extremely uneducative; you know how hampering it is to one's enthusiasm to have to achieve a bushel of potatoes at one boiling.

I think you 've heard me mention the fact that I should like to divide up my kiddies into ten nice little families, with a nice comfortable house-mother over each? If we just had ten picturesque cottages to put them in, with flowers in the front yard and rabbits and kittens and puppies and chickens in the back, we should be a perfectly presentable institution, and would n't be ashamed to have these charity experts come visiting us.

Thursday.

I started this letter three days ago, was interrupted to talk to a potential philanthropist (fifty tickets to the circus), and have not had time to pick up my pen since. Betsy has been in Philadelphia for three days, being a bridesmaid for a miserable cousin. I hope that no more of her family are thinking of getting married, for it 's most upsetting to the J. G. H.

While there, she investigated a family who had applied for a child. Of course we have n't a proper investigating plant, but once in a while, when a family drops right into our arms, we do like to put the business through. As a usual thing, we work with the State Charities' Aid Association. They have a lot of trained agents traveling about the State, keeping in touch with families who are willing to take children, and with asylums that have them to give. Since they are willing to work for us, there is no slightest use in our going to the expense of peddling our own babies. And I do want to place out as many as are available, for I firmly believe that a private home is the best thing for the child, provided, of course, that we are very fussy about the character of the homes we choose. I don't require rich foster-parents, but I do require kind, loving, intelligent parents. This time I think Betsy has landed a gem of a family. The child is not yet delivered or the papers

signed, and of course there is always danger that they may give a sudden flop, and splash back into the water.

Ask Jervis if he ever heard of J. F. Bretland of Philadelphia. He seems to move in financial circles. The first I ever heard of him was a letter addressed to the "Supt. John Grier Home, Dear Sir,"—a curt, type-written, businesslike letter, from an *awfully* businesslike lawyer, saying that his wife had determined to adopt a baby girl of attractive appearance and good health between the ages of two and three years. The child must be an orphan of American stock, with unimpeachable heredity, and no relatives to interfere. Could I furnish one as required and oblige, yours truly, J. F. Bretland?

By way of reference he mentioned "Bradstreet's." Did you ever hear of anything so funny? You would think he was opening a charge-account at a nursery, and inclosing an order from our seed catalogue.

We began our usual investigation by mailing a reference-blank to a clergyman in Germantown, where the J. F. B.'s reside.

Does he own any property?

Does he pay his bills?

Is he kind to animals?

Does he attend church?

Does he quarrel with his wife? And a dozen other impertinent questions.

We evidently picked a clergyman with a sense of humor. Instead of answering in laborious detail, he wrote up and down and across the sheet, "I wish they 'd adopt me!"

This looked promising, so B. Kindred obligingly dashed out to Germantown as soon as the wedding breakfast was over. She is developing the most phenomenal detective instinct. In the course of a social call she can absorb from the chairs and tables a family's entire moral history.

She returned from Germantown bursting with enthusiastic details.

Mr. J. F. Bretland is a wealthy and influential citizen, cordially loved by his friends and deeply hated by his enemies (discharged employees, who do not hesi-



tate to say that he is a *har-rd* man). He is a little shaky in his attendance at church, but his wife seems regular, and he gives money.

She is a charming, kindly, cultivated gentlewoman, just out of a sanatorium after a year of nervous prostration. The doctor says that what she needs is some strong interest in life, and advises adopting a child. She has always longed to do it, but her hard husband has stubbornly refused. But finally, as always, it is the gentle, persistent wife who has triumphed, and hard husband has been forced to give in. Waiving his own natural preference for a boy, he wrote, as above, the usual request for a blue-eyed girl.

Mrs. Bretland, with the firm intention of taking a child, has been reading up for years, and there is no detail of infant dietetics that she does not know. She has a sunny nursery, with a southwestern exposure, all ready. And a closet full of surreptitiously gathered dolls! She has made the clothes for them herself,—she showed them to Betsy with the greatest pride,—so you can understand the necessity for a girl.

She has just heard of an excellent English trained nurse that she can secure, but she is n't sure but that it would be better to start with a French nurse, so that the child can learn the language before her vocal cords are set. Also, she was extremely interested when she heard that Betsy was a college woman. She could n't make up her mind whether to send the baby to college or not. What was Betsy's honest opinion? If the child were Betsy's own daughter, would Betsy send her to college?

All this would be funny if it were n't so pathetic; but really I can't get away from the picture of that poor lonely woman sewing those doll-clothes for the little unknown girl that she was n't sure she could have. She lost her own two babies years ago, or, rather, she never had them; they were never alive.

You can see what a good home it's going to be. There's lots of love waiting for the little mite, and that is better than

all the wealth which, in this case, goes along.

But the problem now is to find the child, and that is n't easy; the J. F. Bretlands are so abominably explicit in their requirements. I have just the baby boy to give them; but with that closetful of dolls, he is impossible. Little Florence won't do—one tenacious parent living. I've a wide variety of foreigners with liquid brown eyes—won't do at all. Mrs. Bretland is a blonde, and daughter must resemble her. I have several sweet little mites with unspeakable heredity, but the Bretlands want six generations of church-attending grandparents, with a colonial governor at the top. Also I have a darling little curly-headed girl (and curls are getting rarer and rarer), but illegitimate. And that seems to be an insurmountable barrier in the eyes of adopting parents, though, as a matter of fact, it makes no slightest difference in the child. However, she won't do; the Bretlands hold out sternly for a marriage-certificate.

There remains just one child out of all these one hundred and seven that appears available. Our little Sophie's father and mother were killed in a railroad accident, and the only reason she was n't killed was because they had just left her in a hospital to get an abscess cut out of her throat. She comes from good common American stock, irreproachable and uninteresting in every way. She's a washed-out, spiritless, whiney little thing. The doctor has been pouring her full of his favorite cod-liver oil and spinach, but he can't get any cheerfulness into her.

However, individual love and care does accomplish wonders in institution children, and she may bloom into something rare and beautiful after a few months' transplanting. So I yesterday wrote a glowing account of her immaculate family history to J. F. Bretland, offering to deliver her in Germantown.

This morning I received a telegram from J. F. B. Not at all! He does not purpose to buy any daughter sight unseen. He will come and inspect the child in person at three o'clock on Wednesday next.

Oh dear, if he should n't like her! We are now bending all our energies toward enhancing that child's beauty—like a pup bound for the dog show. Do you think it would be awfully immoral if I rouged her cheeks a suspicion? She is too young to pick up the habit.

Heavens! what a letter! A million pages written without a break. You can see where my heart is. I'm as excited over little Sophie's settling in life as though she were my own darling daughter.

Respectful regards to the president.

SAL. MCB.

Dear Gordon:

That was an obnoxious, beastly, low-down trick not to send me a cheering line for four weeks just because, in a period of abnormal stress, I once let you go for three. I had really begun to be worried for fear you'd tumbled into the Potomac. My chicks would miss you dreadfully; they love their Uncle Gordon. Please remember that you promised to send them a donkey.

Please also remember that I'm a busier person than you. It's a lot harder to run the John Grier Home than the House of Representatives. Besides, you have more efficient people to help.

This is n't a letter; it's an indignant remonstrance. I'll write to-morrow—or the next day.

S.

P.S. On reading your letter over again I am slightly mollified, but dinna think I believe a' your saft words. I ken weel ye only flatter when ye speak sae fair.

Dear Judy:

July 15.

I have a history to recount.

This, please remember, is Wednesday next. So at half-past two o'clock our little Sophie was bathed and brushed and clothed in fine linen, and put in charge of a trusty orphan, with anxious instructions to keep her clean.

At three-thirty to the minute—never have I known a human being so disconcertingly businesslike as J. F. Bretland—

an automobile of expensive foreign design rolled up to the steps of this imposing château. A square-shouldered, square-jawed personage, with a chopped-off mustache and a manner that inclines one to hurry, presented himself three minutes later at my library door. He greeted me briskly as "Miss McKosh." I gently corrected him, and he changed to "Miss McKim." I indicated my most soothing armchair, and invited him to take some light refreshment after his journey. He accepted a glass of water (I admire a temperate parent), and evinced an impatient desire to be done with the business. So I rang the bell and ordered the little Sophie to be brought down.

"Hold on, Miss McGee!" said he to me. "I'd rather see her in her own environment. I will go with you to the playroom or corral or wherever you keep your youngsters."

So I led him to the nursery, where thirteen or fourteen mites in gingham rompers were tumbling about on mattresses on the floor. Sophie, alone in the glory of feminine petticoats, was ensconced in the blue-ginghamed arms of a very bored orphan. She was squirming and fighting to get down, and her feminine petticoats were tightly wound about her neck. I took her in my arms, smoothed her clothes, wiped her nose, and invited her to look at the gentleman.

That child's whole future hung upon five minutes of sunniness, and instead of a single smile, she *whined*!

Mr. Bretland shook her hand in a very gingerly fashion and chirruped to her as you might to a pup. Sophie took not the slightest notice of him, but turned her back, and buried her face in my neck. He shrugged his shoulders, supposed that they could take her on trial. She might suit his wife; he himself did n't want one, anyway. And we turned to go out.

Then who should come toddling straight across his path but that little sunbeam Allegra! Exactly in front of him she staggered, threw her arms about like a windmill, and plumped down on all fours. He hopped aside with great agil-

ity to avoid stepping on her, and then picked her up and set her on her feet. She clasped her arms about his leg, and looked up at him with a gurgling laugh.

"Daddy! Frow baby up!"

He is the first man, barring the doctor, whom the child has seen for weeks, and evidently he resembles somewhat her almost forgotten father.

J. F. Bretland picked her up and tossed her in the air as handily as though it were a daily occurrence, while she ecstatically shrieked her delight. Then when he showed signs of lowering her, she grasped him by an ear and a nose, and drummed a tattoo on his stomach with both feet. No one could ever accuse Allegra of lacking vitality!

J. F. disentangled himself from her endearments, and emerged, rumpled as to hair, but with a firm-set jaw. He set her on her feet, but retained her little doubled-up fist.

"This is the kid for me," he said. "I don't believe I need look any further."

I explained that we could n't separate little Allegra from her brothers; but the more I objected, the stubborn her jaw became. We went back to the library, and argued about it for half an hour.

He liked her heredity, he liked her looks, he liked her spirit, he liked *her*. If he was going to have a daughter foisted on him, he wanted one with some ginger. He'd be hanged if he'd take that other whimpery little thing. It was n't natural. But if I gave him Allegra, he would bring her up as his own child, and see that she was provided for for the rest of her life. Did I have any right to cut her out from all that just for a lot of sentimental nonsense? The family was already broken up; the best I could do for them now was to provide for them individually.

"Take all three," said I, quite brazenly.

But, no, he could n't consider that; his wife was an invalid, and one child was all that she could manage.

Well, I was in a dreadful quandary. It seemed such a chance for the child, and yet it did seem so cruel to separate her from those two adoring little brothers. I

knew that if the Bretlands adopted her legally, they would do their best to break all ties with the past, and the child was still so tiny she would forget her brothers as quickly as she had her father.

Then I thought about you, Judy, and of how bitter you have always been because, when that family wanted to adopt you, the asylum would n't let you go. You have always said that you might have had a home, too, like other children, but that Mrs. Lippett stole it away from you. Was I perhaps stealing little Allegra's home from her? With the two boys it would be different; they could be educated and turned out to shift for themselves. But to a girl a home like this would mean everything. Ever since baby Allegra came to us, she has seemed to me just such another child as baby Judy must have been. She has ability and spirit. We must somehow furnish her with opportunity. She, too, deserves her share of the world's beauty and good—as much as nature has fitted her to appreciate. And could any asylum ever give her that? I stood and thought and thought while Mr. Bretland impatiently paced the floor.

"You have those boys down and let me talk to them," Mr. Bretland insisted. "If they have a spark of generosity, they'll be glad to let her go."

I sent for them, but my heart a solid lump of lead. They were still missing their father; it seemed merciless to snatch away that darling baby sister, too.

They came hand in hand, sturdy, fine little chaps, and stood solemnly at attention, with big, wondering eyes fixed on the strange gentleman.

"Come here, boys. I want to talk to you." He took each by a hand. "In the house I live in we have n't any little baby, so my wife and I decided to come here, where there are so many babies without fathers and mothers, and take one home to be ours. She will have a beautiful house to live in, and lots of toys to play with, and she will be happy all her life—much happier than she could ever be here. I know that you will be very glad to hear that I have chosen your little sister."

"And won't we ever see her any more?" asked Clifford.

"Oh, yes, sometimes."

Clifford looked from me to Mr. Bretland, and two big tears began rolling down his cheeks. He jerked his hand away and came and hurled himself into my arms.

"Don't let him have her! Please! Please! Send him away!"

"Take them all!" I begged.

But he's a hard man.

"I did n't come for an entire asylum," said he, shortly.

By this time Don was sobbing on the other side. And then who should introduce himself into the hubbub but Dr. MacRae, with baby Allegra in his arms!

I introduced them, and explained. Mr. Bretland reached for the baby, and Sandy held her tight.

"Quite impossible," said Sandy, shortly. "Miss McBride will tell you that it's one of the rules of this institution never to separate a family."

"Miss McBride has already decided," said J. F. B., stiffly. "We have fully discussed the question."

"You must be mistaken," said Sandy, becoming his Scotchest, and turning to me. "You surely had no intention of performing any such cruelty as this?"

Here was the decision of Solomon all over again, with two of the stubbornest men that the good Lord ever made wrestling poor little Allegra limb from limb.

I despatched the three chicks back to the nursery and returned to the fray. We argued loud and hotly, until finally J. F. B. echoed my own frequent query of the last five months: "Who is the head of this asylum, the superintendent or the visiting physician?"

I was furious with the doctor for placing me in such a position before that man, but I could n't quarrel with him in public; so I had ultimately to tell Mr. Bretland, with finality and flatness, that Allegra was out of the question. Would he not reconsider Sophie?

No, he'd be darned if he'd reconsider Sophie. Allegra or nobody. He hoped that I realized that I had weakly allowed

the child's entire future to be ruined. And with that parting shot he backed to the door. "Miss MacRae, Dr. McBride, good afternoon." He achieved two formal bows and withdrew.

And the moment the door closed Sandy and I fought it out. He said that any person who claimed to have any modern, humane views on the subject of child-care ought to be ashamed to have considered for even a moment the question of breaking up such a family; and I accused him of keeping her for the purely selfish reason that he was fond of the child and did n't wish to lose her. (And that, I believe, is the truth.) Oh, we had the battle of our career, and he finally took himself off with a stiffness and politeness that excelled J. F. B.'s.

Between the two of them I feel as limp as though I'd been run through our new mangling-machine. And then Betsy came home, and reviled me for throwing away the choicest family we have ever discovered!

So this is the end of our week of feverish activity; and both Sophie and Allegra are, after all, to be institution children. Oh dear! oh dear! Please remove Sandy from the staff, and send me, instead, a German, a Frenchman, a Chinaman, if you choose—anything but a Scotchman.

Yours wearily,

SALLIE.

P.S. I dare say that Sandy is also passing a busy evening in writing to have me removed. I won't object if you wish to do it. I am tired of institutions.

Dear Gordon:

You are a captious, caving, carping, crabbed, contentious, cantankerous chap. Hoot mon! an' why should na I drap into Scotch gin I choose? An' I with a Mac in my name.

Of course the John Grier will be delighted to welcome you on Thursday next, not only for the donkey, but for your sweet sunny presence as well. I was planning to write you a mile-long letter to make up for past deficiencies, but wha's

the use? I'll be seeing you the morn's morn, an' unco gude will be the sight o' you for sair een.

Dinna fash yoursel, Laddie, because o' my language. My forebears were frae the Hielands.

MCBRIDE.

Dear Judy:

All 's well with the John Grier—except for a broken tooth, a sprained wrist, a badly scratched knee, and one case of pink-eye. Betsy and I are being polite, but cool, toward the doctor. The annoying thing is that he is rather cool, too; and he seems to be under the impression that the drop in temperature is all on his side. He goes about his business in a scientific, impersonal way, entirely courteous, but somewhat detached.

However, the doctor is not disturbing us very extensively at present. We are about to receive a visit from a far more fascinating person than Sandy. The House of Representatives again rests from its labors, and Gordon enjoys a vacation, two days of which he is planning to spend at the Brantwood Inn.



I am delighted to hear that you have had enough seaside, and are considering our neighborhood for the rest of the summer. There are several spacious estates to be had within a few miles of the John Grier, and it will be a nice change for Jervis to come home only at week-ends. After a pleasantly occupied absence, you will each have some new ideas to add to the common stock.

I can't offer any further philosophy just now on the subject of married life, having to refresh my memory on the Monroe Doctrine and one or two other political topics.

I am looking eagerly forward to August and three months with you.

As ever,

SALLIE.

Friday.

Dear Enemy:

It's very forgiving of me to invite you to dinner after that volcanic explosion of last week. However, please come. You remember our philanthropic friend, Mr. Hallock, who sent us the peanuts and goldfish and other indigestible trifles? He will be with us to-night, so this is your chance to turn the stream of his benevolence into more hygienic channels.

We dine at seven.

As ever,

SALLIE MCBRIDE.

Dear Enemy:

You should have lived in the days when each man inhabited a separate cave on a separate mountain.

S. MCBRIDE.

Friday, 6:30.

Dear Judy:

Gordon is here, and a reformed man so far as his attitude toward my asylum goes. He has discovered the world-old truth that the way to a mother's heart is through praise of her children, and he had nothing but praise for all 107 of mine. Even in the case of Loretta Higgins he found something pleasant to say; he thinks it nice that she is n't cross-eyed.

He went shopping with me in the village this afternoon, and was very helpful about picking out hair-ribbons for a couple of dozen little girls. He begged to choose Sadie Kate's himself, and after many hesitations he hit upon orange satin for one braid and emerald-green for the other.

While we were immersed in this business I became aware of a neighboring customer, ostensibly engaged with hooks and

eyes, but straining every ear to listen to our nonsense.

She was so dressed up in a picture-hat, a spotted veil, a feather boa, and a *nouveau art* parasol that I never dreamed she was any acquaintance of mine till I happened to catch her eye with a familiar malicious gleam in it. She bowed disapprovingly; and I nodded back. Mrs. Maggie McGurk in her company clothes!

Mrs. McGurk



That is a pleasanter expression than she really has. Her smile is due to a slip of the pen.

Poor Mrs. McGurk can't understand any possible intellectual interest in a man. She suspects me of wanting to marry every single one that I meet. At first she thought I wanted to snatch away her doctor; but now, after seeing me with Gordon, she considers me a bigamous monster who wants them both.

Good-by; some guests approach.

11:30 P.M.

I have just been giving a dinner for Gordon, with Betsy and Mrs. Livermore and Mr. Witherspoon as guests. I graciously included the doctor, but he curtly declined on the ground that he was n't in a social mood. Our Sandy does not let politeness interfere with truth!

There is no doubt about it, Gordon in a happy mood is as charming a man as ever breathed. He entertained us with a speech in his best public manner, apropos

of Java's welfare. We have been having a dreadful time finding a sleeping-place for that monkey, and Gordon proved with incontestable logic that, since he was presented to us by Jimmie, and Jimmie is Percy's friend, he should sleep with Percy. Gordon is a natural talker, and an audience affects him like champagne. He can argue with as much emotional earnestness on the subject of a monkey as on the greatest hero that ever bled for his country.

I felt tears coming to my eyes when he described Java's loneliness as he watched out the night in our furnace cellar, and pictured his little friends at play in the far-off tropical jungle.

A man who can talk like that has a future before him. I have n't a doubt but that I shall be voting for him for President in another twenty years.

We all had a beautiful time, and entirely forgot—for a space of three hours—that 107 orphans slumbered about us. Much as I love the little dears, it is pleasant to get away from them once in a while.

My guests left at ten, and it must be midnight by now. (This is the eighth day, and my clock has stopped again. Jane forgets to wind it as regularly as Friday comes around.) However, I know it's late; and as a woman, it's my duty to try for beauty sleep, especially with an eligible young suitor at hand.

I'll finish to-morrow. Good night.

Saturday.

Gordon spent this morning playing with my asylum and planning some intelligent presents to be sent later. He thinks that three neatly painted totem-poles would add to the attractiveness of our Indian camps. He is also going to make us a present of three dozen pink rompers for the babies. Pink is a color that is very popular with the superintendent of this asylum, who is deadly tired of blue! Our generous friend is likewise amusing himself with the idea of a couple of donkeys and saddles and a little red cart. Is n't it nice that Gordon's father pro-

vided for him so amply, and that he is such a charitably inclined young man? He is at present lunching with Percy at the hotel, and, I trust, imbibing fresh ideas in the field of philanthropy.

Perhaps you think I have n't enjoyed this interruption to the monotony of institution life! You can say all you please, my dear Mrs. Pendleton, about how well I am managing your asylum, but, just the same, it is n't natural for me to be so stationary. I very frequently need a change. That is why Gordon, with his optimism and boyish spirits, is so exhilarating a contrast to too much doctor.

Sunday morning.

I must tell you the end of Gordon's visit. His intention had been to leave at four, but in an evil moment I begged him to stay over till 9:30, and yesterday afternoon he and Singapore and I took a long 'cross-country walk, far out of sight of the towers of this asylum, and stopped at a pretty little roadside inn, where we had a satisfying supper of ham and eggs and cabbage. Sing stuffed so disgracefully that he has been languid ever since.

The walk and all was fun, and a very grateful change from this monotonous life I lead. It would have kept me pleasant and contented for weeks if something most unpleasant had n't happened later. We had a beautiful, sunny, care-free afternoon, and I 'm sorry to have had it spoiled. We came back very unromantically in the trolley-car, and reached the J. G. H. before nine, just in good time for him to run on to the station and catch his train. So I did n't ask him to come in, but politely wished him a pleasant journey at the porte-cochère.

A car was standing at the side of the drive, in the shadow of the house; I recognized it, and thought the doctor was inside with Mr. Witherspoon. (They frequently spend their evenings together in the laboratory.) Well, Gordon, at the moment of parting, was seized with an unfortunate impulse to ask me to abandon the management of this asylum, and take the management of a private house instead.

Did you ever know anything like the man? He had had the whole afternoon and miles of empty meadow in which to discuss the question, but instead he must choose our door-mat!

I don't know just what I did say; I tried to turn it off lightly and hurry him to his train. But he refused to be turned off lightly. He braced himself against a post and insisted upon arguing it out. I knew that he was missing his train, and that every window in this institution was open. A man never has the slightest thought of possible overhearers; it is always the woman who thinks of convention.

Being in a nervous twitter to get rid of him, I suppose I was pretty abrupt and tactless. He began to get angry, and then by some unlucky chance his eye fell on that car. He recognized it, too, and, being in a savage mood, he began making fun of the doctor. "Old Goggle-eyes" he called him, and "Scotchey," and oh, the awfulest lot of unmannerly, silly things!

I was assuring him with convincing earnestness that I did n't care a rap about the doctor, that I thought he was just as funny and impossible as he could be, when suddenly the doctor rose out of his car and walked up to us.

I could have evaporated from the earth very comfortably at that moment!

Sandy was quite clearly angry, as well he might be, after the things he 'd heard, but he was entirely cold and collected. Gordon was hot, and bursting with imaginary wrongs. I was aghast at this perfectly foolish and unnecessary muddle that had suddenly arisen out of nothing. Sandy apologized to me with unimpeachable politeness for inadvertently overhearing, and then turned to Gordon and stiffly invited him to get into his car and ride to the station.

I begged him not to go. I did n't wish to be the cause of any silly quarrel between them. But without paying the slightest attention to me, they climbed into the car, and whirled away, leaving me placidly standing on the door-mat.

I came in and went to bed, and lay

awake for hours, expecting to hear—I don't know what kind of explosion. It is now eleven o'clock, and the doctor has n't appeared. I don't know how on earth I shall meet him when he does. I fancy I shall hide in the clothes-closet.

Did you ever know anything as unnecessary and stupid as this whole situation? I suppose now I've quarreled with Gordon,—and I positively don't know over what,—and of course my relations with the doctor are going to be terribly awkward. I said horrid things about him,—you know the silly way I talk,—things I did n't mean in the least.

I wish it were yesterday at this time. I would make Gordon go at four.

SALLIE.

Sunday afternoon.

Dear Dr. MacRae:

That was a horrid, stupid, silly business last night. But by this time you must know me well enough to realize that I never mean the foolish things I say. My tongue has no slightest connection with my brain; it just runs along by itself. I must seem to you very ungrateful for all the help you have given me in this unaccustomed work and for the patience you have (occasionally) shown.

I do appreciate the fact that I could never have run this asylum by myself without your responsible presence in the background; and though once in a while, as you yourself must acknowledge, you have been pretty impatient and bad tempered and difficult, still I have never held it up against you, and I really did n't mean any of the ill-mannered things I said last night. Please forgive me for being rude. I should hate very much to lose your friendship. And we are friends, are we not? I like to think so.

S. McB.

Dear Judy:

I am sure I have n't an idea whether or not the doctor and I have made up our differences. I sent him a polite note of apology, which he received in abysmal silence.

He did n't come near us until this afternoon, and he has n't by the blink of an eyelash referred to that unfortunate contretemps. We talked about an ichthyol salve that will remove eczema from a baby's scalp; then, Sadie Kate being present, the conversation turned to cats. It seems that the doctor's Maltese cat has four kittens, and Sadie Kate will not be silenced until she has seen them. Before I knew what was happening I found myself making an engagement to take her to see those miserable kittens at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

Whereupon the doctor, with an indifferently polite bow, took himself off. And that apparently is the end.

Your Sunday note arrives, and I am delighted to hear that you have taken the house. It will be beautiful having you for a neighbor for so long. Our improvements ought to march along, with you and the president at our elbow. But it does seem as though you ought to get out here before August 7. Are you sure that city air is good for you just now? I have never known so devoted a wife.

My respects to the president.

S. McB.

July 22.

Dear Judy:

Please listen to this!

At four o'clock I took Sadie Kate to the doctor's house to look at those cats. But Freddy Howland just twenty minutes before had fallen down-stairs, so the doctor was at the Howland house occupying himself with Freddy's collar-bone. He had left word for us to sit down and wait, that he would be back shortly.

Mrs. McGurk ushered us into the library; and then, not to leave us alone, came in herself on a pretense of polishing the brass. I don't know what she thought we'd do. Run off with the pelican, perhaps.

I settled down to an article about the Chinese situation in *THE CENTURY*, and Sadie Kate roamed about at large, examining everything she found, like a curious little mongoose.



She began with his stuffed flamingo, and wanted to know what made it so tall and what made it so red. Did it always eat frogs, and had it hurt its other foot? She ticks off questions with the steady persistency of an eight-day clock.

I buried myself in my article and left Mrs. McGurk to deal with Sadie. Finally, after she had worked half-way around the room, she came to a portrait of a little girl occupying a leather frame in the center of the doctor's writing desk—a child with a queer elf-like beauty, resembling very strangely our little Allegra. This photograph might have been a portrait of Allegra grown five years older. I had noticed the picture the night we took supper with the doctor, and had meant to ask which of his little patients she was. Happily I did n't!

"Who 's that?" said Sadie Kate, pouncing upon it.

"It 's the docthor's little gurrl."

"Where is she?"

"Shure, she 's far away wit' her gran'ma."

"Where 'd he get her?"

"His wife gave her to him."

I emerged from my book with electric suddenness.

"His wife!" I cried.

The next instant I was furious with myself for having spoken, but I was completely taken off my guard. Mrs. McGurk straightened up and became volubly conversational at once.

"And did n't he never tell you about his wife? She went insane six years ago. It got so it were n't safe to keep her in the house, and he had to put her away. It near' killed him. I never seen a lady more beautiful than her. I guess he did n't so much as smile for a year. It 's funny he never told you nothing, and you such a friend!"

"Naturally it 's not a subject he cares to talk about," said I, dryly, and I asked her what kind of brass polish she used.

Sadie Kate and I went out to the garage and hunted up the kittens ourselves; and we mercifully got away before the doctor came back. But will you tell

me what this means? Did n't Jervis know he was married? It 's the queerest thing I ever heard. I do think, as the McGurk suggests, that Sandy might casually have dropped the information that he had a wife in an insane-asylum.

But of course it must be a terrible tragedy, and I suppose he can't bring himself to talk about it. I see now why he 's so morbid over the question of heredity; I dare say he fears for the little girl. When I think of all the jokes I 've made on the subject, I 'm aghast at how I must have hurt him, and angry with myself and angry with him.

I feel as though I never wanted to see the man again. Mercy! did you ever know such a muddle as we are all getting ourselves into?

Yours,

SALLIE.

p.s. Tom McCoomb has pushed Mamie Prout into the box of mortar that the masons use. She 's parboiled. I 've sent for the doctor.

July 24.

My dear Madam:

I have a shocking scandal to report about the superintendent of the John Grier Home. Don't let it get into the newspapers, please. I can picture the spicy details of the investigation prior to her removal by the "Cruelty."

I was sitting in the sunshine by my open window this morning reading a sweet book on the Froebel theory of child culture—never lose your temper, always speak kindly to the little ones. Though they may appear bad, they are not so in reality. It is either that they are not feeling well or have nothing interesting to do. Never punish; simply deflect their attention. I was entertaining a very loving, uplifted attitude toward all this young life about me when my attention was attracted by a group of little boys beneath the window.

"Aw—John—don't hurt it!"

"Let it go!"

"Kill it quick!"

And above their remonstrances rose the

agonized squealing of some animal in pain. I dropped Froebel and, running down-stairs, burst upon them from the side door. They saw me coming, and scattered right and left, revealing Johnnie Cobden engaged in torturing a mouse. I will spare you the grisly details. I called to one of the boys to come and drown the creature quick! John I seized by the collar; and dragged him squirming and kicking in at the kitchen door. He is a big, hulking boy of thirteen, and he fought like a little tiger, holding on to posts and door-jambs as we passed. Ordinarily I doubt if I could have handled him, but that one sixteenth Irish that I possess was all on top, and I was fighting mad. We burst into the kitchen, and I hastily looked about for a means of chastisement. The pancake-turner was the first utensil that met my eyes. I seized it and beat that child with all my strength, until I had reduced him to a cowering, whimpering mendicant for mercy, instead of the fighting little bully he had been four minutes before.

And then who should suddenly burst into the midst of this explosion but Dr. MacRae! His face was blank with astonishment. He strode over and took the pancake-turner out of my hand and set the boy on his feet. Johnnie got behind him and clung! I was so angry that I really could n't talk; it was all I could do not to cry.

"Come, we will take him up to the office," was all the doctor said. And we marched out, Johnnie keeping as far from me as possible and limping conspicuously. We left him in the outer office, and went into my library and shut the door.

"What in the world has the child done?" he asked.

At that I simply laid my head down on the table and began to cry! I was utterly exhausted both emotionally and physically; it had taken all the strength I possessed to make that pancake-turner effective.

I sobbed out all the bloody details, and he told me not to think about it; the mouse was dead now. Then he got me

some water to drink, and told me to keep on crying till I was tired; it would do me good. I am not sure that he did n't pat me on the head! Anyway, it was his best professional manner. I have watched him administer the same treatment a dozen times to hysterical orphans. And this was the first time in a week that we had spoken beyond the formality of "good morning"!

Well, as soon as I had got to the stage where I could sit up and laugh, intermittently dabbing my eyes with a wad of handkerchief, we began a review of Johnnie's case. The boy has a morbid heredity, and may be slightly defective, says Sandy. We must deal with the fact as we would with any other disease. Even normal boys are often cruel; a child's moral sense is undeveloped at thirteen.

Then he suggested that I bathe my eyes with hot water and resume my dignity. Which I did. And we had Johnnie in. He stood—by preference—through the entire interview. The doctor talked to him, oh, so sensibly and kindly and humanely! John put up the plea that the mouse was a pest and ought to be killed. The doctor replied that the welfare of the human race demanded the sacrifice of many animals for its own good, not for revenge, but that the sacrifice must be carried out with the least possible hurt to the animal. He explained about the mouse's nervous system, and how the poor little creature had no means of defense. It was a cowardly thing to hurt it wantonly. He told John to try to develop imagination enough to look at things from the other person's point of view, even if the other person was only a mouse. Then he went to the bookcase and took down my copy of Burns, and told the boy what a great poet he was, and how all Scotchmen loved his memory.

"And this is what he wrote about a mouse," said Sandy, turning to the "Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie," which he read and explained to the lad as only a Scotchman could.

Johnnie departed quite repentant, and Sandy redirected his professional attention

to me. He said I was tired and in need of a change. Why not go to the Adirondacks for a week? He and Betsy and Mr. Witherspoon would make themselves into a committee to run the asylum.

You know, that's exactly what I was longing to do! I need a shifting of ideas and some pine-scented air. My family opened the camp last week, and think I'm awful not to join them. They *won't* understand that when you accept a position like this you can't casually toss it aside whenever you feel like it. But for a few days I can easily manage. My asylum is wound up like an eight-day clock, and will run until a week from next Monday at 4 P.M., when my train will return me. Then I shall be comfortably settled again before you arrive, and with no errant fancies in my brain.

Meanwhile Master John is in a happily chastened frame of mind and body. And I rather suspect that Sandy's moralizing had the more force because it was preceded by my pancake-turner! But one thing I know—Suzanne Estelle is terrified whenever I step into her kitchen. I casually picked up the potato-masher this morning while I was commenting upon last night's over-salty soup, and she ran to cover behind the woodshed door.

To-morrow at nine I set out on my travels, after preparing the way with five telegrams. And, oh! you can't imagine how I'm looking forward to being a gay, care-free young thing again—to canoeing on the lake and tramping in the woods and dancing at the club-house. I was in a state of delirium all night long at the prospect. Really, I had n't realized how mortally tired I had become of all this asylum scenery.

"What you need," said Sandy to me, "is to get away for a little and sow some wild oats."

That diagnosis was positively clairvoyant. I can't think of anything in the world I'd rather do than sow a few wild oats. I'll come back with fresh energy, ready to welcome you and a busy summer.

As ever,

SALLIE.

P.S. Jimmie and Gordon are both going to be up there. How I wish you could join us! A husband is very discommoding.

Camp McBride, July 29.

Dear Judy:

This is to tell you that the mountains are higher than usual, the woods greener, and the lake bluer.

People seem late about coming up this year; all of the camps at this end of the lake are still closed except ours and the Harrimans'. The club-house is very scantily supplied with dancing-men, but we have as house guest an obliging young politician who likes to dance, so I am not discommoded by the general scarcity.

The affairs of the nation and the rearing of orphans are alike delegated to the background while we paddle about among the lily-pads of this delectable lake. I look forward with reluctance to 7:56 next Monday morning, when I turn my back on the mountains. The awful thing about a vacation is that the moment it begins your happiness is already clouded by its approaching end.

I hear a voice on the veranda asking if Sallie is to be found within or without.

Addio!

S.

August 3.

Dear Judy:

Back at the John Grier, reshoudering the burdens of the coming generation. What should meet my eyes upon entering these grounds but John Cobden, of pancake-turner memory, wearing a badge upon his sleeve. I turned it to me and read "S. P. C. A." in letters of gold! The doctor, during my absence, has formed a local branch of the Cruelty to Animals, and made Johnnie its president.

I hear that yesterday he stopped the workmen on the foundation for the new farm cottage and scolded them severely for whipping their horses up the incline! None of all this strikes any one but me as funny.

There's a lot of news, but with you due in four days, why bother to write?

Just one delicious bit I am saving for the end. So hold your breath. You are going to receive a thrill on page 4. You should hear Sadie Kate squeal! Jane is cutting her hair. Instead of wearing it in two tight braids like this:



our little colleen will in the future wear it like this:



"Them pigtales got on my nerves," says Jane.

You can see how much more stylish and becoming the present coiffure is. I think somebody will be wanting to adopt her. Only Sadie Kate is such an independent, manly little creature; she is eminently fitted by nature to shift for herself. I must save adopting parents for the helpless ones.

You should see our new clothes! I can't wait for this assemblage of rosebuds to burst upon you. And you should have seen those blue ginghamed eyes brighten when the new frocks were actually given out—three for each girl, all different colors, and all perfectly private personal property, with the owner's indelible name inside the collar. Mrs. Lippett's lazy system of having each child draw from the wash a promiscuous dress each week, was an insult to feminine nature.

Sadie Kate is squealing like a baby pig. I must go to see if Jane has by mistake clipped off an ear.

Jane has n't. Sadie's excellent ears are still intact. She is just squealing on principle; the way one does in a dentist's chair, under the belief that it is going to hurt the next instant.

I really can't think of anything else to write except my news,—so here it is,—and I hope you 'll like it.

I am engaged to be married.

My love to you both.

S. McB.

(To be continued)



## One Fortune of War

( Epitaph )

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

**D**EAD is a valiant spirit I have known,  
The lips Truth loved have spoken easy lies,  
A winged and peerless mind is overthrown,  
Feeds on that heart the worm of sophistries:  
Since to such anguish I must bow my head,  
Shall I not envy them that *bury* their dead?



"The very latest thing in chignons"  
From "Punch" for December 29, 1866

## Female Delicacy in the Sixties

By AMY LOUISE REED

FIFTY years ago last spring, when Vassar College was about to open its doors for the first time, purposing, in the words of its founder, "to accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men," its trustees sought to inspire confidence in a somewhat timid public by issuing a prospectus setting forth their general scheme of education. This little document, interesting from several points of view, is in nothing more surprising than in the prominent place it gives, in large type, on the first page, to physical education. This precedes religious and moral, intellectual, domestic, social, and professional education, they explain, not because it is first in intrinsic importance, but because it "is *fundamental* to all the rest, and is to be given, not nominally, but really, its true place in the plan of the institution. . . . In the education of American women, as com-

pared with that of Europeans, it is believed that the claims of the body have been too much forgotten, or too entirely subordinated to intellectual cultivation; and the consequences are seen in a certain slenderness of development and over-delicacy of constitution, in our educated class, which have become almost national, and in a style of feminine beauty among us, which, however refined and *spirituel*, too often blooms but palely for a languid or a suffering life, if not for an early tomb."

Gracious! was it so bad as that, gentlemen of the board of trustees? Worthy of respect as must be the opinions of a body of men that included the self-made Mr. Vassar, the historian Lossing, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and the inventor Morse, we cannot take entirely on trust so astonishing a statement. But confirmation is not lacking. Women, their nature, their physical constitution, their ways,

and their wives, would seem to have been quite as much written about then as now, and from the pages of the general periodical, the magazines especially for "ladies," the novels, and the poetry, as well as from the purely feminist literature of that time, flaunts the evidence that the women of the sixties were, and evidently preferred to be, "delicate."

Extreme physical delicacy in women was not a new thing when Vassar opened. "Account for it as we may," says the Rev. Dr. Hawes of Hartford in 1845, "the fact must be admitted that the muscular vigor and strength of our fair countrywomen have, for a long time past, been undergoing a melancholy change. Our grandmothers, should they appear among us, would scarcely recognize many of their

descendants as belonging to the same race with themselves. . . . But a small proportion of our adult females enjoy complete health." The evil he attributes to a disregard of the laws of health. The remedy is for women to learn "to mingle labor with study, active with sedentary employments, and never fall into the absurd notion that in order to be delicate, they must be indolent, or that in order to be fine ladies, they must form themselves into those inefficient, fainting, nervous things that often pass under that name." Dr. Hawes's address rejoices in the title, "A Looking Glass for Ladies, or, The Formation and Excellence of the Female Character." Based on the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, it was considered so valuable by the American Institute of Instruction



Female influence

From "The Women of England," by Mrs. Ellis; New York, 1844



Costumes of the first students at Vassar College  
From "Vassar College and Its Founder," by Benson J. Lossing: New York, 1867

that they printed and distributed free five thousand copies.

A little earlier the author of "Woman in America" makes similar observations on the "extreme fragility and early fading of American females . . . pale and delicate women . . . so soon to break, and droop, and die in early womanhood," and suggests that a devotion to books and sedentary habits have produced "a morbid refinement of tastes, an indisposition to active employments, and a consequent debility of body, which unfits for domestic duties." In the "Editor's Table" of "Godey's Lady's Book" for May, 1860, is quoted an opinion by "a lady of the West," "That American women, as a class, are fragile, delicate, and incapable of enduring any hardship is an indisputable fact." But this writer, dwelling, we suppose, in a pioneer society, thinks the trouble is due to early marriages and overwork.

Other and later references bear out these witnesses, without adding much except an indication that this state of things was not confined to America. Mrs. Ellis,

much admired on both continents as a writer on the affairs of women, especially women of the middle class, who ought to have been the backbone of the nation, gives "The Women of England" the same character for spinelessness. "By far the greater portion of the young ladies of the present day are distinguished by a morbid listlessness of mind and body," she avers. "Gentle, inoffensive, delicate, and passively amiable as many young ladies are, it seems an ungracious task to attempt to rouse them from their summer dream."

But glance, ye happy women of to-day, you who perhaps know not from what bonds time has freed you, and who are even now gazing just a little wistfully at the old prison-house—glance at the fashion plates of the sixties and seventies, and realize that the delicate female of that day could scarcely have been otherwise. High heels and long, full, flowing skirts, heavily trimmed with flouncing and fringes, and held out by the added weight of the crinoline, made even walking difficult and more active forms of exercise prohibitive. Even the head was weighted

with the mass of false hair called the "chignon." Worst of all, the distinct, rather high waist-line, much constricted immediately over the floating ribs, necessitated the wearing of a corset which was a veritable engine of hell, preventing the taking of a deep breath, and seriously interfering with the digestion. This preposterous sort of dress was so much a matter of course that even the more sensible magazines for women, like "Godey's" and "Harper's Bazar," made no protest. For many years only the voice of the physician was heard in the land, and only the caricaturist held up his hands.

In fact, slenderness of form, believed to be expressive of the delicate, ethereal

nature of "the female," was generally admired, and in the endeavor to attain it, women cheerfully endured "a personal Sing Sing." "Is a small waist admired by the gentlemen?" cries one enthusiast in "The Queen." "I have invariably noticed that the girls with the smallest waists are the queens of the ball-room. . . . I believe there is not one young man in a thousand who does not admire a graceful slenderness of the waist." Another lady writes to the same magazine to ask, "What is the smallest sized waist that one can have? Mine is sixteen and a half inches." She is assured that her waist is rather unusually small, though the corset-makers have more orders for stays measuring under eighteen inches than

over, the majority being about seventeen or eighteen. Another correspondent argues in favor of tight lacing that, if it is begun early enough, it is not injurious. "The supple and growing frame of a young girl is not like the hard and unyielding works of a watch." If you squeeze the case, the works of the watch will be broken, but if the various organs of the body are prevented from taking a certain form or direction, "they will accommodate themselves to any other with perfect ease." "The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine" for November, 1867, gives us a side light on the part played by the finishing-school in the business. A young girl in a boarding-



The calisthenic hall  
From "Vassar College and Its Founder"



school had her corsets fastened by the under governess in such manner that "any attempt to unlace them during the night would be immediately detected at the morning's inspection. After the first week or two, she felt no pain or discomfort of any kind."

The whole uncomfortable and cumbrous costume was considered peculiarly appropriate to the sex of its wearers. "Cornelius O'Dowd" in "Blackwood's" for April, 1865, gladly accepts "the hoop and sweeping skirts as an admission that they are very woman after all, unfitted by nature and constitution to move easily, or to feel in their place in the bustle of crowds and the stir of active, outdoor life."

For the root of the mischief lay not in the foolishness of women, or in the prejudices of men, or in the tyranny of fashion, but in the underlying conception common to all society, English and American, of the true nature of woman. She was held to be by constitution physically weak, helpless, and dependent. Delicacy was her chief characteristic. It was sought and attained at a great price, because it was considered as the visible sign of an ethereal, spiritual nature, a moral sensitiveness and purity superior to man's.

The doctrine of the superiority of woman may be found in its extreme form in the two volumes of Eliza Farnham's "Woman and Her Era," published in 1854. It is "proved" by the organic (we should call it the biologic) argument, the religious, the esthetic, the historic arguments, and the argument from popular



"Convovulus Seasideiensis"

From "Punch" for October 6, 1866

sentiment and observation—every argument a prize-package for the student of logic. We learn, of woman's creation, that "the biblical statement implies that she was doubly removed from crude nature, in being made of matter already refined by its employment in the structure of man"; and the creative energy rested, we are told, after producing her, in "the repose of a climax attained." Under the esthetic argument, we find it noted that when the hero of a work of literature adds to the perfection of masculine attributes some elements of the feminine, such as magnanimity, fineness of feeling, delicate consideration for others, his character is enhanced. "But the heroine must be all womanly. Any spark of the masculine nature manifest in her . . . is felt instantly to be a foreign and degenerating element. . . . We ask neither the intel-

lect, the will, nor the courage of man, in Woman." Thus we see that "the masculine rises to approach the feminine type; the feminine descends in approaching the masculine." A particularly forceful "argument" in support of the great idea is that artists themselves, as the flower of the human race, are often men of a strongly feminine type, as witness Raphael, Spenser, Chaucer,—yes, Chaucer!—Shelley, Wordsworth, Sidney, Herbert, Cowper, Keats, Tennyson, and others. The portraits of Christ, too, are feminine, indicating that the feminine type is really the ideal toward which both men and women tend. And so on and so forth.

If we suspect that such a book was merely a somewhat unbalanced contribution to the feminism of the day, we are quickly convinced of our error. That women were made of finer clay was a part of every man's creed. We turn to "Godey's" once more, in its editorial pages for July, 1864, and listen to the eminently sensible Mrs. Hale,—or is it Mr. Godey?—"Woman's spiritual strength seems perfected in her physical weakness, by the gift of intuitive sympathy with the Divine Goodness, which, after the Fall, mercifully exalted her sex to conserve the moral virtues of humanity, and thus become 'the glory of man.'" Evidences of her higher nature are, first, that woman, having been fashioned from the living substance of the man "made in the image of God, was never soiled with the dust of earth," and, second, that God put enmity between her and the serpent.

Just when and where the finer-clay theory began, and just how delicacy came to be synonymous, first, with fragility, and then with feebleness and uselessness, are matters too deeply philosophic for the limits of this article. Certain it is, however, that such an ideal for women was already pretty well established at the end of the eighteenth century and received fresh emphasis in the romantic movement. Leaving aside Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley, in whose poems it is charmingly evident, let us look a little at prose as being more likely to represent women as they appeared in every-day life.

There is Lamb's *Rosamund Gray*, for instance, "the most beautiful young

creature that eyes ever beheld. Her face had the sweetest expression in it—a gentleness—a modesty—a timidity—a certain charm—a grace without a name. . . .

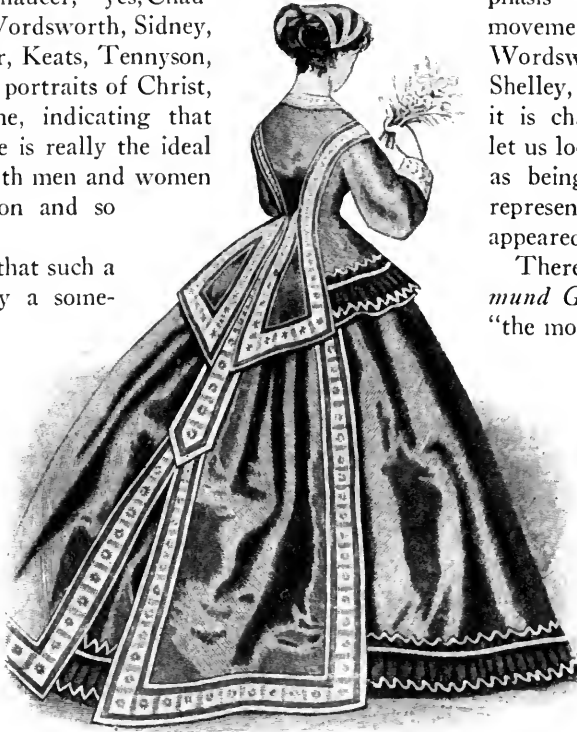
There was a sort of melancholy mingled with

her smile. . . . It was something which the poet Young might have remembered, when he composed that perfect line,

Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair."

There she is, the ideal, all innocence, all loveliness, as fragile as a butterfly, doomed by her very exquisiteness to meet a tragic fate at the hands of a hardened villain, and to die uncomplaining. Lamb tells her story with a loving perfection of style that gives it even to-day a sort of reality and a power to trouble the heart.

Irving, doubtless inspired by Lamb, repeats the effect in "The Pride of the Vil-



Dinner-dress

From "Godey's Lady's Book" for October, 1865

lage," the heroine of which is a peasant maiden in whom "the tenderness and indulgence of her parents, and the exemption from all ordinary occupations, had fostered a natural grace and delicacy of character, that accorded with the fragile loveliness of her form." Her death is brought about by the shock of the discovery that her lover's passion for her is not an honorable one. Like *Rosamund Gray*, "she uttered no complaint." Irving, indeed, believed that while few men died of a broken heart, many women did, for "the love of a delicate female is shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself, but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. . . . How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness!"

Such themes were immensely popular, Professor Cairns of Wisconsin tells us, in American periodical literature of the early nineteenth century, especially in ladies' magazines. The death of the delicate female was sometimes due neither to a deed of violence nor to a broken heart, but simply and only to her flowerlike nature. We remember Poe's *Eleanora*, who had, we know, her real counterpart. "In the Valley of the Many Coloured Grass, all alone, knowing nothing of the world

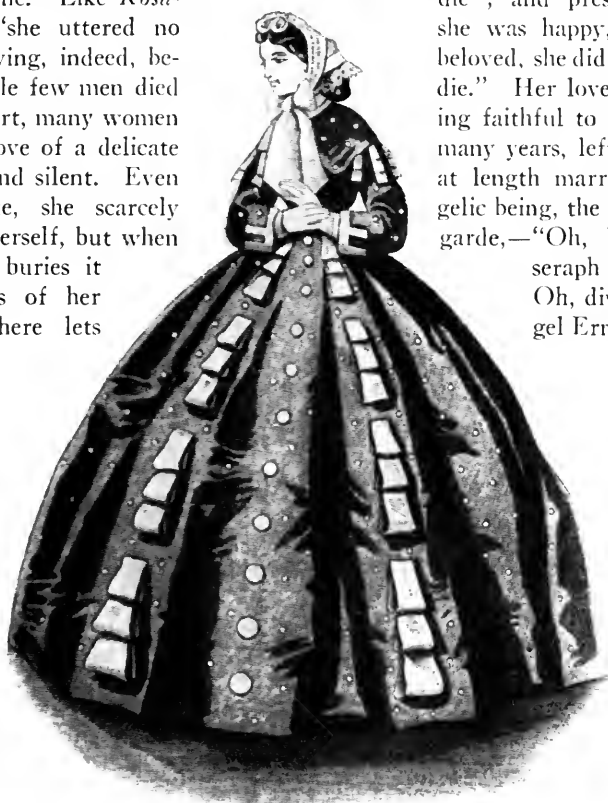
without the Valley, we lived,—I, and my cousin, and her mother. . . . The loveliness of *Eleanora* was that of the Seraphim; but she was a maiden artless and innocent as the brief life she had led among the flowers. . . . She had seen that the finger of Death was upon her bosom—that, like the ephemeron, she had been made perfect in loveliness only to die"; and presently, although she was happy, sheltered, and beloved, she did "very tranquilly die." Her lover, after remaining faithful to her memory for many years, left the valley and at length married another angelic being, the ethereal *Ermengarde*,—"Oh, bright was the seraph *Ermengarde*!—Oh, divine was the angel *Ermengarde*!" But

apparently not unhappily moribund, for the lover and she lived happily ever after.

Happy endings are made possible for some of these tales by the other half of the theory of female delicacy, which attributed to woman a moral or spiritual force capable

of surmounting material difficulties in a manner often very surprising. The nature of this power is best expounded in Irving's little domestic story of "The Wife."

*Leslie*, the hero of the story, has married "a beautiful and accomplished girl." She has "delicate tastes and fancies" and—of course!—"a slender form." When he walks abroad with his wife upon his arm, he appears "to dote on his lovely burden for its very helplessness." He



Walking-costume

From "Godey's Lady's Book" for October, 1865



A lady emerging from a cab at the President's levee  
From "Godey's Lady's Book" for January, 1864

loses his fortune, and dreads the thought of telling her even to agony expressed in tears. But she receives the news "like an angel." They move to a humble cottage, where the admirable creature is found at the close of the first day in the new home, "dressed in white, a few wild flowers twisted in her fine hair, a fresh bloom on her cheek, her whole countenance beaming with smiles," singing to her own harp accompaniment a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond. Remember, oh, efficient modern women, and blush for yourselves, that this was on the very day of the moving, and that the lovely creature, entirely without training in domestic science, had that day for the first time "known the fatigues of domestic employment," and had been "obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation."

Thus the lovely vine, sometimes dying upon the bosom of the sturdy oak, and sometimes "binding up its shattered boughs," trails through the pages of these and of later writers. There is plenty of her in Cooper, "Ik Marvell," Susan War-

ner, N. P. Willis, and even in Aldrich, Holland, and Hawthorne, not to mention the many anonymous novels of the sixties. Nourished on such food, American women up to the time of the Civil War, and even beyond it, assiduously cultivated the virtues of female delicacy and ladylike refinement. In morals they cherished innocence, purity, unselfishness; in intellectual matters they depended on sympathetic intuition rather than on a knowledge of facts, and were "accomplished" and "artistic" rather than well informed;

in manners they manifested a shrinking reserve, a finikin daintiness, and an affected grace; in the economy of the household they preferred uselessness and dependence; in beauty their ideal was slenderness, softness, and curves.

An etiquette-book of 1856 gives us a hint on delicate behavior that receives striking confirmation from the annals of a coeducational college. "To look steadily at any one, especially if you are a lady and are speaking to a gentleman . . . is in the highest degree displeasing," says "The Lady's Guide to Perfect Gentility." Now, we find that at Oberlin, as late as 1870, it was considered improper for a woman to address an audience in which there were men—"mixed audiences" was the technical term. "At first the young women's essays were read by the professors, because of these 'mixed audiences.' In time this view was modified so as to permit a young woman to read an essay if her eyes were on the paper, but it was highly improper to read the same essay if she looked off and faced the audiences."

Because of this unwritten law, Mrs. Johnston, principal of the women's department of the college, once found herself in a curious predicament. Visiting the Sunday-school of a small town, where she was asked to sit on the platform, she heard the principal announce to the mixed audience present that Mrs. Johnston of Oberlin would speak to them at the close of his own address. Taken by surprise, yet not daring to disregard the Oberlin rule, Mrs. Johnston could think of nothing better to do than to run away. She slipped quietly out while he was talking, and was a mile away by the time he

was ready to introduce her. When she returned to Oberlin, she discussed the matter with President Fairchild, who saw the ridiculousness of the restriction, and decided that henceforth "any woman who had anything to say, and could find anybody to listen, was at liberty to say it." This was in 1873.

The shock of the Civil War appears to have awakened American women from their dream of a ladylike uselessness. Listless young girls and fancied invalids rose from their sofas, at first to wind bandages and pack supplies for the soldiers, later to do the household work, which there were no servants to perform, or to earn their living in unaccustomed occupations that there were no men to undertake. They began to learn to subordinate the grace to the business of life, and to take an interest in reality. A letter to "Godey's" in 1863 rejoices at the signs of change. "Three years ago, our daughters seemed to be inevitably growing up idle and ignorant. Not for want of schools, not for want of employment. For schools there were, many and excellent; and for employment, it was pressed out



Lady entering a cab at the President's levee  
From "Godey's Lady's Book" for January, 1864

of its natural sphere and range, and dubbed vulgar and beneath a refined age. . . . But I don't despair now of seeing a race of women worthy of the name; thoughtful, energetic, useful women." In 1865, Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," widely read in America, did much to combat the idea that it was ladylike to be ignorant and useless. He called attention to the derivation of "lady" from the old English word for "loaf-giver." "A lady has legal claim to her title only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master which women once . . . were permitted to extend to that Master Himself."

The masculine admiration of sweeping skirts and slender waists seems also to have been on the wane. Husbands began to complain that their wives were always ailing, and to protest against the querulousness of temper attendant on the pains and aches and indigestion caused by tight lacing. The author of "The Women of England" had noted the "peculiarity in man—I would fain call it *benevolence*—which inclines them to offer the benefit of their protection to the most helpless and

dependent of the female sex," but it was apparently also a peculiarity in men that, after marriage, they demanded common sense and industry of these same "uncalculating creatures," and, like Curtis's *Mr. Potiphar*, expressed their disappointment when these virtues were found wanting. The war against the corset—and a long war it was—gained popularity in time by finding champions in literature. Perhaps every one knows the delightful chapter in Miss Alcott's "Eight Cousins" which relates how *Rose's* uncle defeats the attempt of her aunts to put the growing girl into the tight stays, long train, and high-heeled boots required by fashion. Less well known to-day is Charles Reade's "A Simpleton," in which a young doctor, called in to restore a young lady in a fainting fit, cuts her laces and afterward conducts a long campaign to induce her to give up stays—a campaign which presently becomes the course of true love.

When, therefore, the thirty gentlemen of the board of trustees of Vassar College announced it as their policy that "the alumnæ shall go forth physically well-developed, vigorous, and graceful women, with enlightened views and wholesome habits as regards the use and care of their bodies," and when they provided regular instruction in physiology and hygiene, and a school of physical training, they spoke in a time that was ripe to a society that had suffered and was ready to be taught.

The exercises were performed without stays and in a loose dress, which the young women might wear at other times also if they chose. The idea took; the girls enjoyed the new freedom; the later colleges followed suit. At Vassar a cast of the Venus of Melos was set up in the room where the calisthenic classes were held, and the professor of art helped by upholding the classic ideals of beauty.

"Who was the young lady with you in class to-day?" he once asked a student.

"Only a friend who is visiting me," replied the student.

"Do not bring her here again," he commanded. "Her waist is so small she will break in two. I cannot have her break in two in my classroom."

After fifty years of physical training, what has become of female delicacy? It does not seem to find mention in the pages of that enthusiastic observer, M. le Baron d'Estournelles de Constant. In describing his visit to Vassar in 1912, he speaks of "these hundreds of young girls, going and coming freely, talking, playing in a park which seemed to be their park, almost all tall, slim, bareheaded, their glance very direct, their complexion breathing health, each one dressed to her liking, but all in very bright colors,—it was a sight

. . . to make one forget the present . . . it was a vision of ancient Greece, an island of the Ægean Sea peopled with nymphs. . . . The games, in the United States, as in England, have succeeded in creating, in recreating, a model of classic beauty . . . the young men and young women in these colleges are surely nearer to the Greek type than are the modern Greeks."

Gone, gone forever, is the delicate female of the sixties! Gone are her wasp waist and her billowing skirts and her sweeping train and the ringlets with which her dainty fingers played. Gone, too, are her futile little sketch-book, the framed mottos she embroidered, and the sentimental songs she sang to her guitar, which made up the sum of her accomplishments. And if with these have passed away a certain fairy grace, an evanescent perfume, a charm without a name, shall we repine, we who have emerged into the liberty to walk and run and tramp the hills, and draw deep breaths, and look our interlocutor in the face, and even, if we happen to have thoughts, to utter them like other human beings?





Photograph by Zayda Ben-Yasur

John W. Alexander

*(See Current Comment)*







A fisherman

## Cape Cod Types

A Series of Drawings by

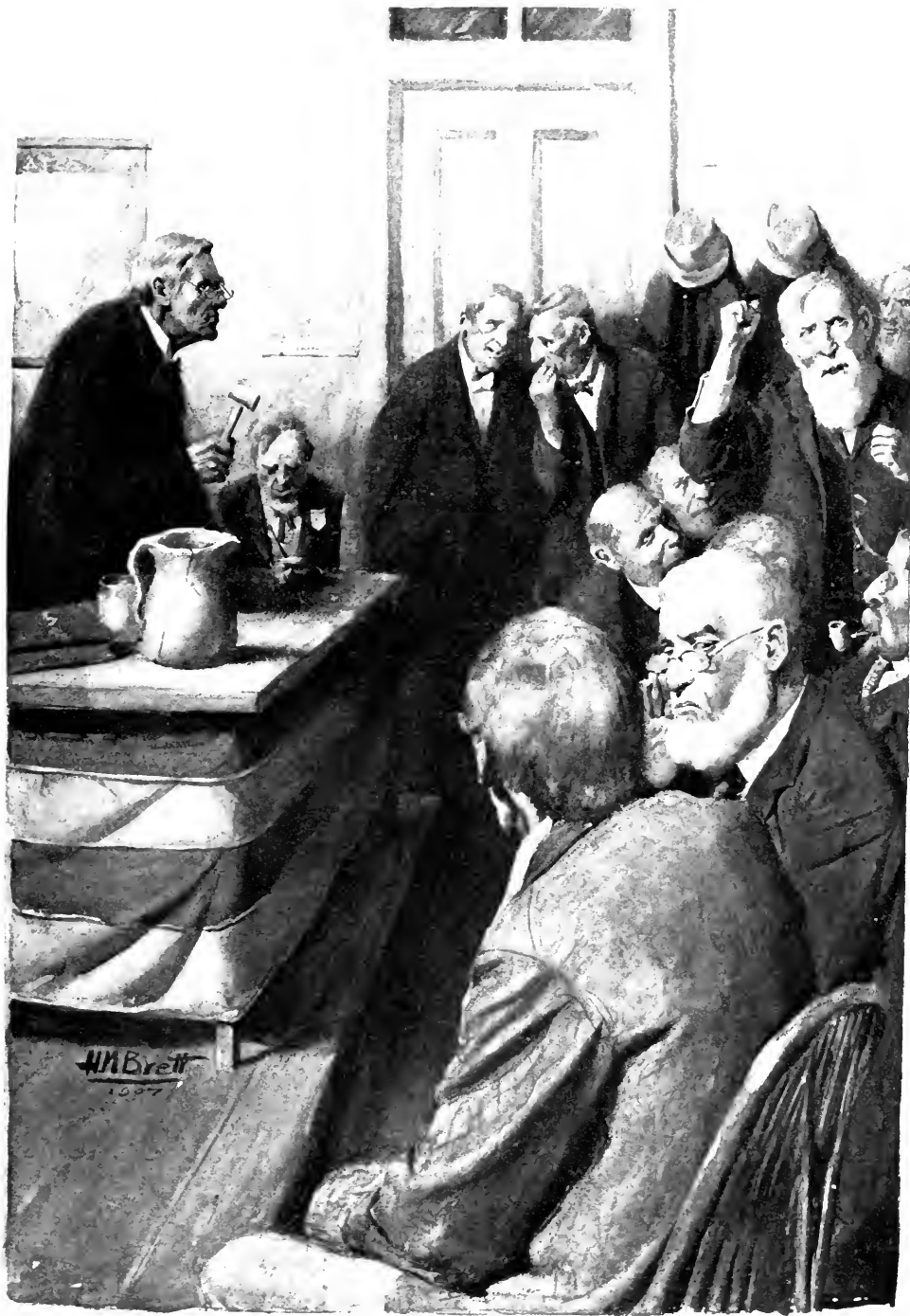
Harold Matthews Brett



Talking politics



Dominoes



Town meeting: "Gentlemen will come to order"



Sizing up the new mistress of the parsonage



# We Discover New England

## The Chronicle of Two Happy Motorists

### *Part Four: Along the Coast*

Recorded by LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Illustrations by Walter Hale

WE saw the full sweep of the harbor as we left Portland, going toward Biddeford; and just at the city limits lay the body of a man who had tramped for the last time, guarded by a policeman. I felt sorry that he must die on so glorious a day, for surely no man can better appreciate the tempered wind and soft sunshine than a tramp. But he lay very easily in the lap of his mother earth.

We followed the trolley to Biddeford, but it was not a busy trolley, and when we reached the town we found most of the mills shut down, with the great smokestacks, which we would gladly have had polluting the sky, unfulfilling their mission. Men and women were idle in the doorways, and hanging out of windows. We have come upon evil days for our mill-people, although I understand the owners endeavor to run the mills for half the week that the bodies of the workers may remain integral with their souls.

The blight appears to have extended itself to the trees of the open country. At least they have a blight of their own, and such trees as have been sprayed bear large placards of "Poison," doubtless to warn the educated New England cows against eating the leaves. Despite these calamities of town and country, the places were prosperous in appearance, the farm-houses were finely built, and fat cattle in the fields lent an air of solidarity to the scene. We were headed for Kennebunkport, having been told en route that the golf-course was on this side "the tombs,"

and the town beyond them. In Maine the cemeteries are given that terse name. It has a resonance that consorts well with these little patches of the dead that lie along the rocky, booming coast.

We stopped at Kennebunkport for old-time's sake, although the cottages of our friends were closed, and the hotel where we lunched was about to. This revisiting of a locality which one associates with friends, when the friends are absent, is like sitting before a wide hearth on which no fire is burning. We did not feel the want of acquaintances in places that were new to us, but the day in Kennebunkport brought to me most poignantly that it is people, not things, which make up a large part of the world. And I offer the old thought as a solace to those who must stay at home, yet are surrounded by men and women whom they know.

I could pick out the way to Kennebunkport proper only by my recollection of a fine old colonial house on the right which had been overornamented with white incrustations like the icing on the wedding-cake. No traveler must, or will, fail to observe it. Its appearance makes one long for a building committee to restrict extravagances of architecture both of town and country. What a tearing down of towers and a removal of gingerbread porches there would be if a body of capable architects were set loose among the cottages built twenty years ago!

Before Ogunquit we were forced to make a detour, and discovered an old gen-

tleman in a small car stuck in a sandy pasture bleating piteously for Portland. "Is it all sand?" he asked, under the impression that Maine had no more roads to offer. But this detour was occasioned by the process of hitching together as good a road as one can ask for. It ran now among colorful moors, for we were out of the pine forests, and the sea threw its spray among the rocks, "like," as our chauffeur charmingly put it, "an atomizer." Studios with great north skylights were part of many of the cottages, and maidens sat in meadows, braving the cows to paint the cliffs. At one turn of the road we stopped to admire and "register," as they say in taking a moving-picture, a house and a tree beside it, and the sea beyond them both. That was all. Why does the heart go out to some habitations and remains cold to others?

The road-bed grew so extraordinarily good as we neared York Beach that the automobile association urges you to keep within bounds by posting horrible warnings of swift motor-cycle police who lurk behind every heather-bush. Even so, the Maine automobile travels with throttle wide open, a conscious look upon the face of the taxpayer, as though he would say, "As you make your own bed, so shall you ride upon it."

I believe that the beach which stretched before us on our left is the finest in the world, just as the cottages which were on our right are certainly the meanest, and in no way deserve the view, considering that the ocean has to look back at them. Every name that could be derived by mediocre minds was given to those shacks, and flaunted over the door, from (hospitably) "Letumcum," to (modestly) "The Atlantic," a very small bungalow.

In close juxtaposition was York Harbor, a summer place rich in fashion, but poor in interest. A beautiful woman with seventy-five summer gowns once told me that the large hotels get a hold on you, and you go back year after year. Forewarned by this, we did not stop at all; for we cannot imagine any greater misery than a large hotel "getting a hold" on us.

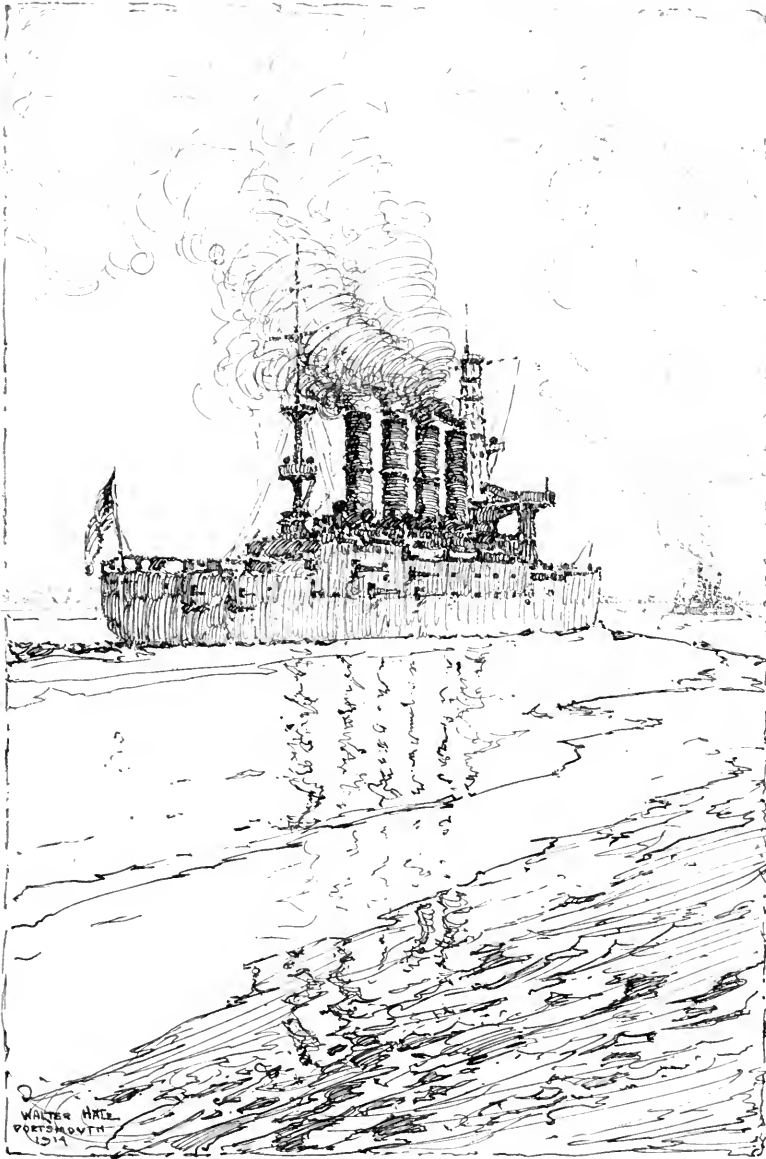
It was the illustrator's wish to visit the navy-yard before it was closed for the day. It lies at Kittery Point, and we were as near to reaching it on time as we ever were at getting anywhere, for the gun had just fired for the closing of the shops as we brought up before the sentry. Having garnered our camera, we were allowed to motor among the buildings and visit some of the war-ships that were in dry-dock. It was here that General Cervera was pleasantly imprisoned during the Spanish-American War. If he had the run of the governor's beautiful house and the officers' quarters scattered along the point, I think he did well to be captured.

The workmen were going off to Portsmouth in launches, a much more festive fashion than electric cars, although they were soberly reading newspapers and paying no attention to the sunset, as Venetian laborers always seem to be doing. The vessels in dry-dock were preparing for the evening meal. I asked one neat scullion, who was carrying pails of potato-peelings to the water's-edge, if he preferred being ashore in this half-and-half fashion, and he said, upon reflection, that he did not. I was stirred by his preference for the high seas, but, after probings, learned that the advantage of the broad ocean was the pitching of the potato-peelings directly out of the port-holes. "That 's the worst of being ashore," completed the tar, gloomily; "no place to throw things."

The Russian and Japanese met here daily until the peace treaty was signed—could it be as far back as 1905? A tablet on a building commemorates that period, so gay for the Americans, so gratifying to the Russians, and so bitter to the silent little Orientals, who, while the victors, received nothing.

When we reached our hotel in quaint old Portsmouth, we found a disposition on the part of the young girl at the newsstand to claim this hostelry as the one which harbored both factions; but I think she was over-zealous rather than under-truthful.

The traveler should spend some time in this only port of New Hampshire. In-



Nearing Portsmouth Harbor

deed, the traveler should do few of the things we do, except be happy and follow his own inclination. There was much diplomatic visiting at Portsmouth in early colonial days, for New England was the White Hope of the nation, and great deference was paid to the wishes of these Northern States. Both Washington and Lafayette visited Governor Langdon in the old house still standing, our first President writing of it to a friend as one of the

finest houses he had ever seen. The doorways are exceedingly good. I like to see a lovely portal.

It was the moon that teased us out of the town after we had motored leisurely through its streets and bought the first chestnuts of the season, popping over a glowing charcoal fire. We called this a sort of wedding-trip, as we had been mistaken at one street corner for a conscious pair we had previously met. They were

in an automobile labeled "Just Married," like the bride and groom's car away back (a thousand years back, it seems) near Amenias. The over-eagerness of those hiding behind a building to pelt them with confetti resulted in an attack upon us. Yet the laugh was upon *them*, for, as we emerged from coils of colored-paper ribbon, they found that they had expended their ammunition on a couple wearing an intense, long-married expression. And as they profusely apologized, the "Just Married" drove triumphantly by, confettiless.

Since it was the moon, "the inconstant moon," that had led them on, so did it us to Newburyport. We liked the idea of arriving at this old town of the musical name by night, and fortified by chestnuts, we ran into open country again. It was intensely quiet. We were by ourselves; all New England had gone to supper—all save a woman with a full, rich voice who was too much in love to eat. We had stopped to turn on the head-lights, and she gave us the charming benefit of her song as she walked in her garden. She was as lacking in self-consciousness as the thrush in the bush, but the thrush keeps its secrets; there were words to *her* cry:

"The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one,  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the setting sun.  
The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one,  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done."

We stood motionless until she had finished, and as she sang, my mental picture of her changed. I could see her not as a young woman. There was a break in her rich voice now and then, which would suggest that the fingers of time were at her throat, making gentle indentations into the flesh, stealing her youngest notes from their ivory casing, sorry to do it, perhaps, but intent upon its eternal remodeling. Thank time or philosophy, or whatever power it is, that as our body changes, so does the spirit within us. One hopes

that the woman of middle age, singing in her garden that night, had found this accommodating spirit; one fears, from the yearning of her song, that she had not.

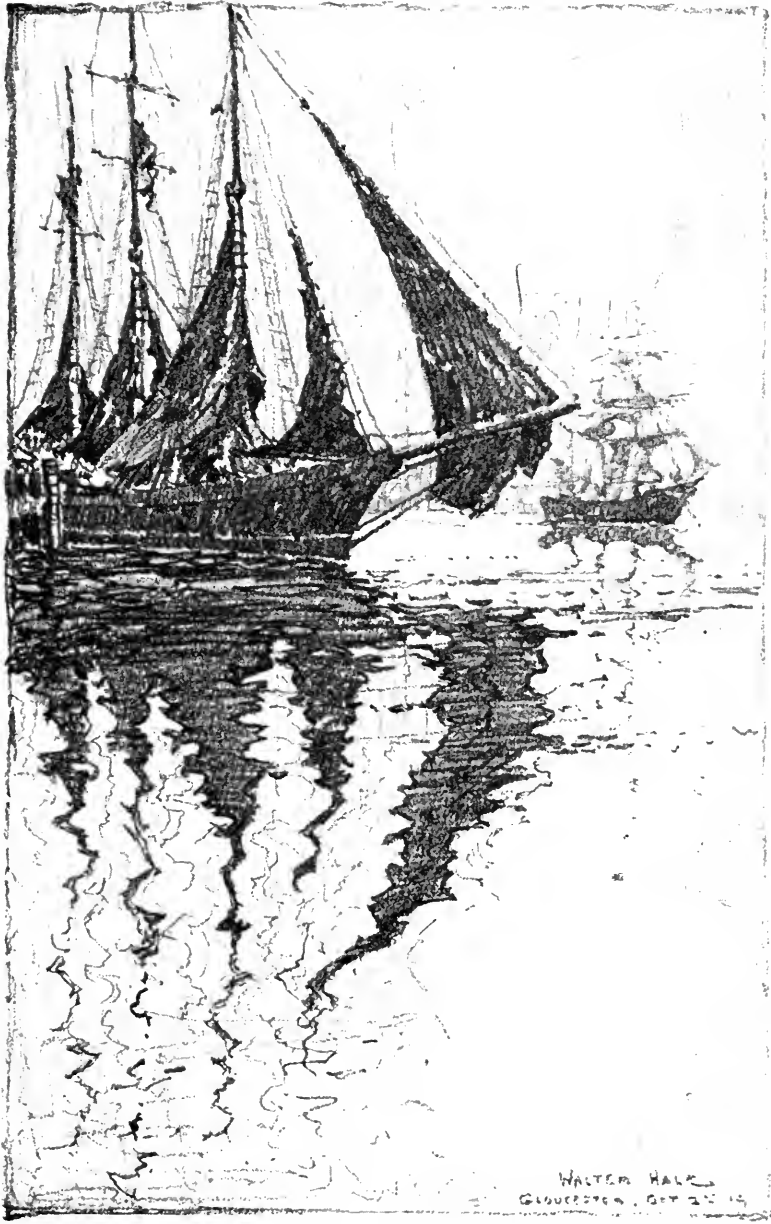
Long before we expected it we caught a line of silver on the horizon that betokened the port of Newbury. Little boats were riding at rest (only a boat can ride and rest at the same time), and there were big ones farther off in the harbor that evidently stayed out later, as grown-ups can, for they were all "lit up," and that means a number of things.

Once across the long bridge we asked the way to the tavern named after General Wolfe—asked of an Englishman, judging by his accent; and while his direction was faulty, we bore him no ill-will, for it gave us the opportunity of traversing a wide, lovely street which had nothing to do with the tavern. The fine colonial mansions were set far back from the road, solid and substantial. Even the glow of modern electricity coming from the windows shed its rays with dignity, as an able mind diffuses light. Only the creeping vines and the gardens were invulnerably soft.

We were too shy to ask of the tavern at these great doorways, the chauffeur demurring, as he feared the iron dogs might be live ones. No one was walking in the streets. There is a curfew law in Newburyport, yet it seems to have terrors only for the ancient, as we at last overtook some boys who ought to have been in bed. At first it was difficult to get any definite information, owing to their concerted desire to please, and when we begged that only one speak at a time, there was every promise of a fight over who should be the first one.

I sternly insisted that, being a lady, I should be allowed to pick out the dispenser of information, and, as a reward of merit, I sympathetically took the quietest boy. This created intense delight among his companions, for I had chosen the village stammerer, but by long breaths and pauses, and sticking to it, the little fellow told us all that we needed to know, and a good deal more.





Drying out sail in Gloucester

You cannot mistake the tavern if you have ever seen General Wolfe. His likeness is painted on the old swinging sign, but as he died on the Plains of Abraham while fighting the French, we were better assisted by the name of the tavern underneath than by any recognition of his features. Like all ancient hotels, it is not the original hotel, nor does it stand on the cor-

ner where it stood during and before Revolutionary times. I do not know why hotels wish to move about in this fashion, nor why they so frequently get themselves burned up—or *down*, as you feel optimistically or pessimistically. I think they burn *up* when the insurance is good. It gives me an uneasy sensation o' nights after creeping up delectable old staircases to

read of the number of times the hostelry has been reconstructed.

The present inn is old enough for any of us, and means a good deal to the citizens of Newburyport, as a Peabody once lived in it. There are two staircases, one early Victorian and ugly, belonging to Mr. Peabody, and one colonial and beautiful, belonging to the house next door; for the tavern has taken to spreading. I insisted upon rooms reached by this spiral staircase, for it curves so delicately that it would seem the way to heaven.

I asked the old negro porter, later, what the town was principally noted for, and he answered its purity and the landing here of the Siamese twins. He added that they were both dead, and I do not know whether he referred to the two attractions, purity and the Siamese, or simply to the twins.

I was shocked that he did not speak of Washington and Lafayette, who had slept in a neighboring mansion, but notables who were not freakish by nature he held in small esteem. Even the hotel clerk was rather blasé about these distinguished guests, opining that the two gentlemen, if one could judge by tablets all over the country, slept more than any other men in history.

His Newburyport favorite was Lord Timothy Dexter, who was not a lord at all, but had longed so ardently to be one that the title attached itself to him by force of the thought. He was an eccentric creature who, in colonial days, lived in one of those great houses I had seen by moonlight and sworn never to see again. He was a philosopher, if saying you are makes you one, and wrote a little book of precepts that have no merit whatever beyond the quaintness of the phrasing. Once upon a time, as a joke, he sent a boat-load of warming-pans to the West Indies, although I don't know on whom the joke was except on himself for his expenditure. But the cargo was the wisdom of a fool, for the warming-pans were applied to ladling up cane-sugar, and Lord Dexter grew even more rich through his folly.

All this is very well to talk about sitting on the front porch of the tavern of a late summer's morning, but, from my own acquaintance with village cut-ups, I can imagine what a bore he must have been in his day, and how he found our wide street of the night before as empty as did we when he sallied forth for a promenade.

He served, however, along with the Siamese twins and the porter and the old house across the street, which Stanford White greatly admired, to bring the personal equation strongly into Newburyport. Its Puritanism was nicely blended with fine tales of privateering, of prize-ships towed into the harbor, and, quite at variance with these attractions, but of special interest to us now, of the attitude of the dames of the town during the distressful times of the Revolution. For it was the custom of these ladies "to meet and dedicate a few glasses to the following truly sentimental and highly republican toasts:

1. May our beloved President preside at the helm of government longer than we shall have time to tell his years.
2. Mrs. Washington, respected consort of our illustrious chief.
3. May the fair patriots of America never fail to assert their independence, which nature equally dispenses.
4. Marie Charlotte Corday. May each Columbian daughter, like her, be ready to sacrifice their life to liberty.
5. The day that saw the wondrous hero rise shall, more than all our sacred days, be blessed."

That was five drinks. If a suffrage dinner-party in this day filled their glasses at all, the cause would be lost. I cite this to prove that we women, while expanding in our demands, are contracting in our beverages.

The world is getting better. We were shown an old bill for liquors concocted at the tavern and drunk by gentlemen of distinction. The sum total amounted to £59, of which only £7, so far as I could make out, was ever paid. W—— asked



The state-house, Boston

the clerk if we could get away with anything like that, and he replied very firmly that we could not. So there seemed nothing to do but to pay our account and go on.

We were now on the Bay Road of 1640, with every wrinkle so removed from its old face that it made me long to have a steam roller at my own command. It was a homely way in the real sense of the word, for the air was full of the odor of autumn pickling. Housewives peered out of the doors to see if we were the vinegar they had sent for, and went back to their stoves disgustedly, seeing we were not.

The smell changed to the less pleasant one of tanned leather as we came to Ipswich, and we stopped before one factory, with soles drying in the sun, to ask where we could find the Whipple house. We wanted the Whipple house because we wanted to see the Breeches Bible. That is, the illustrator wanted to see it. The Bibles which had been left by the Gideons were good enough for me. Besides, I was afraid to see the Breeches Bible for fear the illustrator was right.

It was his contention that this famous book, of which we spoke glibly and knew little, was given the name because it was the first Bible small enough to go into a breeches' pocket. After saying this must be wrong, I stuck to it, although inwardly asking myself why it should be called that if it did not have something to do with trousers. I endeavored to weaken the illustrator's attitude, which was growing more arrogant every minute, by asking him whose breeches it was that carried this Bible, and, after a minute's hesitation, he said Mr. Whipple's breeches, because it was to be shown in the Whipple house.

This I was sure was an error, and he must have felt that he had gone a little too far with his deductions, for we never found the old mansion in Ipswich. He tried to, he claimed. He went up to several doorsteps by himself and asked for something or other. I could hear him mumbling out a question, but I believe it concerned the road to Essex.

No one could mistake the Essex route, and few could have been any happier than were we despite dissension. The road underfoot was rutless, sky overhead cloudless; there were elm-shaded villages, red-dyed downs, and, far off, white patches of sand amid strips of blue water. More than that, we were going to stop off for a day or two and see some friends. At last we were to have an opportunity to use our golf-clubs. Just why we should choose friends living on a small island off the mainland as those most likely to give us a game of golf is something not to be answered with any credit to ourselves.

After a time we were being rowed in a small boat to a cottage on a rocky promontory, with the high tide encircling half of it, while our motor talked over our trip to our friends' motors in a garage on the mainland. I should like to go on writing of our life on the island, and of the golf we did n't play. But I am again frigidly reminded that this is a motoring story, and that the real tour carried us through Essex to Gloucester. So I must hurry you on, and say nothing of the waves lapping my room at night, or of the red flag hung out in the morning, and how the lobster-man, seeing the signal, rowed directly to the door with his catch. At least I can say nothing more than this, except to advise the tourist to spend part of his time along the Massachusetts coast. I know that I have advised him to linger on each day's run, but, upon retrospect, I know no playground more lovely than what is known as the North Shore.

Chief in interest to the reader may be the behavior of our island hosts when we mentioned the Breeches Bible. They were from Boston, and we knew their culture was sufficient to embrace complete knowledge of this sartorial volume at the Whipple mansion. But they showed nothing but an overdeveloped sense of humor when we told them our story, refusing to enlighten us beyond gasping out, "In Mr. Whipple's pocket—oh, Moses!"

All this mysterious reticence drove me to our own New York library as soon as I could shake the dust of the tour from my

clothes. I had grown fearful of any further questioning among my friends, but one has no shame before the librarians. We grant them superior creatures at the start. The first one whom I attacked in the history room behaved unusually, for, instead of raining heavy tomes down on me from the gallery, he unlocked a door and told me, "Third turning to the right, and there it is."

He then pushed me away unwillingly, while I muttered that "it" was at Ipswich; that all I wanted was to know about it, and that a small encyclopedia would be sufficient. I reiterated this same speech to a blond young man at the third door to the right, who did not hear me out, but turned on his heel, and came back with a good-sized volume in a new binding. He was apologetic about the binding. He was sorry that it was new, but their first edition was under lock and key.

I was inclined to be severe with him. I told him that the Breeches Bible was at the Whipple house at Ipswich, unless (I dwelt upon this) it had recently been stolen. But he was not at all resentful. He said all of the Bibles printed at Geneva in 1560 were Breeches Bibles, and he did not laugh when I cried out in despair over the size pockets must have been to carry such large volumes. He was accustomed to ignoramuses like me. He very gently, something in the manner of a physician, turned to the third chapter of Genesis, walking modestly away while I read these words:

Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed fig-tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches.

"So," continued the young man, not looking at me, "such editions that employed this word were classed under the head of the Breeches Bible."

And the worst of it is, I remember now having learned that at school, and the illustrator remembers having learned it also.

We left for Gloucester at the hour we had arrived in Essex a few days be-

fore, so the running time was not confused in our simple minds. Gloucester is on a peninsula, and one can cut it out altogether; but if he does, he will miss the quaintest seaport on the route, and millions of codfish drying in the sun, like the leather soles. The Gloucester boats still go to the Banks. Some do not return, and every spring there is a service at the water's-edge, when flowers are thrown upon the surface, to be carried out by the tide for those who did not come back.

The wharves and boats are so picturesquely ragged that I thought we had lost the illustrator forever. The chauffeur and I broiled in the sun as we sat in the car. We were alongside a ship in dry-dock, and I agonized over the effort it must take to get the vessels up this incline. A workman—not working—told me nothing could be easier: once get them on the ways, and they can be pulled up by hand. It still seemed a difficult process to me, and our young driver, whose life is far removed from dry-docks, mistook ways for waves, and remarked, to the great disgust of the workman, that he would n't have thought the waves were big enough to get a boat on them.

We ate a "shore dinner," consisting of fish "just in that morning," and clams cooked in four different fashions. While the fish was fresh, the coffee was so stale that I asked in all sincerity if it really *was* coffee. The waitress gathered up my cup with the avowed intention of getting some made. "I'm a coffee-drinker myself," she said sympathetically. She was an amiable girl, prefacing her attendance upon us by saying that "It sure was one grand day."

Another villager remained *simpatico* from first to last. We stopped in the narrow main street to ask for an art store of a policeman big enough for New York to entrap and carry away. The shop was directly in front of us, this causing a laugh at the illustrator's expense, which engendered a friendliness between the policeman and me.

We got along so exceedingly well that I told him one of Gloucester's most prom-

inent summer residents had, at the age of sixteen, asked me to marry him, and I, at fourteen, had considered it seriously. The policeman's respect for me increased enormously, and as the prominent cottager walked along this street every day and always nodded pleasantly, this member of the force promised to convey my regards. He took out his note-book to write down my name, in order that the distinguished gentleman would not confuse me with some girl he had arranged to marry a little earlier or a little later in his career. The passers-by thought I was being summoned, and ceased to be passers-by by stopping and becoming a crowd. So they had to be dispersed, sternly, by the law.

I parted with this artistic policeman reluctantly, not only because he was a Bohemian at heart, but for the reason that we were now going into a part of the country where roadside conversations were rare. Insidiously, as we found ourselves among formal people, we began to assume a conventional manner. We hated it, but it was not to be shaken off. And as we began our drive along the North Shore, from Magnolia through Manchester, Pride's Crossing, and Beverly, we were certain that we were far removed from experiences beyond the probability of a collision at each sharp turn.

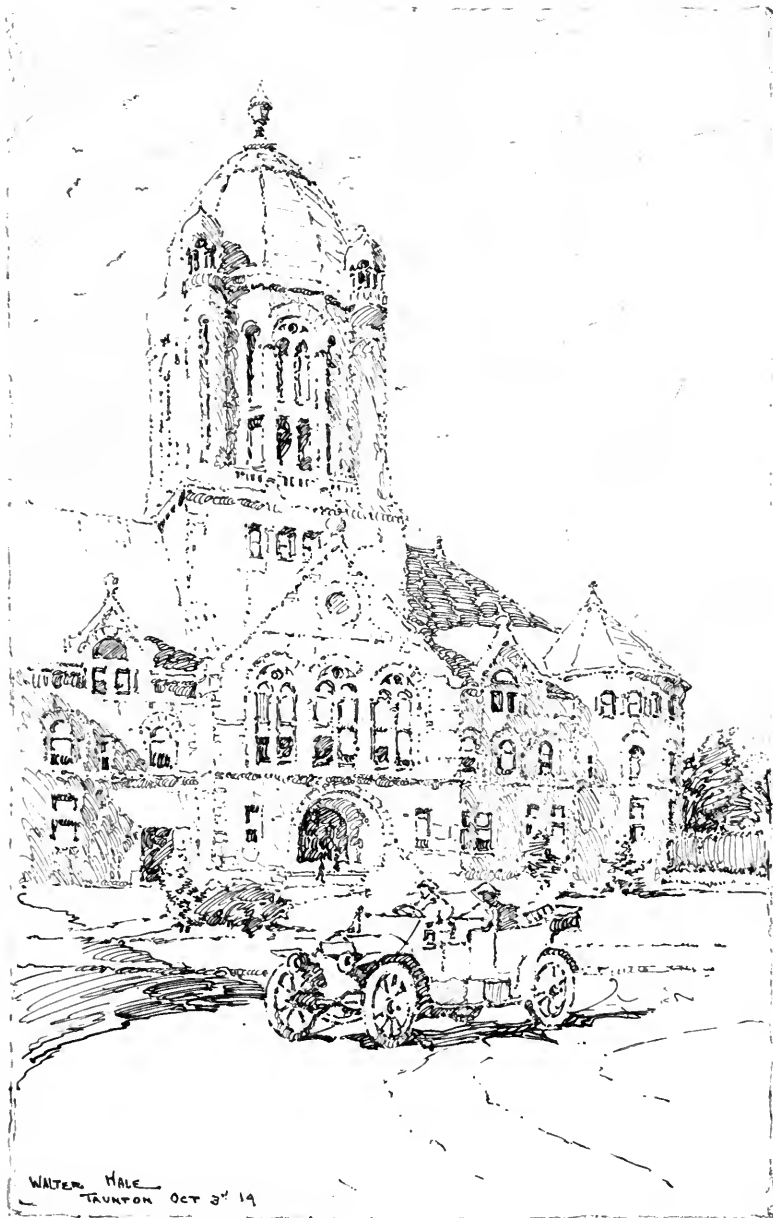
On the North Shore life in a stable is not to be despised, and one in a cottage beyond the dreams of avarice. There are miles of great estates lining each side of the road, and although a radical, I did not find the wealth exasperating. We had grown so grateful to the woods and fields, which had long been our companions, for their decorative qualities, that this land of gabled houses, French châteaux, and old English manors we accepted as a combination of nature and humanity to make our trip delightful. With the growing egoism of the motorist, we felt that this pagantry was arranged for us, and we were able to enjoy the lavish expenditure of others with no tax on our own purse. Blessed be the highway! It is for rich and poor alike, and on such a tour as ours is as varied as life itself.

The road continued fine, although the estates dwindled into smaller garden patches, with a pasture for the family cow, as we approached Salem. This is one of the towns that needs no guide-book or further digging into histories. About the first thing learned in school which remained in our memory before we had reached the corner was the witchcraft of Salem. And I think to-day any small boy of this town would write "witches" as the principal exports and imports of the place, if the question was put to him at examinations.

All one has to say, as we motor into the old town, is "witches" and the youngsters leap to the running-board, firing volleys of misinformation as you drive through the streets. They meretriciously confuse Hawthorne's House of the Seven Gables with the Witches' Jail, and point out the drug store, which is the real "Witch House," as that unhappy roof-tree which sheltered the Rev. Samuel Parris, who began all the trouble. As a matter of fact, this region of terror started at Danvers, five miles to the northwest of Salem. Here Samuel Parris, through the testimony of eight girls ranging in years from eleven to twenty, caused the death of twenty innocent women. These unfortunates were not even hanged in Salem, but on Gallows Hill, a mile to the west, which, as a guide-book puts it, "can be reached by a pleasant trolley ride."

Despite the humming trolleys and a stirring of industrial activities, Salem remains uncanny. I am sure that I should live in fear of the law as long as I stayed there. A filthy railway station does not dissipate the atmosphere of Puritan times, nor does the new portion of the town, now largely destroyed by fire, lend an air of modernity.

We shook our last small guide off the running-board as we passed out through the burned portion, refusing a log of charred wood as a souvenir, and swept on to Swampscott, watches in our hands, for we were dining with friends in Boston that night. The traveler would do well to take the longer road by way of Marble-



The court house at Taunton

head. It is not much of a pull after ten days of motoring to choose between friends and a pleasant detour. We would have abandoned ours shamelessly had they not been journeying also in another part of the country, and we were anxious to assure them that our experience had been more successful than theirs.

There is a series of boulevards clinging

to the coast, leading through Cambridge, that one may avoid the traffic of lower Boston, which combines to make this day's run as perfect as one can find in America or in any other country. From Lynn we began to feel the tremulousness which seizes us as we approach a great city. There was that perfect order of the road, the many wisely worded signs, and the

excellent system of lighting which is the blend of city brains and city money.

We approached Boston intelligently, as one should, and we would, I believe, have arrived on time for dinner had not the Wellington Bridge—whatever that is; we never saw it—been closed. Some said it had burned up, and, after prowling about on the Middlesex Fellway for a long while, we, in our exasperation, hoped, if it had n't, that it would. Yet we never left the fine macadam, passing through Medford and Somerville, and, quite unexpectedly, finding ourselves in the midst of Cambridge *Kultur*.

Here we paused, for the motorist can trail through a country as an Indian can pick his way in a forest, but Indian and automobile alike bow to the intricacies of city streets. A large yellow car asked if we were going to Copley Square, and as we were,—or would have, if we had n't been, since the car had a sort of Copley Square look about it,—we followed it humbly to the city. No doubt any stranger will find just such a kindly motor ready for escort, although I cannot guarantee the canary color.

Lights too dim, and crudition, and plate-glass windows, and wisely arranged flowers; women with bags, no spectacles whatever, good deeds a-plenty, and a curious joyousness which is not to be understood or denied: that 's Boston.

WE started from Boston at noon of the next day after the illustrator had made a sketch of the old state-house from the front seat in the car. He was most triumphant, as this was the first time the car had been able to fulfil its original mission, which was to save him the rental of a chair. And he paid a high compliment to the Boston citizens for not bothering him as he sat in the busy street. He said, "Brains count."

The Blue Hill Observatory sits up on a hill to the left as one approaches Stoughton. And, while we did not see it, it was doubtless observing us in the pursuance of its duty, and recording that a buff motor-car was stealing apples. The Germans

frugally make use of fruit-trees on each side their country ways, the sale of the fruit paying for the repair of the roads. But the Germans are an honest people, too much in awe of their Government to steal anything associated with the military. We have never stolen an apple in Germany, but such of the fruit as hung over the fence in America we seemed strangely drawn to. W—— said it was dangerous to have apples blocking the way like that,—they might fall off, hitting some one,—and our efforts, combined with those of some small boys, largely rid the roadway of this insidious peril to the passer-by.

A party of cavalrymen appeared over a hill, and we hurriedly concealed the apples in the instinctive fear of uniforms. We heard a great shout after they had passed us, and the chauffeur speeded up, looking as guilty as though he had run over a baby. But the illustrator nobly bade him stop, and it was well that he did, for the cavalrymen had discovered that our hat-box was open. And while we had not lost the driver's derby, ten soiled collars of the illustrator's, with which he had surreptitiously encircled my hat, were distributed along the roadway, while a suit of pajamas was about to hop out and see the world.

We were glad this error was rectified before we reached Taunton, as the guide-book tells us that it was founded by a pious Puritan, Elizabeth Pool, who had come to Taunton from Somersetshire. I think she was to be commended for not naming it Pool, as I am sure any man would have been tempted to do.

We did not recognize the hotel at first, as it had a new front in Spanish mission style. Remembering the interior I greatly feared that beauty would continue only skin deep. But I was wrong, for we sat down in a new dining-room to a table d'hôte luncheon which was not so young as it was at noon, but still with the warmth of youth. It was only fifty cents. I mention the price, for that was the smallest amount we paid on our tour; and we wished for several stomachs, like a



camel, to store up fifty-cent luncheons for the rest of the journey.

Yet, as we uttered this flippancy, we stared at each other in amazement, for we did not need this charming qualification of the camel.

"The rest of the journey!" We grew a little sad as we reflected that we would consume only one more luncheon as travelers of the road. According to our figuring, we should spend the night in Newport, the next in Bridgeport, and by noon of that day I would be talking over the telephone to the mysterious butcher, with the pleasant voice, whom I have never seen, and begging him to French the chops, *please*. Or perhaps I would get the wrong number, and tell a strange young gentleman about the chops, who would interrupt me to say, "This is the morgue, Madam," and hang up before I could retort that the morgue was what I wanted—with him in it.

Fall River, except in time of strikes, we think of only as a place where the boats stop and start. But we found it a town of so many mean streets given over to factory hands that one should imagine those living in the fine houses of the broad avenues would feel endlessly guilty. The main street is lined with cheap shops containing tawdry clothing. One wishes that the poor could get more comfortable values for their money, but the aim at present is to copy as cheaply as possible the garments of the prosperous. Possibly a feather in a hat may mean more than a warm body, and a brass bracelet express a stirring after the ideal which, while formless, is in all our hearts.

A newsboy from whom we bought a New York evening paper (with a beating in our breasts at sight of the sheet) had his ideal of an automobile. "Gotta self-starter—yep?" he asked. And when we were forced to reply, "Have n't got one—nope," he lost all interest. It depressed us. I was glad to leave Fall River. The name is not optimistic, and my last picture of the town was a baby in arms being fed a dill pickle. It was a sickly child.

We were now on the left of the river,

going toward Tiverton, which is the door to Newport. It is a very sporty door, and if any automobilist is too puritanical to inquire the way of a drinking-place, he will never get any farther, as all Tiverton is road-houses. We compromised on a wharf café, exhibiting a greater array of fish than bottles, and found that we must traverse the bridge, and immediately on the other side we should find Newport beginning.

It began slowly, but in a most dignified manner. We passed miles of fine farms, with the houses (inversely for the American farmer) larger than the barns. Blooded horses were in the paddocks, bored cattle in the pastures, and chickens, with family trees to roost upon, walked in and out of their steam-heated apartments.

On the outskirts of the town we were surprised to discover that here was a district of new framed residences, a terrible combining of the Georges with Queen Anne, tempered to decency by red mission roofs. They were the kind we see in every growing Western town, and the homes, I suppose, of the prosperous tradesmen of the town. One never thinks of any one living in Newport except a few impoverished old families and the rich cottagers who come for the summer.

We did our duty by the great palaces industriously, pointing out the houses of the great to our indifferent chauffeur, who seemed chiefly interested because he knew some of the men from their various garages. One cannot motor along the front of these palaces, but a wise law, created many years ago, makes the edge of the water the right of way for any one who has legs to walk. And, armed with a guide-book, one can correctly pick out the establishments, provided he begins at the right end. I once rode backward in a diligence through the Tyrol, following in my Baedeker the various old castles marked at the right and left of us. I found every one of them, and my satisfaction was no less complete when I realized that my right-hand ones were really those on the left in the guide.

We settled in a hotel on the square, far from the fashionable portion, fearing terribly that we should be uncomfortable, and rejoicing exceedingly that we were not. It was early in the day, and there was some talk of our going on, but so violent a dispute arose between a bell-boy and a maid, cleaning the brass strips on the hall steps, over the hours of the ferries to the mainland, that it was too late to take anything except rooms by the time they had finished.

I whisked around into the shopping street of the town to do my usual amount of looking. This was not Bellevue Avenue, which is patronized only by the summer visitors, but a narrow way that the city once hoped to widen, only a woman, owning one of the buildings, refused to have her house moved, and as chivalry was still extant in those days, and "condemning" unknown, the thoroughfare has remained as delightful as Waterport Street, Gibraltar.

Like Gibraltar, it was full of sailormen of all nations, starting in to celebrate Saturday evening after the usual formula. Our own sailors lend a tone, for three forts and a torpedo-boat station are within gunshot of the town, a battle-ship always in port, and sailors from many yachts add to an excessive cleanliness of appearance, although the purity does not extend itself to speech.

As though there was need for it, the Salvation Army gathered in the square, singing to cymbal and cornet. This was after dinner, as we sat in the broad window under a sort of arch of chamois gloves that I had washed out and pinned to the curtains. The cabbies were below, counting over their fares for the day, and anathematizing this new desire of Americans to walk.

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lamb,  
Or you can't go to heaven when you die,"

shrilled the army, the threat gathering a fair complement of sailors and their girls. How well I remember the hoots that assailed the first endeavors of these uniformed men and women, of their arraignment

by the clergy, of their condemnation as public nuisances! Now they are accepted by the noblest dame and the meanest roisterer with a respect which is granted the highest mission.

The deep whistle of a boat divested the army of many of its audience. The cabbies leaped to their perches, and we left our bower of gloves to join the nightly rush to see the Fall River boat come in. The smell of autumn was in the air, long lines of covered broughams and victorias were waiting to be rolled on board and carried down to New York. Passengers were going on, attended by ladies' maids and footmen, and hampered by jewel-cases held firmly in their hands.

On a level with the wharf was the storage-deck, and hundreds of barrels of fish, packed in ice, were going down to the city in a whirlwind of haste to see the sights. A mate stood with watch in hand as the longshoremen ran back and forth with their trucks. They were given so many minutes to store away the morning's catch. The grind of small iron wheels was incessant; sweating bodies leaped through the air at the slight rise of the gang-plank. Some slipped, but righted themselves before the long trail was upon them. I do not know what longshoremen receive for this Herculean labor under stress of time, but whatever it is, they deserve it.

"Do they always get through?" I asked a bystander, who looked as though he never did any work in his life, but took an enormous pride in the capacity of others.

"Always," he answered; "but they 're kind o' tired afterward."

Kind o'!

There were little eating-places on one side of the long causeway which connects the town with the wharf. On the other side was the quiet water, with boats at anchor, showing mild white lanterns of safety. There was not so much safety in the eating-places, yet there was kindness. One of the foreign tars, in the course of his meal, which he must have been too muddled to enjoy, fell off his high stool



A bit of the shore-line, Newport

and lay on the floor contentedly, with his fork clutched correctly in his hand, until a fresh-faced waiter lifted him back; when he went on with his supper as though this were the proper thing to do between courses.

The scene was not Newport of the cliffs or Bellevue Avenue or the great

farms, and it was like our perversity to enjoy the very thing for which the famous resort was least noted. We went to rest feeling that we had "done" the town more thoroughly than if we had been hedged about by pomp and circumstance. And before he returned to the hotel, W——, I regret to say, attended the movies.

I did not admit to W—— that the Fall River boat going down to New York had set my heart to singing not from any love of boats, but, upon analysis, from the thought that it was going to New York, that it would be turning out its sleepy passengers just as we were waking, and that it would be back in Newport, rolling off winter hats, before we had passed the police station in Bronx Park, which cheerily marks the entrance to the city proper.

I was finding that the deep regret occasioned by the swift approaching end of our tour was blended with another regret that we were not ending it more swiftly.

While I did not express this uncontrollable longing to get on, I noticed that the illustrator was ready earlier than usual next morning, that he had put on his best motor-coat, and that the chauffeur had removed his derby from the hat-box and was carrying it in a paper bag among the pedals. He made no mention of this, but he affirmed that the engine was working better than ever, and he thought we would make Bridgeport early. It was plain that Bridgeport stood for New York, and, once there, that we had only to turn the corner to find ourselves before our apartment-house exchanging greetings with the elevator-boy, if he had not been exchanged since our departure for another elevator-boy, which was highly probable.

Despite this, the call of the city did not outroar the call of the road. We had a great day ahead of us, and, although it consisted for a time of riding about on ferries in an effort to get started, the joy from the revolution of the wheels was not entirely occasioned by the fact that we were revolting toward home.

I have always imagined Narragansett Pier as a sparkling pier, gay red parasols sticking up out of the sand, bejeweled ladies sitting under them, and men and women, like the front cover of a magazine in August, standing sole-deep in the water. We saw some of these things, but not to the extent that I hoped.

Perhaps I did not look about me as I should when I descended from the car to

make a little promenade. But it was difficult to lift my eyes from the ground, for I was seeking the diamond horseshoes, pearl dogs'-heads, and sapphire alligators that are continually being lost at Narragansett Pier. I have never been fortunate in finding things, but I figured that, with close attention, I ought to pick up some small object in proportion to the vast number of jewels that the New York papers claim are disappearing there daily.

The guide-books say there is little of interest between the Pier and Stonington. I am always glad to read this, for it averts the necessity of watching for monuments. The illustrator never reads his guide-book until he has covered the ground, and he has a solemn way of looking at me from over the top of his book and saying, "Did you see the monument on the lower road?" All of which forces me to answer that I did see it, whether I did or not, and I do not like to do this, as an untruth is corroding to the soul.

With no monuments to look for, I could now lie back and let the first falling leaves blow into my face, and give time to the wild asters and the early goldenrod. When a road-bed is good and through a pleasant country-side, how can any guide find it devoid of interest?

We lunched at an old Stonington inn, set back among fine trees, which were too young for the Indians to have hidden behind, but offered pleasant shelter for young lovers.

It was early for luncheon, but we could not withstand the charm of that old house once we were within its forbidding walls. One would not expect such an exquisite display of taste in furnishings, to judge by the Victorian exterior. An old negro bowed us into the house and waved me up the wide staircase to the sleeping-rooms above "jes for a look about." The doors of many of the rooms were open, and I walked in and out of the unoccupied apartments, fearing to awake. Here was a hotel furnished not only as a hotel should be, but as a home should be. It was as though the hosts had stepped out and would return at any moment. And



Center Church, New Haven Green

they would be nice hosts, who would enjoy my walking about, and not arrest me for burglarizing.

Each room was individual in its color and style, each expressing a personality, not one personality for them all, but of several, as though the occupant had as much right to a room to fit his tastes as he had to a choice of viands at table. Fresh flowers were on the mantelpieces, hair-pins in little tufted cushions that one

can stab into, and colored pins, such as it is a sin to steal, on chintz trays.

I sat down in *my* room—it was in deep rose—and looked out of the window at the stream on the estate twisting itself, like the Indians of old, among the trees. How fortunate that we had not begun our tour by going through Bronx Park and on to Bridgeport, New Haven, and Stonington! For if we had done that, I should have met the rose room earlier,

and never gone on at all. How unfortunate was it, on the other hand, that on the last day I should see this perfect bedroom; for New York was now calling me, while the rose draperies were softly folding me about and bidding me stay!

I groped in my mind for some sustaining philosophical thought, but none came. Only the chauffeur's derby rose before me, an ugly thing, and his proud air when he would wear it home to tell his family all about the trip. I wondered if the tan bedroom with the lacquer furniture would hold out any inducement to him. But I felt that it would not. W—— found me after a time, and while he admired the black apartment with the green parrakeets which I had picked out for him, he thought, if I had some luncheon, I would feel differently about it.

After luncheon, which was on inexpensive, but lovely, china, it occurred to me that this Stonington inn was going to remain there, and that some day (on that future day when there would be "plenty of time") I could go there and rest for a while.

We caught the ferry to New London, and were held up on the other side for the long train which was going down to New York to pass. We could see happy New-Yorkers at the windows who would get there ahead of us. It was very trying to our young driver. Even with a three-dollar-and-fifty-cent fare, he might have deserted us but that I had removed his derby from among the pedals, and had my feet on it. His nostrils did not quiver, for he was not the kind of boy to have quivering nostrils. If they had quivered, he would have been a bad chauffeur, and we still would have been sitting in the Vermont mud. But he crouched down with a sort of groan, and acting on an impulse (for W—— had gone to buy the New York papers, and I could indulge myself in impulses), I asked him, in a hasty whisper, if he was in love.

And he was!

Of course he wanted to get back to her, and of course I wanted him to, and before the New York papers were plunked down

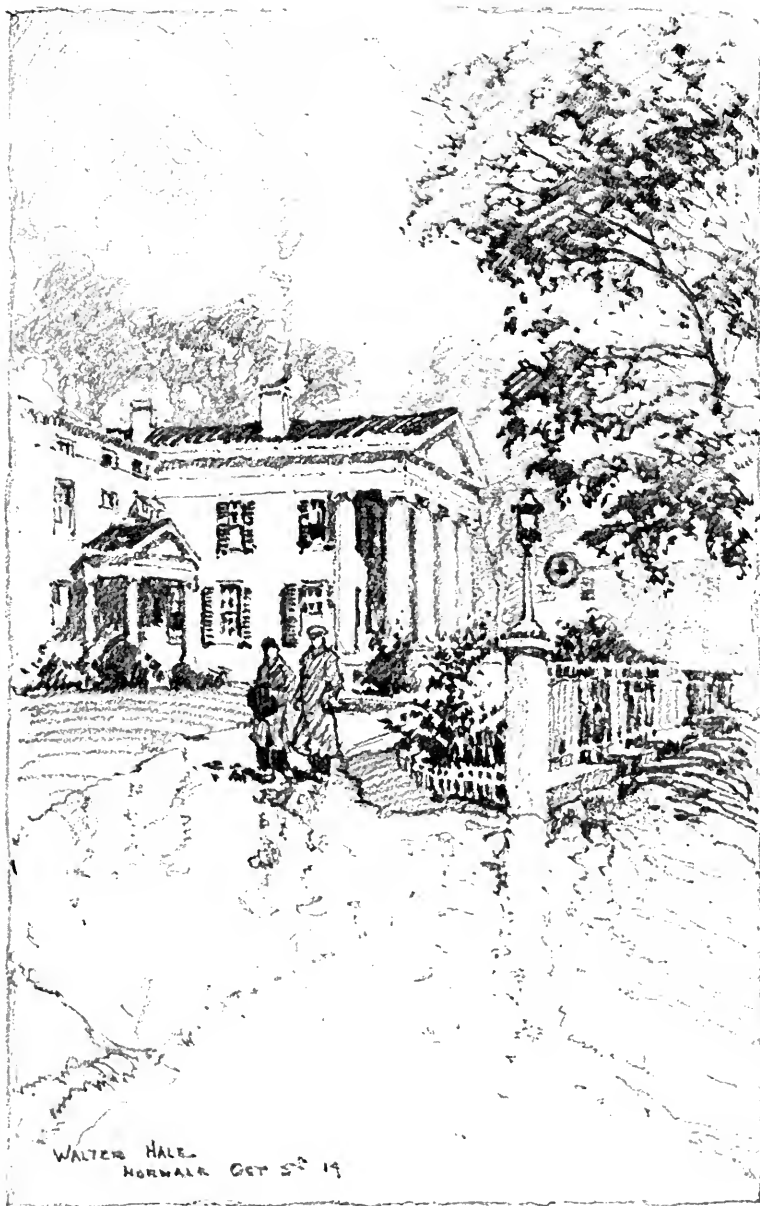
at my feet, I had more than suggested that we reach the city that night. He was at the wheel for the next two hours, while the illustrator read head-lines with difficulty. Now and then he would look at the speedometer and at the boy, who would pull down the throttle hurriedly, and twitch it up again by degrees.

We scarcely saw New London. We included it in the itinerary because it is the home of American yachting and boat-racing, where every inland motorist should linger.

As we sped along, the illustrator would occasionally say to me (call to me with his hands hollowed, as though it was impossible to be heard with all the gravel flying) that he had always hoped to linger along this route and make sketches in color. This was after we had swept through Lyme as though it were not. Some of America's greatest painters go there, and at the spring exhibitions we see in the galleries quiet houses bathed in moonlight, or a ragged road leading to a hilltop, the picture stopping there and leaving us to imagine the scene on the other side—of the canvas, I suppose it would be.

Yet the illustrator was undoubtedly enjoying the pace; as I have said before, the mechanic in him is ever striving to master the artist. "A sketch!" cries the artist within him as we pass a fine composition. "Speed on!" urges the mechanic. And art, figuratively, climbs into the back seat with me.

Art has learned that sometimes one stops for gasoline. It was hoping we would do so at Guilford, but the tank showed no disposition for a drink, and before we knew it we saw, from afar, the war monument of East Rock, and knew that we were nearing New Haven. For years I have seen that monument going up to Boston, and seen it coming back from Boston (I mean *I* was going up; the monument has never stirred), and on that remote leisurely day on our way to Stonington, with a stop-off for sketching at Lyme, I hope to get close to that tall shaft and see what it is all about.



The inn at Norwalk

There was no escaping gasoline in New Haven, and as soon as the car settled down to its draft, the young chauffeur and I witnessed the artist gaining the ascendancy over the mechanic. The illustrator brought out his materials. He was ruddy with the rush through the sun, so that he looked very unlike an artist. And he was glad of that, as one never outgrows the fear of the ridicule of college boys;

but he was firm of purpose. He stalked toward the campus, muttering something about the beauty of the old church on the green.

He was going to make a sketch! He was *going to make a sketch!* There was no use in opposing him. Artistic inclinations feed on opposition, as many a paterfamilias knows. I was not altogether sorry, for I could walk up Hillside Ave-

nue, which, next to State Street in Portland, is the loveliest street in the world. But I knew the young driver was grieving, and doubtless saying to himself: "It's all very well for you two. He's got you, and you've got him. But how about me and her?"

The illustrator had put away his block of paper and was back to his map when I returned, and he greeted me with the elaborate manner which he believes to be diplomatic. He asked me how I felt, and I said I felt well, and, yawning casually, he told me then that the whole distance from Newport to New York was only one hundred and seventy-seven miles. I stood still, but my heart kept on running. It was so splendid that he wanted to go down to New York that night. It was not splendid that he wanted me to make the suggestion. He had his reason for that. If anything went wrong, then it would be my fault. Not that he would blame me,—I grant him a good sportsman,—but that I could not blame him. So I said in a very small voice, "Let's have a night ride to New York."

In the early twilight we went toward Bridgeport, taking the short cut instead of going by the water's-edge through Savin Rock and Woodmont. We were punished for closing our hearts to the appeal of nature by suddenly and unreasonably getting lost, and finding ourselves miles from Bridgeport, but near Derby. To this day W—— cannot solve how he managed it, but I am inclined to believe that it was caused by the chauffeur's derby—like calling unto like. The way of the digressor is hard. I said to the illustrator, who, from a limited acquaintance with the text, thought I was quoting correctly, and said there were a lot of good things in the Bible.

It made us late for dinner at a Bridgeport hotel, but was this not a fitting ending to our little journey in the world? We had generally been late. It is such a specialty of ours that a householder invites us to dine half an hour ahead of the other guests, and if by any chance we arrive at the time given us, we have a

melancholy reward, sitting in an empty drawing-room while the hostess is getting herself fastened up.

Here at last was the opportunity for the résumé of the trip, for figuring out about those arrows, for asking why I had not given more time to the scenery and less to myself, for wondering if I had really made fun of the illustrator, when I really like the man, for mentally retracting anything that would give offense to any one. I have never been troubled with a sense of pride, and I have always found that "eating my words" was not a bad meal, after all.

I would have time, also, to think of the misstatements I have made, the confusing of historical events, and that chief crime to a locality—calling a good road a bad one. I grew a little afraid to sit alone in the back seat—alone with this responsibility, and I communicated this to W——, who suggested that he and I make the trip together and stow away the chauffeur in the rear. The boy climbed in among the folderols, and I did not look back at him, for I knew he was eating peanuts and would have to be reprimanded. He was alone with peanuts and his girl, and the illustrator and I were alone, as we had been many times on night flights through the Latin countries.

One may ask why I did not sit on the front seat with him earlier on the tour. It is difficult to answer this unless the reader is a nervous woman herself and hopes to "hold him." I have never outgrown the measuring eye—the eye that sees the dog or the child or the oncoming motor, and wonders just how far we can go before we shall have to turn out for these objects. And this is not conducive to the "rest and change" for which one makes a trip.

Nor is it conducive to the good temper of the driver. In early motoring days I could not believe that the illustrator saw the dog or the child or the oncoming motor. I alone saw them, and out of kindness of heart I would tell him of these objects ahead. He was always gentle about it up till noon, but later in the day



he would appear to be talking through clenched teeth as he would respond, "I see it, I see it," or sometimes merely, "I have eyes, *dear*."

As I became more skilled in motoring etiquette, I ceased telling him flatly what I saw, but referred to the obstacles in a veiled manner, as though from an affectionate interest in them. "That's a curious-looking dog ahead," I would exclaim; or "What a pretty little child running down the road!" or, again, "Do look at this oncoming car! What make can it be?"

But it did not deceive him, and I admit it was rather mean, for in nine years' motoring through the crowded ways of Europe there is only the toll of a dog—and the acquiring of some mysterious chicken feathers on the radiator.

Another sensation that I have never been able to overcome, and which many other motorists may share, is the one that creeps over me as we pass a sleek horse. I always feel that we are going to take a slice off that animal's side as it protrudes richly over the shaft. In my vanity, I feel our own car to be as big as a motor-bus, and that nothing can hurt us. There are women who say that they don't look down the road as they travel. But so long as I sat up in front, it seemed to be necessary to look, that we should surely run into something if I *did n't* look, even though I controlled my vocal exclamations and turned them into gay snatches of song.

There was one emotion which could be classed as satisfactory during those early days, and that was occasioned by the relieving discovery whenever we passed some scary object that our car did n't "shy." Although I knew the vehicle we were traveling in was propelled by mechanical means, for a long time I could not help wishing that paper would not blow up the road, nor little boys yell at us. And I always felt a glow of kindness for the motor when it ran over the paper with perfect sang-froid, and, restrainedly, refrained from running over the little boys.

When we acquired a back seat, I was

relegated to it, where I could hide behind the driver's back, and enjoy the wayside scenes that, as scenes ahead, might have filled me with concern. I cannot recommend a back seat too strongly as a method for "preserving the home." How few of us realize, as we fly to all parts of the country for easy divorces, that the real trouble began with the first runabout!

But at night the roads are clear; one can lie with one's head on the back of the seat and watch the stars without feeling any necessity of watching for chickens. Or one can talk to the driver, for the motor seems to work more quietly. The head-lights make a lane for us which we cannot run into no matter how fast we go. At a curve in the road one might fear the light will not get there in time to show the turn, but this is always managed.

A gentle wind arose when we reached Norwalk, and we stopped for an instant before an inn to put on heavier coats. The proprietor strolled down to greet us, and waved us good-by, as not many other proprietors had done, although they usually had elms to stand under. I settled back and thought about elms. New Haven the "Elm City"? Every New England town has a just claim to that title. How they grow for the Yankees, these trees! How they grow for all people and villages! Whoever heard of an elm forest? They are like dogs; they must have human beings about them. They are the lovely watch-trees of man's habitation. They are the true family-trees of this part of our country. They are—

"Stamford," said the illustrator.

Then came Greenwich, and Rye, with white doors along the way closed for the first time against us. I patted the arm of my seat affectionately, for this stanch little car had done away with the horrors of catching trains for Sunday visiting; of early morning snappings at each other because we had to leave on schedule-time; of watching the hour at country dinner-tables so that we could catch the crowded last train back. How these annoyances have faded from our memory, just as the

recollection of the pale rays for gas illumination has been effaced by the glare of electricity!

We were now among the inns of gentle name and vigorous hospitality. The voice of W—— was heard now and then, not romantically, but reminiscently, as we passed them by: "Got a drink there—dried your hat here—they stole the wrench at that joint." Not romantic, but life, and more of life before us—long stretches of life. For to all of us death may be near to the next man, but not to us. It must be a soldier's sustaining thought, his own invulnerability.

We waited for our chauffeur to leap from the back seat, probably wearing the derby, to do his last duty. He did not

stir. I had imagined him wrapped in dreams, and so he was, but with his mouth open, snoring comfortably. It was trying, as I remembered his anxiety to get to her. But the illustrator and I had remained awake, and, on second thoughts, it was rather entrancing that the middle-aged couple in the front seat were more stirred than youth by the warmth of swift motion and scented darkness, and far-off villages and Fifth Avenue inviting us the length of its mirroring asphalt.

We *did* find a new elevator-boy, who said, when we mumbled something about ourselves, that "Mistah an' Mis' Hale am out of town." But we took off the baggage just the same, for Mistah an' Mis' Hale am at *home*.

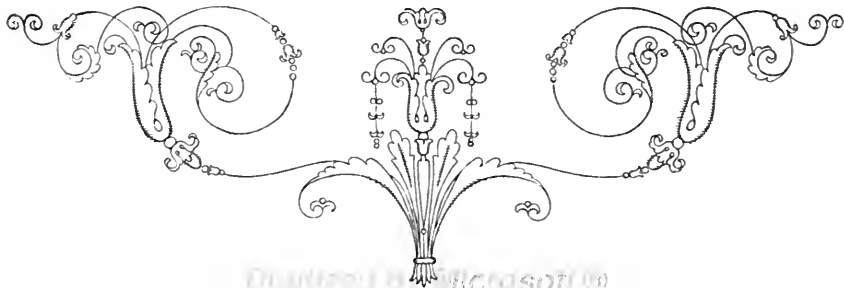
THE END



## Il Maestro

By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

NIGHTLY, with ebb and flow, around him move  
 The finite tides of an infinite sea,  
 And with each mortal wave the ghost of love  
 Keeps its immortal tryst relentlessly;  
 Voiceless the prayers from old despair that rise;  
 Unseen the hands thrust upward from the dark;  
 Beneath a mask of mirth watch Minos' eyes,  
 Where laughter mocks at hope's extinguished spark.  
 Freed by his hand, the Bird of Melody  
 Over the drift of life exultant sings,  
 And, lo! the dream made whole, the answered call!  
 Now hearts soar outward upon silver wings  
 To unremembered meadows, Thracian shore,  
 And you who went call unto me once more.





## “Here Comes Grover!”

By FRANK LEON SMITH

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

NO one looks quite so wealthy as a well-dressed fat boy. Our large hero, Grover Fidley, looked like a millionaire's son, and felt like one, but he was not. Like any other young man, he believed himself unusually comely and important. His family was not so enthusiastic. Because he was going on twenty-one and had fizzled out in just about everything he attempted, they considered him a problem, and thought it high time he was solved. His father was delegated to take him to the country and have little talks with him while his mother and sisters were at the shore. Unsuspecting, Grover liked this arrangement. His sisters were always “kidding” him, and his mother was forever at him to read something to improve his mind, to answer ads she cut out of the paper, or to go with her to see some man about a job; but he thought he could trust his father, and he was expecting a few weeks of peace.

This brings us to the Bearsville train. After they had found their seats in the Pullman, they walked back to the smoking-compartment. Grover did n't smoke,—that is, officially,—but his father did. He was a small man to be the father of such a big, lazy lubber of a hero as Grover, and bald, and his hooked nose clamped a thin, drooping mustache, and his manner was just a little fussy and fastidious. He did a prosperous business in law-books and stationery, only you need n't bother to remember that. He sat down beside Grover and pulled out a case and, taking two cigars, offered one to his son without a word.

“Why—er—er—thanks,” said Grover, a little flustered, for he thought no one at home knew he smoked.

They lit up from the same match, then Grover tucked the edge of a handkerchief into his collar, freed his trousers at the knees, and lolled back upon the cushions.

“How have you been getting along at the office?” asked his father.

Grover looked cross-eyed at the end of his cigar.

“All right, Puppa,” he said. And then in a burst of confidence, “I have given up the work, though.”

He had been holding a small job in a broker's office, bearing off four great big dollars a week.

“Why—I thought—”

Grover cocked his head on one side and looked very professional.

“Things are very quiet in the financial world, and I did n't think it was just the right opening for me, so when I asked for a month's leave of absence, I thought I might as well give up the position for good.”

The fact was, Grover's boss told him to have a good time and not to bother about coming back.

“H'm, perhaps you 're right,” said Mr. Fidley.

“In the fall there 'll be better chances in every line,” Grover interrupted.

“Well, a vacation will do you good, and when we come back I 'll try to get you into something you 're better fitted for.”

“Sure, Puppa; that 's just the way I figured,” said Grover, eagerly.

“We 'll talk it over later on.”

And then the train started.

But they did n't talk it over. Mr. Fidley kept putting it off, and finally decided to wait until they got back. Here he had planned what he was going to say, and

not only that, but Mrs. Fidley trusted him to prod up Grover. Oh, well, most men are a little afraid of their sons, anyway.

When the Fidley twain jumped down on the rotting planks of the platform at Bearsville Junction it was quite dark, and the various things that leap and sing in dank places were in full chorus. Lonny Sherman was waiting for them. He came out of the shadow of the station, clearing his throat and offering husky greetings. Lonny was a country nobleman of the Rip Van Winkle school. Farming hurt his back, but fishing hit him just about right. He looked forward to Mr. Fidley's annual visits, for Mr. Fidley was an excellent angling companion, paid pleasing and prompt board money, and always brought along a couple of quarts of—

Well, he assembled their luggage and threw it on his wagon. As each big bag smashed down, the huge, bony, red horse in the shafts quivered and cringed as though he had been struck with a club. When they climbed in, Lonny gathered up the lines and spoke a few words, and the red horse made a faint-hearted effort to walk off, and gave it up as though he had demonstrated it could n't be done. Then Lonny winked at Mr. Fidley, who was sitting with him on the front seat, and dug a scrap of paper from his waistcoat pocket and unrolled a small fire-cracker he had found on the road and saved for this moment, for Lonny was a fellow of studied jest. He lighted the fire-cracker and tossed it under his horse, and presently it went off, and Grover snickered hysterically as they rattled up Main Street behind the startled steed.

Lonny's place consisted of a white, heavily mortgaged house, with green blinds, set back from the road, with the dark woods just beyond, and a weather-beaten barn and several of those useless-looking, staggering sheds that city people want to push over. Lonny's wife was waiting for them with a lantern in the big doorway of the barn. She was a thin, freckled woman who whistled her essses piercingly as she talked. Grover tumbled

down and shook hands with her and made frank inquiries about supper, and she was amazed to see how much he had grown. When the red horse had been pushed into his stall, they all trooped over to the house.

In the kitchen the table was set, and several covered pans on the stove gave out steaming suggestions that appealed immensely to Grover. There was a plaited rag-rug in front of the stove, and on her knees on the rug was a girl in a gingham dress fooling with a large dog with a weird pedigree. He was a friendly dog, and came right over and barked at Grover, and wagged his tail, and got swept up by the excitement of so many people in the room. Lonny had to put him out.

Our hero stared at the girl and wondered who she was, and the girl, who is our heroine, stood up and stared at Grover. These stares are not to be interpreted as love at first sight. He was resenting her presence as an infringement on his rights and his father's, and she was thinking he was the fattest boy she had ever seen, and wondering if he could go eight days without food.

"This is Miss Newsom—Mr. Fidley and Master Grover Fidley," spoke Lonny's wife in her formal tones for polite occasions, her essses whistling shrilly.

Grover cringed at the "Master" and got very red as he marched up after his father and shook hands. Miss Newsom bowed, and gave him a man's grip. She was not a very big girl, blonde, and had circles under her eyes and looked rather pale and tired.

"Master Grover—how do you do?" she said, and one corner of her mouth strayed upward in a weary smile.

Grover could have danced with rage and mortification, but he did not. He pulled off his coat and, revealed in all the glory of lavender suspenders, went over to the shining copper pump and filled a basin with water and washed his hands. Mr. Fidley took little steps about the kitchen and talked at everybody, and it was easy to see he was as tickled as a small boy to be there. Presently they all sat down, Miss Newsom next to Grover,

and during the meal he would n't say anything to her but "Oh" or "Uh" when she passed something to him. He was mad at her for being "fresh," and he was mad at Lonny and his wife for having her there, and he tried to be very indignant; but the others were all talking at once and never noticed.

Now and then he wondered if she was n't impressed by his real silk shirt, and hoped she would think him and his father very wealthy. The dog was making friendly overtures on the porch, crying through his nose and scratching on the screen-door, and when Miss Newsom got up and carried him a piece of steak, Grover was mad at her for doing something he would have liked to have credit for doing.

After supper Lonny began to clear his throat, and stare at the Fidley luggage. Finally Mr. Fidley interpreted him and, picking up a small black bag, had Lonny show him to his room. Grover brazenly lighted a small, campus-model pipe and, sprawling comfortably in a rocker, told Lonny's wife about conditions in Wall Street. He spoke with tremendous conviction and authority, and she tried to listen to him and clear off the table and wonder what Lonny was up to all at the same time. But Miss Newsom took a lamp and a book and said good night and went off to her room.

Grover's voice trailed away to nothing, and, guessing aloud he 'd take a walk up the road before he turned in, he put on his hat and disappeared in the darkness, with the dog leaping about him. He was provoked and he walked very fast, and every little while he jolted heavily as the road unexpectedly went up or down. Oh, well, she was just an ignorant country girl and did n't know a young man of unusual attainments when she saw one. The dog was curving about joyfully, and presently Grover tripped over him and fell, and as he lay in the deep, soft dust the dog came up and licked his face, and Grover was very angry. But it was a fine night, and half a moon was floating up from the dark woods, and a score of subtle

flavors gave the air a fine exhilaration, and in a hundred places at once apprentice crickets were practising for the concert that is never given, and soon Grover began to feel so good he whistled all the sweet, sad songs he knew; and when he got back to Lonny's his lips were sore, and the dog's eyes were misty, and he had a lump in his throat.

In the morning Grover arrayed himself in sneakers, flannel shirt, and the biggest pair of khaki trousers in the world, and came down to find breakfast ready and everybody waiting for him. His father was wearing old clothes that made him look more like a farmer than a farmer does, and Lonny, in Mr. Fidley's honor, had on a stiff white shirt, but no collar.

"Morning, everybody," spoke Grover, breezily. "Hullo, Puppa."

Miss Newsom, who was talking to his father, smiled.

"Good morning, Master Grover," she said very sweetly.

Grover turned so that his father would n't see and ran out his tongue at her.

The villain of to-day may be to-morrow's hero; so please don't think too hardly of Lonny if he is named as our present villain. We 've got to have one, and no one else seems to qualify.

When the procession went through the barnyard, Miss Newsom was leaning over the pen, scratching a pig with a stick, and she looked up to watch. First came Lonny with the poles and a basket, next, Mr. Fidley with a pair of home-made oars, then our hero with the lunch. He was wearing a funny little white duck hat, with the brim pulled down all round, and he was swallowing with violent haste a sandwich he had abstracted from the lunch-bag. The dog was trotting along sidewise, twisting his head so as to keep it pointed up at Grover's hands, because one never can tell; sometimes a piece of meat drops from a sandwich. As they passed, Miss Newsom swung her arms wildly, and threw back her head, and her lips framed "Hooray!" but she made no sound.

They climbed over the pasture-bars and took the old logging-road through the woods, Lonny every now and then shouting, "Go on back!" to the dog. It could n't have been much more than an hour later when Grover appeared at the house. He begged some cookies from Mrs. Lonny, found an old Nick Carter of Lonny's, and went around to his favorite nook by the grindstone under the apple-tree. Miss Newsom was there, stretched out, her chin in her hands, reading. Our hero chewed and glared.

She did n't look up, but said in an undertone:

"He went away eating, and, lo! when he came back he was still stuffing food into his mouth."

Grover drew near, and looked down at the book.

"Where do you see that?" he asked.

She glanced up, pretending great surprise.

"Why, it's Master Grover!"

"What do you think you're reading?" and he bent down to see. "'Little Women,' huh!" and then, "Where does it say that about him eating?"

"I heard you crunching," she said.

"Oh, you did?"

He poked another cookie into his mouth.

"You look like a squirrel, with your cheeks that way."

"Oh, is that so?" he mumbled.

"Yes. Are you going somewhere, or have I got to ask you to sit down?"

"Huh! I'll sit down if I want to. This is my place. I always come here to read when I'm staying at Lonny's."

She sat up and sighed.

"Oh dear! that's so; you have been here before. Well, Master Grover, take your old place; I'll find a better one," and she prepared to go.

"Aw! stick around," he said and grinned. "Don't let me drive you off."

She smiled.

"That is the first nice thing you've said to me. Thank you, Master Grover."

"Don't call me Master Grover! Have a cookie?" and he unloaded a handful from his pockets.

She took one.

"Thanks. What shall I call you?"

Grover sprawled out on the grass. "Grover," he said. "What are you reading that kid's book for?"

"Because I wanted to read it again, and it's restful."

He looked at her, and the thought struck him that she was a tired working-girl from the city who had come to Lonny's because the board was cheap.

"Do you live around here?" he asked in a very clever attempt to find out all about her.

She looked at him rather queerly, and then smiled faintly.

"No. Were n't the fish biting?"

"I dunno; I did n't stay. I made the boat leak, so they threw me out, and I came home."

Miss Newsom's eyes twinkled.

"You know you came back just to see me."

Grover was scornful.

"Ar-r-h! I did not!" he hastened to assure her. "I forgot all about you until I seen you here—"

"Saw."

"Well, saw, then."

"Indeed?" she said. "Do you think that was pretty to stick out your tongue at me this morning?"

Grover grinned.

"Aw, what's that got to do with it?" he said lazily.

She looked steadily at him.

"Are you trying to see how rude you can be?" she asked, her cheeks coloring dully, and her voice clear and sharp. "I'll not stand it!"

Grover's face became the hue of a fire-alarm box. He felt ashamed and embarrassed and very much like a small boy. For a moment he was near to saying he was sorry, for really she did n't look well, and it was a shame to be picking on a sick girl. But somehow the words would n't come. Noticing that the dog was digging frantically under a pile of old boards near the barnyard he got up and went to investigate. As he was climbing the fence with great unconcern, the top bar broke,



"Suddenly the hollow feeling hit him again, and his knees bent a little, and his face sobered"

and he fell on his hands and knees and got very mad.

Miss Newsom wrinkled her nose at his broad back as he walked away, but when he fell she had to smile. After a while she picked up the forgotten Nick Carter. When Mrs. Lonny called her to lunch she was still reading it.

For the next two or three days our hero and our heroine met only at meal-time. During the day she disappeared by herself somewhere or other, and soon after supper every night she went to her room. They did n't have much to say to each other, but she talked much to his father.

At this time it seemed that all the potato bugs in the State had met in solemn conclave in Lonny's garden and were subsisting on his plants. At least so Mrs. Lonny said in effect to her husband in the barn one evening when he was getting ready to milk the cow. Mrs. Sherman held that Lonny should do a little judicious work with the hoe and Paris green instead of concentrating on fishing. It was all right for him to go with Mr. Fidlely once or twice, but she did n't think he ought to every day, she said vehemently. Lonny took the rebuke mildly. He seated himself beside his cow, with the pail between his knees, and listened, and presently he began a loud clatter with streams of milk on the bottom of the tin pail, and Mrs. Lonny went to get supper.

Our hero was standing behind the door in the granary, absently repeating under his breath words that ended in *ess* sounds and trying to whistle them as Mrs. Lonny did. When she left he went out and leaned against the cow-stall and talked to Lonny.

"Who 's this Mary Newsom?" he asked casually, after a diplomatic interval.

"I dunno. She come by about a week ago and wanted to know if we took boarders. I wa'n't fussy about it, for I thought she 'd be in your father's way, but Hat says yes, and that settled it."

"Where 's she from? Around here?"

"No, I guess she 's from the city. Looks pretty peaked. Hat can't seem to find out anything about her. She always wears a

gingham dress, but Hat says she 's got some fine clothes in her trunk. She brung a lot of books with her."

Grover chewed on a piece of hay.

"Looks to me like a nice girl," he said in his best, large-world way.

"Yes. I figured it would be too quiet for her here, but she says that was just what she wanted. Says she just wanted to set around and get rested up. She was kinder put out about you and your father comin'."

"Why?" demanded Grover, prepared to take offense.

"Guess she thought she was goin' to be the only boarder."

"Huh!"

Lonny went on with his milking and presently he looked over his shoulder and said:

"She 'll be a fine-lookin' woman when she gets rosy cheeks," and then carelessly, "Seems to be pretty fond of you."

"Huh?" demanded our hero in surprise.

"Well, she let on to me you suited her just right," said Lonny, the villain, the liar, the fellow of studied jest.

Our hero glowed all over.

"Hunh! hunh!" he mumbled, blushing and beaming and twisting against the cow-stall.

"Well, I like her pretty well," he volunteered, not knowing what to say, and feeling that it should n't be too one-sided.

Lonny, his shoulder pressed against the cow, grinned in the semi-darkness.

On the piazza Mr. Fidlely was resting, and telling Miss Newsom about the Fourth of July morning when he and Lonny pulled out thirty-seven big ones. She was sitting on the door-stone, picking burrs out of the dog's coat and listening attentively, for she liked Mr. Fidlely.

Grover, fresh from Lonny and the big news, saw them and came over. After shifting from one foot to the other and trying to make himself look directly at her, he dropped heavily on the grass and began to meow at the dog. His father and Miss Newsom cared not for his cat imitation. Each gave him one impersonal glance, and then looked away.



The dog jumped up and pranced about him and barked, but that was all the attention he commanded. Soon he went in to get ready for supper.

When Mrs. Sherman called them, Grover was waiting by the table, elaborate in white flannels and a pink shirt with a starched collar, and his hair was wet and slicked severely back. When they sat down he was most attentive to Miss Newsom. He kept all the dishes of everything ranged so about her plate that she could barely eat in comfort, and all the others had to ask him continually for this and that, even the salt and pepper. She said only "yes" and "no" and "thank you" to him, but he understood. It was all right; these girls were funny, and never liked to let on to a fellow how much they cared for him. He understood, but he wished that Lonny would n't wink at him every two minutes.

Tightly wedged in the saw-horse in front of the woodshed, with the morning sun full on him, Grover sat blinking and dreaming. His gaze was directed at the ground, and one minute he was aware of the movements of an ant over a chip and the next he would n't have known if an elephant came up, walking on its front legs, for Grover was gone. Yes, he was just groggy with love.

He had that hollow feeling known to small boys on their way to a circus, and to middle-aged folks dropping four stories in a department-store elevator. His jaw hung down, and he was breathing through his mouth. Now he grinned like a man brushing his teeth, now a tear stood in his eye. Now he sighed softly as he did when he was a little fellow just falling asleep, now he came out with a loud, "Hah!" which scared the hens scratching among the chips.

She was crazy about him! Probably had never known a man just like him. Confound it! he had n't been civil to her most of the time; but he 'd make up to her for all that. How lucky it was she had fallen in love with him! Another fellow would n't have understood and might have hurt her feelings. But he

would be very tender, and never let on he knew that she cared for him. Who was she? It did n't matter. Always he would pretend to be unaware of any difference in their stations. So our hero dreamed.

Suddenly he thought of something, jumped up, absently reached around and pushed off the saw-horse that had clung to him, and went up to his room. When he came back he had a bundle under his arm, and he hurried with it to the barn. A stealthy reconnoiter satisfied him that no one was around, and then he unwrapped his bundle and took out a contrivance of elastic cords and pulleys and handles that was a patent exerciser. With a great deal of effort he fastened two screw-eyes into the door-frame of the granary, and on these he hung the exerciser he had bought to reduce his waist, but had never had the ambition to use.

Gripping the handles, he stepped back until the cords were taut, and began a series of calisthenics, counting the while and grunting.

High in the mow, curled up in the hay by the little top window, Miss Newsom was reading a paper-covered book. Presently the sound of Grover's grunting and counting and the squeaking of the pulleys intruded. She lowered her book and listened; then she crawled quietly to the edge of the mow and looked down. Grover was facing her way, pulling the cords over his shoulders and perspiring freely. She watched him until he began some bending movements, and then she had to laugh aloud. He paused, startled, and looked up at her, his face red, and the whites of his eyes showing.

"Hello, Grover," she said, striving to stop laughing.

Of a sudden he was very angry.

"What 's the joke?" he growled.

Miss Newsom clung to a rafter and laughed and laughed.

"Ar-r-h!" he howled, "what do you have to come snooping around for?"

With that he let the handles on the elastic cords fly against the wall with a bang, and stamped out of the barn. It was n't at all the way he wanted to

act, and that made him all the more angry.

About ten minutes later he came creeping back into the barn, sorry and wanting to make it right with her. He called, but there was no answer, so he climbed the ladder and looked over the mow. She was not there. And now Grover was mad again. He slid down to the floor and snatched the exerciser from the wall and threw it into a barrel of odds and ends in the granary and stood glaring at it and panting.

The sound of the rusty pawls clicking on the wheel over the well made him think perhaps she was out there getting a drink. He would have been a much stronger Grover than ours if he could have refrained from going to the door to see. But, no, it was Lonny, drawing water to mix more Paris green. He looked up as Grover drew near, and shook his head knowingly, as countrymen often do.

"Guess this 'll make 'em turn up their toes," he said, stirring the deadly mixture he was contriving in a big watering-pot.

"Yeh," Grover agreed.

After a moment Lonny went on:

"Friend of yours was just asking me where you was."

Our hero's heart did exciting things.

"Yeh? Hunh-hunh!"

"She went off up the hill alone. Guess she wanted you should go with her."

Grover got still redder.

"Which way was that, Lonny?"

Lonny pointed, and Grover looked.

"Well, I s'pose I 'll have to go and see what she wants of me," he said in an apologetic way and started off. Lonny gave a series of rusty chuckles and bent over the watering-pot.

Just on the other side of the hill was a little clearing, and on the soft brown carpet under a big pine-tree at the edge Miss Newsom had made herself comfortable. It was a nice spot, and quiet except for an occasional bragging blue-jay, and she thought she was going to have a little peace. But no. Hardly had she opened her book and found her place when Grover burst suddenly out of the woods and

paused, blinking in the glare of the sun. He was panting, and one of his stockings had come down. He knelt and fixed it, and when he straightened up he saw her and was much embarrassed. She pretended to read, watching him meanwhile.

For a moment or two he stood, not knowing what to do, then he plucked a wide blade of grass, laid it along the edge of his thumb, pressed the other thumb carefully against it, and, putting it to his lips, puffed out his cheeks and blew. At first nothing happened, then he got it just right, and produced a series of ear-splitting sounds. Walking aimlessly about, he blew and blew, and got ready to find out that she was there.

"Are you serenading me?" she asked quietly.

He put down his hands and took a long look. Yes, it was she.

"Oh, why, hullo, Miss Newsom!"

"How do you do?"

"I 'm pretty well for a little feller—huh! huh!"

He threw away his piece of grass and walked over and tried to think of something witty, but all he could do was to stare at her and grin. Suddenly the hollow feeling hit him again, and his knees bent a little, and his face sobered. Gee! she was pretty! Her cheeks were pale no longer, but tinged a fine out-of-doors pink, and her grayish blue eyes were clear and fresh, and it did n't seem as though she had ever looked tired. He liked the way she had combed her blonde hair snugly down and wound a single braid about her head. And the blue gingham dress, formless and stiffly new, and the chunky, clumsy little tennis-shoes she wore—he liked them. They were not pretty, but they meant something to him, he did n't know what. There were some little scratches on her rounded arm, and they meant something to him. It made her look so—so—well, so—he did n't know, but he liked them there, and—

"Is my face dirty?"

His eyes showed white around the pupils. "W-what?" And then he realized he had been staring at her for years,

and he blushed all the way up to his hair and back again. "No!" he gasped, and shook his head vigorously.

She wanted to laugh, but something stayed her, and she caught up the sun-bonnet that lay beside her and broke off a tiny piece of straw that stuck up; then she dropped it and looked up at him.

"Hope I did n't break up your morning exercise," she said, and her voice was kindly and gentle.

"Oh, no; I was 'most through," he assured her.

"You 're not mad because I laughed, are you? I did n't mean to."

He looked aghast.

"Dow! That 's all right; forget it. Wished I had n't yelled so at you."

All of a sudden he was very happy, and not being gifted at expressing himself, he did the first thing that popped into his head—stuck the little finger of each hand into his mouth and whistled a piercing fife note.

"You seem to be in good spirits, or are you a member of a pirate band or something?" she said and laughed.

"Who, me? Sure I feel all right." Grover should have sent out rays, he was beaming so. He stretched his arms lazily and took a deep breath. "Gee! it 's a fine day!" he volunteered.

"Wonderful. Don't you think you 'd like it better here in the shade?"

He thought he would, and sat down near her. She tossed her book aside, not half so sorry to stop reading as she thought she was going to be.

"Guess you 've got the idea I don't know how to act," he said after a moment.

"Why? What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I was so ugly the other day when I found you under the apple-tree. I did n't—er—I ought to have—"

"Why, that was all right; it was your place—"

"No, it was n't either. You had just as much right there as I had," he protested.

She smiled at him.

"Well, Grover, thanks for your apple-

tree, and in return I 'll give you a share in my pine-tree."

He beamed again. This was great, all these apologies and everything!

"Much obliged, Miss Mary."

One of her eyebrows went quickly up, and the other went down, and she looked at him quizzically.

"Just plain Mary, if you like," she said.

Gee! he could call her Mary! Oh, glad day! Oh, big day!

He stretched out on his back and looked up at a big white cloud that was slowly changing its shape as it drifted, and he told himself he was having the finest time he had ever known.

After a time he rolled over on his side and supported his head with one arm.

"Do you know something? You 're looking a whole lot better than you did when you—I mean—er—not that you did n't look all right before—but what I mean to say—"

"I feel a whole lot better," she said. "When I came up here I was all tired out and nervous and irritable. But all I needed was a few days' rest and quiet. In about a week I 'll go back to work—"

"Aw, no!" he cried in alarm.

She gave him a friendly little smile.

"But I have to, Grover. It 's all right. I 'm quite strong and tough, really."

He stared at the pine-needles and pondered. Poor little kid! it was a shame for her to be working for a living. Girls did n't get much money in stores and offices, and the hours were long, and there was n't a great deal of fun in life for them. Confound the luck! it would n't be the same at Lonny's after she left. And, besides, she was fond of him, and that meant to him that he had to help her somehow. Not that he thought she expected it, but it seemed only decent and fair.

"Say, listen, Mary—I 've got forty-three bucks, and the money is just laying around in the savings-bank doing nobody any good. You can have it just as well as not. You ought to stay up here a month." It gave him a real, sage, protective feeling to advise her thus. "It 'll do you good."

He was very red, but very much in earnest, and she was flushed, too.

"No, Grover; thank you a thousand times, but I don't want—"

"Why not? It's all right." He sat up and prepared to argue, and just in the fraction of a second it flashed through his mind that things were advancing pretty fast. "It is n't as though—well, confound it! Mary, I don't feel like a stranger, if you do. Here we are eating at the same table and living under the same roof—"

She smiled, and gave his arm a little pat.

"No, of course we're not strangers. But really, Grover, I could n't think of it."

"I don't see why not," he grumbled. "Why do girls have to stand on so much ceremony? Gee! Aw, come on, Mary; what d' you say? You can have it, and nobody needs to know anything about it."

"It's awfully decent of you to offer, and I'm grateful," she said softly; "but I don't mind going back to work, really. You see, I'm used to it."

He thought of the position he occupied in the ranks of workers and winced. And it hurt him, too, to think she would n't accept his offer. She noticed the look on his face and hastened to add:

"I would n't hesitate to let you help me if I could possibly stay, Grover, so please don't think I'm unappreciative, or standing on ceremony."

"Well," he said slowly, "it's there any time you need it. The offer always holds good."

"Thank you." She jumped up, and shook the pine-needles from her dress. "Shall we go back to the house? It must be time to eat."

Our hero heaved himself to his feet, and pulled down the bottoms of his trousers.

"With me it's always time to eat. Let me stick your book in my pocket."

She gave him the book, and then knotted the ribbons of her sunbonnet about her neck.

"I'll race you to the house," she declared suddenly.

"Hoh!" laughed Grover, looking down at her. "I can run even if I am fat."

"Let'er go!" she cried and was off through the woods like a scared young deer. Grover tore after her, crashing madly through the dry leaves and dead sticks and getting lashed across the face by stinging branches. He was gaining on her when they reached the pasture, but she drew ahead in the open space and vaulted the barnyard fence without slowing up. There he lost the race, for he thought to make better time by crawling under the bars, and he found he was mistaken.

Mr. Fidelity was back for luncheon, saying with whimsical wistfulness that it was no fun fishing alone. He wanted Grover to go with him that afternoon. Now Grover, for reasons of his own, wanted to hang around the house, but it seemed that Mrs. Lonny was going to drive to the cemetery to put some flowers in the family lot, and had invited Mary to go with her, and Mary said she would. So that left Grover free to go with his father.

The Statue of Liberty would have been better company for Mr. Fidelity. Grover had nothing to say, but he was doing a whole lot of thinking, and the theme of his cerebration was work. Yes, Grover, who always turned a stony ear to his mother and sisters when they got to talking about it, who was impervious to the teeth of his conscience, and immune to ambition, was really concerned.

Supposing Mary should ask him, "What sort of work do you do?" what could he say? And not only that phase of it, but, hang it all! he was n't a boy any more. Why, his father had indorsed his manhood with a cigar! It was time he got settled and found some enthusiasm, he concluded, and the thought was coated with worry.

Good enough for him, the lazy dog! Here he had been easing along with the arrogance of a young man who had offered the world something its mouth had been watering for, and looking and dressing the part. And all the while he was



"He stood on one foot and searched with the other one, and just managed to span the gap"

charging his clothes to his father, and with no perceptible gratitude borrowing dollars from his mother to put into his pocket so he would n't be embarrassed when he was out with the boys! Let us leave him to do his first worrying. Let us go while he is breathing through his teeth, trying to conceive a task that he could do passably well.

When Mary and Mrs. Sherman came back that night they had some letters for Mr. Fidley, and a motor-boat catalogue for Lonny, and a post-card for Grover from one of his sisters. It had a picture of some surf on it and the message: "Hullo, you big boob! Why don't you write?" Mary had a letter, too, as he found out after supper.

Mrs. Sherman, a little red around the eyes from crying while she was at the cemetery, was tidying up; Mr. Fidley had gone to his room to get a cigar, if by chance his son had left one in the box; and Lonny was having a grand time making jokes about how chummy Mary and Grover seemed to be getting. Mary was putting on her sweater and Grover managed to get hold of it in time to help her with one sleeve.

"Feel like a walk?" she asked.

Lonny coughed and began to sing "Sweet Rose O'Grady," in a terrible voice, but Grover did n't care. As soon as he could find his hat they started out. While he was deliberating about which school of etiquette a young man in his position should follow, she settled the question for him by slipping her arm through his, which had the virtue of making for him a path of clouds out of a very sandy road.

Somewhere off in the darkness sounded the lashing call of a whippoorwill, and they stopped to listen. When the bird had called himself breathless they went on, and Grover tried to whistle an accurate reproduction of what they had heard.

"I got a letter to-day from my boss," said Mary after a while. "He says I must come back day after to-morrow."

The whippoorwill started up again, and all around frogs were croaking and crickets scratching themselves, and in the

hollow of the meadow dozens of crazy lightning-bugs lit up and went out.

"Darn it! hear them frogs!" Grover exploded.

He was beginning to find himself in a world where there seemed to be a blight on beer and skittles, and he felt helpless and strange and a little scared. All the doors and windows of his mind were opened, and thoughts went rushing through so fast that he could hardly stop them long enough to see what they were. But finally he calmed down.

"I think you 're mean to go away just when we 're getting acquainted."

She gave his arm a little squeeze.

"I 'd really like to stay a while longer, but I must n't."

Grover pondered mightily.

"Say," he burst out, "supposing to-morrow we take our lunches and walk over to the Ridges? Ever been there?"

"No; I 'd love to go," she said enthusiastically.

"Would you? Huh! huh! It 's great over there, and you really ought to see it before you go. There 's a big brook and all. I have n't been there in a long time, but I guess it has n't moved."

"That ought to be fine. But won't you want to go fishing with your father?"

He grinned at her.

"Who, me? Dow!"

If there was one thing in particular that Grover wanted to accomplish that last day they could be together, it was to show her how nice he could be. Sir Walter Raleigh and Lancelot and Ivanhoe and other well-brought-up young men were never more gallant and chivalrous than he was that morning. He was all about Mary, now letting her go ahead, so as to have the best of the walking, now stumbling past her to hold a branch out of her way, now scrambling along beside her, holding her elbow and hindering more than he helped her. And by and by he felt at ease again, and had no eyes for anything but the graceful little blonde lady in the white-duck dress who was trudging along so happily.

They went up the hill through the

woods, came out on a narrow road, and followed it for a while, and then he directed her to turn off through the thicket to the left. For a while it was hard to force their way through the brush, and then suddenly they stepped out into a great grove of pines. She gave a little cry, and took his hand like a child, and began to dance, and Grover, for all the deadly seriousness of twenty-one, danced, too, steadying with one hand the pail of luncheon slung over his shoulder, and skipping like a ponderous elf. Hand in hand they danced clear across the grove, and did he feel foolish? No, he wished the grove were miles bigger. And he forgot all about being a drone, and he forgot she was going away, and he did n't know much of anything except that he had never before been so happy.

After leaving the grove their path led abruptly down to the road that was in a deep ravine, with a wide, noisy brook still lower down, and a steep wooded slope on each side. At the first turn of the road, he pointed.

"There 's where we 're going," he said. "We 've got to cross over the brook here and take the path on the other side, and it 's just over that hill."

He helped her to slide down to the brook, and then he put down the luncheon-pail and estimated the best course across the stepping-stones.

"Come on, I 'm going to carry you," he declared.

"Why, I can make it all right."

"No!" in alarm. "You might fall in."

She protested, but he insisted. So she let him pick her up, and she put one arm about his neck, as is proper with heroines, and he stepped out on the rocks. The distance between the rocks near the bank was not great, but a little jump was necessary in the middle of the rushing stream. Now Mary was n't very heavy, but Grover could n't see over her very well to gage his jump. So he stood on one foot and searched with the other one, and just managed to span the gap. But with his feet so far apart he could n't take a step, and there for an awful moment he stood

straddling. And then, trying to shift his weight suddenly to one foot, he lost his balance, and in they went.

The water was n't very deep, but before they could get out on the opposite bank both were pretty wet. He let her down to her feet and stood dripping beside her; and if mortification were fatal, Grover would have needed a headstone.

"Oh gee!" he moaned. "Are you mad, Mary?"

But she just laughed until he wondered if she had hit her head on a rock while they were in the brook. And she looked at him, staring at her through the hair plastered down on his forehead, and picking his soaked trousers away from himself, and she laughed louder than ever.

"Mad at you?" she gasped. "No. You don't know why I am laughing, do you?"

"I s'pose it was kind of funny—"

"Don't!" she screamed. "I 'll die if you look at me again like that. Go g-g-et the lunch-pail."

Very much hurt and puzzled, our hero went across the rocks, got the pail, and came back. Her face was flushed, and there were tears in her eyes, when he stepped on the bank beside her. But she was n't laughing any more.

"I 'm very sorry," he began with great dignity. "If your dress is ruined, I 'll—"

But she grasped his arm and looked up at him.

"No, Grover. Don't be angry. Let 's find a sunny place where we can get dry, and I 'll tell you something."

There were so many different emotions weltering in his mind that he just swallowed hard and followed without a word. They went up the side of the ravine and found a grassy place at the top and sat down.

"Let 's take off our sneakers so they 'll dry all the more quickly," she suggested, and they did. And he began to get a grip on himself, and to wonder how he could have been angry with her.

Her hand crept into his, and he held it firmly, and suddenly she said quite seriously:

"I don't know what your work is, Grover, but I can tell you that you've got the makings of a remarkable motion-picture comedian."

"Huh?" he said wonderingly.

"Now, don't let any silly pride bother you. I mean it in an entirely friendly way when I say you're the funniest man I ever saw." She knew he was feeling hurt, and she hurried on: "You must understand that it's a natural gift with you, Grover. You have a very eloquent body, and your gestures and expressions,—why, they're just wonderful. If you care about it at all, I can give you a letter to a man who will be glad to give you a job. He's a genius at producing comedy films, and it would n't be any time at all before he'd feature you."

"You can give me—what?" he stammered.

She laughed.

"Oh, I'll tell you the whole story. I'm fairly well known as a motion-picture actress—more than fairly well known, to be honest. But I guess you never heard of me, though, have you?"

He shook his head. What, this little girl? Why, she could n't be more than twenty!

"Anyhow, I've been working awfully hard, and I just had to get away for a little rest, and that's why I came here. You know, they don't care what they make a girl do, and I've been kicked about so in outdoor work, horses, automobile wrecks, and river jumps, and mountain stuff, and so on, that I just wanted to loaf and not even think. But I'm on a contract, and I'm supposed to put in as much time as I possibly can, and that's why I've got to go back."

"Aw, gee!" he said softly.

"What is it?"

"Oh, when I think of the way I've acted—and, hang it all! yesterday—me thinking you were a stenographer or something, and—"

"Grover," she said gently, "just because I get a salary of thirty thousand dollars, is that any reason why I'm any the less

human? Don't you suppose I appreciate your kindness just as much as though I were poor? I would have told you all about it yesterday, because I hate to be mysterious, only I did n't want to hurt your feelings."

Grover looked away down the ravine at the rushing brook, and suddenly his eyes were swimming with tears, and he felt ashamed and hoped she would n't see. He tried to pull his hand away, but she held it fast.

"Please don't be angry or hurt, Grover. I'll admit I did n't like you at first, and I was mean and nasty. But we're friends now, are n't we? And I do like you, and I think you're fine."

He did n't say anything and he did n't dare turn and look at the little girl who was so near him and yet so far away. And as well as he could he adjusted in his mind all she had said. She did n't like him at first? Then Lonny must have lied to him! And when he thought how he had accepted the information as fact and had been guided by it, he just wanted to go away and hide himself from his wounded vanity and pride, and die.

Now she knew a great deal about the way he felt, and she talked quietly and simply for some time, and finally, at the right moment, she said:

"Don't you see why it struck me as funny, Grover, that 'way up here in the woods, a million miles from a camera, we should be doing a regular comedy-thriller up there in the brook?" And then he, too, had to laugh.

Well, that night Grover and Mary and Mr. Fidley had a long consultation, and she wrote out the letter for Grover and gave him her address. Mr. Fidley did n't know how his wife was going to take it, but— And Grover lay awake a long time, thinking about big salaries and so on. And that's about all. Except that the next morning when he and Lonny stood on the platform waving as her train pulled out, she waved back, and she said to herself, "Would n't it be just my rotten luck to fall in love with a fat boy!"



# The Average Voter

By WALTER WEYL

WHEN, on the morning of November 4, 1914, the election returns came in, people all over the country exclaimed in mingled resignation and disgust: "This is the worst. The American voter has revealed his utter incapacity to rule." The particular person who made this complaint might himself have failed to go to the polls, or have voted wrong, though for most excellent reasons. He, too, might have suffered from the political ennui which resulted in the electoral in-consequence of 1914. But at worst he felt like one of a party of roisterers on the morning after, only microscopically responsible for the vast damage. He was able to detach himself from the electorate as a whole, and wonder innocently what had happened to the American voter.

The election was surely discouraging enough. Though the record of the Democratic administration was good, its majority in Congress almost disappeared. The Progressive party, which had stood for new ideals in our political life, was crushingly defeated. Mr. Penrose of Pennsylvania, with a political reputation far from savory, easily defeated his opponents, and the electors who preferred Penrose to Palmer or Pinchot, also preferred Sherman of Illinois to Raymond Robins. Wisconsin, which had always been the center of Progressivism, elected a reactionary Republican governor against the opposition of Senator La Follette, and Kansas also chose a "stand-pat" governor. Last of all,—very last of all,—"Uncle Joe" Cannon was "vindicated" and returned to Congress.

Of course there are excuses for all these electoral indiscretions. The war had obsessed the American mind, and the voter thought more of the ghastly trenches on the Aisne and the Vistula than of Mr. Cannon and Mr. Penrose. Times were bad, and the electorate was tired, and when you are tired, you want to be let

alone; and you hate the man who talks to you of problems and political duties. The voter was ready for a farce, and he readily obtained it.

But all these explanations do not fully explain, and in some minds the question arises, Is the average voter really capable of running the government? Can we expect political wisdom when fifteen million voters, ignorant as well as wise, are intrusted with final sovereignty in this vast country of ours?

The question to-day is more than ever insistent, for the present war has suggested that all democratic institutions are on trial. The startling capacity shown by the semi-autocratic government of Germany has been a shock and a challenge to more easy-going nations laboring with democratic machinery. A bureaucratic government, like that of Germany, can pursue long-time policies far-sightedly and tenaciously. It can exert its full force at pivotal points. It can prepare, gradually, secretly, and without democratic intervention or responsibility. What Germany has been able to accomplish before the war and during the war raises the question as to whether our more negligent and sometimes distracted electorate can run a country at all, the question whether the average voter is "up to his job." It is a question of supreme moment, for if democracy is crassly inefficient, it will not permanently endure.

There are some political philosophers who have already prejudged the question. Democracy, they believe, is forever undesirable. According to them, it is the rule of the average voter which explains our political ineptitudes, our Penroses, and worse, if there can be worse. These philosophers will tell you, in the recesses of their closets, that the average voter has only the average human brain, descended from the semi-simian brain of our pre-human ancestors, and that he is biologi-

ically unfitted for political thinking. They will tell you that democracy is "the cult of inefficiency," is a system by which clamor is given precedence over thought and ability, and in which integrity and genius disqualify a candidate for office. They will claim that the average voter hates superiority, and tires of hearing a man spoken of as honest or just. They will point out to you how the average voter votes for war and extravagance and economic fallacies; how his voting is instinctive and unreasoned. In fact, the voter does not stand high in the opinion of the philosopher.

But we can read all sorts of good and bad opinions about the political capacity of this average man, beginning with Plato and Aristotle and ending with Lecky. If, however, we are to answer the question for America to-day, it is far less important to study the Athenian democracy than to look at the average voter as he is, to observe his reactions, normal and abnormal, to see what sort of man he is, and with what sort of tools he works. We must rid ourselves of pleasant, pious illusions in this matter. For instance, it is usual to talk of the average American as though he were a supernally wise person, who thinks right and votes right, speaking with the voice of God. But, in truth, he is not all-wise, just as he is not all-foolish. What is he, then?

Is he at all? If we speak quite accurately, is there an average voter? These fifteen million men and women—a great number, if you stop to think of it—are white and black, native and naturalized, rich, poor, and very poor, old and young, farmers, bricklayers, insurance agents, lawyers, hod-carriers, and bank-presidents. They do not think alike, and their Americanism is not of the same pattern, and does not weigh equally upon all. You cannot truly average these people. All that you can do is to try to personify the vast multiform majority, composed of many minorities; to look at this group of groups in the mass, and not too nearly. Only so can you think or speak of an average voter; and when you think of him

you are thinking of yourself and of me and of the rest of us, a vast, heterogeneous composite.

Such an average voter will not be above the average. In the early days, a century or more ago, when political philosophers in France and elsewhere were chafing under the rule of a resplendent and inefficient autocracy, the highest hopes were entertained of the wisdom and virtue of a mythical "natural" man, who was to become the average voter. This natural man, unspoiled by courts and the artificialities of wealth and position, would, under a general suffrage, bring about a political millennium. The people, knowing whom they trusted, would choose the best men to office. The average voter would vote for the natural aristocrat, the man of intellect, integrity, and disinterestedness.

But in truth the voter does no such thing. He does not always know a "natural aristocrat" when he sees one, and it is doubtful whether the "natural aristocrat," if found, would measure up to the job. So the voter, if the professional politicians leave him any choice, votes for some decent chap, or some one who is believed to be decent, and puts him into office. He does not ask the candidate what his attitude toward the eternal verities or the fundamental principles of government is, for the voter is not a philosopher, just as the politician is not. Nor is he a close student of politics, and it is probable that he is not nearly so much interested in politics as he is believed to be. Talk to him, and you will find him readier to discourse on personalities than on principles; he will fish up some irrelevant incident in a candidate's life and quite forget the principles for which the candidate is supposed to stand. Though, for that matter, there may be sense in the voter's position, for the voter cannot know, and the candidate himself seldom knows, just what are the principles for which he stands. The politician puts out principles and manifestos in much the way that the soldier puts on a uniform, or a man a dinner-coat in the evening. It is "the thing" to do, and the

politician is so busy upholding his views that he has no time to understand them.

The average voter, it must be admitted, has many idiosyncrasies. Like the rest of us, he enjoys being flattered, loves sounding phrases, and fervid appeals to his wisdom. He is like the country editor who warned the czar and all European autocrats to beware, for his eye was upon them. The average voter likes election speeches spiced. He enjoys voting. He is willing to vote for a man of whom he does not approve on the principle that the other fellow is worse. He is always willing, and is often compelled, to choose between two evils. He is even willing to vote for a measure that he does not understand. There is, in fact, only one thing he is not willing to do, and that is "to throw his vote away."

And curiously enough, when he votes, it is usually *against* somebody and not for somebody. Jones is elected not because he is known and liked, but because Smith, his opponent, is known and disliked. Go back to the Presidential elections of the last thirty years, and you will almost always discover this curious inverse voting. Usually the man most in the popular mind was defeated. In 1880, Garfield was elected because Hancock was feared; in 1884, Cleveland was elected because Blaine was hated. Blaine was far more prominent in election speeches than was Cleveland, just as, in 1888, Cleveland, who lost the election, was a better known and more interesting personality than was Harrison, who was elected. Again, in 1896, it was the deep, inveterate hostility to Mr. Bryan that determined the election in favor of Mr. McKinley, who was wise in not touring the country, since he was not part of the campaign at all. It was "anything to beat Bryan," just as during an earlier campaign some of the voters heard with equanimity predictions of an immediate end of the world, since such a catastrophe would at least "beat Grant."

In 1900 again, the vote was largely a vote against Bryan and not for the successful candidate. In 1904 the rule was reversed, and the electors consciously voted

for Roosevelt, though even in that year the active opposition of radical Democrats to Parker played a large part. In 1908 it is doubtful whether the vote was a vote for Roosevelt or against Bryan; in any case, it was not a vote for Taft, who had quite failed to touch the voter's imagination, and was elected as a consequence of mingled sympathies and antipathies toward the others. In 1912 again, the vote was not for Wilson, but against Taft.

This curious habit of voting against candidates is due, of course, to the fact that antipathy is more vivid than sympathy, and a man who has enemies as well as friends is often worse off politically than one who has neither. It is perhaps for this reason that Webster, Clay, and Calhoun never succeeded to the Presidency, and that a succession of mediocrities, from Van Buren to Buchanan, were elected to that office. But to a certain extent this habit of voting against, instead of for, candidates, and especially the habit of throwing down old statues and erecting new, is a result of an always disappointed, but always present, optimism. The average voter believes, and the opposition teaches him to believe, that much good will ensue if only the election turns out well. Turn the rascals out, and conditions will improve. Everything, from low wages to chilblains, is attributed by the opposition to the party in power, and all these evils will pass away once the "real patriots" come into their own. The land will flow with milk and honey; the abuses growing during many years will be forever ended. But in truth none of this happens. It could not happen. Are not the very conditions against which the opposition declaims rooted in the complexities of our economic structure and in our very own psychological make-up? To alter such conditions fundamentally requires transformations far more radical than mere changes in political or administrative personnel. What we do when we throw one party out and elect another is merely to wash the face of the evil. The evil itself is much deeper rooted.

But the average voter, being an average

man, impulsive and a little credulous, does not believe this. Rather, he believes that a group which has pointed out evils will be able to end them. The candidates who make these wide promises of reform seem honest, and indeed they are honest, for they, too, are ignorant of fundamental social problems, and do not realize how deeply many of the evils complained of are rooted in the very qualities and characteristics of the men for whose suffrages they appeal. Prostitution is not ended by the men who vote for its suppression, and many who vote for prohibition have themselves a hankering after drink, or other things susceptible of leading to abuses. As for our economic evils, a reduction in the tariff or an alteration in our banking system, while important, cannot eradicate the poverty from which so many of us suffer. And when, as is inevitable, the new party fails to fulfil the promises it has made, however honestly it has tried, when, as always happens, the interests and the conditions which thwarted the efforts of the one party thwart also the efforts of the other, then the anger and hot indignation of the voter turns against the new party in power. The denouncer of evils, whom the people delighted to elect, ends by disappointing the voters and is, in turn, defeated. It is for this reason that the mid-term elections to Congress so often turn against the party victorious two years before.

For if there is one quality which distinguishes the voter more than another it is this: that, despite idealism and even sentimentality, the voter votes for prosperity, for good crops, big dividends, high wages, a full dinner-pail. If, as a result of conditions over which the President has no control, times are bad and wages low, the voter visits his indignation upon the party in power. The President of the United States, under God, is responsible for all and sundry happenings in the universe during his term of office. A hurricane, a blizzard, a panic, a foreign war ought not to occur, and the President need not seek to excuse himself on the ground that he is not obviously to blame. He is President,

and the average voter abides no subtle distinctions, no ingenious alibis and excuses. The Democratic party has been more than once the victim of this conviction. "I should like you to explain this," a mountain farmer said to me one day. "How is it that whenever the Democrats come in we cannot get no prices for the stone quarried here like what we get when the Republicans are in?"

All of which might seem to bear out the contention that in America the average voter had not yet reached the age of discretion. And, in fact, he is often upbraided for this apparently destructive and negative attitude. He is told that he destroys and criticizes and "knocks" instead of constructing. But, after all, is that not the greatest function that the voter can perform? He cannot pass upon legislation in detail, and he is forced to judge in the large and by results. The average voter is intensely realistic. If a policy sounds well, but seems to work badly, it is only natural that he should condemn that policy, and everything and everybody connected with it. But if he judges by results, the voter is at least willing to wait for them. For three or four months after each election the winner is given the benefit of the doubt. The loser is supposed to pick himself up, dust himself off, shake hands with the victor, and for a suitable period refrain from all criticism. The other fellow is at the bat; he must be given his chance, and not until he strikes out is he to be blamed.

If the average voter is accused of political inconstancy, of voting yes to-day and no to-morrow, still more is he accused of being perennially fooled and diverted from his course by so-called moral issues. And it is true that such moral issues, real or false, are of enormous significance in American politics. It is not that these moral issues are understood in all their implications, but they are *felt*, and they determine many elections. It is eminently natural that this should be so, for a moral issue is usually a very human issue and carries a wide appeal. The moral waves that pass over the country from time to

time absorb the electorate far more than do mere technical economic and political problems. The suppression of the white-slave traffic is more exciting than a proposal for altering the currency system, and the feelings aroused by such issues have an emotional drive which intensifies conviction and wipes all conflicting conceptions from the voter's mind. There is much false pretense in many so-called moral issues, and often a difficult and important problem of industrial adjustment is side-tracked by an impracticable program based upon an impossible standard of personal abstinence or purity. Moreover—and this is a thing that the average voter does not always fully grasp—what are called economic issues are themselves moral. The problems of unemployment, of the minimum wage, of taxation are quite as clearly ethical problems, involving human suffering and questions of right and wrong, as are the problems of the regulation of the sale of intoxicants. It is because questions of personal morality are more easily understood than are questions of public morality that our moral issues are narrowly interpreted.

Even though narrowly interpreted, however, such issues have their place, and it is not at all undesirable that questions of the personal integrity of candidates should be raised. A man may have served his time in the penitentiary and still be eligible for high office, but on the whole it is preferable to choose men who are not too conspicuously dishonest. It is only right that all parties should choose their candidates among men who, if not entirely unimpeachable,—who is?—are at least far above the average in probity as well as in intelligence. In the past we have not been squeamish in our state and county elections, and men have sat in the governor's or the mayor's chair who might more properly have sat in jail, but at least our Presidents have been decent men, even when they have been of only mediocre caliber, and, on the whole, in cities and States there is a growing demand for a higher type of elected official.

But personal attacks on candidates are

not always condoned. Often they prove a boomerang to the man who makes them, and in recent years we do not have quite the recklessness and fury of the earlier onslaughts. The accusations leveled against Washington, Jay, Jefferson, and others would not be tolerated to-day, and there has come about a decay in the noble art of political vituperation. Especially is this true since the assassination of President McKinley, which rightly or wrongly was attributed to the violence of the attacks made upon him. The average voter is not too exigent. The candidate for a conspicuous office must generally measure up to certain standards of personal morality, but beyond that the voter does not care much. In fact, even the personal morality of candidates is often purely territorial. I know a very successful politician who drinks, smokes, chews, and has other vices, amiable and unamiable, outside his own electoral district, and is at home a model, church-going, impeccable citizen. He has "reformed locally."

But though it is easy to point out instances of this sort, and to show how the average voter is often hoodwinked by an astute and plausible politician, the adage of Lincoln still remains true, that you cannot fool all the people all the time. Political hypocrites, like others, are likely to be found out. Moreover, what in such cases is often attributed to the stupidity of the voter is nothing but the conflict between two opposed groups in the community, each incapable of having its own full will, but each able to thwart the other. When one group wants the saloons closed and another equally powerful group wants them open, you are likely to find a prohibition law on the statute-book, but you are also likely to find it unenforced. We are a nation of many nations and of many philosophies and points of view, and in such a conflict of opposing convictions the wonder is not that the average voter does ill, but that he does so well.

Consider the racial problem, for instance. When one remembers of what the American voter is composed, of all the races and nationalities, German, English,

Irish, Italian, Greek, Rumanian, and negro, one might imagine that all our elections would turn upon these racial questions. But their influence is, all things considered, astoundingly small. The negro is largely disfranchised, and has next to no chance of nomination for any important elective office, but the man of German or Swedish or Irish parentage can be, and is, elected.

Frequently the appeal to nationality is rather open. A candidate with a full-sounding German name may have "a pull" with German voters that a man of Irish extraction might not have, and vice versa. When Mr. William Randolph Hearst ran for a high office in the many-nationed city of New York, his newspapers became polyglot, and printed in the German, Polish, Hungarian, Italian, and Yiddish tongues that the Germans, the Poles, the Hungarians, the Italians, and the Jews, respectively, were Mr. Hearst's special wards. The German voter was told that a vote for Hearst was a vote for Arminius, Luther, Goethe, Frederick the Great, and Bismarck; the Italian was reminded of the deeds of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Hearst, and the Jew was urged to remember Moses and Jacob, the Macabees, and William Randolph Hearst. He was defeated. Even had he been elected, however, it would not have proved that a campaign so addressed to the various nationalities would have been everywhere successful. There are many German and Jewish and British Americans who would resent such an appeal. It is moreover significant that never by any chance are any nations, except those of the voteless Chinese and Japanese, assailed in an electoral campaign. And even in appealing for the votes of the American of European derivation, he is always informed that he is an American first, and a German, or Austrian, or Greek later. As our citizens of foreign birth become more fully Americanized, the nature of the appeal seems to change, and more emphasis is placed upon our common Americanism and less upon the various stocks from which we are sprung.

The same is true of the voters' religious differences, which are disregarded as far as possible. In the early years of the Republic, Catholics and Jews were in several States debarred from voting, but these disqualifications soon disappeared. Then, during the middle period of our history, a strong anti-Catholic movement twice swept through the country, and congressmen and state legislators were chosen to combat the influence of the church. We are again in the midst of a movement of that sort, directed against what is believed to be a Catholic policy of aggression toward the public schools. But the movement seems relatively weaker than it was before, and shows no signs of being permanent. In fact, it cannot be, for Catholics and non-Catholics are not permanently divided on fundamental issues. None the less, there remains in many States a certain amount of latent religious prejudice, and this frequently affects both nominations and elections.

But such influence as is exerted along religious lines is subterranean and secret. Fortunately, the American voter realizes the danger of raising religious issues in political campaigns, and there are thousands of men willing to throw their votes to any man attacked on religious grounds or against any candidate making the attack or assuming responsibility for it. It is not considered good politics or good citizenship to attack a religious faith. When Blaine permitted one of his partisans to indulge in the fatal alliteration, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," it cost him numerous votes, if not the Presidency itself. The general feeling is that candidates must place their duty to the electorate above any duty they acknowledge to their church, and that the state must be kept absolutely aloof from church influence. Often in States where the citizens are of mixed faiths, the political leaders seek to distribute nominations to elective offices among candidates of various beliefs, with some approximation to the relative political strength of the various confessions. In the main, however, the average voter does not know, and does not care to

know, the religious affiliations of any of the candidates, except perhaps the head of the ticket.

In other words, the great mass of voters seeks to attain to a sense of national unity despite differences in race, religion, and tradition. This does not mean that opposing interests of different economic groups are not fought out upon the political field. They are fought out, and should be. But what the average voter desires is to think of himself not as an isolated person or as a member of a special group standing out alone, but as one of a large and undifferentiated majority representing the people. He worships the majority; the majority is he. When the majority has spoken, the minority, without protest or recrimination, bows to its will. It is this faith of the average voter in the ultimate justice and wisdom of the majority that is at the bottom of our political democracy, and is more significant than our constitutions and our laws and all our political arrangements. It is the strengthening of this faith which marks the progress of the country from a condition of "state-blindness," as H. G. Wells put it, to one of an enlightened national consciousness.

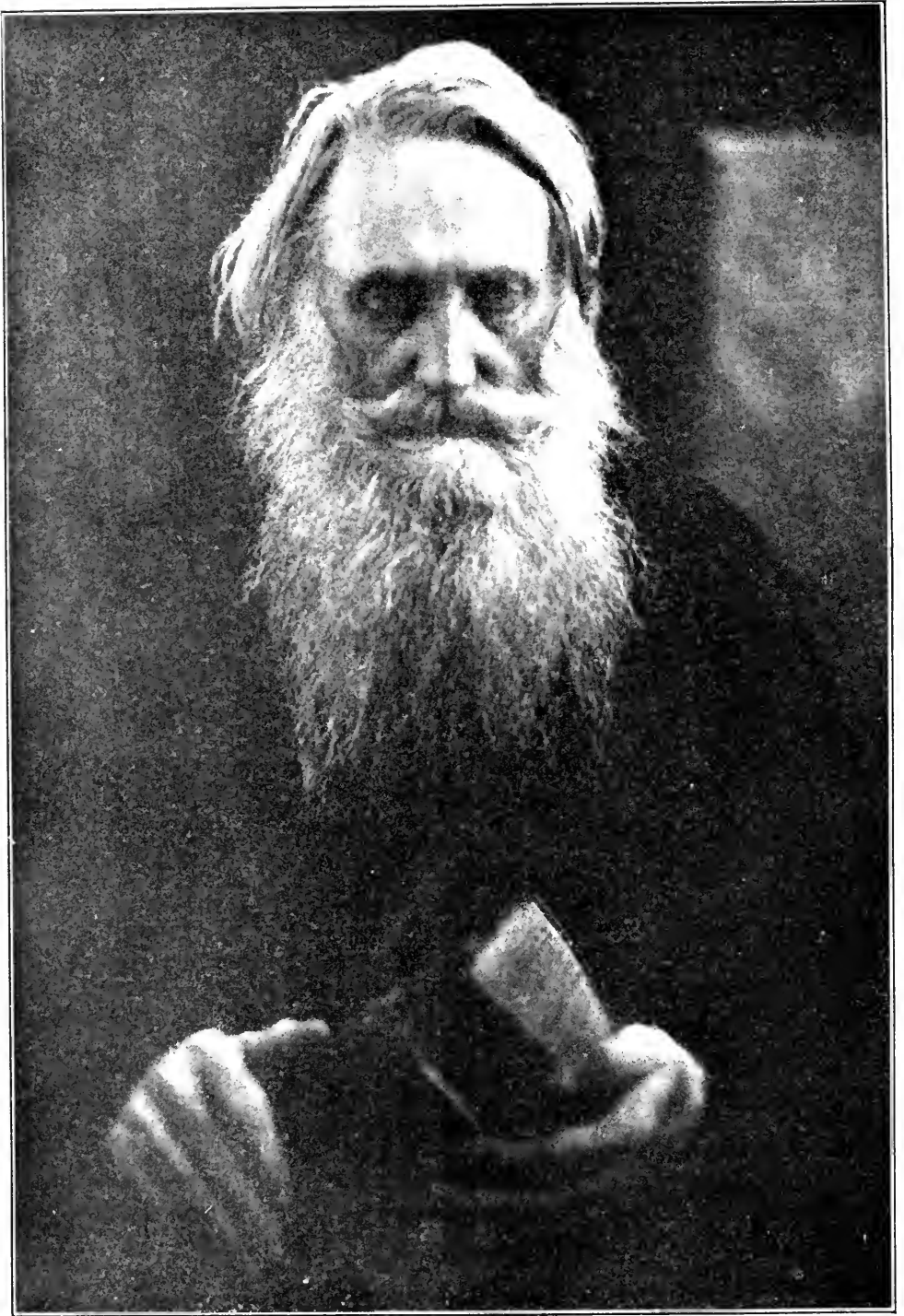
For, when we analyze it, the real political trouble in America is not primarily with the voter, despite his idiosyncrasies, but with the antiquated traditions and complicated machinery which we have allowed to grow up in politics. We are still conducting our vast American experiment on the assumption that we are a thinly populated agricultural community without cities and with a boundless territory and a distant frontier. We are wedded in politics, as in industry, to a crass exaggerated individualism and to a philosophy based on the assumption of a town-meeting. But the town-meeting is no longer possible, and the representative government, with which we have replaced it, often becomes misrepresentative, and has the effect of thwarting, instead of expressing, the will of the voter.

To make the average voter really effective, therefore, we must largely change

our political customs. We must carry out programs which will clear the political machine of a vast amount of rubbish. For example, the ballot of to-day is almost like a city directory—a vast compilation of names which must necessarily be unknown to the voter, but from which the voter is supposed to choose wisely and deliberately.

In America to-day the voter is seeking everywhere for a more perfect expression of his will. The referendum, the initiative, the recall, proportional representation, are only a few of numerous political experiments that are being utilized for the purpose of making the vote of the majority effective. At the same time a steady, if sometimes ill-directed, campaign is conducted against illiteracy and ignorance.

Thus we return to the problem from which we started—the ability of the average voter, of the nation at large, to rule itself efficiently. And in the end we must answer that question each according to the faith that is in him. Those who despaired of democracy before will find much to bolster up their disbelief; those who had faith in it will find arguments to justify their faith. For what we have accomplished in the past, in our progress toward democracy, is less important in itself than as an omen of future progress. The road we have to travel is far longer than the road we have traveled. But in the course of years the voter does grow in intelligence and perception, as education spreads and better means of political expression are devised. We are turning out millions of graduates from our public schools and hundreds of thousands from our universities, and though the vote is open to many illiterates, the average intelligence of the elector increases. We are slowly emerging from the old glad-handing, baby-kissing type of candidate, and while we have political relapses, we have also political recoveries. The retreat is never as far as the advance. And there is another consideration. Politically we are all going to school. Our school examinations are important, but our gradual education is more important still. The average voter is slowly coming of age.



Sir Henry Taylor, photographed by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron





# The Old Masters of Photography

By ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

IF there is still a romance about photography to-day, when it has become firmly established as a civilized necessity, and when it has filtered oddly into the most unexpected corners of our social structure, what must have been the sensations of David Octavius Hill when, in 1843, he made his first artistic portrait? When we think that it was only eight years before, in 1835, that Daguerre had first achieved his success, and that he did not publish the details of his process until 1839, and when we realize that the process of photography which Hill practised (that of calotype) was at the time only two years old, we must be thankful for, but at the same time impressed by, the strangeness of a fate that gave us thus early a master in photography as a means of personal expression.

Hill was a painter, a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and having set himself the task of a very large historical group to contain over four hundred portraits, he was advised by his friend Sir David Brewster to adopt the process of photography to help him in his work. He obtained the assistance of one Robert Adamson, a young chemist of St. Andrew's, who was familiar with the mysteries and manipulations of cameras and chemicals, and under these conditions began making the remarkable series of portraits. Gradually he became interested in photography for its own sake, and made a number of landscapes and figure studies for the sheer joy of so doing. His landscapes include a most interesting negative

of the Scott memorial in the process of building, and many other examples of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's architecture; but his fame rests on the series of portraits of the eminent men and women of his day who sat to him, of which John Ruskin, then a young man, is one of the most strikingly interesting.

I have visited his old studio on the slopes of the Calton Hill in Edinburgh and inspected various pieces of his cumbersome apparatus, and I have been struck with wonder how, with the facilities at his command and waxed paper negatives "requiring five minutes' exposure in bright sunlight with a stop half an inch in diameter," he was able to achieve his results. The strong, clearly cut profile of the "Self Portrait" gives one a clue to the man's character. It is a determined face, as well as an artistic one, showing the fine blend of dreamer and worker so necessary for accomplishment in art. And often in the twilight I have walked up to the crest back of his old studio and imagined how Hill must have done so many times while he lived. I can picture him brushing his fine locks back from his forehead as he looked out over the Edinburgh that Stevenson celebrates in his "Picturesque Notes." It spreads out before one, and as the dusk gathers, "the plan of the city and her suburbs is mapped out upon the ground of blackness, as when a child pricks a drawing full of pinholes and exposes it before a candle; not the darkest night of winter can conceal her high station and fanciful design; every evening in

the year she proceeds to illuminate herself in honour of her own beauty." Thus Hill comes to be associated in my memory with Edinburgh and Stevenson, and I can think of no happier trio to muse over as the fire crackles on the hearth on a winter's evening.

The eminence of Dr. Thomas Keith as a surgeon has until recently entirely obscured his ability as a photographer, and I feel pleased to have been the means of bringing his very able work in the latter capacity to the attention of the appreciative. It all came about in rather an in-



David Octavius Hill, photographed by himself



Portrait of Julia Margaret Cameron, by herself

teresting way. I was having tea one afternoon in a street near the British Museum with a friend wise in book-lore when we were joined in our corner by a tall acquaintance of his, and the talk turned, as it often happens to do when I am of the company, to the work of Hill.

"But," said the new-comer, "do you know of the photographs of Dr. Keith?" At once I was all attention, for he looked the sort of man who uttered truths. No, I did not know of Dr. Keith. Then I

was told that his photographs were "as good in their way as Hill's," and I lost no time in writing to Dr. Keith's family to inquire if I might by any chance be permitted to look over such prints as they possessed.

I received in reply a most kind letter, asking me to call on a certain afternoon, and imagine my joy when the Misses Keith spread out before me not only several large volumes of beautiful prints, but also negatives! They were paper nega-

tives, made by an improved calotype process that the curious will find described in "Chambers Information for the People," Vol. II, p. 780. I begged to be allowed to borrow some of the negatives, and the prints that I made from them were shown at the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society in London last year. To the best of my knowledge and belief, these were the first things of Dr. Keith's to be publicly shown. Afterward they were included in the exhibition of photographic old masters which I arranged at the Ehrich Galleries, New York, in December of the same year, and they are now first reproduced in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*.

The earliest date I can find on any of the Keith negatives or prints is 1854, so that he undoubtedly was working in Edinburgh at the same time as Hill. The two were known to be friends, and prints by Hill are to be found in Dr. Keith's albums.

Dr. Keith's photographs are almost wholly of architecture and landscape. There are a few portraits, but it is the "Old Edinburgh" series that stand out as his most remarkable achievement with the camera. He may have learned his first rudiments from the same young chemist that Hill did, but with his scientific knowledge he at once started experimenting and perfecting, so that his results have a quality that it is not possible to improve upon to this day.

Of Dr. Keith's work as a surgeon I am not competent to write, but the fact that he made a journey to America for the purpose of performing an operation, and returned without having done so because he felt that the patient would recover without the necessary risk of the knife, shows the sterling character of the man. Dr. Keith was born in 1827; he therefore began to photograph at about the age of twenty-seven. In all he must have used a camera about five or six years, for he gave it up altogether when his surgical work came to be the activity of his life. When one thinks of the suffering he alleviated in his later years, it is perhaps self-

ish to wish that he might have given us a few more beautiful prints; nevertheless, as a photographer, I cannot help wishing that now and then he might have devoted a day or two of his busy later life to this side of his activities. Perhaps it would be better to be thankful for the work that he did do. Dr. Keith lived to be sixty-eight years of age, so that it would appear from the dates of his birth and death (1827-1895) that he should be placed chronologically after Mrs. Cameron (1815-1879), and this would be done but for the fact that she did not begin her work with the camera until she was fifty years of age.

Julia Margaret Cameron was a fortunate woman. She was a friend of Tennyson, and lived close by one of the gates of his estate at Freshwater, Isle of Wight. When interesting people came to visit the poet, Mrs. Cameron photographed them, and her portfolios testify to the quality and the quantity that came.

Mrs. Cameron was an original woman; she never did things quite like other people. When she wanted a house, and failed to find one, she took two cottages and built a tower between them, making them into one. Such was "Dimbola." One of her daughters, when she was married, sent her mother a camera. "It may amuse you, Mother, to try to photograph during your solitude at Freshwater," was the message which accompanied the gift.

Mrs. Cameron possessed perseverance, a love of human nature, and an irrepressible personality. She found in the camera an outlet for her creative energies exactly suited to her temperament. That she impressed herself upon her eminent sitters, as well as impressed them upon her plates, is evident from the frequent occurrence of her name in their biographies, autobiographies, and reminiscences. What an interesting atmosphere you get by the perusal of the lives of Tennyson, Watts, Sir Henry Taylor, Aubrey de Vere, Carlyle, Darwin, and others in the list of her friends! I say advisedly her friends, for it was impossible to resist her kindly frankness and enthusiasm. During a long



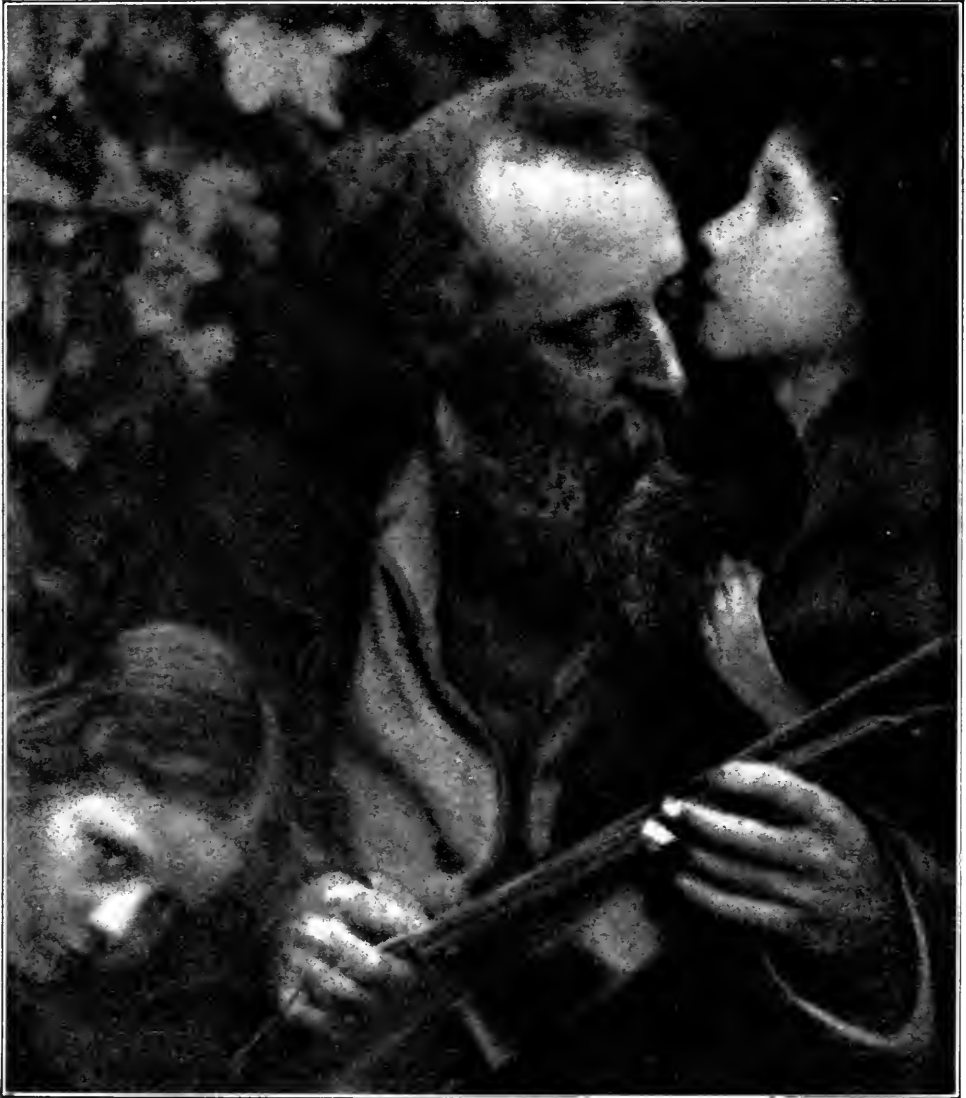
"Lewis Carroll" (The Rev. C. L. Dodgson), photographed by himself

period of her life she every day exchanged a letter with Sir Henry Taylor. This correspondence, sad to relate, has been destroyed, as both of the writers so wished. One letter, however, was preserved by Mrs. Cameron, and from it I have been permitted to quote the following passage:

As of your photographs, so of my poems. If people will only admire enthusiastically, you will give profusely, and of course enthusiastic admirers increase and multiply. For my own part, I think enthusiasm should

pay its way, and I would send enthusiasts to their booksellers. Their enthusiasm would cool down a little.

This goes to show that poets often have more common sense than they are credited with. There is an amusing story of how Mrs. Cameron, when once she came to visit the Taylors, sat up most of the night sticking small decalcomanias on the doors of the best wardrobe. In the morning the astonished family, led in to admire the result, were equally amused and horri-



"The Kiss of Peace" (G. F. Watts and children), photographed by Mrs. Cameron





Miss Alice Pleasance Liddell (the original *Alice in Wonderland*),  
photographed by "Lewis Carroll"

fied. She was forbidden to bring the children presents, as her generosity was overwhelming, but always on her arrival she would slide up to first one expectant little one and then to another, surreptitiously delivering gifts.

Watts was a great admirer of Mrs. Cameron's photographs, and her group of him with two children is one of the most satisfying of her arrangements. He sat to her many times, but not so many as Taylor, whose negatives were said to number fifty. Watts wrote under a print of "Florence," a child portrait of Mrs. Cameron's, "I wish I could paint such a picture as this."

The great Darwin wrote to her on re-

ceiving his portrait, "There are sixteen people in my house, and all your friends." We can well understand this when we see the result she achieved. It adorns as a frontispiece his son's biography of him. What a head it was! One cannot help envying Mrs. Cameron her opportunity.

It is a great pity Mrs. Cameron did not write an autobiography. What a commentary it would have been on her portraits! But perhaps it is not gracious to ask for more when she has given us in her portraits so much of the character of her sitters. Her writings are confined to a translation of Bürger's "Lenore," published in 1847, a poem called "On a Portrait," which appeared in "Macmillan's

Magazine" in 1876, and a few unfinished reminiscences which she began after she went to Ceylon, and which appeared after her death as a little pamphlet called, "The Annals of my Glass-house." In it she tells simply and directly of her beginning:

I longed to arrest all beauty that came before me, and at length the longing has been satisfied. Its difficulty enhanced the value of the pursuit. I began with no knowledge of the art. I did not know where to place my dark box, how to focus my sitter, and my first picture I effaced to my consternation by rubbing my hand over the filmy side of the glass. . . . I turned my coal-house into my dark-room, and a glazed fowl-house I had given to my children became my glass-house. The hens were liberated, and the profits of my boys upon new-laid eggs was stopped. The society of hens and chickens was soon changed for that of poets, prophets, painters, and lovely maidens.

Mrs. Cameron was an indefatigable worker, and she utilized every one and anything that came to her notice. If she needed a model for a certain picture and chanced to see a fair visitor in Freshwater who pleased her fancy, she would unhesitatingly pounce upon her and, making friends at once, escort her delighted prey to her "glass-house."

Printing-frames, I have been told, were on fine days always to be seen at Dimbola, and the stains of nitrate of silver bedecked most of the table linen of the establishment; but Mrs. Cameron got her results.

Judging by the portraits which she has handed on to us, her husband must have been a very striking character. When she married him in India, in 1837, he was fourth member of the council of Calcutta, where he had succeeded Lord Macaulay. In the Freshwater days his long white hair and beard made him a useful model for *King Lear*, *Merlin*, and many other historical and mythological personages. The old scholar must have been highly amused at his wife's attempts at illustrations, which are certainly not to be compared with her portraits.

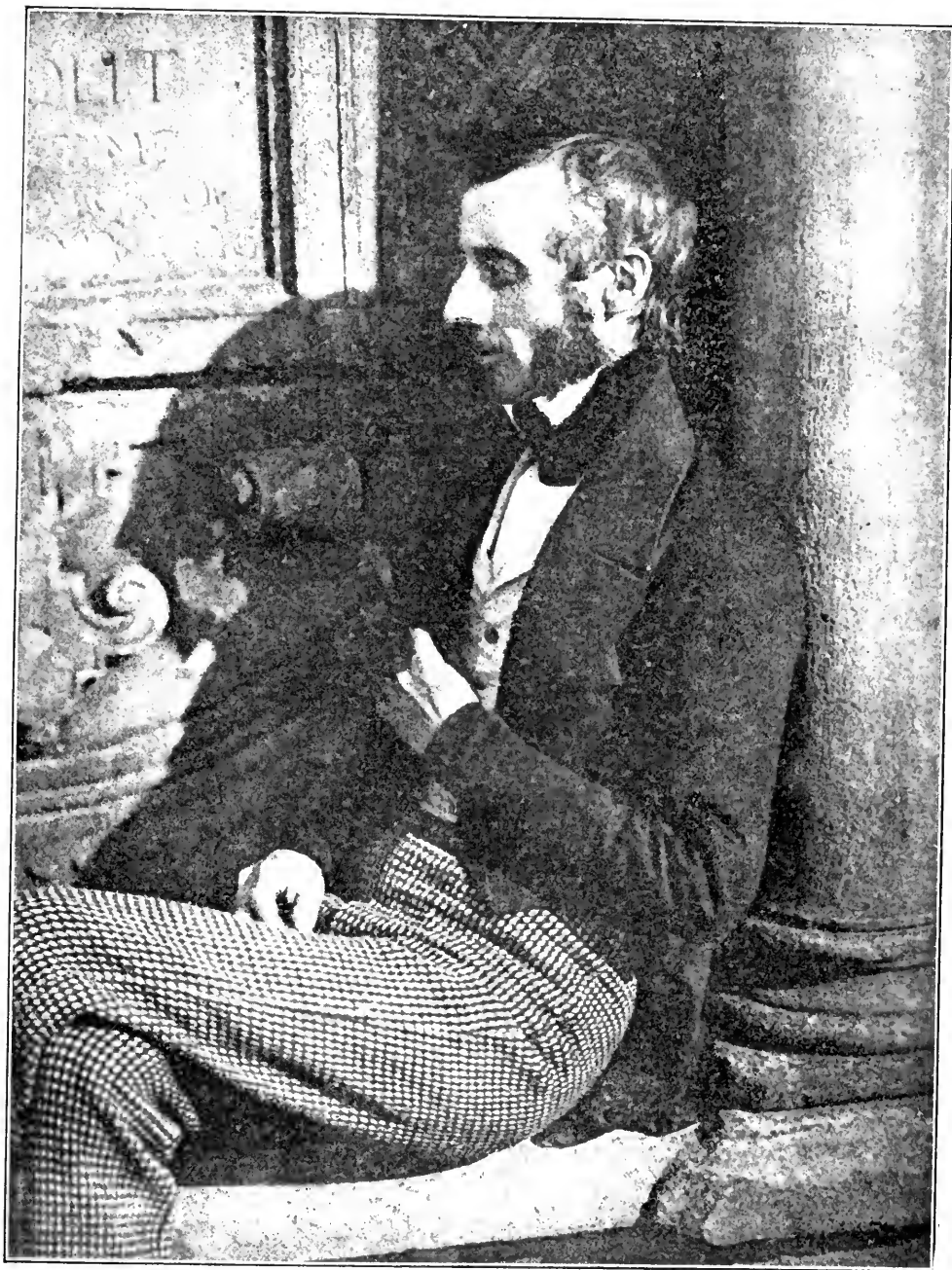
A really touching story of her kind thoughtfulness is told. Mr. Cameron one day remarked that the view from his window contained as a foreground only the ugliness of a vegetable garden, and that he had often wished it were a lawn. Nothing more was said, but his wife made her deep plans, and one night by the light of lamps the vegetable garden was removed to a distant corner by an army of enthusiastic friends, and beautiful sod was put in its place. All night they worked, and when Mr. Cameron put up his window-shade in the morning, he found the garden transformed as if by magic. I tell this as a side-light to Mrs. Cameron's character. It gives one an idea of why she succeeded in photography. She was the sort of woman who would have done well in anything that she saw fit to undertake.

I could ramble on indefinitely concerning the exploits of this valiant lady; a book, and no less, it would take to do her full justice, and a book I hope one day to write about her, with pictures on every second page.

Now we come to the photographs of "Lewis Carroll." Almost every one, certainly every child, knows that he wrote "Alice in Wonderland," a goodly few may know that his real name was the Rev. C. L. Dodgson and that he also wrote books upon the higher mathematics; but the number who realize that he was an artist photographer of no little excellence are comparatively few.

"Lewis Carroll" was born in 1832, but he did not begin to use a camera until somewhere in the fifties. It is certain that he photographed Tennyson at Farringford in 1859, when he went there to visit him in April of that year. It will therefore be seen that he began at least four years before Mrs. Cameron, who did not get her first camera until 1863. That Mrs. Cameron and "Lewis Carroll" were acquainted is a certainty; I have this on the authority of Mr. W. L. Dodgson, the brother of the author, who has generously helped me with information of an invaluable sort, for, out of the kindness of his





John Ruskin, photographed by David Octavius Hill

heart, he went over his brother's diaries to find for me references relating to how "Lewis Carroll" came to take up photography.

The first reference is dated January 16, 1856, and reads: "Went to Photo-exhibition. There is a very beautiful historical

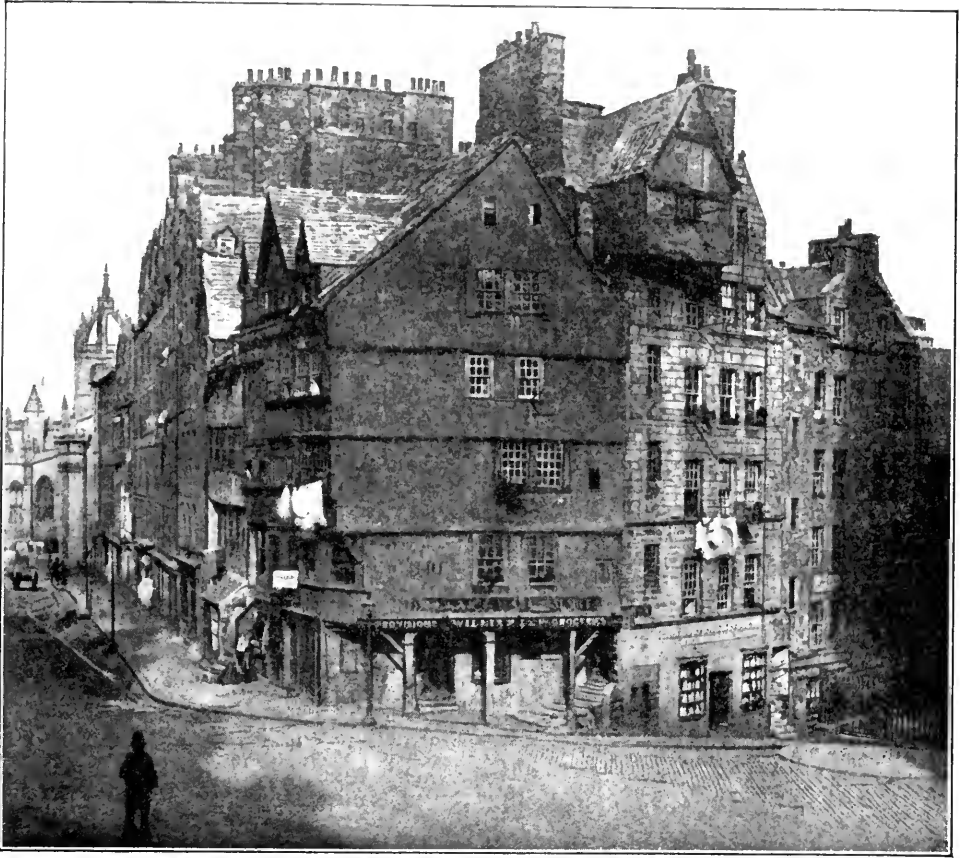
picture by Lake Price, called 'The Scene in the Tower'; taken from life—it is a capital idea for making up pictures." On March 17 of the same year is written, "Called on Southey in the morning, and agreed to go to-morrow to buy a Photographic Apparatus." Southey was a fel-

low student of his at Christ Church College, Oxford. On the following day, March 18, there is another entry of great interest: "Went again to Southey. We went to a maker of the name of Ottiwell, in Charlotte Street, Caledonian Road. The camera, with lens, etc., will come to just about £15." On April 25 he noted: "Went over with Southey to the Deanery to try and take photograph of the Cathedral. Both attempts proved failures." Southey had a camera, but at this time

they were evidently not expert in the gentle art. On the first of May is the entry, "My camera arrived," and on the tenth he "Spent a great part of the day photographing." During the summer of this year there are a number of mentions in the diary of failures and successes. On October 22 we read of his showing a book of photographs to his friends Harry and Ina Liddell, and as he was accustomed to put his results in books carefully indexed in a firm, neat hand, these were



"In Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh," photographed by Dr. Thomas Keith



"Castle Hill, Edinburgh," photographed by Dr. Thomas Keith

presumably his own, and he was thus evidently beginning to succeed. On November 5 is a wise entry that will meet with the sympathetic appreciation of photographers: "I have come to the conclusion that it is extravagant to attempt photographs on bad days." On the last day of the year he wrote: "I hope to make good progress in photography in the Easter Vacation. It is my one recreation and I think it should be done well."

That Mr. Dodgson continued to practise photography over a considerable period of years is certain. In 1868, when he was a lecturer on mathematics at Christ Church College, he built himself a studio on the flat roof of his rooms, but the little portrait of the original *Alice* could not have been made here, as it was evidently done out of doors. It is easy to understand, after looking at this portrait,

how easy it must have been "All in the golden afternoon" to invent fancies for such a delightful companion; but, then, all the "really worth while" things in life seem to have been accomplished with a certain amount of spontaneity. When I think of *Alice*, I like to call to mind the legend of Queen Victoria. When she received a copy of the book from the author, she was so delighted with it that she wrote to him, commanding him to send her his next book when published. He did; but imagine her surprise when it turned out to be a geometry!

Now let us look back for a moment and think how different are the four personalities we have been considering in these notes—a painter, a surgeon, the wife of a philosopher, and a teller of wonder-stories, linked together by their attraction to a mysterious little black box, with a piece of

glass to let the light of day into it. What is there in the medium of photography to draw within its spell so varied a gathering? Perhaps it is the humanity of it, for undoubtedly camera portraiture brings one in touch with the sitter in an intimate personal way not possible in the ordinary round of social functions. Perhaps, again, it is the mystery of it, for the strangeness of a negative flashing up in the developer, the absolute presentment of a living per-

son, is a phenomenon that does not become commonplace even after a lifelong acquaintance, but rather tends to intensify in the quality of strangeress. But above all I believe the strongest incentive to the artist-photographer is the storing up of the contemporary truth of beauty for posterity. This looking forward to the welfare of a future generation is one of the finest and most hopeful traits we find in humanity in these ominous days.



## The Long Way

By BADGER CLARK

(See Frontispiece)

TWO miles of riding from the school, without a bit of trouble,  
The main road hit her father's ranch as straight as you could fall.  
I took her by a shorter cut that made the distance double,  
And guided her along a trail that was n't there at all.

The long way, the long way, but riding it together,  
I never cared a feather for the length, and never shall,  
With happy hoofs that shuffled to the singing saddle leather  
And laughing wind that ruffled sunny miles of chaparral.

The trail of our meandering would tire a wolf to follow;  
The desert was n't wide enough for us to go around.  
I dared to think she liked it, bare hill and thorny hollow,  
And prayed that all her liking was n't wasted on the ground.

The long way, the long way, and down the wind we drifted,  
And soon the sand was sifted in our tracks, and they were gone.  
I dreamed of no forgetting while to me her face was lifted,  
Nor knew the sun was setting, for her eyes were full of dawn.

Perhaps I hoped that we were lost without a trail to guide us;  
It shocked me like a bullet when the dogs began to bark.  
Then suddenly, from nowhere, the ranch was there beside us;  
She reined away and left me, and the world was in the dark.

The long way, the long way, of all my old Septembers,  
Gone gray like camp-fire embers when the midnight coyote  
shrills,

One hour stays golden-mellow; do you reckon she remembers  
That sunset fading yellow through the notches of the hills?



# Rome Rampant

## How Italy Went to War

### The Inside Story

By T. LOTHROP STODDARD

Author of "Imperiled Holland," etc.

ITALY'S plunge into the great war was attended by circumstances so extraordinary as to give rise to a whole series of startling conjectures. For many months the peninsula had been transformed into a gigantic debating society wherein the partizans of war and peace argued their respective causes with all the fervor of their Southern natures. Meanwhile, above the tumult of the streets, the Government haggled with Teutonic emissaries and bargained with Allied envoys in one and the same breath. Month after month passed by with no apparent change in the situation. Baron Sidney Sonnino, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, English on the distaff side, showed Allied leanings; but Germany sent down her cleverest diplomat, Prince von Bülow, to redress the balance. Whatever might be passing in the quiet of the *consulta*, the world at large had grown frankly skeptical regarding Italy's entrance into the war. An analysis of the serious English and French reviews during the winter months shows a majority of opinions regretfully predicting Italy's continued neutrality. "The great majority of the nation clings to the maintenance of peace," wrote Professor Jean Alazard of the French Institute at Florence. "Nothing to-day permits the envisaging of the possibility of intervention." These words were written in the late winter. Still

more recently the noted Italian historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, though a fervent partizan of war, confessed his frank pessimism regarding the likelihood of a warlike decision.

But with the opening days of May something happened. Exactly what occurred behind the scenes we of course do not know, yet certain it is that from this moment the Government was for war. On May 3, Italy denounced the Triple Alliance treaty. Next day Austria countered by offering concessions so broad as to satisfy Italy's main demands. But the Italian Government refused to consider these offers, and the inspired press announced that on April 25, a whole week before the denunciation of the triplicate treaty, Italy had come to terms with the Allies. The battle seemed over, and the interventionists were already shouting victory. As a matter of fact, the supreme crisis had not yet begun; for at this eleventh hour there entered the arena Giolitti, the *maestro* of politics, the "Italian Clémenceau," the "uncrowned King of Italy," who for more than fifteen years had held the parliamentary Chamber in the hollow of his hand and upset cabinets at his will. Gathering behind him all the varied forces of neutrality,—pacifist Socialists, philo-German Catholics, and aristocrats, and the commercial and industrial North, to whom neutrality meant continued pros-

perity and plenty, while war signified hard times and contingent ruin,—Giolitti dashed into the lists waving the banner of peace. "Italy can have from Austria important and sufficient concessions without making war," was his rallying-cry. Indeed, the difference between the Italian demands and the latest Austrian concessions was so slight as to make war seem a rather foolish business, if all the cards were really on the table. Italy had demanded the immediate cession of the Italian-speaking Trentino, together with the adjoining German-speaking districts of southern Tyrol as far north as Bozen, the valley of the Isonzo, with its chief cities Görz (Gorizia) and Gradiska, several island groups off the Dalmatian coast, the recognition of Italian primacy in Albania, and lastly the erection of Triest and the Istrian peninsula into an independent state. Austria had offered the Trentino, the west bank of the Isonzo, with Gradiska, the erection of Triest into a free city of the Austrian Empire, with an Italian university and exemption from military service of its inhabitants, and the renunciation of all Austrian interests in Albania in favor of Italy. With these Austrian offers, as being all that Italy could reasonably expect, Giolitti declared himself satisfied. By these concessions, contended Giolitti, the Italian-speaking inhabitants of Austria would either become Italian citizens or be assured such guaranties as would fully safeguard their cultural rights and their national future. Even were Italy able to conquer and hold other Austrian territories, these would be lands inhabited by Germans and Slavs, and Italy would be saddled with "a problem of inverse Irredentism worse even than has been the German problem of Alsace-Lorraine." To break with her allies of nearly thirty years on such grounds would be an act of shameless perfidy which would leave Italy diplomatically bankrupt in the alliance market of the world. Even if victorious, the strain on Italy's finances and the disorganization of her industrial life would put back her economic progress for a generation. "If

Italy goes to war," concluded Giolitti, "the results are bound to be most sad, whatever the outcome."

The effect of these arguments was very great. The supporters of neutrality, taking heart of grace, raised their heads once more. The Chamber of Deputies, long accustomed to do Giolitti's bidding, showed unmistakable signs of bowing again to the *maestro's* will. It really looked as though Giolitti's eleventh-hour coup was going to succeed, and that there would be no war.

But the government of Salandra and Sonnino had already decided that there should be war, and all the powerful machinery of a highly centralized bureaucracy was set in motion to down the redoubtable apostle of peace. The official press opened fire with broadsides of scurrilous invective seldom seen even in the high-tension politics of Italy. Giolitti was denounced as a traitor and branded with having sold himself to Prince von Bülow for fabulous piles of gold. The mysterious secret agreement of April 25 was continually referred to, and inspired press articles hinted plainly that the national honor was pledged beyond recall. All over Italy the partizans of war rose with the fury of tigers balked of their prey, and the Government's efforts were seconded by a host of fervid orators, headed by Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose burning words inflamed the public against Austria by references to the Wars of Liberation and intoxicated it with memories of Imperial Rome.

So the issue wavered in the balance when the Government played its trump-card. On May 13 the Salandra-Sonnino Ministry resigned, and immediately thereafter a wave of pro-war demonstrations swept over Italy. These demonstrations were in part spontaneous. From the first the most violent elements in Italian society had been in favor of war. Accordingly, the core of these bellicose mobs was always made up of Republicans, ultra-revolutionary Socialists, Syndicalists, Anarchists, and "Nationalists," or partizans of an imperial "Greater Italy." The bulk

of the demonstrators, however, consisted of excitable youths and boys under military age, mixed up of course, as in all such cases, with loafers, hoodlums, and curiosity-seekers attracted by the presence of a crowd.

At first these demonstrations merely roused the supporters of neutrality to scornful or angry contempt. "Il Mattino" of Naples, the best-known newspaper of southern Italy, scored "the forty or fifty thousand fools or rascals who wish to hurl into the abyss the country and the thirty-six million Italians who do not want war, having everything to lose and nothing to gain from such a criminal adventure." The "Regular" Socialists fought war to the last, true to the orthodox Marxian doctrine of international pacifism. Their chief organ, the "Avanti" of Milan, exclaimed in a vitriolic leader of May 16:

What signs of decadence and moral baseness! In Milan we must witness callow youths parade in triumph the expelled or deserters of all parties. In Rome the mob of hirelings fed from the bureaucratic trough gets itself drunk on the ear-splitting harangues of Gabriele d'Annunzio. And what harangues! Incitements to crime in all its forms. D'Annunzio as leader and inspirer of the national consciousness! Shame brings the blush hot into the cheeks. Truly, the most fearful disillusionments are in store. This bacchanalia of the patriots symbolized by d'Annunzio is only the outward sign of long-standing ills. And if now the war does come, if sorrow, want, and suffering settle down upon our land and aggravate still further the sad lot in which our poor working-folk groan, the people will have to bear all the consequences. The poet will have long since crossed the Alps once more, to enjoy comfortably and carnally among foreigners the fruits of that calculated frenzy of his which pushed into the blood bath the Italian people.

However, after a couple of days of the pro-war demonstrations, the peace party began to lose its nerve. The Government patently looked kindly on the demonstra-

tors. The inspired press came out with solemn editorials about the "impending revolution," and the mobs, waxing bold in the sunlight of official favor, began to loot shops and break windows. Prominent neutralists were threatened, and Giolitti, menaced with death, left Rome and retired to his home province, neutralist Piedmont. The "Red Week" of June, 1914, had taught Italy that the revolutionary elements which headed the present demonstrations were ripe for any mischief, and the Government, in its anger and desperation, might not be oversqueamish about what happened to those who were trying to upset its cherished plans. The neutralists might be strong in their numbers and settled in their ideas, but most of them were not the sort of men to fight for their convictions. The Socialists could probably have been counted on to return blow for blow. As a matter of fact, they actually did get up counter-demonstrations throughout northern Italy which resulted in bloody clashes here and there. At Turin especially thousands of working-men paraded the streets shouting: "Down with the ministry! We want no war!" The mass of the neutralists, however,—shopkeepers, manufacturers, and business men,—preferred trouble on the frontier to trouble at home. In Rome especially no real attempt at a counter-demonstration was made, and on May 16 the king invited Salandra to resume office. This was decisive. The mob celebrated with frenzied enthusiasm, and the pacifist opposition went completely to pieces. On May 20, parliament met long enough to vote the cabinet dictatorial powers, and thereafter promptly adjourned. The cabinet lost no time in exercising its new authority. On May 23, Italy formally declared war on Austria-Hungary.

Such are the facts. Despite Austria's grant of the substance of Italian demands, and in face of the resolute opposition of the most solid classes of the population, the Italian Government allied itself to the jingo and revolutionary parties, and virtually drove the country into war. Nevertheless, we should remember that the



cabinet which imposed this coup was not extremist in complexion. Neither Salandra nor Sonnino have ever posed as jingoists or revolutionaries. Obviously, there is here much which does not appear on the surface, and since the Italian "Green Book" sheds little light, we are reduced to inference and conjecture. However, though authoritative assertion would be more than usually out of place, an analysis of the main currents of Italian political life will certainly yield us some data on which to base an explanation for conduct apparently so rash and inconsistent.

Although the connection may not at first sight appear, it is probable that the Government's decision to embark on warlike courses was in great part determined by internal considerations. For the last ten years Italian political life has been getting into a condition of increasingly unstable equilibrium, menacing the country with violent upheavals or even with down-right revolution. Until the beginning of the present century the upper and middle classes, intrenched behind a restricted franchise, ruled Italy with a strong hand and assured the indefinite continuance of the present régime. Whether Conservatives, Liberals, or Radicals, all played the game within parliamentary limits, and stood ever ready to unite against those who ventured to attack the existing order of things. Such foes had existed from the start—Ultramontane Catholics longing for a restored papal state, Republicans dreaming the dreams of Mazzini and Garibaldi, Anarchists opposed to constituted society of any kind. But these were mere factions, small in numbers and bitterly hostile to one another. Of themselves they could never become dangerous. It is true that rapid industrial development presently brought a new disturbing element—Socialism—into Italian political life, but this new-comer was Marxian Socialism, which, however revolutionary its theories, made in practice for at least temporary peace, pinning its faith as it did upon the ballot rather than upon the barricade. So matters stood at the beginning of the twentieth century.

With the opening years of the new century, however, there began a change within the body of Socialism itself that portended a serious and immediate menace to existing institutions. Rejecting the slower Marxian method of peaceful political action, Socialism's radical wing determined to realize its hopes by the short cut of violent revolution. This new movement—Syndicalism—is of course international in its scope, making its appearance in America with the Industrial Workers of the World. But Italy proved peculiarly fertile soil for Syndicalist labors, and the new doctrine soon had a very large Italian following beneath its banners. This would have been serious enough in any country; it was doubly serious in Italy from the fact that Syndicalism at once formed an alliance with those older apostles of violent revolution, the Republicans and the Anarchists, a thing which evolutionary Marxian Socialism had naturally been unable to do. The new coalition quickly showed its power in the long series of strikes, riots, and other disorders that have continually disturbed Italy during the last few years. The conservative governing classes have made many concessions, notably that of universal manhood suffrage in 1913; but this conciliatory attitude has apparently emboldened rather than appeased the revolutionary elements. Their crowning exhibition of strength was the great "General Strike" of June, 1914. During this famous "Red Week" Italy was a chaos of riot and disorder, the republic was proclaimed in several provinces, and the movement ultimately subsided more by reason of the Government's tact and conciliation than from any repression or resolute use of force. As close a student of Italian affairs as Professor George B. McClellan wrote of the "Red Week":

The strike was a grim warning to the government and to the nation that under favorable circumstances it is quite possible that a minority of the people may destroy the whole social and political fabric of modern Italy. A lawless but well-organized



minority frightened the authorities, terrified the public, and paralyzed the activities of nearly thirty million people for over forty-eight hours. Had the strike been called originally as a revolutionary act, and not as a mere protest, it might even then have succeeded.

Serious as is the menace of the social revolution, it is not the only explosive element which present-day Italian statesmen have to take into account. At the same time that the proletariat was being infected with Syndicalism, another sort of leaven was working among those middle classes that formed the backbone of Italian political life. This leaven, wholly distinct from the Syndicalist doctrine, but no less dynamic in character, was Nationalism.

Italian Nationalism, like Syndicalism, is a product of the twentieth century. Ten years ago Italy was still engrossed in that self-absorption in home politics and economic development that followed the cruel disillusionments of the Abyssinian disaster (1896). But the European crisis of 1908 following Austria's annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina acted like an electric shock on the national psychology. The eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea is one of Italy's sensitive points. Besides its scattered Italian-speaking populations, long the object of Irredentist aspirations, Italy looks on Albania, with its splendid harbor of Avlona dominating the Adriatic mouth at the Strait of Otranto, as a necessity for her future security. Taking advantage of popular fears of Austrian preëminence along the whole east Adriatic shore, a group of patriotic savants and litterateurs evolved a body of extreme imperialistic doctrine looking to nothing less than a revived Roman Empire dominating the whole Mediterranean basin. The propaganda of these so-called Nationalists fell on fertile soil. Successful economic development had enriched the country and stabilized its finances. The Italian people felt a sense of unwonted confidence and power, while the five hundred thousand emigrants annually forced

from its fecund bosom gave assurance that the conquests of Italian armies might soon be transformed into new Italies.

The first real trial of strength between the old spirit and the new came in the months preceding the Italo-Turkish War of 1911-12. The descent on Tripoli was preëminently a Nationalist idea. Long before such action had been seriously broached in older political circles, the Nationalists were loudly demanding the immediate seizure of Tripoli, and they did not fail to brand all opposition as cowardice and treason. When, therefore, the expedition actually took place, the Nationalists claimed it as their work, called "Libya" their gift to Italy, and took advantage of the tremendous outburst of patriotic fervor evoked by the war to extend still further their imperialistic propaganda. Acting as a general leaven rather than as an exclusive political group, the Nationalists permeated all parties, all strata of the population. It is thus easy to see how profound was the effect when, at the beginning of the present European conflict, the Nationalists called for war against the Teutonic powers, and intoxicated imperialist circles with promises of Adriatic supremacy and rich conquests in the near-East as the spoils of victory.

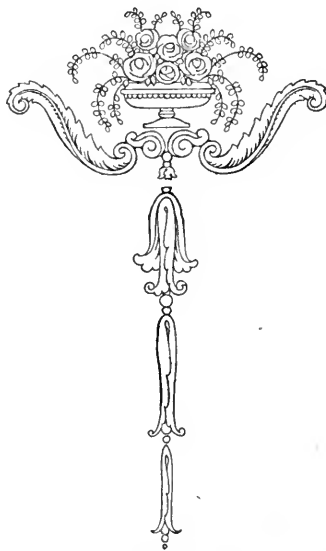
The Government was probably all the more influenced by this warlike propaganda from the fact that the Nationalists left no doubt as to the consequences of a refusal to comply with their imperious behests. Like the social revolutionaries, the Nationalists have never hesitated to threaten violence in case of opposition to their demands. During the period preceding the Tripoli expedition the Nationalist leader, Professor Corradini, met with exceedingly menacing language rumors that the king was opposed to a Turkish war. "It is my opinion," he wrote, "that the party of the nation, Nationalism, should then [in case of royal opposition] proceed to very revolutionary action even against things and persons whom to-day we do not name." These threats were repeated during the winter of 1914-15, and both the Government and the Crown

were told what to expect if Italian aspirations were not gratified. One of the most moderate of these warnings is that of Guglielmo Ferrero, who, after asserting that "the dynasty is responsible" for the existing situation, continues: "I do not know what may happen on that day when, in the midst of a Europe rent by war and restless in the face of such ruin, the Italian people become persuaded that the monarchy, by the mistakes of its foreign policy, has prevented Italy from taking the Italian provinces. It is even possible that the monarchy's last hour will strike."

Such was the critical situation which faced the Salandra-Sonnino ministry in the spring months of 1915. Both of the dynamic factors in Italian political life were demanding war; both were threatening revolution as the penalty for refusal. It is true that the social revolutionary parties were moved not so much by patriotism as by the desire to fish in troubled waters and by the knowledge that military disasters abroad would enable them to start the desired cataclysm at home. Still, continued peace with Austria might have resulted in an alliance between the social revolutionaries and the Nationalists, which would have precipitated this cata-

clysm in any event, whereas a victorious war would rally the Nationalists to the present régime and might so stimulate national pride and satisfy popular needs by opening up new outlets for emigration and industry that would permanently exorcise the social revolutionary peril. Even before the beginning of the European War the "Red Week" of June, 1914, had led some Italian thinkers to envisage the prospect of a war as a useful counter-irritant to revolutionary discontent. "There are many Italians," wrote Professor George B. McClellan at that time, "who seriously advocate a war with Austria as the only means of quelling the revolutionary spirit." If such were the ideas of many Italians at a time when all Europe was at peace, it is easy to see how the thought must have appealed to them in the spring of 1915.

Of course these are only conjectures; yet it is at least reasonable to believe that the considerations analyzed in the preceding pages played a not inconsiderable part in the decision of the Salandra-Sonnino cabinet when, in the opening weeks of May, they beat down the Giolittian opposition and took the fateful plunge into the World War.





"The royal yacht, bearing the dead queen from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth"

## "Pleasures and Palaces"

By PRINCESS LAZAROVICH-HREBELIANOVICH

(*Eleanor Calhoun*)

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

### *Part Three: Phases of London Life*

ONE of the most striking characteristics of English political life is the place of woman in it. When a husband or brother was standing for Parliament, it was to me both surprising and amusing to see delicate, sensitive, and shy ladies enter actively, and often powerfully, into the campaign, speaking from the platform as well as canvassing from house to house in behalf of their men-folks. And all this they did without faltering or without the least self-consciousness, and as naturally as if they were merely taking tea at the rectory, attending the Ascot races, or driving down to Hurlingham for polo. Who is not familiar with the pony-cart that Lady Dorothy Nevill's daughter Meresia, arch-conservative herself, drove about, seated between big white canvas screens that were inscribed with "Vote for ——" and other electioneering devices? A typical case is that of the Hon. Mrs. Lyttleton, who, when her husband was taken ill with typhoid fever at the beginning of his campaign for Parliament, stepped instantly into his shoes, kept his engagements, and, by her sole efforts during his illness, triumphantly won his election. These women belong to the upper classes.

No one acquainted with their authors

could read the recent memoirs of Lady St. Helier, famous as Lady Jeune, holder of the most renowned general political salon of her times, and the autobiography of Lady Dorothy Nevill, not less famous as the friend of Disraeli and the second Duke of Wellington, and the center of a strictly conservative political group, without realizing the reserve that those who know most about matters feel bound to impose upon their contemporaneous utterances in print. In both books there are veils and veils of silence over certain moments and epochs of which these ladies could speak words of vivid interest.

Lady St. Helier was the confidante and often the counselor of many leading political men. She once told me that she had made it her rule to burn immediately every letter that might bear any clue to the plans and actions of her political friends. She was a conservative in politics—a Liberal Unionist, I believe,—but she possessed that fine fiber and breeding which would have made it impossible for her, even under goading circumstances, to betray a confidence reposed in her by men of a party opposed to her own; and she did receive such confidences.

On the paneling of the great white

drawing-room, high over the fireplace, hangs a portrait of Lady Jeune, the only picture on the wall. It shows her in her prime, with close black hair, a small, well-shaped head, with round white forehead and expressive black eyes. Her simple, dark gown, Spanish-like, with a touch of flowers, is reserved and conventional, even severe in its simplicity, heightening the Spanish impression. When I made that remark to her once, she told me that she had a Spanish strain of descent—Spanish Jewish, I think. Hence the dash of exotic genius in her, which was also seen in her handsome sister, Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale. Lady Jeune always dressed quietly and conventionally in black or dark colors, not seeming to take note of clothes.

However, other women always dressed in their best when they went to her house, where they were sure to find the most renowned and interesting people in London, whether British or foreign. And those people always talked at Lady Jeune's; for hers was one of the few houses where those present appeared to be most distinctly themselves, and their talk was of what interested them most vitally.

Besides the large evening parties and the dinners during the week, men of note and a few women—generally by special invitation—came to Lady Jeune's on Sunday afternoon; and the luncheon-hour of almost any day called about her table important members of both Houses of Parliament, and the women of their parties. Virtually every man or woman of note came to Lady Jeune's to discuss the questions of the time.

It was an education in life to hear the talk in the houses of Lady Jeune, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Lady Wantage, Lady Borthwick,—the last named a house where Lord Byron had lived, and where the white paneled walls and the candelabra, lighted with wax-candles, made all the women look beautiful,—and of Mrs. Tennant of Whitehall, a Liberal, and devoted to Gladstone, who often came there.

To be at Lady Jeune's when political

events of importance in foreign lands were occurring and hear the discussion of what went on concerning those foreign matters in Parliament, was to have before the mind a vast drama of the nations. The Indies, China, Afghanistan, the Egyptian deserts, Africa, and Greece, gave the flaming scenery to a tremendous human epic.

Not less true is it that the life stream of the world which whirls around Britain and centers in London was most sentient in the houses of these brilliant women who assembled not only those interested in politics, but in art, science, and literature. Here the arts had voice and showed how they, too, built for Great Britain; for mingled with the powerful impulse of conquest and empire, and the steady attempt to set up and establish Anglo-Saxon ideals in conquered lands, was the constant tendency toward the enrichment in England of refining influences. Treasures flowed back to the islands from distant shores, almost side by side with trophies of war. They came from the sands in the shadow of the pyramids and the great Sphinx and the temples of Karnak and from the mysteries of Indian shrines.

The conquerors also brought back the art of other lands. Heaped like loot under the staircase of a famous country house, I once saw the exquisite porcelains of China. It was at Fonthill, where the astonishing author of "Vathek" built his tower abbey in three days and nights—employing three thousand laborers to work by torchlight, as they tell visitors. Lord Wolseley was standing by me near the staircase at the moment. He spoke of the burning of the Summer Palace, ordered by the British, as the most heart-wringing and terrifying means of disciplining the Chinese nation. He said, as he looked with admiration at the beautiful porcelains, "I tried to prevent the carrying off of these things, but control was impossible." The hostess of that house, who, among many other objects, had acquired from the loot the ancient imperial table-service, told us that the Chinese



"Delicate, sensitive, and shy ladies enter actively, and often powerfully, into the campaign"

empress had written to her, saying how dearly above all her lost treasures she had prized those old yellow porcelains, and had begged their present owner to send her back to China one piece of each that she might have them copied, promising to return the originals afterward. My friend sent the pieces of porcelain to the empress, and, after waiting a due time, received them back in England again—"foi d'impératrice."

A continuous pattern of life might be composed of the rarely gifted and renowned men and women whose luster shone forth in the splendid company of Lady Jeune's and other bright palaces of dim, foggy London. Lady Jeune was en-

dowed with that quick understanding of character and ability which called forth the best there was in the persons about her. She had the wit to develop the mental graces and wit of others.

One night at her house Joseph Chamberlain said to me that he believed any man of even moderate endowment could attain any given aim which he set before him with unrelenting effort and "enduring to the end." To my question, "Why, then, do so many men fall short of their ambitions?" he answered: "They come to the place where they turn back. They may have killed the dragon at the first bridge and at the second, perhaps even at the third; but the dragons are always

more formidable the further we go. Many turn back disheartened, and very few will meet the monsters to the end. Almost none is willing to have a try with the demon at the last bridge; but if he does, he has won forever."

It used to be said in fun of Mr. Chamberlain that his most characteristic "personal features" were his aggressive and determined nose, his monocle, the orchid in his buttonhole, and his lovely American wife, who had the warm regard of Queen Victoria, and whose distinguished taste in dress caused the particular shade of light blue which she wore to court to be imitated by many English women of taste. The first of these characteristics may well denote the dauntless spirit of the man whose iron will continued to work its way through English political evolution even after he had stepped back into the shadow, and will continue even now that he has gone. Mr. Chamberlain's conceptions and influence changed the whole character and trend of public thought in certain ways. There was then a fashionable affectation of speech that made the term "provincial" one of social reproach and a butt for the wit of persons of supposed superiority. But far more stigmatizing even than that term was another designation, illustrated by the remark of a lady who once said of a young girl who had come with her father from Australia to be presented at court, "She is pretty enough, and her father has a mountain of gold out there, but, my dear, she is not only dreadfully provincial, but positively colonial."

Such a speech would not be tolerated to-day. The change began to be perceptible from the time when Mr. Chamberlain succeeded in bringing the ends of the earth together at Queen Victoria's last Jubilee, in which, at his instance, the colonial ministers and detachments of troops from all the colonies and dominions participated.

Mr. Chamberlain's actions were always discussed with heat beyond those of any other man except Gladstone. I recall how electric was the atmosphere at Lady Jeune's, Lady Dorothy Nevill's, and other

political houses when he left the Gladstone cabinet, and during the whole exciting period when many of the stanch old Liberals like Lord Hartington, afterward the eighth Duke of Devonshire, and the radical Chamberlain "went back and walked no more" with Gladstone, but, driven by Gladstone's home-rule fight into a separate camp, merged with many of the Tories and came to form a new party which was in reality Conservative in the highest sense, though called "Liberal Unionist."

Mr. Chamberlain, however, did not appear to be most concerned with interior problems except as they had empire-wide significance. His genius was essentially that of a great foreign minister, and he doubtless would have made one of the greatest that England ever possessed, since his chosen work would have been the greatest that England ever had to perform. When Joseph Chamberlain chose to become secretary for the colonies, we heard nothing but astonishment expressed on all sides. The post was despised by the ambitious, and shared somewhat in the general obloquy of the word "colonial."

But Chamberlain's vision compassed far horizons, and an empire was beating in his heart. His conception was to take the magnificent material which England had stacked up in every quarter of the globe, and use it to construct a building on safe foundations, solid and abiding. With the second Jubilee, a new conception of a corporate body began to steal into the general mind, and to-day the growing tide toward imperial federation bids fair to make substantial Chamberlain's long dream. And the building has begun with Ireland, that bright emerald porch of the West.

On Jubilee day I had a fine seat of vantage at St. Paul's Cathedral, which the procession circled, passing twice before us a few feet away. Before, beside, and behind the queen's carriage rode Indian princes on splendid horses. The necklaces of enormous pearls that they wore and the jewels that studded their gorgeous



"The pony-cart that Lady Dorothy Nevill's daughter Meresia, arch-conservative herself, drove about"

apparel sparkled in the sun. The queen, serene and reverend in aspect,—mother of strange peoples,—was a more impressive symbol of the world-belting empire than a king would have been. At a reception at Mrs. Tennant's in those days I heard Lady Stanley exclaim exultantly the thought that was in many minds, "We 'll never go out of Egypt after this." There was a kind of general murmur of disclaimer, and almost a "'S-sh!" went around the room. To-day it is difficult to remember that anybody ever said or imagined that the British would evacuate Egypt.

I saw also the day when the dead body of Queen Victoria was borne through London on a gun-carriage draped with British flags, and just behind it King Edward on his horse, forming a picture of simple grandeur. The morning papers had described the passing of the royal yacht, bearing the dead queen from the

Isle of Wight to Portsmouth, between two rows of mighty battle-ships standing prow in and booming slowly their last salute. As I looked on in London at the silent cortège, I could not help saying to the friends with me, "What a happy and fortunate death!"

A smaller and more strictly Conservative circle was that whose center was the house of Lady Dorothy Nevill. She was small, merry of speech, and sharp of wit, bright-eyed, loving life, taking it with high relish and gusto down to the end of her long span of years. She loved to talk, to charm, and to be charmed. She enjoyed having her table surrounded by the most gifted—I was about to say successful—literary men and women, and delighted in conversational pyrotechnics, as well as in more serious discussion.

On one occasion the lovely Mrs. Craigie sat between Edmund Gosse and Henry James. Mrs. Craigie liked to wear ermine.

Her clothes were always beautiful, and touched with bright colors, generally crimson, which became her dark hair. The peculiar brilliancy of her blue eyes, with their long black lashes, and the red that flew to her cheeks through a peculiarly white skin, making her especially bewitching as she talked, no doubt betokened the heart malady that cut off her young life in the time of its full blossom and promise.

Under Lady Dorothy's ægis, and to a great extent under her roof, important forces were organized for the Conservatives. There was inspired in the mind of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, a relative of Lady Dorothy, the formation of the famous "fourth party," which became an astonishing implement in the hands of Lord Randolph Churchill in his daring free-lance onsets. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was also the originator of the immensely powerful Primrose League. He was handsome, brilliant in conversation, and wise in the knowledge of men and matters.

The Primrose League, offspring of the political houses rather than of the clubs, composed at first of men only, later, through the efforts of Lady Borthwick, admitting women, and subsequently forming a subsidiary children's branch, was brought into being as a means of consciously and definitely preserving the noblest educational and idealistic acquisitions of past British political and social genius and supporting their modern developments.

As the league grew in numbers and influence, it became the natural ally of the Conservative party and recognized its filial relationship to the aristocratic elements of English life. It has proved of great political worth to the Conservative and Liberal Unionist parties.

One of the workers for the league was Lady Bective, a person of great beauty and distinction not only of mind, but of body.

Lady Bective bore me an invitation to head a "habitation" of the Primrose League, and gave me a document to sign. When I read the paper, I laughed. It

contained in effect an oath of allegiance to the British sovereign: a declaration the purport of which was to maintain the dominance of Britain and all things British throughout the world on land and sea. Although I admire what is noble and majestic in England and have many dear and lifelong friends there, and in relation to that realm sympathize with the aims of the Primrose League, needless to say I never wore the primrose badge or entered the league, named for that simple flower which every year, on Lord Beaconsfield's birthday, crowns his dark bronze statue at the gates of Parliament. Though my heart went out to rebels, still I had strong sympathies with that party which represents the old motto, "Keep what your fathers suffered to win."

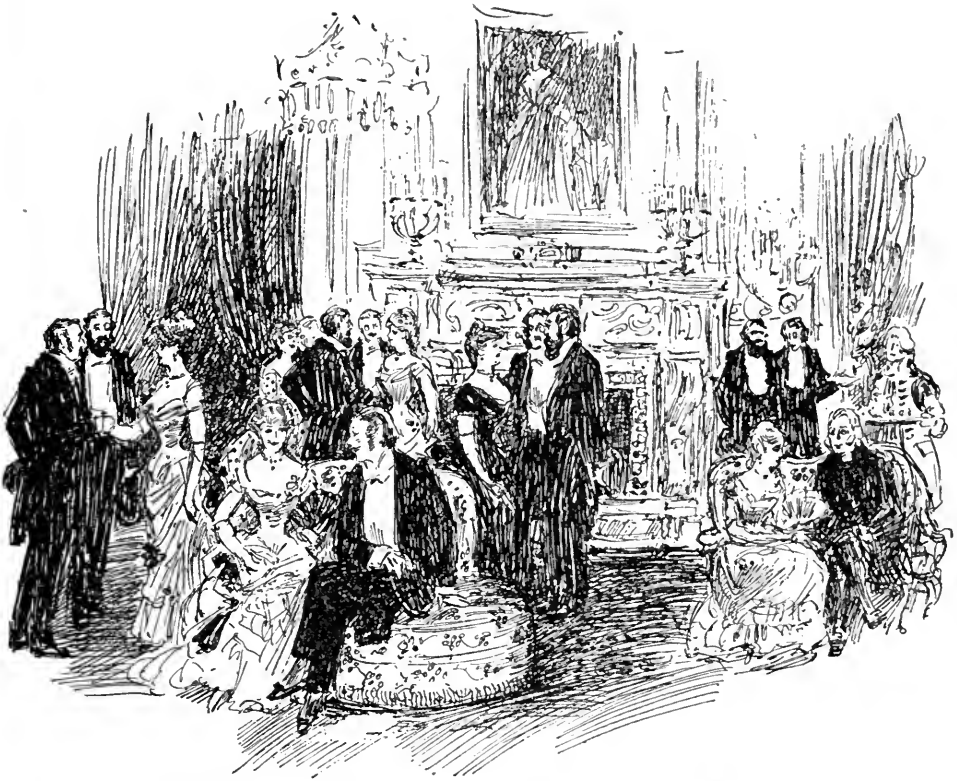
Engaged with lighter interests was Mr. Hamilton Aïdé, an old-time gentleman of many parts, like a French marquis of the court of Louis XIV, retaining his youthful enjoyment up to the end, as the pressed rose between the leaves of a book keeps lingering remembrance of its past perfume and gaiety. He delighted in having about him a large circle of distinguished acquaintances and friends for the sheer pleasure of bright company. A painter in water-color, poet, playwright, composer and singer of his own early-Victorian compositions, he was practised enough in all the arts and mental graces to joy in them all. As if by a subtle permeation of his own personality, his parties always conveyed to the senses some charm of dilettante existence. When he seated himself at the piano and sang in sweet tremulous strains his own old song, "The Blue Danube,"

I oft since then have watched the moon  
And seen the moonbeams quivah,

. . . but nevah, oh, nevah,  
Can I forget that night in June  
Upon the Danube Rivah,

the quaver in his voice and the sentimental, unshed tear evoked pictures of days of long, long ago. It was almost as if we,





"Hers was one of the few houses where those present appeared to be most distinctly themselves"

too, were remembering their dear vanished romance.

At any unexpected turn in this old society, some echo of other days is apt to ring out as clear and near as the merry horn of the four-in-hand drag dashing off gaily for Virginia Water or one of the races. For instance, at a dinner-party in London my mother had been taken in to dinner by the Earl of A——, a gentleman prominent in his country's service, one well known on the Continent and in America, the bearer of an old Scottish name. When wine was served at dessert, the tumblers were also filled with water. He held up his wine-glass, and there was silence around the table, while all the other gentlemen present, copying his gesture, passed their glasses of wine across their tumblers of water, and then drained them without a word. My neighbor whispered to me, "That toast was to our king over the water, and in memory of

Bonnie Prince Charlie." The survival here in the midst of our modern time of this Jacobite sentiment is curious; and, as an officer told me, an old order, also still strictly observed in England to-day, forbids water to be on the officers' mess-table when the king's health is being drunk, to avoid any accidental intrusion of the gay cavalier. In this connection I might state that a curious trait of Queen Victoria was her Jacobite "sympathy," as it was called. She delighted in the romance of the Charleses and the pretenders, and it was said, though I could not vouch for it, that one of the "garlands for sweet remembrance" placed mysteriously before the statue of Charles I in Trafalgar Square on a certain anniversary came from the queen.

Speaking of Queen Victoria reminds me of a morning during her lifetime when I found Princess Louise at work on the queen's statue which is now in Kensing-

ton Gardens. Princess Louise, of course, modeled it after life. But the queen said: "Make it like me when I was young."

"But you forget, Mother, that I never saw you in those days—not when I was old enough to remember."

"Still," said the old queen, "I shall be gone in a few years; then no one period of my past personal appearance will represent me any more truly than any other. Why not select for posterity the aspect of me which I liked the best, when I looked my best and was young and happy?"

Princess Louise, in telling this, said, half smiling, half sad:

"She thought I ought to be able to do that."

Though many of the important people of the time went to all the great houses in London, those drawing-rooms that were distinctly political maintained their individuality. The friends who met at the splendid house in Carlton Gardens of Lord and Lady Wantage were generally Conservatives. Lady Wantage typified certain English traits of character. Reserved in manner almost to the point of diffidence, often called cold, yet warm of heart, she was appreciative of all effort for high attainment.

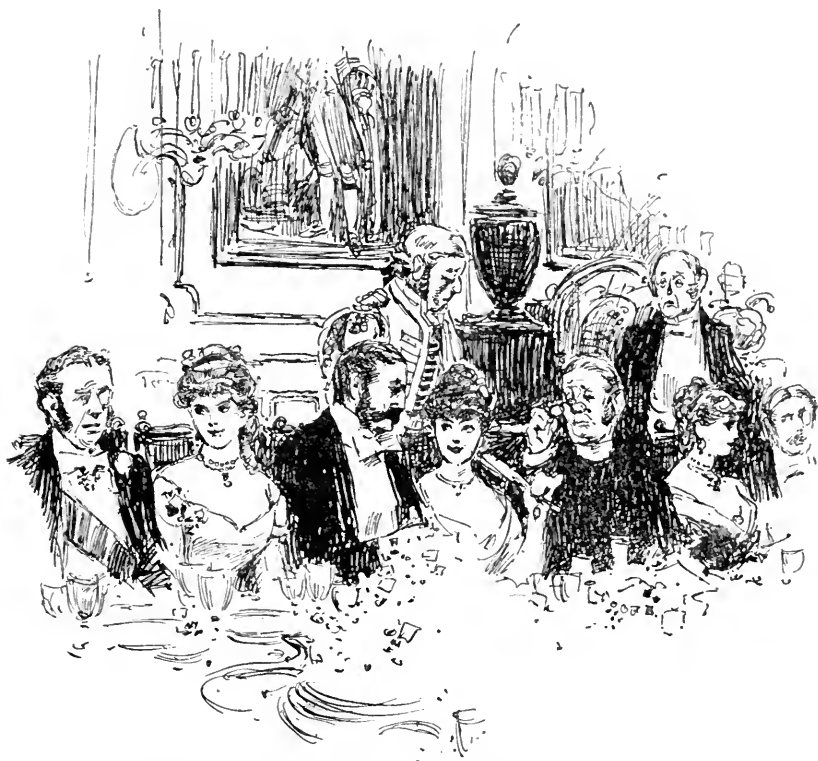
Across the little garden from the Wantage House lived Mr. Arthur Balfour, and almost next door along the Terrace were the houses of Lord and Lady Pembroke, whose country place was glorious Wilton House, near Salisbury. Lord Pembroke was called the handsomest man in England. He was part Russian, and his bodily frame, as well as the lofty and lovely spirit which dwelt in it, was a sample of nature's most happy handiwork. In that row lived Mrs. Alfred Morrison, an Englishwoman whose notable beauty was of the Roman patrician type. She was also famous as a patroness of culture and a keen critic in matters of taste. Mrs. Morrison, it is said, possesses the finest private collection of rare old laces in the world, and also one of the greatest collections of precious gems; for while her exquisite taste and fancy were forming that treasure of antique laces, her husband

was collecting every kind of precious stone. He also mined in the vaults of royal and historic families who for some cause or other were willing to sell noted heirlooms. For twenty years his agents quietly gathered together those gems, and never once during that time did he show them even to his wife. She only knew vaguely that he often bought jewels. Under his house he had a room built the walls of which were upholstered like jewel-cases, with lights arranged to show the magnificence of their contents. Once he showed them to the late King Edward, then to one or two other great connoisseurs under the seal of secrecy. His wife had never seen them.

One day he asked her to go down to the subterranean room with him. As he threw open the small door, the walls blazed with the fires of diamonds and the rich colors of every known gem. He said:

"They are yours. I want you to wear them. Have them reset if you like." One summer morning I found her sitting in the brightly shining sun before a writing-table literally heaped with dazzling stones of every hue. She was putting them together in patterns, trying the effect of designs in which she was having many of them reset. The Morrisons afterward sold that house in Carlton Terrace to Lord and Lady Cowdray.

Mrs. Tennant of Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, descendant of Cromwell, and her daughters, Mrs. Frederic Myers and Lady Stanley, were devoted to Mr. Gladstone, and many Liberals came to their house. The first time I ever saw Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone was in London, when they were good enough to come to congratulate me on my acting. Mrs. Gladstone's devotion to the great British statesman paralleled that of Bismarck's wife. She simply lost herself in her husband. I was surprised to find that with one exception all the photographs of Mr. Gladstone failed to convey the essential impression of his personality. His head and face, though bold and grand, were delicate and fine of mold, suggestive of steel engraving. There were no large



"She had the wit to develop the mental graces and wit of others"

wrinkles on his face, but the whole surface of the pinkish-white skin was marked with very fine lines at right angles, as in the old Chinese crackle-ware. What struck me most in his personality, besides his exquisitely spoken words and a culture which was of the soul as well as of the mind, was the modest kindness and gentle care with which he scrutinized the efforts of others, to perceive and appreciate any cause for honest praise, and to remark and enjoy personal value in them when he found it. The one true photograph which I ever saw of Mr. Gladstone was made by Mrs. Frederic Myers. French was often spoken, and French culture was much to the fore at Mrs. Tennant's, distinguished French visitors to London always finding a warm welcome there.

Belonging to quite a different family, I think, were the other Tennants of Grosvenor Square. One of the daughters of that house, whose name was on every lip, was the liveliest person I met in London. She is now the wife of the present British

premier. She was thought to be the original of Benson's "Dodo." People said then that she would be sure to marry a prime minister, or make one out of her husband when the time should come for her to "dwindle into a wife," as Congreve's fascinating *Millament*, her forerunner in some degree, expressed the ultimate catastrophe. Miss Tennant was small, slight, supple, and graceful, and a devotee of the skirt dance, in which as a professional dancer she might have earned a fortune had not Fate decreed that she should be born with a silver spoon in her mouth. Many were the stories told of the coming down to London of this vividly vivacious creature as a young thing, her charm being merely an oriflamme of more serious equipment, a thorough education in foreign languages, music, and other accomplishments. Tales were told of her expressed intention to live her life in the great world and get amusement out of it, of her determination to carry all strongholds, and how she attained those purposes

by sheer force of bewitching and original personality, using wit which ventured to audacity upon occasion, making bets, and winning them, to dance with the wariest of foreign emperors, and so forth. She always knew, too, how to make profit of a joke against herself, or to take off the edge of a thrust against herself, recognizing when she had merited it, characteristics not only of skill and gaiety, but of some true generosity. It is told of her that during a private concert of classical piano music she committed the unpardonable sin of whispering to her neighbor. Finally a stern dowager in front of her, irritated beyond control, turned sharply about on the two girls and said in a loud voice:

"I am at a loss to know whether the entertainment is in front of me or behind me."

The whole roomful of people was startled. Miss Tennant, like a flash, not allowing any one else to take the lead, clapped her hands in applause, and said:

"Bravo, Madam! Quite right. I apologize."

She was, I have heard, capable of exceedingly kind and generous acts, as the persons who are happy and successful are apt to be. The lucky person is generally kind in feeling toward others. Only the disappointed, or those deeply wounded in their self-esteem, are full of bitter words for other people.

Belonging to the same period was a scene at a royal garden party held at Windsor Park. Standing near the entrance to the royal marquee, under the grand old trees, were King Edward and Mark Twain, the king laughing at the remarks of the American wit and philosopher, who was slightly smiling. Mark Twain, it was remarked, wore his hat, which an Englishman would not have done while in talk with the king. It was a wide, soft white felt hat, matching his white hair, and he was also clad in a creamy-white broadcloth suit made ample and easy. The king, on the contrary, was wearing a strange assemblage of garments of varying cut and hue, producing an ef-

fect the opposite of happy. A relative of his, admiring Mark Twain's beautiful appearance, scrutinized the king's costume with a puzzled look, and aware of his usual good taste, she ventured to say:

"I am looking, sir, at your purple waistcoat. Your coat is—a kind of—pea-green, and—and your—h-m—upon my word! Really, how did it happen?"

The king in answer laughed and named different tailors who had at different times, he said, sent him a garment, begging him to wear it, and he had put them all on at once, "to do the tailors a good turn."

All of the famous painters of the day had built beautiful houses which were centers of social pleasure. Mr. Boughton had built a beautiful home on Campden Hill Road, where he and Mrs. Boughton gave many big parties. Mr. Boughton told me a little story of a supper party to his men friends for his house-warming. The dining-room was on the ground floor. He said that at about one o'clock A.M., Mr. Whistler, who was present, asked if he might go up-stairs and write a note that he remembered must be posted. For about an hour they saw no more of him, when, in Mr. Boughton's words, "we heard a tremendous noise. We all rushed out into the hallway, and there came Whistler tumbling down the long straight staircase.

"'What on earth 's the matter?' I shouted. Whistler's answer, as he continued to distribute himself about over the stairs, was:

"'Who built your house?'

"'Cubitt,' I cried.

"'D—d teetotaler!' said Whistler between the bumps."

Sir Alma-Tadema built him a still more sumptuous palace, set in gardens. Its general plan; its small marble atrium, whence mounted an inner entrance stair of copper, polished like burnished gold; its mosaics and inlaid walls, evoked images of imperial Rome.

I went sometimes to the great fêtes given by Herkomer, who not only built a small castle, after his own heart, with



"A smaller and more strictly Conservative circle was that whose center was the house of Lady Dorothy Nevill"

splendid wrought-iron gates, forged on the spot by his own hands and those of his pupils, but virtually built a whole art community and filled the tiny, quaint old town of Bushey, mentioned by Shakspeare, with art students and art craftsmen, who under his command worked at every art form from portrait-painting, sculpture, iron-working, and the art of faience, to the writing of plays, which were produced fresh from the quill by himself and his pupils, who dyed and made costumes, painted the scenery, and acted the parts for their own amusement and that of Herkomer's friends, who were brought down from London in special trains to these festivals.

An invitation to one of Mr. Whistler's "breakfasts" was prized by many persons almost as much as a royal command; more by some. Mr. Whistler brought together about his dainty, long, narrow "breakfast-table" in its long, narrow room, with pale, yellow-washed walls, a symposium

of those persons in London most noted for wit or endowed with rare original talent of some kind. Sprinkled here and there for the sake, no doubt, of half-tones, were others whose chief qualification was the power of chastened and judicious appreciation. These symposiums were held by Whistler in his splendid studio, 33 Tite Street, at present the studio of Sargent. Whistler did not steadily occupy that place, which a depleted treasury sometimes caused him to forsake temporarily. According to the well-known story, when the bailiffs came in to dispossess him for debt, he pressed them into service as extra-men to help serve one of his famous breakfasts, after which he would retire to a low, rambling workshop up an alleyway off the Fulham Road. There in solitary quiet he would bring forth another masterpiece to startle the world, and furnish him with the means of reëntering beautiful Tite Street and taking up the thread of his more princely existence.

On one occasion, Whistler was in great spirits, saying something that sent a murmur of amusement and delight round the table. Oscar Wilde was there, and he brusquely and loudly interrupted, turning general attention toward himself by saying:

"Good! good! good! Jimmy! I wish I'd said that!"

Whistler, with a persimmon-pucker of his lips, smiled and rasped back:

"Never mind; you will."

He flattened his elbows out across the end of the table as he glanced down it on both sides, still puckering his lips and smiling.

At one of these breakfasts, the late Mr. Charles Brookfield, whose mother was famous as the center of an intellectual group, and Thackeray's friend, gave an account of being waylaid one day, just after a matinée at the Haymarket Theater by a lady who was well known for her pursuit of notabilities. She said to him, in a gush of flattery:

"Oh, I am so pleased to meet you! We've heard so much of your originality—of your—your—we know how very good you are to your dear mother!"

He interrupted her in a slow drawl:

"Yes,—yes; I think it well to beat her only once a week."

(To be concluded)



## On the Palisades

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

AND still we climbed,  
Upward into those sheer and threatening cliffs  
Storming against the sky.  
As though to stop our impudent assault,  
The sun laid great hot hands upon our backs,  
And bent them down.  
There were no bluff, good-humored winds to push us on;  
There were no shrubs to grasp, no staff to aid:  
Laughter was all we leaned on.

We dared not turn to view the dizzy depth; and then  
At last the height, and the long climb over!  
And laughing still, we drew long, panting breaths;  
And our pulses jumped with a proud and foolish thrill,  
As though we had gained not merely the top of a hill,  
But a victory.

Up here the gaunt earth seemed to sprawl,  
Stretching its legs beyond the cramping skies,  
And lie upon its cloudy back and yawn.

Rhythmical breezes arose,  
 Like a strong man waking from sleep,  
 Like the measured breathing of Day.  
 And the earth stirred and called us.  
 An unseen path sprang from the undergrowth,  
 And dodged among the bushes lightly, beckoning us on;  
 Vine-snares and rocks made way for us;  
 Daisies threw themselves before our feet;  
 The eager little armies of the grass,  
 Waving their happy spears, ran on beside us:  
 And when we slackened, when we thought of resting,  
 The running grasses stopped, the earth sank back into itself,  
 Became a living pillow, a soft breast,  
 And every branch held out its comforting arms.  
 The winds pressed close, and, growing gentle, sang to us;  
 And so we sat beneath the mothering trees.

Languor leaned down  
 And, whispering peace, drew us into ourselves;  
 And in the drowsy sunlight  
 We mused, escaping from the clanging world,  
 Happy to sink in visions and soft fantasies  
 For solace and for strength;  
 To dip into a dream, as into sleep,  
 And wring new ardor from it, and rise refreshed;  
 Irradiant, held by no soothing past,  
 Blundering brightly on.

Then, in an unseen flash,  
 The air was sharp with energy again;  
 The afternoon tingled and snapped, electric with laughter.  
 And he, our friend and lover, our buoyant, swaggering boy,—  
 His soul as fiery as his flaming hair,—  
 Began to sing this snatch of ancient rhyme  
 Caught from the pickers in the cotton-fields:

*"Lord He thought He 'd make a man,  
 (Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)  
 Made him out er earth an' a han'ful er san'.  
 (Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)"*

*"I know it; indeed, I know it, brudders;  
 I know it. Dese bones gwine ter rise again."*

*"Thought He 'd make an 'umman, too;  
 Did n't know 'zackly what ter do.  
 (Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)"*

*"Tuk one rib f'om Adam's side.  
 Made Miss Eve for to be his bride.  
 (Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)"*

Five hundred feet below us lay the world.  
 The Sunday-colored crowds busy at play,  
 The children, the tawdry lovers, and the far-off tremor of ships,  
 Came to us, caught us out of the blurring vastness,  
 As things remembered from dreams.  
 And still he sang, while we joined in with childlike eagerness  
 The deep, infectious music of a childlike race:

*"Sot 'em in a gyarden rich an' fair;  
 Tol' 'em dey could eat w'atever wuz dere,  
 (Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)"*

*"F'om one tree you mus' not eat;  
 Ef you do, you 'll have ter skeet!  
 (Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)"*

*"Sarpint woun' him roun' er trunk;  
 At Miss Eve his eye he wunk.  
 (Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)"*

*"I know it; indeed, I know it, brudders;  
 I know it—"*

Like a blue snake uncoiled,  
 The lazy river, stretching between the banks,  
 Smoothed out its rippling folds, splotchy with sunlight,  
 And slept again, basking in silence.  
 A sea-gull chattered stridently;  
 We heard, breaking the rhythms of the song,  
 The cough of the asthmatic motor-boat  
 Spluttering toward the pier.  
 And stillness again.

*"Lord He come wid a 'ponstrous voice;  
 Shook dis whole earth to its joists.  
 (Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)"*

*"'Adam, Adam, where art thou?'  
 'Yas, good Lord, I 's a-comin' now.'  
 (Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)"*

*"'Stole my apples, I believe—'  
 'No, Marse Lord, I speck 't was Eve.'  
 (Dese bones gwine ter rise again.)"*

The little boat drew nearer toward the land,  
 Still puffing like a wheezy runner out of breath.  
 And we could see, crowding its narrow decks,  
 The little human midges, remote and so unhuman,  
 Seeming to belong less to life than the fearless ants,



That swarmed upon the remnants of our lunch,  
 Heedless of all the gods on whom they casually dared to climb.  
 So far the people seemed!  
 And still a faint stirring reached us;  
 A thin thread of music flung its airy filaments toward heaven,  
 Where we, the happy deities, sat enthroned.  
 Straining our ears, we caught the slender tone,  
*"Darling, I am growing old; silver threads among—"*  
 And then it broke,  
 And over us rushed the warm flood of the human need.  
 Out of the frayed, cheap song something thrust out  
 And gripped us like a warm and powerful hand.  
 No longer Olympian, aloof upon our solemn eminence,  
 We crumbled on our heights and yearned to them.  
 The very distance had a chill for us.  
 What if, of a sudden, the boat should topple and plunge;  
 And there should rise a confused crying of people, and the faint, high voice of a child;  
 And heads should bob in the water, and sink like rotten corks,  
 And we, up here so helpless,  
 Unhuman, and remote—

A twilight mist stole up the bay;  
 In a near-by clump a young screech-owl wailed;  
 A breeze blew strangely cold, and, with a covert haste,  
 We gathered up our things, whistled a breath too loud,  
 And took the path down to the earth we knew—  
 The earth we knew, the dear and casual world  
 Of sleep that followed struggle, struggle that called from sleep—  
 The harsh, beloved, immortal invitation.

And as we walked the song sprang up again;  
 And as we sang the words took on new power and majesty.  
 The dying sun became a part of them,  
 Gathering his fires in one last singing beam,  
 In one bright, lyric death.  
 The skies caught up the chorus, thundering it back  
 From every cranny of the windy heavens;  
 And, rising from the rocks and silent waters,  
 Hailing the happy energy as its own,  
 The flood of life laughed with that gay conviction:  
*I know it. Indeed, I know it, brothers;*  
*I know it! These bones will rise again.*  
 Lulled by no soft and easy dreams,  
 Out of the crowded agonies of birth on birth,  
 Refreshed and radiant,  
 These bones will rise.  
 Out of the very arms of cradling Death,  
 These bones!





## Cart before the Horse

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

I

RUPERT PODD'S ambition was to be an all-round man. Rupert had always felt himself peculiarly helpless and inept. He always wondered what people were thinking of him; he was always afraid people were going to ask him to do something that he did n't know how to do; and at all social functions he was perplexed as to whether his coat should be buttoned or unbuttoned, and whether he looked more at ease with his right knee crossed over his left or his left over his right. He looked with envy upon his versatile and self-confident friends. Some day, he felt, he must round himself into a man of big caliber, who would have at his finger-tips information concerning everything from architecture to the minimum wage, and from astronomy to inside baseball, and who would be a fair shot, a capable horseman, and an able hand at tennis, golf, bridge, and polo. Versatility was his god.

Such were the dreams of Rupert Podd.

No more convincing proof of our mortal frailty exists than the divergence between these dreams and the cold facts of Podd's attainments. He was the son of a college professor who instructed classes in the banking history of the United States at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; and owing to his family's narrow means and the resulting limitation of his opportunities, it happened that when he came to maturity he could n't ride, could n't shoot, did n't know how to play bridge, could n't sail a boat or run an automobile, could n't play golf, danced ponderously, had never been on skates, did n't know the difference between Arcturus and Atchison, used the breast stroke when he swam, and disliked playing at the net in tennis because he was afraid the ball would break his glasses. These limitations embarrassed him to the point of declining invitations to promising house-parties for fear the company would all ask him to join in some pastime to which he had not been introduced.

But Rupert was a determined young man, and he took up the task of self-edu-

cation with a will. He puzzled over general-information examinations, and made a point of talking business with the older men he met. Upon his graduation from college he decided to become a reporter, because he had an idea that newspaper men were thrown into contact with many sides of the drama of life. And though perfectly miserable whenever he was sent to interview the widow of a suicide, he stuck to his job.

The way of ambition, already hard, was rendered doubly awkward by the fact that during his first months of newspaper work he spent an increasing and unwarranted amount of his spare time in anxious thought about a certain Miss Molly Ware. All the Wares were such generally accomplished persons that he fairly groveled before them, and did n't know which emotion was the strongest, his enjoyment of Miss Molly's company or his fear of being made ridiculous before her.

This young lady's picture still hung in the back of his mind when his vacation took him up to his New Hampshire home; and he had not been there long before he realized that Miss Ware's summer home was only twenty miles distant, and that he must be the one to annihilate those twenty miles. His family possessed a horse and carriage; and as the horse had originally belonged to the Wares, and had been sold by them to the Podds upon Henry Ware's acquirement of a runabout, it occurred to Rupert that he could spend a very jolly day driving to Elmville. He would appear at Molly's in full and quiet control of Bronchitis, as the Wares had picturesquely named their steed, because, as they said, he was a little horse. He would give Bronchitis his dinner in a shady spot by the roadside, would take Molly for a brief, but spirited, jaunt, and finally would return home in the cool of the evening. The chief objection to this scheme was Rupert's abysmal ignorance of horses and harness and all things that smelt of the stable. Horses had always frightened him, they were so fearfully big, and their minds worked in a way which he could not understand. But Rupert de-

cided that this was an opportunity to broaden his scope. So he studied the line-drawing illustrating harness in the dictionary, wrote to Molly that his pilgrimage was imminent, and on a certain brisk morning in August set out in the Concord wagon, with a box of luncheon, a halter, and a burlap bag of feed under the seat. He was carefully attired in white flannels and a blue serge coat; and as he noticed his easy mastery of Bronchitis during the first few miles, he felt the satisfaction of doing a thing adequately, and he enjoyed to the full the cool northwest wind, which drove great round clouds across the blue sky, made music in the roadside pines, and sharpened the outlines of the mountains.

As the dusty miles rolled past, however, he became increasingly aware that time progressed more quickly than Bronchitis. Noon found him still several miles from Elmville, and calculating that he could not reach the Wares' cottage until luncheon was in the sear and yellow peaches and cream, he decided to put business before pleasure. Luncheon for man and beast should come first, especially since Bronchitis was probably accustomed to a very early repast; the triumphant arrival would be more fitting in the early afternoon. He also entertained a slight disquietude concerning the moment when he should be obliged to substitute the halter for the horse's bridle. So when he reached a pleasant place some three miles from Elmville, where a row of giant maples shadowed the narrow road and a strong sapling suggested itself as a hitching-post, Rupert reined in, and said to the horse, with an air of forced jocularity:

"Well, Bronx, old man, what do you say to a bite to eat?"

Somewhat to his relief, the good animal seemed to fall in with this sentiment. Rupert, therefore, proceeded with his stewardship. Very carefully he took off his well-pressed coat, folded it, and laid it under the seat of the carriage. He stepped out, turned the horse and carriage around so as to get the full advantage of an irregular patch of shade, picked up the halter, and proceeded to the horse's head.

Here at once a perplexing question faced him. The illustration in the dictionary had given no hint of such a redundancy of straps and buckles and cross-pieces. It had pictured a plump animal with an animated expression and a wind-swept mane and tail; but although it had represented him as fairly peppered with numbers, which the key at the bottom disclosed as referring to reins, blinders, etc., and although it had added, for the reader's edification, an apt quotation from Shakspeare to the effect that at least we would die with harness on our back, it had apparently reduced the harness in the picture to its lowest terms. Rupert was undecided as to which buckle should be attached first; and for a moment he reconnoitered, tiptoeing about the horse's head, and experimenting with one buckle after another. Bronchitis, becoming rapidly interested, moved nervously from one foot to the other. Shifting his position craftily to avoid being periodically trodden on, Rupert finally worked the bridle loose by attacking three buckles in succession, and began to pull it firmly forward.

The awful moment had now arrived. Very clearly Rupert remembered somebody's solemn warning: on no account must one ever allow a horse to be without either bridle or halter. He paused a moment. Obviously the halter would not go over the bridle; there must be one horrid second when the old love was off and the new not yet on. To Rupert's dismay, Bronchitis realized this simultaneously. His restlessness increased; he lifted his head high, and started walking forward.

Now, indeed, it was necessary to remain completely master of the situation. Rupert uttered soothing words; he told Bronchitis that he was a good fellow and that in half a jiffy they would share a jolly luncheon. At the same moment, with black fear in his heart, he pulled the bridle entirely off.

Things happened very quickly during the next five seconds. A wave of wrath seemed to surge over the animal; he made one gigantic leap forward. Rupert found himself shouting in a thin voice, and very

much concerned in keeping his feet out of the way of a pair of stampeding hoofs. Then suddenly it was all over: with a plunge and a heave and a prodigious rattle of wheels, the horse and carriage rushed away from him, and he was left standing helpless in the road, with the useless halter in his hand.

Horried, he saw the dust-storm sweep rapidly down the road. For fifty yards it went, acquiring velocity at every bound; then, without warning, came the *débâcle*. Perhaps Bronchitis missed his footing or tripped on a flying bit of the harness, which hung about him like streamers from a May-pole; at any rate, he went headlong. There was a sound of rending wood, and the tornado rose and returned. Rupert afterward swore that the horse and carriage both turned a complete somersault. Be that as it may, the pillar of cloud resolved itself once more into the likeness of a pawing charger, and back up the road came Bronchitis, all hoofs and glaring eyes and sound and fury. The fact that the carriage had overturned and was now dragging in the dust on the hubs of two wheels delayed him not at all.

Ever since G. A. Henty had dawned on his literary horizon, Rupert had longed for an opportunity to stop a runaway. Such casual heroism was meat and drink to the type of all-round man that he worshiped. He had drawn attractive mental pictures of himself bringing down plunging steeds in full course and saving multitudes from death. But these pictures now delayed him no more than the carriage delayed the horse. One does not leap at the locomotive of the Chicago flyer. Rupert's one idea was that the horse's hunger for revenge must be frustrated. He leaped into a roadside thicket. From a strategic, though prickly, position in a clump of thistles he saw the Chicago flyer proceed for some fifty or a hundred more wild yards. Then the locomotive shook itself free. Leaving a battered carriage upside down by the roadside, Bronchitis proceeded quietly up the road with an apparent air of great relief.

Rupert stepped out of his thicket and



“And he stood calmly amidst the wreckage”

Drawing by  
Forrest Shinn



proceeded to gather up the fragments. At intervals along the battle-scarred roadway he accumulated a carriage cushion, a dusty sandwich, a whip, and an unrecognizable blue coat. Then, realizing that the dead might safely be left to bury their dead, while his one concern must be with the living, he followed Bronchitis at a rapid jog-trot, his coat over his arm. Heaviness of heart came over him. A perfectly good day and a perfectly good carriage were spoiled.

But Bronchitis was apparently still in lively possession of his powers. Rupert gave himself to the chase. Between the beads of perspiration which dropped from his eyebrows, he saw the horse slow down and pause. Rupert quickened his steps; after all, Bronchitis would be easy to catch after his first frenzy had left him.

But as the horse hesitated and almost stopped to nibble a roadside twig, he glanced back toward the scene of his recent panic. The sight of Rupert coming on at a round pace was too much for him. Briskly he started off again. Rupert now realized that direct pursuit would be futile; he was obliged to have recourse to strategy.

For the next few minutes the course of events was somewhat as follows: while Bronchitis proceeded up the road, Rupert followed him stealthily; whenever Bronchitis looked round uneasily for his pursuer, Rupert retired abruptly behind a bush until the horse's anxiety had been dispelled and he had resumed his course. Rupert made the fastest time when the crest of the hill or a turn in the road hid him from his prey; but as soon as nothing but an open stretch of road separated man and beast, Rupert was forced to manoeuvre. Taken thus in short quick stretches, the pursuit was not exhausting, and although Rupert began to notice the heat of the August sun and the mortality of his collar, he even learned to take a certain pleasant interest in this entirely new form of hare and hounds.

Not until Rupert was nearing the end of his second mile did he realize what the future held in store for him: Bronchitis

had once belonged to the Wares, and with an instinct as strong in horses as it is in pigeons and in men he was making for home.

## II

THE Wares finished luncheon rather early that day, and at exactly half-past one Molly strolled out of the dining-room door and down the little flagged path that led across the grass to her studio.

The studio was a small building, painted a clean and attractive white. The wide French windows across the front suggested what its original purpose had been. When, a year before, young Henry Ware had returned from Paris, where he had gracefully occupied a comfortable position in the American embassy, and had decided to settle down in New York, with tennis tournaments as his chief occupation and bond salesmanship as his salaried avocation, the Wares had decided that their horse must give way to Henry's runabout. The days of the stable were numbered. But Molly made her influence felt. An inveterate dabbler in the arts, she was amusing herself at the moment with painting. The stable was remodeled for her use, and here it was her custom to spend much of the long summer afternoons, puttering amiably among her paints and canvases.

At the wide entrance of the studio she now paused a moment. Within stood a little tea-table, with its orderly tray of cups and saucers; a table piled with books; an easel; a few half-finished canvases, loud with color; and beyond was the pretty background of white plastered walls, flowered hangings, and little mullioned windows. But for a moment Molly did not go in; instead, she turned to look once more at the outdoor world of sunshine and color: the rambling, colonial house at her left; the trim lawn, undulating down to the dusty road; the huge sugar-maples meeting overhead; and beyond them the great, white thunderheads piled against a brilliant sky and already almost blotting out the sun. Down the road she looked, watching to see

the cloud-shadow run toward her and devour the fugitive sunlight.

A horse was trotting up the road. Beginning doubtfully and far away, he steadily gathered momentum and purpose as he approached; something in the air evidently touched a sympathetic chord in his memory. From a trot he broke into a canter. With a clatter of hoofs, he swung into the little driveway that curved across the lawn. As the dog to the call of his master, as a lover to the accents of his beloved, so Bronchitis answered the call of home.

Molly felt a moment of uneasiness, there was such relentless purpose in this riderless cavalry charge approaching her with ever-increasing speed. She shrank into the doorway; there was no escape. But her fear was instantly relieved: she recognized Bronchitis. He was covered with dust and trailed a variety of disorganized harness behind him, half a whiffletree bringing up the rear, jerking along at the end of a trace; but she knew the look in his wild eyes. And at the same moment he swept past her through the open French window and into the studio. There was a thunder of hoofs, a loud crash, and then silence. And as the last sunlight fled down the valley, another figure came running up the road, paused a second at the foot of the driveway to study the foot-prints in the dust in the true Sherlock Holmes manner, and then, with the same inflexibility of purpose, came full tilt up the road toward her. It was Rupert Podd.

When things happen so suddenly, there is really nothing at all to say. The girl realized that no words could do justice to her astonishment.

"Rupert," she found herself beginning weakly, "what on earth—"

But the white figure that approached, hatless, gasping, and dripping with perspiration, was already loudly vocal.

"Catch him! Now 's your chance!" Rupert was panting. "We 've cornered him now. Is there a back door to the place? If there is—"

His voice failed from lack of breath.

Molly took one glance inside the studio.

"He 's caught," she said. "He 's taking his afternoon tea, beginning with the sugar."

Trembling with exhaustion in every limb, Rupert dragged himself to the door, and looked into the dainty studio. In its cool shade stood Bronchitis. He had upset the tea-tray, and he stood calmly amidst the wreckage, regarding with evident perplexity and critical dissatisfaction an amateurish sketch on the easel. And then, as if convinced that the necessities of life were more important than art, he turned away with an almost audible sigh, advanced ponderously toward a lump of sugar in the debris on the floor, and enveloped it with an elastic upper lip.

"He is caught," said Molly.

"But had n't we better make sure first?" Rupert was determined not to count any more chickens before they were ready to fly. "I 'll feel better when we get him attached to something," he said with a nervous laugh; and he advanced into the studio boldly, halter in hand. Once more he confronted the horse. Bronchitis appeared not to recognize him, regarded the halter sleepily, and turned away wearily to envelop another lump of sugar. Rupert laid down his coat, took both hands to the halter, and studied it with considerable doubt.

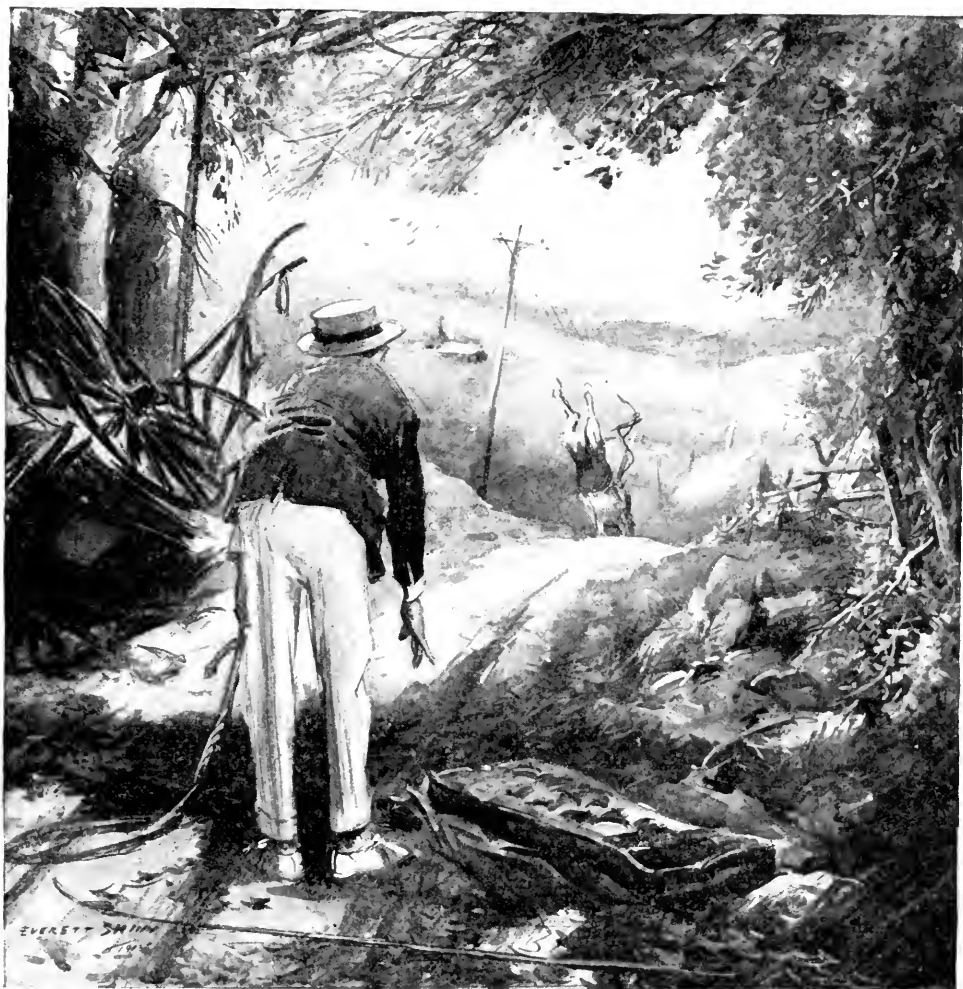
Compared with the bridle that had mystified him an hour before, the halter was a simple contrivance; but at first Rupert could construct no mental picture of such a contrivance attached to a horse's head. He was greatly embarrassed; an all-round man would certainly be complete master of a halter.

"Wait a minute," he faltered, to gain time. "Halters vary a lot, don't they? Every halter I see looks different from the last." He was just making a bold advance, with the halter wrong-side-to, and Bronchitis, much perturbed, was backing into the easel, when Molly came to the rescue.

"You silly boy!" she said, snatching the halter. "Let me do it."

With sufficient show of condescension





"Bronchitis was apparently still in lively possession of his powers"

to strengthen in himself the feeling that he was merely humoring the girl from sheer kindness, Rupert gave way to his rescuer, and in a moment more Bronchitis was in captivity.

"And now, for goodness' sake, Rupert,"—the girl wheeled round at him,— "will you please explain what you are doing here?"

"I was just coming over to see you," began Rupert with dignity.

Molly smiled.

"And so, just for fun, you two raced over, and Bronchitis won, eh?"

Rupert disregarded the interruption.

"I was coming to take you for a drive," he continued, "but I stopped to give

Broncho his luncheon. We were just preparing for it, when something—I don't know what—frightened him. He ran away, and jumped on the carriage, and shook it off, and came up here; that's all. But let's not talk about it." Rupert remembered the duties of gallantry. "Let's talk about something nice. How are you, Molly? The family are all well, I hope. I shall be very much interested to see them. Of course," he added, with a well-simulated air of unconcern, "I look rather a mess."

"Oh, don't worry about that," said Molly, genially, as the trio made its way out of the studio, Bronchitis clumping noisily among the broken crockery.

"They 'll be much interested to see you. We can give you a bite to eat, and we can talk the whole thing over with Henry." Rupert quailed at the thought. "Henry always has ideas; he 'll be able to suggest a way for you to get home. You had n't thought of that, had you?"

Only then did Rupert realize his position. To the best of his knowledge, Bronchitis had put the Concord wagon entirely out of commission. The Wares' garage was a tiny affair, barely big enough to encircle the runabout. Molly assured him that there was no shed or barn in which the exhausted animal could find shelter for the night. She was very firm about her studio. Rupert saw no solution to the problem. He mumbled some ridiculous falsehood to the effect that he would ride Bronchitis home, if the beast were used to the saddle; but that, after all, he had n't been on a horse for some time. Which was true by a wide margin.

As the little procession stopped at the threshold of the house, and Molly secured the halter firmly to a trellis beside the porch, out of the towering wall of cloud in the west came the crackle and roar of thunder. Overhead the arching elms turned the backs of their leaves to the chill breeze that was already noisy among the pines behind the house.

Very clearly three pictures flashed through Rupert's mind: one of the Concord wagon, lying upside down by the roadside through a night of pouring rain; another of Bronchitis standing by the trellis in a heavy downpour and catching inevitable pneumonia; and a third of himself, in a suit impregnated with dust, squirming before an evening's cross-examination by Henry Ware.

### III

DELAYS never come singly. Rupert had not finished his peaches and cream before the storm broke. There was a rush to rescue Bronchitis, who was conducted to the garage and moored to the front wheel of the runabout, where he cowered in a narrow space, with a lap-robe over his

back, and his hind-quarters projecting almost into the rain. After Rupert and Molly had returned to the house, there was nothing to do but sit and wait while the rain tormented the western windows. At about five in the afternoon the storm abated, and it seemed as if Henry Ware's plan of retreat would at last be effected; but the runabout, which had an important part in this plan, developed an unexpected internal disorder. When Henry finally reported the disorder cured, it seemed foolish to set out without a snack of supper.

So it was not until nearly seven o'clock that the runabout finally snorted out of the garage. A greenish sky showed through rifts in the clouds and flashed its reflection in the puddles, but the west was still threateningly black. The runabout moved slowly down the drenched and gullied road; very slowly, indeed, for behind it, at the end of some twenty feet of swinging rope, followed a horse.

Before long the motor pulled up beside a mass of sodden wreckage at the edge of the road. For a little time three figures moved about in the rapidly deepening twilight, while, at the end of his rope, the horse nibbled a wet bush with the same air of dignified abstraction that had distinguished him before. There was a creaking sound, and a great struggling by the three figures in the wreckage; then the wreck turned half over, and resolved itself into a carriage, marvelously intact for all practical purposes. The two trousered figures seized the shafts and pulled it a little distance cautiously, while the third watched its gait with a critical eye.

"It limps a little in the off hind wheel," was Molly Ware's decision, "but it seems strong enough."

"I can't understand it," said Rupert. He was wrapped in a dark overcoat, but beneath it his bedraggled white trousers still showed. "I could have sworn that it splintered up into nothing."

Nobody could understand it; but the fact confronted them: the carriage stood firmly on its four wheels.

Another consultation followed, and

when at length the runabout cleared its throat and started on again, Henry Ware's brilliant plan was revealed. Alone at the wheel of his motor, the head-lights of which brought the roadside trees into vivid and theatrical relief, he assumed the leadership of a considerable cavalcade. Behind the runabout, as it gathered headway, creaked the Concord wagon, its forward axle firmly attached by some yards of rope to the rear one of the automobile. The splintered shafts of the carriage stood erect; its seat was turned backward. On this seat sat Rupert Podd, and beside him, overcoated like himself, Molly Ware hung on for dear life. Chivalrously, she had consented to keep him company in the carriage for twenty miles; and moment by moment the generosity of her offer became more apparent, for the carriage progressed in a sickeningly jerky manner, gaining slightly on the little declivities and then, as its tow-rope pulled taut, being wrenched ahead again with an alarming suddenness. Each time this happened, the couple bowed violently. But this was not all. Rupert's hands clasped another tow-line, at the end of which plodded the unhappy cause of the whole adventure. And so they proceeded, runabout, carriage, and horse.

As they left the muddy and uneven miles behind them, there were frequent shouts of advice and counsel from the carriage:

"Not so fast, Henry! We 're gaining on him. Slower! Slower! Go on! go ahead, Henry! He 's catching up to us!"

"You see," Rupert explained at length to Molly, in his easiest manner, "it 's quite fortunate that we have so much slack." He pointed to a little coil at his feet. "When he picks up on us, I take in the line foot by foot. Then, when we strike a hill, and Bronchitis gets tired, I can pay it out and let him take it easy."

ON splashed the runabout through mud and water, while the dusk changed to blackest night; and on followed the carriage and the weary Bronchitis. So at

last they came to Long Pond, situated half-way between Elnville and Rupert Podd's home.

Long Pond is a narrow strip of water girt about with woods. The road skirts its sandy shore for a brief space, and then, turning abruptly away from it, surges up over a short, steep hill.

When Henry Ware came to the foot of this hill, the first drops of rain from the clouds in the west splashed in his face. Acting partly from a constitutional carelessness, and partly from the instinct that takes a driver as far up a hill as possible before he changes gears, Henry let the runabout out in a little burst of speed. Fortunately, Rupert had Bronchitis under firm control. He glanced at the agonized, protruding jaw of the horse, barely visible in the gloom, and at the rope slipping through his hands, and saw that this speed would never do. He shouted a stentorian protest to Henry. But the wind was high in the trees, and the runabout's engine was making a merry uproar of its own; the appeal for help was apparently unheard. Little by little Bronchitis fell behind; it was the pace that killed. Again Rupert protested loudly, and again with no avail. And then he saw that only a scant six feet of rope remained at his feet.

This was bad. Once more he yelled as the six feet became five, and the five became four, and the four became three. He braced his feet firmly and clenched his teeth. At least, he muttered to himself, he could keep from being the weakest link in this moving chain. But still the rope burned through his hands, and he saw that if he held fast it would jerk him out of the carriage in a second. Desperate need demands desperate measures, and Rupert had an inspiration.

"Hold on to me, Molly!" he appealed. "Hold on to me, or we 'll lose him, after all!"

Immediately he felt a pair of strong arms about him, and as for an instant his grip tightened, he felt that this new and unconventional combination would save the day.

And, in a certain sense, it did. Rupert's link in the chain proved not to be the weakest. Just as the runabout reached the top of the little hill, Rupert, grasping the rope for dear life, heard behind him a sound like the crack of a whip. Instantly he felt the carriage pause and stop; the pull on the rope became suddenly less; and then, horror of horrors! the Concord wagon, after standing still for one awful fraction of a second, started slowly down the hill, gathering momentum with every foot of its career. The rope between the runabout and the wagon had proved the weakest link. It had snapped.

For one frenzied second Rupert held his breath, waiting to see Bronchitis loom up ahead, out of the night. But, miraculously, that moment never came. Perhaps Bronchitis stopped, looked, and listened, and had sense enough to jump out of the way; this must remain a riddle of history. Rupert dropped the rope. And so, suddenly, they were free.

Surprise, terror, anger at an unfriendly universe, and a sense of humiliation struck Rupert in turn. It flashed through his mind that he was coasting with a girl whom he particularly liked, and that he ought to be enjoying himself. He was aware that one arm was still about him, and that there had been a time when he would have regarded this as a consummation devoutly to be wished. Then they struck a "thank-you-ma'am," and all thought was obliterated. Rupert's next sensation was one of relief that he had hit the carriage seat again on his descent. Another reel and sway, and he had both arms around Molly, not from choice, but from necessity. And so the coast was completed. Plunging recklessly on, keeping out of the gutters by the mere whim of fortune, the carriage reached the bottom of the hill. With a gasp, Rupert saw the trunks of two trees rush by on each side; then there was a crash, a prolonged splash, a swishing and gurgling of many waters, a sensation of being wrecked in an express train and sunk in an ocean-liner simultaneously, and then silence and

darkness. The wagon had stopped up to its hubs in the lake.

Nothing was said for a moment. To Rupert there seemed to be nothing to say. Though he strained his ears, he could hear nothing through the blackness which surrounded him but the increasing patter of rain on the surface of the pond. His imagination pictured the runabout continuing merrily and unsuspectingly toward his little gray home in the west, and the horse, overcome with frenzy for the second time on that miserable day, madly galloping off Heaven knew whither. Never in his long career of futility had he felt so helpless as he did now.

But for some inexplicable reason,—perhaps from this very sense of helplessness and from a confused notion that here at least was a safe mooring,—he still held the girl in his arms.

"What shall we do?" he said piteously. "I 'm sorry, I 'm awfully sorry. It 's all my fault. Are you hurt?"

He had half supposed that girls fainted in such circumstances, and was reassured when the familiar voice said:

"No, of course not. You are n't, are you? After all, there was nothing to hurt us. My, but that was a coast! I thought we were going to hit that tree. Won't Henry laugh?"

Rupert ground his teeth at the thought. He began talking quickly and hotly; the torrent of his speech was let loose at last.

"O Molly," he said, "I don't seem to be ever any good at anything. You know I 'm a silly idiot, and everything I do shows it. I come all the way over here just to prove to you that I 'm good for something, and I get into a mess, and you help me out by offering to ride home twenty miles with me, and I bungle everything, and we end up in a pond. What can you think of me? I 've been wanting all along to tell you that I 've loved you for almost—almost two months; but what 's the use? I 've spoilt it all! I can never be anything but dust under your feet. I wanted to be able to—to protect you; but I can't, I can't, I 'm such an awful ass!"

It had all come so suddenly that he had got past the crucial point which he had frequently rehearsed in the ambitious days that lay wrecked behind him,—rehearsed with far different backgrounds and cues. But the moment his own voice stopped, panic seized him. What had he done? He who all his life had longed to rise above emergencies and prove a triumphant versatility was actually proposing from the very bottom of the pit of mortification into which he had been hurled. And not even proposing well; for, by his own fatal words, he had sealed his fate. In his eyes this was the catastrophe toward which the day's tragedy had been relentlessly moving.

But suddenly out of the darkness he had a confused sense that the girl was say-

ing extraordinary and unexpected things, that he was saying extraordinary and unexpected things too, that the whole thing was turning out in a quite marvelous way. And as he looks back now on the events of that stormy evening, the next thing that he clearly remembers is his delighted astonishment that the embrace which had not been broken for two minutes had taken on a new significance. And to this day, of all the strange things which were said in the Concord wagon at the pond's edge, with the rain drizzling down out of the night, Rupert can remember only one glowing sentence—one unbelievable sentence:

"But, Rupert, can't you understand, don't you realize, that what a woman wants is a man she can protect?"

## My Début in Paris

By FRANCIS GRIERSON

Author of "The Valley of Shadows," etc.

IN an old-fashioned salon, in one of the quaintest old houses in the rue Monsieur, I made my first appearance before a Paris audience—an audience of artists, composers, professional critics, and people of the fashionable world.

Mme. de Valois, my hostess, found it very difficult to induce some of her friends to be present.

"Paris," she said, "is the most difficult place in the world for an artist at the beginning, yet here you are, unannounced, unheralded, and none of my friends ever heard of you till now."

Mme. de Valois, in naming the principal guests, continued:

"There is M. Henri Delaage. He is an old friend of mine, but when I told him of you, he laughed and said I might as well have imported an American Indian to show the Parisians how the piano should be played; he is always looking for some new kind of amusement. What his judgment will be this evening it is hard

to say. Then there is M. Sylvestre St.-Etienne, the critic; he says we may be entertained, but not by any revelation of art."

I found it all very amusing, for I, too, was born with a large bump of humor; but I enjoyed the experience of the situation even more than its humor, for I had come to Paris to see all I could see, and I was determined to earn my expenses while there by musical recitals, and I remarked to Mme. de Valois that I was not in the least worried.

"*Très bien, très bien,*" she replied, with good-humored vivacity, "you have confidence in yourself, and I believe you will succeed."

We then passed into the salon, where I was made acquainted with some of the principal guests. There was Samuel David, who had gained the much coveted honor of the Prix de Rome; his musical reputation was established. He had that look natural to distinguished Parisians

during the last years of the Second Empire—a look which said: "We are Parisians, and we know how to be polite; but you are here in a disagreeable situation. It is your own fault; you will learn a lesson you will not soon forget."

He questioned me with bland condescension, and the nonchalance of his manner contrasted strangely with the supercilious expression of his face, and made me think of Joseph Hermans in his inimitable rôle of *Mephistopheles* in "Faust."

But the redoubtable Delaage! This face was wreathed in the smiles of a happy-go-lucky quarter of an hour of mingled apathy and expectation. He was the type incarnate of the *boulevardier* journalist of the period. He had consented to leave the precincts of his favorite boulevard in the center of Paris and come to the Faubourg St.-Germain, in the hope of picking up a bon mot to repeat the next day to his confrères of the press or to some witty countess at a dinner-party in the Champs-Élysées.

Sylvestre St.-Etienne was an elderly man with a distinguished face and the manners of a fashionable Parisian; but he looked blasé, indifferent, and he, too, had come to please the hostess.

Just before I took my seat at the piano a short, slender man of middle age arrived, who proved to be Léon Gastinel, the well-known composer of religious music. He had just come from a rehearsal of one of his masses to be given at Notre Dame and looked nervous and worried; and he, in his turn, regarded me with an air of absolute indifference. I was now made aware of the sort of audience I had to deal with; yet never in my life did I feel less anxious. "If I fail to interest them," I thought, "matters will be no worse than they were." I took my seat at the piano much as if I were surrounded by a company of old friends.

I had finished my first improvisation when a trifling incident occurred that suddenly changed the attitude of the apathetic audience. Samuel David, who was sitting near the piano, at my right, rose from his

seat and exclaimed, "What a hand for the piano!" an exclamation that caused Léon Gastinel and Henri Delaage to come forward.

Then the words, "C'est extraordinaire!" could be heard, and if some wand of enchantment had been waved over the company, the effect could not have been greater.

"No art can compete with life," says Henry James; but if he had written, "No art can compete with nature," the saying would have been just as true.

I had played once, and the company sat apparently unmoved, but now Samuel David's remark had wrought an instant change in my audience. When I began my second improvisation all eyes were riveted on the keyboard. Several persons stood up around me, where they could see my hands, and it seemed as if they were there to use their eyes instead of their ears; so I determined to do my utmost to induce them to listen. With this end in view I made my third number, a long adagio, so simple that the execution offered no technical difficulties, and I soon became aware that they were listening to the music.

As soon as the recital was over, Delaage, in great good humor, patted me on the back, and then, eyeing the company with malicious raillery, said to Samuel David, "Suppose you take your seat at the piano and give us a piece requiring stretches of an octave and a half with each hand"; then, in a burst of laughter, to Gastinel, "Think of an unknown stranger coming to us with a surprise like that!"

His manner and looks were so droll that we all laughed with him; his jokes at the expense of the company were amusing beyond anything I had ever heard, and, indeed, a dull evening was not possible with the presence of such a *railleur*.

Sylvestre St.-Etienne came to me and muttered some compliments in my ear, and Mme. de Valois was no longer anxious about the success of the evening; she had already begun to lay plans for receptions and dinner-parties at the houses of

her friends in the faubourg, but these things I wished to avoid as much as possible, my mind being set not on fashionable salons, but on literary and musical celebrities.

Henri Delaage, who was now a friend, said he would present me to Alexandre Dumas père, whom he knew well, while Samuel David, who from that evening became one of the best friends I have ever had, said he wished very much to present me to Auber.

At that time Dumas occupied a handsome suite of rooms on the Boulevard Malesherbes, one of the newest and most fashionable avenues, and not far from the Madeleine.

Before arriving at Dumas's, on the evening fixed, Delaage prepared me for the sort of man I was about to meet.

"You see," he explained, "it is not for music we are going there; it is to introduce you to the real life of Paris. Otherwise you will never know what is going on. Paris is vast, and it is necessary to get at the center at once. You will meet in Dumas's salon many distinguished people. He welcomes every one who has talent, and he will not bore you by asking you to play."

"Then why present me?"

"You don't understand. Dumas is a great favorite, besides being a celebrated author. Samuel David and Auber will do all that is necessary for your art, but going to see Dumas this evening will do more to make you known in Paris in one day than the others could do in two weeks. He has no piano; music would interfere with conversation, and, besides, let me say, he cares more for society than he does for art. It is the individual he wants to study; in this he is like me. What is art, anyhow? Art is the expression of the man. When you know the man, you know all."

It was a relief to be assured that no one would ask me to entertain the company with music, and that I could enjoy the evening unmolested, the thing of all I liked most.

As soon as I entered the room I real-

ized the romantic atmosphere of the place. In the center sat the huge figure of the host, taking up every inch of space in a great arm-chair, and looking absolutely insouciant, as if he were living by the hour. Hardly had I taken a good look at the extraordinary figure of Dumas than my eye was caught by the wonderful life-sized scenes from "Faust" painted on the walls, pictures the like of which I have seen nowhere else; and as there were no other decorations in the room, these scenes from Gounod's opera gave me a most singular impression. They dominated the salon. It was impossible not to see them. They loomed up in the background and gave color to the room; they imparted a note of mystery to the guests; they stood for the sensations and sentiments of the epoch; they harmonized with the social and political atmosphere of the time; and the whole scene formed a kind of *tableau vivant* that symbolized and summed up the art, the politics, the music, the fashion, the society, and the ethics of France during the last days of the empire.

The evening to me was like a tuning-fork that emitted the key-note to the indescribable potpourri of social and intellectual decadence that began about 1860 and culminated ten years later. Never in the history of a great city or nation was the symbol more perfect, the setting more complete. Dumas sat like some bonze of a Buddhist temple, while his guests stood or moved about, conversing with him or among themselves. A famous comedian from the Gymnase exchanged jokes with a tragedian from the Théâtre Français; a witty journalist was conversing with a gifted singer from the Théâtre Lyric; an artist with flowing hair and a huge pince-nez was begging a professional beauty to give him a series of sittings for her portrait; a novelist on the *qui vive* for copy seemed to see, hear, and appropriate everything and everybody all at once. A young poetess and an aged dramatist were discussing the latest plays. A Russian countess, tall, slender, insinuating, clad all in black, made me think of a character I had seen in a fantastic pantomime. She glided

about mysteriously, and, stopping at Dumas's chair, placed her long, thin hand on his shoulder for some moments, like a ghostly visitor with a fatal message, and then glided away. Austrians, Italians, Germans, mingled their accent with the accent of the true Parisian. But Dumas was more than a Parisian: he was a cosmopolitan at a time when there were no cosmopolitan Frenchmen, and he gave me the impression of a man who had seen life in every aspect. He might as well have said in so many words: "My mind is made up; do not give yourself the trouble to tell me what is going on in England or America or in the country of the grand Turk or among the nabobs of India; I know as much as they know. You see me sitting here contented enough as things are; all these charming women of talent are my friends [as a matter of fact, there was not an old woman in the room]; a man is not the author of books like 'Monte Cristo' without some recompense."

No one would have taken him for a celebrated author. He had the air of a man who had done nothing all his life but invent, taste, and prepare luxurious dishes at a restaurant patronized by wealthy gourmets. He was the greatest enigma in the literary world of Paris, for who has ever been able to explain just how and when all the books that bear his name were written? He loved the mysterious for its own sake. He told me how he had dabbled in magnetic and mesmeric experiments; he spoke with absolute conviction of the power of magnetism, and declared that the whole of life and society was, to his way of thinking, nothing but a manifestation of magnetic force. His talk was like the man himself, calm, nonchalant, without a trace of emotion. He was so far above discussion as to ignore it. When he was speaking, he seemed to imply by his look and manner that it made no difference to him whether you believed what he was saying or not. At times I thought that even a slight effort at conversation bored him, and yet he seemed to be moved by a spirit of curiosity concerning my artistic career.

All at once he asked me what put it into my head to come to Paris, and when I told him my plans, he added:

"With a musical gift you will not find it difficult to see the world; you will find all doors open."

I said I had found that to be true, but it was not music that occupied my thoughts, it being the one thing that troubled me least. I intended to see the world and give as little of my time to music as possible; that a gift for improvisation was all very fine in its way, but ephemeral and illusory, a mere amusement for others.

Dumas now became more animated. He said:

"If I had my life to live over again, I think I should elect to be a virtuoso, like Paganini. You are too young to have heard him. They said the devil was in his fiddle. They were stupid; the devil was in him," and Dumas laughed for the first time that evening. "*Ce satané Italien*," he said, "did what he pleased with his audience: he made people laugh and cry; he made them move their arms and nod their heads in time with the music. And then the man was still more amusing than his playing, and that is something. The artists of to-day are uninteresting. Still, there is Liszt; he is more *habile*. When he was a young man, beginning to make his name known, he used to promenade on the boulevards with a large red umbrella over his head while he held an open book in his hands. People stopped and asked, 'Who is that?' 'Franz Liszt, the celebrated pianist,' was the reply; and by these devices he made his name known even on the boulevards."

"Perhaps he had taken a hint from Eugène Sue, who wore high red heels on his boots," I ventured.

"Perhaps; but Sue would have turned himself into an authentic Mephistopheles, when he was only a *polichinelle du boulevard*. I counseled him to renounce it; there was only one man who could promenade on red heels, and that was Paganini. You must always possess the air of your rôle; without that one falls



into ridicule." Then he added, with an interrogating look, "The piano is an instrument *ingrat*?"

"Yes," I said, "it is the most ungrateful of instruments."

"Why did you learn it?"

"I did not learn it. It came to me naturally, and I let it develop as it would. I regret not having taken to the violin instead!"

Then he remarked:

"I have no piano here. Music interferes with conversation."

I looked about the room; there was no instrument to be seen, and I congratulated myself on being entertained instead of having to do the entertaining.

Dumas, when I knew him, was not interested in any particular phase of art. He lived to be amused by society, but despite all he experienced some disagreeable moments, as, for instance, his meeting with General Geffrard, the ex-president of Hayti. Mme. Audouard described to me the memorable meeting that occurred at her house. The two had never met, and the ex-president, who was a negro, wished very much to meet his illustrious cousin.

General Geffrard, being present at one of Mme. Audouard's regular Friday evening receptions, and not seeing Dumas, the hostess promised to have the novelist there for dinner the next evening. The general was the first to arrive, happy to think that at last he was about to make the agreeable acquaintance of the author of the "Three Musketeers." Shortly after the general's arrival, in walked Dumas, his face wreathed in smiles, looking a very Bacchus of gaiety and good-humor; but hardly had he crossed the salon when his keen, ever-observing eye rested for a second on the black face of General Geffrard. There was a shock. The guests instantly perceived the blunder committed by the hostess in having invited the two to meet, and not only to meet, but to dine together at the same table. Mme. Audouard, at her wits' end to know what to do, hastened the guests into the dining-room in the hope that with the champagne

good humor would be reëstablished, but she was rudely deceived.

General Geffrard, with the best intentions, lost no time in explaining his relationship with Dumas; but the novelist replied in short, dry phrases, while he scowled at the general. The guests were ill at ease. Mme. Audouard tried her best to change the subject, her guests did their utmost to aid her; but all to no purpose; the dinner was a failure. It was hurried over, Dumas taking his leave at the earliest opportunity.

"Ah," said the general when Dumas left the house, "your great man is much more of a mulatto than he thinks he is: he hates the negro."

The novelist had imagined that Mme. Audouard had invited the ex-president for the sole purpose of humiliating him; but the fact was she never doubted that he would be pleased to meet the general.

Mme. Audouard had many interesting stories to tell of Dumas's passion for preparing tempting dishes for his friends, an art in which he took great delight. He would go into the kitchen and work there for hours, cooking dainty meals as a pleasant relaxation from his literary work.

I saw Dumas several times in his own salon and at the houses of friends, but a dinner he gave at his apartment—for all I know, it may have been the last of the kind—struck me as typical of the epoch and the hour, and symbolized once more the extraordinary affinity between the pleasures of the intellect and the pleasures of the table. On this occasion there were guests present from the aristocratic Faubourg St.-Germain and representatives of the art, musical, and literary worlds of Paris and elsewhere, and famous beauties, admired almost as much for their intellect and wit as for their personal attractions. Dumas began to prepare the dinner early in the afternoon. Everything went smoothly from the very beginning. The guests arrived exactly at the hour, the whole company being animated in advance in anticipation of the amusement and gaiety that were certain to follow. The host, with his sleeves rolled up and

attired in the costume of a real *chef de cuisine*, greeted his guests for a moment previous to their entrance into the dining-room.

It was not long before Dumas found means to begin the merrymaking. He had prepared more than twenty dishes for this dinner-party, and between each course he had some device to encourage his guests to display their wit, to say nothing of their knowledge of cookery and their taste in wines. He had in his cellar a rare stock of wine of the best vintages, and the table was supplied with the wine that suited the course being served. It should be noted that Dumas's dishes were so highly spiced that many of the guests could hardly satisfy their thirst, a circumstance that, in the host's eyes, only added extra gaiety to the occasion.

All of a sudden he shouted:

"I will give a dinner in honor of the one who guesses which wine is the oldest served during the repast."

Now, there were several of the guests known as excellent judges of wine, and those without an exception took it for granted that Dumas would serve the oldest during the courses when fine old Bordeaux or Burgundy is usually served. But he reversed the order of things. He did his best to bewilder. A discussion soon began on the question at issue, and the company, especially the guests prone to look at the comical side of things, was kept in roars of laughter, the Comte de D—

becoming toward the last so confused in his judgment that his face had a bewildered and droll expression most amusing to look at. When it came to the critical time, as many thought, exclamations could be heard, such as, "It is for this course"; or, "No, I 'll lay a wager it will be for the course after the next." The count, guessing at the age of the Château Margaux at that moment under discussion, made a mistake of several years, while others made still wilder guesses for other wines. The bare announcement that such guessing would be the order of the evening bewildered at the outset some of the most critical gourmets present, and so cleverly did the host reverse the usual custom in such matters that it took a long time before the right guess was made, and quite by chance, by a foreigner, a Polish countess with the strange name of Dindonoska, which would mean, transposed into English, Turkeyoska. Amid peals of laughter Dumas announced the honors of the evening for this lady.

The dinner was given in due time. In the middle of the banquet the company was thrown into spasms of gaiety by the appearance of Dumas himself, emerging from the kitchen with an immense *dindon* (turkey), with a huge paper tail on which was painted the coat of arms of the countess. Before the plate of the Countess Dindonoska was a bottle of Château Margaux of the vintage that the countess had correctly guessed.

## CURRENT COMMENT

### Our National Defense

AMONG really practical people it has been good form in this country of late to be philosophic about the obvious failure of our governments to perform their functions in county, city, State, or nation. It has been good form to be philosophic and pragmatical about it, to

believe, perhaps, that the general interests of everybody might be served by the individual selfishnesses of grafting officials who considered only their own interests, added to the community selfishnesses of localities that thrived on the "pork-barrel," plus the corrupting selfishnesses of

business interests that wanted special privileges. All these self-interests, combined and conflicting, were apparently expected to sum up to the general interest and to give us a form of government that was full of flaws, by no means ideal, but good enough for practical purposes. And in a country settled by people who had fled from governmental tyrannies abroad, there was naturally a suspicion of a too-great governmental efficiency, a fear of paternalism, a good-humored tolerance of fatuous congresses and legislatures, and very little sense of responsibility to the government or for the government.

But now we find that this state of affairs has given us no army at all, at a cost of a hundred million dollars a year, which is half what the Germans have paid for the best army in the world; that the Germans have spent less on their navy than we, and the British have spent only a third more than we; that our navy compares with the British navy as our army compares with the German army; and that against either one of those countries we are as defenseless as Belgium, which maintained an army four times as large as ours at one eighth of the cost of ours.

And suddenly many of those organs of

public opinion that were contemptuous of the "wild-eyed reformer" are wild-eyed beyond belief when they regard the condition of our national defense. They seem to have expected that one branch of the public service would remain miraculously free of the disease which they condoned in every other branch; that while class interests and local interests and business interests and private interests were more or less controlling the administration of every other function of government, our national defense would be economical and efficient and administered unselfishly for the good of the whole country.

It is vain, as Mark Twain said, to expect too much from the good end of a bad banana. The reformer and the muck-raker were right in this: good government is not merely an impractical ideal; it is a practical necessity. The patriotic leagues that are now calling for citizens to make themselves ready to die for their country efficiently should have begun by forming leagues of citizens to live for their country efficiently. Otherwise, their deaths will be a useless sacrifice for a country that is foredoomed. In a democracy it is the ballot that is the first weapon of national defense.

## A True Servant of Art

**J**OHN W. ALEXANDER'S distinction as an artist was closely akin to his distinction as a man. A courtesy of spirit that habitually expressed itself in courtesy of manner did not interfere with a quiet fixity of purpose and indefatigable application. These traits of character won him friends while still a youth in Pittsburgh and later, when he joined the list of illustrators in New York. He was already a skilful and facile draftsman, but eager for advancement in painting. Accordingly he repaired to Munich, where he secured the friendship of Duveneck, with whom he spent a summer in the Bavarian Alps and a further period of study in Venice. Returning to this country he obtained notable recognition as a portrait-painter.

In 1894 he went to Paris, where during a sojourn of seven years he enjoyed a distinguished position in official and artistic circles.

For by this time the individuality and charm of his technical style had been matured. He had allied himself with the students of light and atmosphere, and since the majority of these devoted themselves to landscape, his application of the principles of painting color-values to subjects of the figure gained immediate attention. Moreover he had created a method of his own that admirably suited the decorative manner of his designs. He used a coarse-woven canvas, unprimed, and therefore absorbent, which softened the pigments to a sort of delicate and frequently

evasive bloom. To this the grain of the canvas lent a quality of vibration, so that although his color masses were large and simple, they escaped emptiness of interest and sufficiently enriched the flowing lines that he affected in his compositions. The result was a decorative design of pronounced individuality and personal charm.

In 1900, Alexander returned home in order that his son might be educated as an American citizen. Since that time, both

as President of the National Academy and in many outside capacities, he devoted a large part of his energies and time to spreading the love of and respect for art in this country, his zeal finding special scope in helping young students with advice and sympathy and in promoting the work of the School Art League among the pupils of the public schools. In his death we have lost an artist of notable charm and a true servant of art.

## The Sanctity of the Home

IT would seem that the present generation of Americans do not believe, as their forefathers did, that the moral laws of the universe were revealed to mankind, once and for all, immutably, by a miracle of grace. And it is apparently accepted that those moral laws have been evolved by the evolution of our civilization, so that many moral evils which our forefathers endured are now intolerable to us, and we tolerate freedom that our forefathers would have thundered against.

But we still act as if the moral law were indeed the order solely of a divine commandment which mankind, by its anxious effort, must be schooled unwillingly to obey. We fear that "the sanctity of the home" is threatened by divorce, by suffrage, by polygamy, by woman in industry, or by the new dances; and we crusade oratorically to protect it from destruction, although we must know that if the sanctity of the home depended on such protection it would long ago have gone the way of the sanctity of the temple at Ephesus. We are distressed by license in our books and our theaters, and we organize extra censorship and frantic societies for the suppression of vice, as if vice and license had not always fought a losing battle against civilization, being opposed by the economic laws that have made our morality what it is. We seem to know that by helping to better the economic conditions we can better the moral conditions of life, but we forget that we cannot greatly help by scolding. We hope

that we can assist the sanctity of the home by not retarding the economic progress that has made possible the sanctity of the average home, but we forget that mankind can no more return to its ancient immoralities than its culture can return to its ancient barbarism.

After generations of preaching against drunkenness, the economic pressure of industrial conditions is making drunkenness anti-social, and the States are enforcing prohibition as a moral law. The change in the economic status of women is giving them an influence in government, and they are helping to administer the laws against organized vice as they were never administered before. If the church is losing power, as we are told it is, that is because so many of the activities of the church have been secularized. The whole progress of civilization has been marked by such secularization. The augur and the medicine-man are no longer our meteorologists; that work is done by a government bureau. The schools, the hospitals, the asylums are no longer administered by religious orders; they are under the control of the state. Marriage is much more a contract than a sacrament, and lay courts, instead of church tribunals, hear our divorce suits. Many personal vices that were once private sins have become social offences, and are punished in courts instead of in confessionals. The process of secularization has been advanced by the same steady currents of progress that have advanced morality. If

it means less religion, it does not mean less virtue; and the whole history of civilization is a proof that we have as little cause to worry about the sanctity of the home as we have about the sanctity of the law of gravitation.

CORRECTION.—In "A New Note in Art," by Ada Rainey in THE CENTURY for June, an illustration of a statuette entitled "A Laborer" was ascribed to Arthur Bouvet. It should have been accredited to Mahonri Young.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### The Creeping Fingers

By LAWTON MACKALL

MRS. WHOFFIN'S figure resembled that of the punch-bowl behind which she was standing: it was broad and squat, with a slight tapering at the base. And her mind was like the punch: sweetish and characterless, with scrappy rinds of things floating about in it. Each guest who presented a cup received the same dipperful and the same set of remarks.

"Good evening. I'm so glad you could come! I just love hearing ghost-stories, don't you? See that log over there?" She pointed to a huge gray hulk that lay at the side of the open fireplace. "That's *real driftwood*, and it ought to give just the right kind of light. I found it myself on the beach, and had the gardener bring it home in a wheelbarrow. Look, it's all honeycombed with age."

A tall, serious-looking young man stepped forward and extended his glass. He knew that that was the way to please her, and she was the woman who he hoped and feared would be his mother-in-law.

She beamed.

"Do have another, Mr. Carson."

He did; for he was in a desperate mood. He was to leave for the city on the early morning train, and this evening would be his last chance to propose to Polly for several months. Somehow, despite his best efforts, the psychological moment had never arrived.

Just then Polly sailed into the room, fresh and rosy, in a flutter of white muslin. He put down the glass and hurried over to her.

"Good evening, Polly," he said in an ardent undertone. "Could n't you slip away from this crowd and take a stroll on the beach?"

"No, George; I'm hostess to-night." She shook her head, including some airy little curls, which seemed to make light of her refusal. "We are all to gather around the hearth and listen to the stories." Then she added teasingly, "Besides, it is in your honor that mother is giving this party."

"Yes; she's very kind, I'm sure," he said awkwardly.

"Think of all the trouble she has taken over that log!"

Carson faced her with squared jaw.

"Listen to me, Polly. There is something serious I want to talk to you about. Before I leave you, I—"

"Polly," called Mrs. Whoffin, "is n't it time to begin?"

"Perhaps it is," she answered innocently. "What do you think, George?"

"I think the story-telling might as well begin at once," he said stiffly.

A few minutes later all lights were turned out. The score of young people had settled themselves about the room in comfortable attitudes, some on chairs and sofas, some on cushions on the floor, while in the midst of them sat the narrator, a girl of eighteen, who affected a deep morbidity. Gazing into the fire, she began her tale as though she were in a trance.

Carson sulkily picked his way after Polly toward a seat beside the hearth.

Just as he was reaching it, he tripped over something bulky.

"Why, that 's my log!" exclaimed Mrs. Whoffin, from the back of the room. "Dear! dear! Why has n't any one put it on the fire?" The story waited while Mrs. Whoffin scurried forward and personally supervised the placing of the log upon the andirons, and then sat down beside the hearth opposite Polly.

"Do go on!" cried several voices. "You stopped in the most exciting part."

The narrator, looking daggers at Mrs. Whoffin, paused long enough to show that she did n't *have* to go on unless she wanted to, and then resumed her tale:

"Suddenly, as he lay there in the haunted room, on the very bed where the old man had been murdered, he felt an invisible hand on the bedclothes."

Mrs. Whoffin shuddered, and a large black ant peered out of a hole in the log to see what was going on.

"Then he felt a second hand more terrifying than the first."

Beholding his home in flames, the ant rushed back indoors to spread the alarm. Along the highways of the interior he sped, a second Paul Revere, rousing the sleeping insects, of which there were many.

"Oh!" groaned Mrs. Whoffin.

The exodus of Paul's friends proceeded in orderly fashion. "Larvæ and eggs first," was their order. Carrying their infants upon their backs, they filed out of the subway openings in steady processions.

"The hands clutched the covers just above his feet. Fear paralyzed him so that he could neither move nor cry out."

A party of refugees applied to Mrs. Whoffin for shelter. She was so absorbed in the story that she did not see them.

"Then the fingers began to creep up and up, up and up. His flesh tingled with horror."

Mrs. Whoffin quivered like an aspen leaf. She breathed hard, and her eyes nearly popped out of her head. Other people began to feel creepy.

"They clutched his knee, and—"

Mrs. Whoffin uttered a piercing shriek, and clasped her knee with both hands. She was invaded. Then Polly screamed, and Carson began to slap himself on various parts of the anatomy. There was a general panic. Girls squealed and, clambering frantically upon chairs, shook out their lifted skirts; young men stamped about wildly, mashing ants and people's toes in equal numbers. Mrs. Whoffin, tormented from head to foot, galloped in circles, moaning, "Oh mercy! Oh mercy!"

"Save me, George!" cried Polly, clinging to his arm.

"Yes, darling!" he answered fervently. If the ants had been raging bulls, he would have saved her from them; but they were ants, and their ways were devious. He hesitated, slapping himself thoughtfully.

"Turn on the lights!" yelled some one.

"No! Don't!" screamed half a dozen shrill voices.

"Save me!" repeated Polly, distractedly. "I can't stand this any longer! I 'll perish!"

Struck with a swift inspiration, he caught her up in his arms and started for the door. She made no resistance. Out of the room he carried her, then through the front hall, and down the front steps

Half-way down the walk she asked:

"Where are you taking me?"

"To the ocean."

"Why, you clever boy!"

People sitting on the verandas of neighboring cottages saw in the moonlight a sight that electrified them with horror. A powerful-looking maniac, with a helpless woman in his arms, strode across the beach and began to wade out into the water. Hoping to save her, they ran to the shore and put out in boats and canoes.

"Oh," sighed the victim, blissfully, as Carson let her down into the water, "it feels so cool—and *quiet!*"

"Polly!"

"George!"

"Row harder, Doctor!" cried the steersman of the nearest boat. "He 's trying to strangle her!"



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